

FORTY YEARS

OF

AMERICAN LIFE

BY

DR. THOMAS L. NICHOLS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I



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FORTY YEARS
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CHAPTER I.

AN AMERICAN REFUGEE IN ENGLAND.

The Civil War in America.—State rights.—North or South.—“Traitors.”—The “Land of the Free.”—Silence, prison, or exile.—Passports and oaths of allegiance.—A party of refugees.—Waiting for news.

LONDON is the asylum of refugees. They have come from France, Italy, Austria, Poland, Hungary, Russia—from what country have they not come?—to a land free, generous, and powerful enough to give them protection. And now, at last, there are in London political refugees from America. That “asylum of the oppressed” having become the oppressor of her own citizens, they are obliged to take refuge in the mother country, whose tyranny they were, perhaps, educated to detest. But here we are, refugees from the North and the South—escaped from Seward, Stanton, and Forts Lafayette and Warren in the North, or from Butler, Ship Island, and Forts St. Philip and Pickens in the South.

A Northerner by birth, born on the banks of its loveliest river, the Connecticut, I am also familiar with the Hudson, the Potomac, the Ohio, Mississippi, and the Alabama. I have been in twenty-four States, and have loved the whole country, and the Union which made them prosperous, and promised to make them great and powerful. I have no blame for the action of the South. A nation must be the judge of its own actions, because there is no higher earthly tribunal. There is no High Court of National Judicature, before which such a cause can be brought. Eighty years ago, the American colonies separated from England—renounced their allegiance to the British Crown—because a trifling tax was imposed upon them in what they considered an unconstitutional manner. The American doctrine of government, expressed in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the constitutions of the States, is, that “all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed.” It is not to be supposed that six or eight millions of people, acting through the constitutional organizations of ten or twelve sovereign States, will change their form of government without a cause which they believe to be sufficient. Grieved as I was to see the Union destroyed, and that great empire, bounded by the lakes, the gulf, and the two oceans, broken into fragments, I could see no right that one portion of the country had to subject the other—no reason why twenty States should compel the rest to remain united with them, or failing that, should invade, conquer, subjugate, or exterminate them.

When Mr. Lincoln, elected by a minority, and controlled by a violent faction, decided upon war, what was I to do? My allegiance was due to constitutions, not to presidents. The war, in my opinion, was unconstitutional. It was opposed to the political principles I had learnt and had taught. If I spoke, it must be to denounce the action of the Government. If I wrote, it must be to protest against a fratricidal and suicidal war. War for the Union! Fraternity or death! Be my brother, or I will kill you! Unite with me, or I will exterminate you!

Was it for this that Jefferson had laid the foundations of liberty in America? for this that Washington had led his naked, starved, and frozen armies through the War of Independence? Was it for this that we had boasted ourselves the greatest, freest, and happiest of nations? All our freedom, all our glory, had come to this—the miserable work of making war upon our brethren; it was for this that father took up arms against his son, and that brother raised his hand against his brother.

I became a “traitor.” It was “treason” to assert the sovereignty of States; “treason” to quote the Declaration of Independence; “treason” to talk of the rights of peoples. True, this had been done, as long as there had been anything to gain by it, by the men at the head of the government. Lincoln had upheld the sacred right of revolution; Seward had denounced the folly of a war to restore the Union, comparing it to the conduct of a husband who should beat his wife to compel her to live with him as his

loving companion; Greeley had declared that six millions of people in the South had as clear a right to separate from the Union as three millions of colonists had to rebel against Great Britain. There was not a man of them who had ever held that the strength and the right of the Union rested upon anything but the voluntary adhesion of its members. I held them to the principles they professed, and out of their own mouths they stood condemned. They changed their principles, and became patriots. I adhered to mine, and was a "traitor."

But, as the rage at the loss of business and glory increased; as the madness and the greed of war grew day by day; as the dominant faction felt itself more powerful with the increase of its army, we of the minority, denounced as traitors, began to feel the vengeance of those whose usurpations we condemned. If a newspaper doubted that the South could be conquered in ninety days, it was excluded from the mails. If it questioned the policy of invading the South, the edition was seized by the police. If the editor persisted in his delusion that the press was free, he was sent down to Fort Lafayette, lodged in a casemate, and fed on the rations of a common soldier, until the Government forgot who he was, and for what he had been imprisoned. The man who could not answer your arguments could call you a traitor; the enemy who dared not meet you in the street could point you out to the policeman.

The "land of the free and the home of the brave" got to be a very uncomfortable place to live in. One

day, a German, in East New York, expressed the opinion that he might as well be fighting for kings in Europe as for the Union in America. The policeman not being at hand to take him into custody, his more patriotic fellow-citizens put a rope round his neck and run him up to the limb of a tree. Luckily the policeman came and cut him down before life was extinct. He was more fortunate than a Democrat who was opposing the war-policy in a coffee-house, and was shot dead at the table by a Republican, who considered powder and lead the right sort of arguments to use on such occasions. I had read about pretty sharp practice at Warsaw and Venice, but really New York, the Democratic metropolis, was becoming, for a man who likes to speak his mind, rather a hazardous locality.

Which of the two to choose? I had made my choice. It could be but one; and yet it may be confessed that there was a strong temptation on the other side:—the pride and glory of a great nation—an empire which should include the Heights of Abraham and the Halls of the Montezumas. I have dreamed of it as well as another. I have looked forward to the time when the “Stars and Stripes” should wave over the Citadel of Quebec and the Moro Castle at Havana, and our fleets should sweep both oceans, which should be our only boundaries. But there was something dearer than national power or glory. The American Republic had been based upon the principles of political liberty. The Union lost all charm for me when it was no longer the free choice of the people, and had to be imposed by arms upon even a

single State. Not with my aid should the smallest section of the Union become a Poland. Every State entered the Union "free, sovereign, and independent;" and so, if at all, it should remain.

When eleven States of the Union passed Acts of Secession, and recalled their representatives from Washington, I felt that I had lost a part of my country. When the North made war upon the South to force them back again, I had a country no longer. When the constitution was destroyed, my allegiance was ended. I owed no duty to a military despotism; and when Mr. Seward ordered that no citizen should be allowed to leave the country without a passport, I thought it was time to leave.

There were three courses to take—go South, risk martyrdom in the North, or find refuge abroad. I could have gone South and joined the Confederate army. It was possible to cross the Potomac or the Ohio. But it was one thing to repudiate the action of my own section, and another to take up arms against it. In the war of American Independence there were Englishmen who opposed the action of their own Government, without being imprisoned for their opposition; but it would have been another thing to have gone to Massachusetts or Virginia, to fight against the Crown. True, the cases are not equal. I had a perfect right to transfer my allegiance from New York to Alabama. Still, a man must shrink from taking up arms against his neighbours, friends, and near relations. It would have been the same in either army. I had friends in both. As a soldier of the

North, I might have shed the blood of gallant men who had welcomed me to the hospitalities of their Southern homes. Could I imbrue my hand in the blood of men who had grasped mine in the warmest friendship, and with whom I had spent so many happy hours of social intercourse? Was it for me to make that fair lady, my noble and elegant hostess, a widow, and those charming girls, her beautiful children, orphans? I might have found any day at the point of my bayonet the boy I had loved as a son, the man I had embraced as a brother.

Fight the South I could not. There was no pretence of right to nerve my arm or harden my heart. I felt the war to be unjust, and I knew enough of the South to be sure that it would be at once sanguinary and ineffectual. I could not carry my family to the Confederacy, nor leave them; and I could not, without danger, remain in the North. One day it was a controversy in the streets—another the publication of more truth than was consistent with the views of the Government.

Wherever, in the civilized world, a man gets into such difficulties, he instinctively turns his thoughts to England. There is a secure asylum. There, however poor, or solitary, or friendless, he may be free. The path of safety lay across the heaving billows of the Atlantic. And I, it seemed to me, had some right to claim an asylum in the land of my forefathers, the land whose history was theirs, whose soil was made of their dust and ashes for a hundred generations.

But the passport! An American obliged to get a

passport! The country was a prison, and Mr. Seward the jailor. Even if I applied for one, I might be arrested on suspicion of treasonable purposes. I could not get one without taking an oath of allegiance, strengthened to meet the emergency, and that I would not do. I do not say that under no circumstances would I have taken it, because a man cannot always tell what he would or ought to do. Thousands have taken the oath under duress, who never for one moment meant to keep it. Thousands took it at New Orleans, who the next moment would have trampled the Government and their local tyrant under their feet. But I believed that this perjury with extenuating circumstances might be avoided.

So I walked moodily along the docks, looking for a ship bound for London. There were steamers in plenty—the great fleet of Cunarders on the Jersey City side, the German line to Southampton and Bremen, the Inman line; but the police would watch them all. I did not think even a Liverpool packet safe; but a London one carries so few passengers that it was likely to be overlooked. And so it was. One day we glided past Fort Lafayette—past the watch-dog war-steamer off the mouth of the Narrows, and saw the spires of New York, the beautiful hills of Staten Island, and the blue highlands of Neversink disappear below the horizon. Hurrah! we were on the sea!

Joy to leave one's native land! It is a bitter joy. But it is a joy. It is sad to have no country. It is sad to lose a country which contains so much to lose; sad to be an exile and a stranger, even in the land of

my ancestry—the country I can almost call my own—which in all beyond this brief century is mine. Were not my grandfathers British subjects? Proud and loyal ones, I doubt not, one day, and very reverent to King George III. One of them threw overboard the tea, and fought at Bunker Hill. But that is an old story. The present Bunker Hills are on the Potomac and the Mississippi. The “Hessians” of to-day are Northern mercenaries plundering the South.

Yes, there was a deep joy when our little company of refugees was far out at sea. What a droll company it was! In one state-room was a Northern editor with Southern principles, whose paper had been suppressed, but who had escaped imprisonment, and was flying with his wife and child. In another was a red-hot Secessionist editor from Missouri, a South Carolinian by birth, and ardent as a southern sun could make him, who had been brought off *vi et armis* by his clever and handsome wife, aided by three little children. The lady, who has relatives in the “old country,” told me how she managed it. They lived in St. Louis. Unarmed citizens had been massacred in the streets by Union troops, the prisons were filling with Secessionists, and she saw that her husband would either be in prison or in the Confederate army—and lost to her and her little ones. She acted promptly and without consultation, sold their household goods, collected what money she could in his name, and when he came home at night the house was empty, trunks packed, the railway-tickets bought, and the children ready for a journey of a thousand miles across the country, and

a voyage across the Atlantic. The husband and father submitted, not too patiently, but still submitted to his destiny. Then there was a Zouave, a wiry little Frenchman, who had escaped from Bull Run, all the way to New York, and who, imagining he might be arrested as a deserter, thought he would be safer in London. There were Irishmen who had been turned out of employment to compel them to volunteer; and out of the whole ship's company, officers, crew, and passengers, there were but two persons who did not prefer Jefferson Davis to Abraham Lincoln. For all of us exiles there was joy when we hailed the white cliffs of Albion,—joy when our feet pressed the soil of the old fatherland.

A grimy London street, but liberty—a humble lodging, hard fare, and a dim outlook for the future, but no blood on my soul. A hundred thousand corpses of Northern volunteers—did I not see them, poor starving wretches, with no work for themselves, and no food for their families, marched off by thousands to be slaughtered, or die of Southern fevers? I am not responsible for their death. “Thou canst not say I did it!”

It was not heroic to run away. I admit it and feel it, sometimes more deeply than I care to express.

“I ought to have stayed and done what I could to put down that miserable usurpation at Washington,” I say sometimes.

“What good would it have done had you stayed a year in Fort Lafayette?” she asks, who has some right.

"I might have gone to Richmond, where I could have done some good."

"And what would have become of us?" cries the little one, her blue eyes filling with tears.

Perhaps it is best as it is. There has been no want of men in the South. They have fought a good fight. The world must honour brave men who at every odds defend their country and liberty. They will defend them to the last.

How we look back three thousand miles across the Atlantic, we refugees and exiles, at our torn and bleeding native land, late so peaceful, so proud, so happy, no Englishman can know. How we wait for the news from hour to hour; how eagerly we read it again and again, and look to England, to France—look everywhere for some hope of peace! Others may look eagerly for news, and watch the progress of the war, but not as we look and watch, to whom the scenes of the war are so familiar. Is it a battle on the Potomac? We have followed its stream from the sparkling rivulet on the summit of the Alleghanies, to where it opens into the Chesapeake Bay, broad and deep enough to bear the navies of the world. Is it Vicksburg? We remember the last time our steamer lay under the bluffs, and we had a run up the steep hill-sides since then so bravely defended. Is it Galveston? We see the pretty little garden city on the white sands of the low island, surrounded by the clear and sparkling waters of its almost tropic seas.

We do not skip over the names of killed and wounded. Upon those bloody fields may have lain the mutilated

bodies or the mangled corpses of our schoolfellows, associates, and dearest friends. We knew the generals of one army in New York and Cincinnati, and of the other at Mobile and New Orleans. And we read over the lists on either side, and as one and another gets his brief record of glory, the tears fall for Federal and Confederate, and we say, "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" and curse in our hearts those whose fanaticism, or greed, or ambition urges them on to a war of invasion, rapine, and the unutterable horrors that throw their gloomy shadows upon the future of our country.

O, Powers of Europe!—Powers of civilization! When brother is murdering brother, it is every man's duty to stop the fratricidal strife. How long must nations stand aside, and ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Is there one morality and one religion for men, and another for nations? The public opinion of Europe has denounced this war as a useless conflict. Why cannot the opinion of Europe—"the just judgment of mankind"—make itself respected?

In the weary hours of a most anxious exile, I have written the following pages. I have described America, and what seems to me most distinctive in its institutions and people, as I remember them, looking back through a vista of nearly half a century of a busy and varied life, and as they appear to me viewed across the intervening ocean. Americans have usually written of their country with pride and exultation. I have written in sorrow and humiliation; yet not without the hope that, purified as in the fire, she may in the future be worthy of the promise of the past.

CHAPTER II.

NEW ENGLAND FORTY YEARS AGO.

Birth and parentage.—The "Old Granite State."—The Switzerland of America.—Climate.—Extremes of heat and cold.—Sleigh-rides and skating.—Farming in New England.

I was born in 1815, in Orford, Grafton County, State of New Hampshire. These are names very familiar to the English reader. New Hampshire was one of the thirteen colonies of Great Britain which were acknowledged by George III., after the War of the Revolution of 1776, as free, sovereign, and independent States. It is one of the five Eastern or New England States, and its early settlers came from the English county from which it derives its name.

My father was born on the seacoast of Massachusetts, and my mother was a native of Boston. Both were, I believe—for few Americans take the trouble to trace back their ancestry—descendants of the early English settlers of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. My maternal grandfather was an active Whig, or rebel, in the Revolution. He attended the patriotic meetings in Faneuil Hall, which was named the "Cradle of Liberty;" was one of the party that threw the tea, loaded with a duty of threepence a pound, into Boston Harbour; and he fought, as I was always

told, in the battle of Bunker Hill—that famous action, which, though an actual defeat of the rebel colonists, cost the British troops so much, that it has always been celebrated by Americans as a victory. Full of patriotism, my grandfather invested his savings in Continental paper-money, and, by its depreciation to utter worthlessness, lost all he possessed.

I was born, then, in the beautiful valley of the river Connecticut, which separates New Hampshire from Vermont, and, after running southward through Massachusetts and Connecticut, empties into Long Island Sound.

New Hampshire is a little wedge-shaped State, lying between Vermont and Maine, with its broad end resting on Massachusetts, and its point sticking into Canada, toward Quebec. Besides the Connecticut on its western border, it has another clear and rapid river, the Merrimack, running through the centre of the State, and passing into Massachusetts, where it gives water-power to the cotton-mills of Lowell and Lawrence, before emptying into the Atlantic, on which there are a few miles of coast and one excellent harbour, Portsmouth, on the ocean, between the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts. The State is about two hundred miles long, and nearly one hundred broad in its widest part, with a triangular area of a little more than eight thousand square miles.

Nearly half of this area, I think, is covered by mountains and lakes. New Hampshire has been called the "Granite State," and "the Switzerland of America." The mountains are grand and craggy,

with peaks glittering with quartz or mica, and the highest are covered with snow three-quarters of the year. The lakes are of transparent water, nestled among the mountains ; and the larger ones are full of picturesque islands, from a rock a few yards across to those of several acres, but all covered with the finest evergreens. It is a wonderfully rough, picturesque little State, full of sublimity and beauty.

The Icelander loves his treeless northern isle ; the Arab his sandy desert ; the Swiss his mountains. All men seem to love the land of their birth—it may be that all men think the scenes they first looked upon beautiful. It is thirty years since I have seen the Upper Connecticut valley, and the more mountainous regions of the Old Granite State. We speak of Old Virginia, Old Massachusetts, &c., to distinguish those early settled States upon the Atlantic from the mighty brood of New States which have sprung up in the West. Even Kentucky, which began to be settled at the period of the Revolution, is called Old Kaintuck by the settlers of the newer States beyond the Mississippi.

My native State glows in my memory—a land of craggy mountains, whose summits glisten in the sun, or fade in the blue distance ; of silvery lakes cradled in the forests and among the hills ; of crystal springs, singing brooks, roaring waterfalls, and clear arrowy rivers, swollen in the spring-time to magnificent torrents ; of the loveliest of green valleys, walled by the grandest of precipitous mountain ranges, with villages of white cottages and mansions with green blinds,

shaded by broad-spreading elms and shining sugar-maples. The forests are pine, hemlock, spruce, odorous balsam-fir, the great white birch (of whose bark the Indians made canoes, and which I rolled into torches for night-fishing), beech, maple, oak, and more trees than I can remember. The ground was fragrant with pine-leaves, mosses, and the winter-green, with its bright red berries, alive with playful squirrels and musical with singing birds. The ponds are full of fish; the mountains and pasture lands are covered with berries. A glowing landscape in summer; in winter a robe of glittering snow.

True, the winters are long and cold, and the summers are very hot. In the mild and equable climate of the British Islands, though in a higher latitude, people have little idea of the extremes of heat and cold that exist in the Northern States of America. Men die of sun-stroke in summer, and are frozen—sometimes frozen to death—in winter. In New York coachmen have sometimes been frozen to death on their boxes, and scarcely a summer passes that men do not fall down dead with the intense heat. General Hooker is reported to have lost a thousand men by sun-stroke in a single forced march, when he was hastening to the defence of Washington, threatened by the advance of General Lee.

The climate is a combination of tropical summers and polar winters,—Madras and Nova Zembla. In England and Ireland the grass is for ever green; in America it is frozen dead in winter, and sometimes parched to death in summer. There are years of

drought, when streams and wells are dry ; when the pastures are brown, and meadows like fields of ashes ; when cattle are driven miles to water, and browse in the woods, or starve. It was from such a drought that the people of Kansas nearly perished a few years ago, and would have starved had not supplies of corn and other provisions been sent them from more favoured regions.

My birthplace is about the same latitude as Lyons, in France, yet the snows fall three or four feet deep, and lay on the ground three months at a time. The ice froze twenty inches in thickness ; the thermometer went down at times to twenty, thirty, and in some mountain regions forty degrees below zero. Then the trees would burst with the frost with a sound like a cannon, and the ground, frozen three feet deep, would crack with a noise like thunder, shaking the house when it passed near it. These cracks extended across the fields in straight lines for a long distance, and were as deep as the frost extended, and nearly an inch wide ; but after reaching a certain point of cold, ten or twenty degrees make little difference with the feelings. Protect the hands and feet and the ears and nose from freezing, and the cold stimulates the system to resist it, and is less uncomfortable than a drizzly chill above the freezing point. Steady, intense cold is by no means the worst of weather : it makes the blood circulate briskly, and the system put forth its energies. The air condensed with the cold is rich in oxygen, and the frost is exhilarating.

Then the sleigh-rides ! The snow is four feet deep,

but trodden in the roadway hard as a rock. All the landscape is glistening white in the dazzling sunshine. The trees may be cased all in diamonds, glittering with prismatic light. You glide along swiftly to the music of the jingling bells, just feeling the motion, and wrapped in buffalo robes, bear-skins, or softer furs. Perhaps it is a string of twenty sleighs, with as many couples, gliding through the frozen landscape by moonlight, with the silvery ringing of a thousand bells and shouts of merry laughter, ending with a supper and a dance, and then home again before the day breaks.

Skating, too. It is hardly worth buying skates, or learning the beautiful exercise, for the chance one has of enjoying it in England; but in the Northern States of America you can calculate on three or four months of skating when the snow is not too deep upon the ice. Sometimes the snow falls before the large ponds and rivers freeze over; sometimes it is blown from the ice. I used to skate miles up and down the Connecticut river, and when thirsty, creep carefully to the edges of the air-holes, or "glades," in the ice, and drink. The water, clear as crystal, ten or twelve feet deep, ran in a strong current under me. It seems very absurd now that I should have run such a risk for a drink of water; but every boy, I believe, runs many such, and shudders at the danger in after years.

The broad intervalles on the rivers are fertile. The hills are excellent pasturage, where the stones allow grass to grow between them; and these rough uplands, when at all tillable, produce good crops of wheat, rye,

Indian corn, and potatoes. Orchards of apples, pears, cherries, and plums also flourish with great vigour; so would hardy grapes, for there are wild ones in great abundance. In my boyhood the population of this State was about 250,000, mostly agricultural. All the best lands were occupied, and a surplus population was already emigrating to the richer country of Western New York and Ohio. A farmer-proprietor, having from one hundred to three hundred acres of land, "suitably divided into arable, pasturage, and woodland," would have half a dozen sons and as many daughters. Such a farm does not divide to advantage. One son, not always the eldest, takes the homestead, assuming the support of his parents in their old age, and any unmarried aunts or sisters; the rest go out to make their way in the world. One becomes a lawyer, another a doctor, another a merchant, an editor, a politician, member of Congress, cabinet minister, president perhaps; who knows? Daniel Webster was the son of a New Hampshire farmer; so was General Cass, and Horace Greeley, and long John Wentworth. In a group of distinguished men of various professions in a western town, I have recognised four out of five as sons of New Hampshire farmers, who, as boys, had held the plough, hoed corn, dug potatoes, chopped wood, and hardened their bodies with useful toil, while they picked up their education at the common school, or by the light of pine-knots blazing in the kitchen fireplace.

The State is divided into townships of about six miles square. The township in which I was born had

about 1000 inhabitants. There was a pretty village, with a meeting-house, post-office, tavern, two or three shops called stores, with assortments of dry goods, hardware, groceries, crockery, glass—almost everything, in fact. There were also two or three lawyers, and a blacksmith, hatter, shoemaker, wheelwright, cabinet-maker, tailor, &c. A smaller village, two or three miles back among the hills, supplied its own neighbourhood. Grist-mills which ground our corn, and saw-mills which supplied our timber, were upon a mill brook which brawled down from the hills and wound through the loveliest of meadows into the Connecticut.

There were no landlords in this country. Almost every man owned the land he cultivated. And they believed in the motto of Poor Richard:—

“He that by the plough would thrive,
Must either hold himself, or drive.”

The proprietor of hundreds of acres generally worked harder than any man he could hire. And whom could he hire? That was the great difficulty. There were very few men to go out at “day’s works.” The sons of small farmers, wishing to raise a little money for themselves, would sometimes hire out at about three pounds a month and found. They lived with their employer, fared as he did, worked by his side; and when the hired man put on his Sunday suit, he offered his arm to the prettiest of the farmer’s daughters and escorted her gallantly to meeting. The term *servant*, and the idea of service, were unknown. He was a “hand,” or a “help.” And the young lady

who assisted in doing the housework associated on terms of perfect equality with her employer's family, and considered that she was conferring an obligation, as indeed she was, and was entitled to gratitude and very respectful treatment, as well as very good wages.

Farms were sometimes hired, or taken on shares, the owner and tenant dividing the produce equally; but this was rare. Any man could buy the best Government land in the new States for five shillings an acre, and from that extreme price down to sixpence an acre, at which millions of acres may still be bought. Moreover, by squatting on unsurveyed land, he could have five or ten years' time to pay for a farm, when, perhaps, a single crop would bring money enough for that purpose.

The two or three richest men in our parts were wildly reputed to be worth eight or ten thousand pounds. These were merchants or lawyers. But the possessor of property worth two thousand pounds was called rich. No one ever spoke of incomes; they were not much reckoned. The farmer who made both ends meet, with a little increase of his stock, thought himself doing well enough.

Let me give an idea of such a farmer's home as I remember it, forty years ago. The farm was about a hundred acres of land, running back from the river in a series of three level terraces, and then up a steep, rocky hill. These alluvial terraces or levels, of perhaps an eighth of a mile in width, appeared to me to have been at some period the successive bottoms either of a much broader river, or, more probably, of

a great lake, bounded by the chain of precipitous mountains that girt our valley, excepting where they were broken through at the north and south. This farm was fenced with the stumps of the great pine-trees that had once covered the meadows, and which had been cut down at an earlier period and sawn into boards, or made into shingles, or rafted down the river to become

“Fit masts for some tall admiral.”

The fences were made by placing these stumps—extracted from the ground with great labour and the aid of machinery—on their sides, with their gnarled roots stretching into the air, and forming a *chevaux de frise* which few animals would venture to jump over, but which, with an occasional tear of the trousers, I managed to climb with great facility. There were no hedges. In the rocky uplands there were stone walls, elsewhere board fences and palings.

The stage road passed along the second terrace, and here were the farm buildings—a storey-and-a-half wooden house, with a steep shingled roof, having ten rooms, a wash-house, dairy, wood-house, where the year's firewood was stored, and hog-house. At a little distance was the barn-yard, with two large barns for hay, unthreshed grain, and stables for horses and cattle, and a corn-barn for storing Indian corn and the threshed and winnowed grain. Back of the buildings was an orchard of ten or fifteen acres; and back of this, by a rich bank of blue clay, a brick-yard.

Our neighbour was an industrious man. He raised

large crops of wheat, rye, maize, potatoes, and flax. He kept horses, cattle, sheep, and swine. The women carded, spun, and wove the wool and flax, making the blankets, fulled cloth, and linen of the family. They also made plenty of butter and cheese. The farmer and his stout boys cut their wood, shaved pine-shingles, converted the apples into cider, made bricks, washed and sheared the sheep, prepared the flax, and had plenty of work for every week in the year. They raised their food, made their clothing, and had a large surplus of everything to exchange for what they could not manufacture or produce—tea, coffee, tobacco—the last of which they could grow—and all the goods furnished by the stores. In those days the buzz of the spinning-wheel and the clang of the loom were heard, and the odour of the dye-pot smelt, in every farmer's dwelling. Now, these instruments of domestic manufacture are stowed away in the garret, and the young ladies, dressed in the produce of the looms of Manchester, Lyons, or Lowell, "spin street yarn," exercise at the pianoforte, and are learned in the mysteries of crochet. I doubt if they are the better for it.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN A NEW COUNTRY.

Social customs.—A raising.—Log-rolling.—Making potash.—A husking.—An apple-paring.—A quilting.—Making maple-sugar.—Shooting-matches.—Good shots.—Travelling and road-making.—Going to market.

THE settlers of new countries are forced to be more gregarious and social in their habits and customs than the people of older communities. They associate for mutual defence and assistance. When the American settlements were surrounded by hostile Indians, the colonists were bound together by a common danger. When no such danger existed, they joined together to perform many operations that could be done more easily or more pleasantly by associated effort.

For example, when a new settler took possession of his one hundred and sixty acres of land, covered with its dense forests, he had, first of all, to make a log cabin for his family. They might camp in the woods, in a shantee of hemlock-boughs, until the timber house was ready. The stout settler would chop down trees enough of a suitable size to build his house. For this purpose he would require twenty lengths of thirty feet, and as many of fifteen. These, notched at the ends, and built up one upon another, would

make the four walls of a house. A ridge-pole, laid upon two crotched sticks fifteen feet high, would support a roof of slabs. The door and windows are cut out, a chimney of stone and clay built in one corner or at the side, and the family can move in.

But all this would be heavy work for one man, and some of it nearly impossible. He has no money to hire help, and there are none who need wages. But any man within five or six miles' distance is willing to take his axe or his yoke of oxen, and give his neighbour a day's work. Not exactly *give*, either, for the favour can be repaid at some future time. Many hands make light work. A dozen or twenty men assemble to give their new neighbour a welcome. They bring their own provisions, and make a sort of pic-nic in the forest. The trees are felled, shaped, hauled to their places, and when all is ready the house goes up with a will, and the roof is covered. The interstices in the logs can be filled in with clay or strips of wood, or the walls clapboarded, when the settler gets time, or the weather makes it needful.

But there is more work to be done. The trees must be got rid of, and the soil opened up to the sunshine. It is slow and hard work. Sometimes the largest timber is deadened—cut round so as to stop the ascent of sap. Having no more foliage, it casts but little shadow, and the branches and then the trunk gradually decay. But in settling heavy-timbered land there is a great deal of hard work necessary to clear it. There is no market for fire-wood or timber. Everybody has more than he wants. So the trees are cut

down, and their tops trimmed off; then comes the log-rolling. The neighbours are invited, and come, men and cattle, and in a few hours roll the logs into great heaps. The dry brush is piled upon them, the fires lighted, and for days and nights the "burnt piece" presents a grand spectacle. The smoke rolls up into the sky, and clouds are formed, ending often in a heavy rain. By night the field of fire is a lake of flame. When the wood is consumed, the scattered ashes enrich the ground; but that which lies in heaps is gathered into great cylinders, cut from hollow logs, which are set on end. Water is poured upon the ashes, and a strong ley runs out at the bottom. This ley is evaporated in large iron kettles until it crystallizes and becomes the potash of commerce. So the burnt wood of the forest is not lost. In fact, this potash, for which there is always a steady price and a large demand, goes far to pay for the land.

The settler sows his wheat and rye, and plants his Indian corn and potatoes. When these crops are gathered there is another job to do, best done in company. At least, it is an excuse for an evening gathering, and the settler is able by this time to give a little treat to those who help him. So all the neighbours, and especially the young men and girls, are invited to a "husking." The Indian corn has been gathered into one end of the house, if there is no barn. It is still upon the stalk, and the long yellow ears, or white they may be, with sometimes a red one, are still enclosed in their tough, fibrous husks, or shucks, from which latter name this pleasant

gathering is sometimes called a "corn-shucking." This is the western and southern term; and as these shucks have little value, it is said of an idle, good-for-nothing person, that he "isn't worth shucks."

The husking takes place in the evening, by the light of a good fire, pine-knots, or candles where civilization has advanced so far. Both sexes join in the pleasant labour, with songs, stories, chaffing, and the understanding that the fellow who husks a red ear has the privilege of kissing the girl next him. The corn-baskets are filled, the pile diminishes, the stalks and husks are cleared away. Then comes a profuse supper of pork and beans, pumpkin-pie, doughnuts, apples and cider, if these have been produced, or other and stronger beverages. Then, if the Puritanism is not too strong, a fiddle and a dance; if it is, games of romps and forfeits, certainly quite as objectionable, and a walk home by moonlight.

When orchards have grown—and they grow very rapidly in America, where the finest fruit costs the farmer less than three-halfpence a bushel, less than a single good apple often costs in London—where delicious peaches rot on the ground by the thousand bushels, more than even the hogs can eat,—then come the "apple-paring bees." They did come, at least, before ingenious Yankees invented paring machines. The apples were pared with sharp knives and rapid hands, quartered, cored, strung on twine, and hung up to dry in festoons over the kitchen ceiling. The paring bee was a milder kind of evening party than the husking, and ended with the same festivities.

The quilting is mostly a feminine arrangement. Its ostensible object is the manufacture of a bed-quilt. This involves a social gathering—talk, tea, probably a little gossip and scandal, and in the evening the accession of masculinity, with more or less of fun and frolic. The upper surface of the quilt is that marvellous result of feminine industry—patchwork; the lower stratum is more modest calico; the interior cotton or wool; and the whole is united by quiltings in elaborate figures, composed of a vast number of stitches, made by as many old and young ladies as can sit around the frame, beginning on the borders, and, as the frame is rolled up, gradually working toward the centre. The reasons for making this a social undertaking are obvious. When the quilt is in the frame it occupies a large space. It would take a long time for one or two persons to do it, and would be a long time in the way. Finally, it is an excuse gathering.

The sugar-maple, if tapped early in the spring, while the ground in the forest is covered with two or three feet of snow, yields a sweet sap in large quantities. This is caught in troughs, gathered to a central camp, and boiled down to a delicious syrup or sugar. Great kettles are swung over a log-fire in the forest. Hemlock-boughs make a couch on the snow. Young men and maidens gather round the fire at night, when the sap has been boiled down to the sugaring-off point, when it will harden into candy on the snow, or crystallize into sugar. These are among the pleasantest of rural gatherings.

I have spoken of winter sleigh-rides. In summer, parties are made to pick whortle-berries and blue-berries, on the mountains or in the plains, and the raspberries and blackberries, which grow large and delicious on the hill-sides and rough pasture-lands.

The men have shooting-matches all to themselves. These come off in the autumn, when turkeys are fat and thanksgiving is coming. Turkeys are put up to be shot for at so many rods' distance, at so much a shot. Of course the poor shots pay for the turkeys which the good ones carry home. In my memory good shots were very common. Every man and every boy could shoot. Guns and rifles were in every house, and when I was eight or nine years old, a light fowling-piece, with which I shot at birds or squirrels, or at a mark, was my favourite plaything. I shot with a rifle long before I could hold one out at arm's length, resting over a rail in the fence, or across the stump of a tree, and putting my ball into the bull's-eye at a hundred yards. Our practised shots did what were considered very handsome feats in those days, before arms of precision and long ranges were invented. These riflemen, who killed their game without injuring their skins, barked squirrels off the trees, and shot wild turkeys in the head, would hold candles in the night for each other to snuff with a bullet without extinguishing the light, drive a nail into a tree with a ball without bending it, or split a bullet into two equal halves on a knife-blade.

The fathers or grandfathers of these men had fought with the Indians, and carried their rifles into

the field to their work, and to church on Sundays, that the war-whoop might never surprise them unarmed. Marksmanship always seemed to me an instinct, and hereditary. Why should not the skill of a hunter be hereditary, as well as that of his dog? and that, I believe, there is no doubt about. The pup of a trained pointer, setter, or retriever scarcely needs to be taught, it takes so readily to the practices of its parents.

I used to know Colonel Scott, of the American army, about whom the 'coon story was told. He was out shooting one day in the west, the story said, and took aim at an old 'coon, or, as the ring-tailed quadruped is more properly called, raccoon, in a tall tree:—

“Hillo!” said the 'coon; “who are *you*?”

“My name is Scott,” said the hunter, taking the opportunity to inspect his priming.

“Scott? Scott?” said the 'coon—“what Scott?”

“Martin Scott.”

“*Captain* Martin Scott?” asked the 'coon, with some trepidation.

“Yes, *Captain* Martin Scott,” said the mighty hunter, raising his rifle to take aim and end the colloquy.

“Well, then, you needn't shoot,” said the animal; “I'll come down. I'm a gone 'coon.”

This was the origin of the saying.

Colonel Scott used to throw two apples into the air, one after the other, and pierce both with a pistol-ball as they crossed each other. I believe that he rose from the ranks. If so, the officers educated at Westpoint probably treated him with courtesy.

There was a captain in the Florida war who had been a private, and received a commission for his gallantry. One day a Westpoint officer said that some observation made by D—— in the mess-room smelt of the ranks. A challenge passed instanter, and as the Government had been severe about duelling, they went out early in the morning, and fought without seconds. The first that was known of the affair was when Captain D—— came into the camp, bearing on his shoulders the dead body of his opponent. The commandant took no notice of the affair, and D—— was not again insulted.

The period of which I write, forty years ago, was before the era of railways, and steamboats had not come into general use. The electro-magnetic telegraph, except as a philosophical toy, had not been thought of. Lavoisier, long before, communicated from his study to his wife's boudoir by an electric conductor, but no one thought of covering the world by land and sea with a network of thought-conveying wires.

We traversed our rough New England roads with mail-coaches, drawn by four or six horses, at the rate of six or eight miles an hour. But when I mounted to the driver's seat on a fine autumnal morning, and drove off twenty miles up the romantic valley, to the academy where I was expected to acquire the rudiments of a classical education, there was more joy and triumph in that high seat, and the progress of those well-matched steeds, than I have ever found in the express train at sixty miles an hour.

The roads, never very good, were very bad in the spring, when the melting snows and the upheaving of the frost made mud a foot or more in depth. In swampy places logs and poles were laid across, to form a roadway called corduroy, over which vehicles bumped and jolted at the slowest pace. These roads were mended every year, but only by hauling the loam from the gutters at the side toward the centre, and it is a proverb that "no road is so rough as one that has just been mended." There were a few turnpike roads, made and kept in repair by companies, who gathered tolls for their use; but these were never properly made. Nothing in England strikes an American with more surprise than the smooth, solid, admirable roads over the whole island, and even in Ireland in such parts as I have visited.

Road-making and mending was one of our gregarious occupations. Each town is divided into districts, and a certain highway-tax levied, which the people can pay in money, or work out at their option under one of their number who has been elected surveyor or road-master. So much a day is allowed for each man or boy, and so much for each span of horses or yoke of cattle. The people work out the tax after a fashion. It is a working holiday. They begin late, leave off early, take long noonings, and do the business in a very leisurely manner, unless there happens to be an energetic surveyor, who can inspire the people with his own spirit.

Before the railways, most of the traffic was carried on in winter, when the snow made good roads for

everybody. Then the farmers, in great numbers, harnessed up their teams, loaded their large double sleighs with their surplus produce—hogs frozen stiff, and packed down with snow, tallow, butter, cheese, dried apples, apple-sauce, honey, home-made cloth, woollen socks and mittens—and, with the jingle of merry bells, drove off one or two hundred miles to Boston, to sell their loads, and bring home salt, sugar, molasses, rum—before the days of temperance—tea, and other foreign luxuries, salt cod-fish, and generally a stock of fresh ones, frozen hard as stones, which, packed in snow, would keep in the same condition till the warm weather.

These prudent New England farmers, who took their own produce to the best market, and bought their supply of goods at wholesale prices, were of very little profit to the tavern-keepers on the way, or to those in town. They carried their provisions ready cooked, in the shape of bean-porridge frozen into cakes, ready to be warmed by the tavern-fire, dough-nuts and cheese, sausages, &c. They also carried oats for their horses, and as much hay as they could stow. The tavern-keeper could only charge for a baiting of hay and a lodging, and their whole cash travelling expenses would be scarcely more than a shilling a day.

The snow-road had its difficulties. It was liable to drifts, so that in places it would be ten or fifteen feet deep, and the teamsters always carried shovels to dig through them. On the other hand, a sudden thaw might carry off all the snow and leave them in the

mud. Still, the old fashion of going to the winter market was a jolly one; and a train of twenty teams driving along, with all their bells cheerily jingling, and their drivers at night gathered round the tavern-fire, telling stories, cracking homely jokes, and drinking hot cider or something stronger, when stronger liquors were in fashion, had more life and variety than the railway-trains of the present day.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX."

American militia system.—Training day.—A regimental muster.
 —Military titles.—My first Fourth of July celebration.—
 Revolutionary soldiers.

My father had been drafted as a militia-man during the war of 1812, and might have fought in the famous battle of Plattsburg, had not his business engagements made it necessary for him to hire a substitute, by which he lost not only much glory, but the bounty money and a hundred and sixty acres of land which was afterwards given to every surviving soldier whose name could be found upon the rolls of the army. But, though compelled by circumstances to forego the honours and profits of serving his country during the war, he was full of a martial spirit, and rose in the militia from the ranks to be corporal, sergeant, ensign, lieutenant, captain, major, and finally the colonel of a regiment. We had drills, trainings, officers' drills, and once a year that glorious military spectacle of the muster of a whole regiment, and every few years the general muster of an entire brigade.

The company-trainings on the green before the meeting-house were great days. The spectators gathered in crowds, drank sweet cider and New Eng-

land rum, and ate molasses-gingerbread. Emulous pedlars sold tin-ware and Yankee notions at auction with stentorian lungs, and jokes that made the crowd snicker. Yankees are not given to loud laughter. Our citizen soldiers were dressed in every kind of homespun fashion, and as variously armed, with old Queen's arms which had come down from the colony days of Queen Anne, or been captured with the army of Burgoyne; with fowling-pieces, ducking guns, or rifles. When they were tired of manœuvring, firing by platoons, and burning powder in a sham-fight, full of roars of command, rattle, and smoke, the captain, if oratorically gifted, made a speech, and the company was dismissed, satisfied that there was glory enough for one day, and that they had served their country.

At the muster of a regiment there was, of course, a larger gathering. People came ten or fifteen miles, in waggons and on horseback. The collection of pretty girls, sellers of cider and gingerbread, was larger, and the pedlar auctioneers more vociferous. Several companies were in uniform—no two alike, indeed, but each uniform with itself. There was a company of cavalry and one of artillery, with a four or six-pounder, iron or brass, which had to burn a great many blank cartridges, and was used not only on training-days, but also to fire the salutes on the Fourth of July, and for political victories, as well as on other joyful occasions.

After the morning evolutions came the grand review, and the most interesting ceremony of the day. The regiment formed a hollow square; the chap-

lain made a prayer, sitting on horseback. I do not exactly see why, but the military prayer on horseback, under the blue sky, with cavalry, infantry, and artillery standing motionless in regular lines, and the crowd of spectators devoutly uncovered, seemed more solemn to me than one made in a pulpit.

Then the colonel, if gifted in that line—and there are few Americans who are not more or less so—made a speech to the soldiers, in which he recited the glories won by a citizen soldiery in the two past wars, alluded touchingly to the grey-headed revolutionary heroes then present, and the veterans of the last war. He told them they were the pride and strength of their country, the pillars of the State, defenders of homes and firesides, ever ready to defend them from invasion and punish aggression. Then he wound up with a magnificent spread-eagle flourish about the greatness and glory of the country, which reached from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico; with an intimation, perhaps, that they might be called upon to extend its boundaries in either of these practicable directions. The programme is sometimes slightly varied, and I have known a pious colonel, in the absence of a chaplain, to make the prayer, or the speech to be assigned to an oratorical regimental surgeon.

If my father rose rapidly to the post of colonel, he did not hold it long. Being unable to rise higher, he resigned to make way for those below him who were ambitious of promotion. As there was no pay or perquisites but glory, and the expense increased

with the elevation, he prudently declined to be made a general. Many resign on being made captains; others, with a shade more of ambition, attain the title of major, and these titles they always retain. This is the reason why every American of any account has a military title. They all pass through some of the grades, and then resign and are clear of military duty. It is a mode of exemption. In a year or two a man gets the title of captain, and is for ever free from service. Then hundreds of young men are appointed on the military staffs of governors or generals, and all these, after a nominal service of one or two years, retain their titles. In America it is safe to call any decent man—a stage-driver or ostler—captain; and any gentlemanly person—a railway-conductor or tavern-keeper—major or colonel. Republicans visiting monarchical countries, naturally wish to be presented at Court, and as naturally carry with them their militia uniforms, which they display with suitable magnificence on such occasions. No American can be made to understand why he should not be eligible for presentation to queen or emperor. He is the political equal of the president, and, probably enough, his social superior. If he belongs to the highest rank of his own country, why should he not associate on equal terms with the highest rank of any other? Every American who visits Washington calls to see the president, shakes hands with him, and asks him how he does, and how his family is; and sees no reason why he should not do the same by the Queen of England or the Russian Czar.

The military spirit and the spirit of patriotism, in my early days were alike encouraged. We did not think of conquering the world then, but of preserving the liberties our fathers had gained. We had no doubt that ours was the finest, most enlightened, and happiest country in the world; and, in spite of the envy of tyrants, we felt sure that all the rest of mankind would soon be of the same opinion, and only too glad to follow our example. We entertained these sentiments at all times, but devoted one day in the year in an especial manner to their expression. This was the Fourth of July.

The first celebration of the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, I can remember, was on the brow of the plateau which overlooked the beautiful valley in which I was born. I remember the shining river winding off into the distance, the cliffs of grey rock more than perpendicular, the blue mountain-peaks far away on the horizon, the meadows with broad elms, butter-nuts, and sugar-maples, the village with its white houses embowered in trees, the sky intensely blue, and the glorious July sunshine.

The music was a fife and drum. The militia company of our district was posted on the field, and later in the day fired off a rattling *feu-de-joie*. I cannot say much for the appearance of the company, as each man wore his ordinary costume, and not much time had ever been given to drill. In the large towns, where there is competition and opportunities for display, there are well-drilled regiments of citizen soldiery. In the country the men are generally satisfied

with knowing how to use their weapons, and care little for evolutions, discipline, or strategy.

There was a salute, to open the ceremonies of the celebration. The hills and mountains were filled with the echoes and reverberations. I have heard the report of a cannon distinctly repeated seven times, besides the roaring thunders of continuous echoes. But we had no cannon. Our company was infantry, not artillery, and not a four-pounder could be procured. All were noisily engaged elsewhere on the great occasion, when gunpowder enough is wasted every year to fight a hundred battles. We had a grand salute, notwithstanding, fired from a fifty-six; not a fifty-six pounder cannon—there was scarcely so large a piece of field-artillery in those days—but a fifty-six pound weight. These weights of cast iron have a hole about an inch in diameter through the centre, into which melted lead is poured until they are of the standard weight. Into this hole a charge of gunpowder was poured, and upon it driven a wooden plug, with a crease cut in its side for priming. It made all the noise that was necessary, and each discharge was accompanied by the screams of the fife, the roll of the drum, and the shouts of all the boys in the neighbourhood.

In America, almost every important public manifestation is opened with prayer. I do not think that people care much about it; but it is a custom. Each day's sitting in Congress and the State legislatures opens with prayer. Political meetings are opened with

prayer. So the captain of the militia company, who happened to be the most pious man about, made a prayer, which, being unpremeditated, earnest, and patriotic, may be presumed to have been suitable to the occasion.

It is wonderful what a deal of work is done in America with these extempore prayers. The chaplain of Congress every day can put a speech into his prayer. A timid clergyman can say things to the Almighty that he would not dare tell his people. He begins with, "O Lord, thou knowest—" and then goes on with his complaints or reproofs. I cannot, of course, remember, but have no doubt that our good captain made the best use of his opportunities.

The prayer was followed by the inevitable reading of the Declaration of Independence, in which Jefferson proclaimed the rights of man, and indicted George the Third for numerous violations of those rights, and declared that the thirteen colonies "are, and of right ought to be, free, sovereign, and independent States;" to which declaration the signers nobly pledged "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour."

After the reading came the oration. It was given by an intelligent farmer, militia colonel, and deputy sheriff. It recounted the labours, sacrifices, and perils of the past, the freedom and prosperity of the present, and the glories of the coming future; for America, being in her childhood, was more prone to look forward to the future, than back upon the past. She had but little in the past to look back upon, and the less she

had of history the more her sanguine orators indulged in hope. The history of the future was as glorious as we chose to make it.

After the oration came another national salute—thirteen guns, one for each of the original States, from the fifty-six, a *feu-de-joie* from the old flint-lock muskets of the militia, and then an attack upon the bread and cheese and rum-punch provided by the committee. I sat on the breezy brow of the hill, in the shade of the singing pine-trees, looking down the beautiful valley of my world, thinking of all I had heard of our glorious country and its great destiny, and wondering what share I, a boy then of eight or nine years old, was to have in its future—that future which I have seen drenched in blood and tears.

In those days, no military training, patriotic celebration, or political meeting was complete without the presence of revolutionary soldiers, who were to be found in every neighbourhood. Naturally, as the old soldiers of the revolution diminished in numbers, their honours increased. They had pensions from the Government, sufficient to make their latter days comfortable, and on every public occasion were treated with peculiar respect. If a man had but served a few months as a common soldier in the War of Independence, he was a veteran, patriot, and hero, to be apostrophized in Fourth of July orations and political speeches. The party that could get the largest number of these heroes of Seventy-six to attend its gatherings was pretty sure to carry the majority. They went for General Jackson, but they also went for General

Harrison. Whichever the party he belonged to, they naturally preferred a soldier to a civilian. I think even General Scott might have been elected if the Democrats had not had the good fortune to nominate General Pierce.

During the Harrison Hard-Cider campaign, there was a great "Tippecanoe" and Tyler too mass-meeting at Saratoga, the fashionable summer resort in the northern part of New York. The meeting was very large; several counties assembled. Conspicuous on the platform was a group of white-headed revolutionary soldiers, whom the orators duly celebrated, and who were giving their support to the hero of sundry Indian battle-fields. One of the orators, not content with the customary allusions, determined to have something more effective, and, addressing one of the venerable patriots, said—

"You fought in the glorious War of Independence?"

"Yaas," said the old man, with a German accent; "yaas, I vas in te var."

"This white-haired veteran was in that glorious contest for our liberties, fellow-citizens; and here he is, ready to fight or to vote for them once more. And now, my venerable friend, who was your commander—what general did you serve under in that great struggle for freedom and independence?"

"*General Burgoyne!*" was the honest reply; which, after a moment of consternation, was greeted with a shout of laughter. General Burgoyne was the unfortunate British commander who, cut off from supplies, harassed and surrounded, was compelled to surrender

his whole army at Saratoga, and this "Hero of Seventy-six" was one of his Hessians, a prisoner of war, who had settled in the country. He had fought in the revolution—as it happened, on the wrong side for the purposes of the meeting. There were thousands of such heroes of the revolution, who fought under British commanders—soldiers hired from Germany, sent from England, or colonists who adhered to the loyal cause; but, where not too closely questioned, they answered every purpose.

CHAPTER V.

AMERICAN HATRED TO ENGLAND.

Waterloo and New Orleans.—Songs of victory.—England's conquerors.—National animosities.—"America for Americans."
—Invasions of Canada from 1775 to 1837.—Speech of Senator Seward.—Our natural enemy.

THE year of my birth (1815) was that of the battle of Waterloo, and also that of New Orleans, which we Americans have always considered much the most glorious affair of the two, since General Jackson, with a few thousand Tennessee riflemen and hunters of Kentucky, conquered the conquerors of Napoleon. The same troops which were defeated by him on the 8th of January, 1815, returned to Europe and fought under Wellington at Waterloo, but with a different result.

"Old Jackson, he was wide awake,
And was not scared at trifles,
For well he knew what aim we take
With our Kentucky rifles."

CHORUS.—"O Kentucky! The Hunters of Kentucky!"

Every American is proud of New Orleans, only it was a pity that such a battle should have been fought after peace had been made, as it had, by the commissioners at Ghent, the previous autumn. Steam would

have saved the useless bloodshed, and General Jackson might never have been president. England thought little of the repulse. If it caused any mortification, it was lost in the glories of Waterloo. America celebrated it as one of her grandest and most decisive victories.

As we had just come out of the second war with England happy and glorious, having beaten the most powerful nation in the world in two great wars, and alike on land and sea, my earliest recollections are of the boasts of our national prowess. The successes of the new war revived the recollections of the old. The younger soldiers of the revolution were leaders in the war of 1812. One of the earliest songs that I remember began with the lines—

“ Old England forty years ago,
When we were young and slender,
Conspired to give a mortal blow,
But God was our defender.”

We also had a famous song which described the victory of the American squadron, commanded by Commodore Perry, over the British fleet, on Lake Erie, and another which gave a metrical and historical account of a similar naval victory on Lake Champlain. As in more classic or barbaric ages, every hero had his song. Our pretty numerous defeats were not celebrated or much talked about. One of the liveliest of the naval songs which I learned to sing in my childhood was a long description of the taking of the British frigate *Guerriere*, Hon. Captain Dacres, by the American frigate *Constitution*, Captain Hull.

It was set to the once popular air of "A Landlady of France," and began in this fashion:—

"It oft-times has been told
How the British seamen bold
Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy, O!
But they never found their match
Till the Yankees did them catch;
Oh, the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, O!

"The 'Guerriere,' a frigate bold,
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by proud Dacres, the grandee, O!
With as choice a British crew
As a rammer ever drew,—
They could beat the Frenchman two to one so handy, O!"

So it went on, giving a full and particular account of the whole transaction, and crowing melodiously over the discomfited Britons.

The men of middle age now living in America all sang or heard these songs in their boyhood. Every Fourth of July, if not oftener, they listened to orations in praise of American patriotism and valour in the two wars with Great Britain, that tyrant power across the ocean, against which our fathers and grandfathers had fought, and which they had conquered. Many of the aged men I knew had fought in the revolution. The middle-aged were the heroes of the last war. Not a few had fought in both. Our whole history was in these two wars. Stories were told of them around the winter fireside. The grey-haired old man in the chimney-corner had fought the Hessians at Bennington under the New Hampshire hero, General Stark, who said, "We must beat them to-night, boys, or Molly Stark is a widow." Or he had been with

Ethan Allen, when he called for the surrender of Ticonderoga, a mountain fortress on Lake Champlain. "By whose authority?" asked the British commander of the file of men that did garrison duty in this post in the wilderness. "In the name of God and the Continental Congress!" said Allen. Not much, according to all accounts, did the Vermont partisan care for either. Then we had long stories of the terrible battles of Saratoga, and the surrender of the British army under General Burgoyne. Five thousand men in those days was a great number. The loss of a second army of seven thousand, under General Cornwallis, surrendered to the Americans and French land and naval forces at Yorktown, ended the War of Independence.

Then came the stories of the younger men who were with General Scott on the Niagara, or who shared in the fresh-water naval victories of Perry or McDonough. But the land laurels, excepting those gathered out of season by General Jackson at New Orleans, were, it must be confessed, a rather scanty crop. There were really some smart victories at sea; but in both wars we had at least two defeats to one victory. Washington's great merit was in making good retreats, and keeping an army together under the most adverse circumstances. He wore out armies by compelling them to follow him through difficult and exhausted regions. The extent of the country, the sparseness of its population, the cost and weariness of the struggle, and the aid of France, combined with the prudence of Washington and the valour of my

countrymen, enabled them to gain their independence. In the last war—I mean that of 1812—England was fighting with Napoleon, or it might not have ended so soon, or, for us, so gloriously. There were a good many Americans who thought that it ought never to have been begun. It was declared, in some degree, no doubt, out of sympathy with France, and from motives of gratitude for her help in the revolution; but it is also true that the high-handed measures the British Government thought it necessary to take, in destroying American commerce and impressing seamen from American vessels, gave the Government of Mr. Madison a very sufficient excuse for declaring war.

The war was popular, especially after it had ended. The party that had declared and maintained it made plenty of political capital out of it; while the party that opposed it—the Peace party, the Hartford Convention federalists—have never recovered from the odium of alleged British sympathies. There has not been an election in America in forty years—no, nor in eighty—in which a sustained charge of friendship to England would not have defeated the most hopeful prospects of success. Every one knows the fact. Let me try to give the reason.

America has, properly speaking, no past. Her colonial history is British. Her nonage is scarcely remembered. Her whole history, beginning with the Declaration of Independence in 1776, comprises less than a century. England was the enemy of her independence in a war of eight years. She has had no other enemy. Her whole hatred has been concentrated

here. The war of 1812 revived and embittered these feelings, which have not had time to die away. We had a brief war with Mexico, but the Mexicans were despised or pitied, not hated. The war was the consequence of a political movement, the annexation of Texas, and ended in the acquisition of vast territories. But there is England on the north, a perpetual bar to American ambition in that direction.

The British flag floats over one-third of the continent, from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the polar regions, including some of the richest and most beautiful territories in the temperate regions of the world.

From the day when the thirteen American colonies were lost to England by the perversity of her rulers, Americans have never given up the desire nor abandoned the design of separating these loyal provinces from the government of Great Britain, and adding them to their confederation. It is the favourite idea of Americans that the "Stars and Stripes" must float over every foot of land on the American continent. "America for Americans!" It is even a political dogma, called the Monroe doctrine.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution, and before the Declaration of Independence, in 1775, almost the first act of the revolted colonists was to organize expeditions for the conquest of Canada. General Montgomery marched on Montreal by the route of Lake Champlain; which city, being defended by a small garrison, he took, after a slight resistance. General Arnold, in the meantime, and with almost

incredible labours and hardships, had led a small army through the forests of Maine, and the two rebel generals united to besiege Quebec. Montgomery was killed at the head of an assaulting column, Arnold was severely wounded, the Americans were repulsed with heavy loss, the Canadians remained loyal, and the whole expedition proved an utter and mortifying failure. The Northern army, as it was called, retreated from Canada—according to John Adams, the second President of the United States, “disgraced, defeated, discontented, dispirited, diseased, undisciplined, eaten up with vermin, with no clothes, beds, blankets, medicines, and no victuals but a scant supply of pork and flour.” A physician sent to Lake Champlain to aid in the care of the sick, wrote—“At the sight of so much distress I wept till I had no power to weep.”

Undeterred by this miserable experience, we had no sooner declared war on England, in 1812, than our old dreams of conquest and annexation were revived. General Hull invaded Canada from Detroit, but his expedition ended in his being driven back and attacked in his own stronghold, where he ingloriously surrendered to an inferior British force.

During the same summer another invasion was made from the New York frontier, near the Falls of Niagara, by General Van Rensselaer. One of his captains was the present General Wool, of the American army. The invading force was met on the heights of Queenstown; a battle was fought in sight of the great cataract; and the heroic British

General Brock, whose monument now crowns those heights, fell gloriously, while the Americans were hurled into the great chasm of the rapids, and few escaped to tell the story of their defeat. While the attacking column of one thousand was being defeated, killed, or taken prisoners by the British troops, a reinforcement of fifteen hundred of their countrymen stood on the opposite bank of the river, spectators of the fight, but, with a poltroonery worthy of the progenitors of the heroes of Bull's Run, utterly refused to cross the river to the aid of their brethren, on the ground that as militia volunteers they were not obliged to leave their own territory.

In 1813, a third attempt, directed this time against Montreal, was made by General Wilkinson with a force of seven thousand men. This force was defeated near Williamsburg, while descending the St. Lawrence, and the expedition was abandoned.

This did not prevent a fourth invasion the following year, under General Brown, on the Niagara frontier. Here Lieut.-General Scott, late commander-in-chief of the Federal army, won his earliest laurels in a sharp engagement at Lundy's Lane. The losses of the British and Americans were nearly equal. General Brown and Captain Scott were both wounded; and the Americans thought it prudent to retire to Fort Erie, which they soon abandoned, making a further retreat to their own territories.

Americans have never abandoned this idea of the annexation of Canada. The disturbances of 1837 came near being magnified, by their sympathy and

assistance, into a formidable rebellion. They supplied the money, the men, and the provisions. Nine-tenths of the insurgent forces that gathered at Navy Island, Prescott, and in the Detroit river, and all the officers, were Americans. Powder and arms were furnished from American arsenals. While organized companies of sympathizers invaded Canada, the American farmers along the frontier made liberal contributions for their support. The rebels on Navy Island were commanded by Van Rensselaer, a grandson of the general who, in 1813, had commanded the invading Americans at the battle of Queenstown. The defences of the island were planned by an American graduate of the West-point Military Academy.

Not only have the great body of the people of the United States, during a period of eighty years, looked upon the annexation of the British Provinces of North America as a most desirable event, and one certain, sooner or later, to be accomplished, but American statesmen, and those of the highest positions, have a thorough sympathy with these popular ideas. I cannot cite a better instance than that of Mr. Seward, the American Secretary of State, who has very recently given bold expression to this idea on several occasions, and particularly in his remarkable speech at St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota, September 18, 1860, during the political canvass for the election of his successful rival and present chief, Mr. Lincoln, to the Presidency. When Mr. Seward made this speech he doubtless expected to become what he is, the leading mind in the Government.

Mr. Seward said : " I find myself now, for the first time, on the highlands of the centre of the continent of North America, equidistant from the waters of Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico—from the Atlantic Ocean to the ocean in which the sun sets—here, on the spot where spring up, almost side by side, so that they may kiss each other, the two great rivers; the one of which, pursuing its strange, capricious, majestic career through cascade and river and rapid, lake after lake, and river after river, finally—after a course of twenty-five hundred miles—brings your commerce half way to the ports of Europe; and the other, after meandering through woodland and prairie a distance of twenty-five hundred miles, taking in tributary after tributary, from the east and from the west, bringing together the waters of the western declivities of the Alleghanies, and those which trickle down the eastern sides of the Rocky Mountains, finds the Atlantic Ocean in the Gulf of Mexico. Here is the central place where the agriculture of the richest region of North America must bear its tribute to the supplies of the whole world. On the east, *all along the shores of Lake Superior*, and on the west, stretching in one broad plain, in a belt quite across the continent, is a country where *State after State is yet to rise*, and where the productions for the support of human society in other crowded States must be brought forth. This is, then, a commanding field; *but it is as commanding in regard to the destinies of this continent*, as it is in regard to its commercial future, for power is not to reside permanently on the eastern slope of the

Alleghany Mountains, nor in the seaports. Seaports have always been overrun and controlled by the people of the interior. The power of this Government is not to be established on the Atlantic or the Pacific coast. The power that shall speak and express the will of men on this continent is to be located in the Mississippi valley, and at the sources of the Mississippi *and the St. Lawrence.*

“In other days I have cast about for the future, the ultimate central seat of power of the *North American people.* I had looked at Quebec and New Orleans, at Washington and San Francisco, at Cincinnati and St. Louis, and it had been the result of my last conjecture that *the seat of power for North America* would yet be found in the valley of Mexico; that the glories of the Aztec capital would be renewed, and that it would become ultimately the capital of the United States of America. But I have corrected that view, and I now believe that the ultimate, last seat of power on this continent will be found somewhere within a radius not very far from the spot where I stand, at the head of navigation on the Mississippi river. I had never, until now, occupied that place whence I could take in and grasp *the whole grand panorama of the continent, for the happiness of whose present people and future millions it is the duty of the American statesman to labour.*”

In this remarkable speech Mr. Seward has embodied the ideas, hopes, and ambitions of the American people. He adopts their motto—

“No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours.”

Canada and Mexico, the British possessions and Central America, all help to form the empire of his aspirations, and for which he seeks a fitting capital. He examines and rejects Quebec and Mexico with an impartial consideration.

Up to the present time there has been one insuperable obstacle to the annexation of the British Provinces, supposing that they could be conquered. The South would never, of late years, have consented to such a preponderance of Northern and Free States. Only by adding a Southern State for each Northern one could her co-operation have been secured. This obstacle no longer exists. Either the Southern Confederacy will be separated from the North, leaving the latter free to carry out, if she be able, her dreams of annexation or conquest, or the Southern States will be subjugated to the North and unable to resist her will. If the Southern States are lost to the Union, the eyes of Northern statesmen will look more greedily than ever to the possession of the great territories on their Northern border, and the control of the St. Lawrence and the lakes, which may compensate them for the loss of the cotton regions of the South and the mouths of the Mississippi.

Yes, England was a tyrant, which America, after a long struggle, had overcome. England, full of rage and jealousy, began again to insult and outrage America, which led to a second war, in which America was also victorious. But England still hinders American progress by keeping her grasp upon large neighbouring territories. Americans believe that Eng-

land dreads their growing power, and is envious of their prosperity. They detest and hate England accordingly. They have "licked" her twice, and can "lick" her again. I cannot remember the time when the idea of a war with England was not popular in America. I never, except for a brief period, heard a threat of war with any other power. France was our earliest friend. We like Russia, perhaps, still better. In the Crimean war, as England was the ally of France, we gave our best sympathies to the great northern power. We hoped the allies would be driven out of the Crimea; or, if they met with any success, we wished the French off all the glory.

This was the feeling of America when I was born, and it is the feeling to-day of, at least, the Northern half of it. The South does not border on Canada—it was not the scene of so many conflicts in either war, and there is not in the South a great mass of Irish citizens whose votes carry elections, and who participate in, if they do not increase, the anti-English feeling in the Northern States of America.

I do not mention these facts to revive hard and hateful feelings on either side. Nations of the same race, language, civilization, and religion ought to be friends; but we see them the bitterest and most relentless of foes. I lament the fact—but why seek to hide what will not be hidden?

That there are great numbers of Americans who have a real love and genuine reverence for the great country of their ancestry is not less true, and I wish to be understood as making all needful exceptions.

CHAPTER VI.

EDUCATION AND THE LECTURE SYSTEM.

Common schools and teachers.—Sold at auction.—Boarding round.
 —The universal stimulus.—Our chief lesson.—Lyceums and
 lectures.—Lecturers and systems.

THE founders of the New England Republics believed that the safety of democratic institutions depended upon the intelligence and virtue of the people. In the early days of the colonies, no one was allowed to vote who did not belong to the Church. In Connecticut, to-day, every voter must be able to read the constitution he is bound to support. Provision was made in the early times for both preaching and teaching.

In my native State, and in all the States of New England, there was a school-house every three miles, an academy in every considerable village, and colleges enough to supply the demand for a classical education. We went, first of all, to the common or free school. There were very few private or pay schools; and boarding-schools, except in the largest towns, were unknown.

As none were very rich, and none had any need to be poor, and as all were equal in theory, and not very far from it in practice, we all went to the same schools, and were taught by the same schoolmasters in winter,

and the same "schoolma'ams" in summer. At the age of four years I trudged off a mile and a quarter to the district school-house, at the foot of a sandy hill, near the bank of the beautiful river, with fields to play in shaded by spreading pine-trees, with winter-green, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, wild cherries, and grapes in their season, all free to us. Trespass! we never knew the meaning of the word.

In the winter we had the deep snow to wallow through and play in, sliding down-hill on our sleds, and skating when the ice was not too deeply covered.

We had no professional teachers in those days for our common schools. Some bright, well-taught girl, who loved books better than spinning, taught our school in summer. In winter we generally had a student from the nearest college, who paid his fees and expenses by keeping school three months in the year, and graduated none the worse for his pedagogic experience. If a young man had the ambition to get a collegiate education, poverty was no obstacle, and only a slight inconvenience. He had only to teach school three or four months a year to get his degree and finish his course in law or medicine. In divinity there were foundations to help him. Hundreds of the most eminent men in America have educated themselves in this manner.

The character of our teachers gave us boys who wished to get on a better chance with our studies. The college-student teacher did not object to our learning Latin or Greek. To the ordinary English studies of the common schools many added natural

philosophy, chemistry, algebra, geometry, and surveying. After the regular branches we could add as many as we liked.

The expenses of the schools are raised partly by a direct tax, voted in each district, and partly from a general educational fund. In some States, especially the newer ones, where lands were reserved for the purpose, this fund is very large, and ample for all educational purposes. In New Hampshire the people taxed themselves generously, and to make the money raised in or coming to the district go as far as possible, the teacher was either put up at auction and boarded with the lowest bidder, or boarded round.

Every year, at town-meeting, the paupers of the town were sold at auction to those who would keep them cheapest, taking into account the work they were capable of doing. The pauper was a slave, sold for a year at a time, but sold yearly as long as he lived. The schoolmaster was treated in the same inglorious fashion. The cheaper he could be boarded, the longer the money would last, and the longer the school-term continue. A well-to-do farmer, with an abundance of food, and children who might have some extra assistance in their lessons, would be glad to board the master for a very trifling consideration. I have known one to be sumptuously entertained for less than three shillings a week.

But even this amount was often saved to the district by the master or mistress boarding round—taking turns of a week or two at the houses of his or her pupils. This gave a pleasing variety to the life of

the teacher, and enabled the people of the district to vie with each other in their hospitalities. I think that this was the most popular system. It gave all the young misses a fair chance at a possible admirer, and though the teacher might have long walks when boarding at the extremities of his district, he was treated everywhere with the attentions due to a transient and honoured guest. The best room in the house and the best fare that could be provided were ready for the schoolmaster.

The one perpetual incentive to hard study in our schools was ambition. Every boy knew that he might be the governor of the State, or a member of Congress. There was nothing to hinder him from being President; all he had to do was to learn. No position was beyond his reach if he chose to work for it. Franklin was a printer's boy; General Putnam was a farmer, and left his plough in the furrow to take command of the troops that were so gloriously beaten at Bunker Hill; Roger Sherman was a shoemaker, and Andrew Jackson a poor boy who worked his way up from the humblest position. What was Patrick Henry, whose eloquence thrilled us as we spouted his famous speech in the Virginia Assembly? A country tavern-keeper. Our history was full of men who had risen from the ranks, and what in other countries would be called the lowest ranks of life. We knew that where there was a will there was a way, and our teachers constantly stimulated us by the glittering prizes of wealth, honours, offices, and distinctions which were certainly within our reach.

This constant stimulation of hope, emulation, and ambition, produced its natural result of feverish effort and discontent. Few were content to live at home and cultivate the niggard soil of New Hampshire. If we wished to be farmers, there were the fertile bottom lands and broad prairies of the West. But we could be doctors, lawyers, preachers, merchants; there were a hundred avenues to wealth and fame opening fair before us, if we only chose to learn our lessons. Of course we learnt them.

The education we got was solid enough in some respects, and very superficial in others. In arithmetic, geometry, surveying, mechanics, and such solid and practical matters, we were earnest students; but our geography was chiefly American, and the United States was larger than all the universe beside. In the same way our history was American history, brief but glorious. We despised monarchical countries and governments too thoroughly to care much about their histories; and if we studied them, it was that we might contrast their despotisms with our own free and happy institutions. We were taught every day and in every way that ours was the freest, the happiest, and soon to be the greatest and most powerful country in the world. This is the religious faith of every American. He learns it in his infancy, and he can never forget it. For all other countries he entertains sentiments varying from pity to hatred; they are the down-trodden despotisms of the old world. There is a certain admiration for France, and that respect for Russia which one great and growing power gives to

another. But a genuine American does not think much of Europe anyhow.

How should we? Great Britain was the most powerful country of Europe, and had we not beaten her twice? One of our great lakes would drown the whole United Kingdom. And what could we think of a people who submitted to be governed by a hereditary aristocracy,—who did not own the land they worked on, and were not allowed to vote,—who had not even guns, a great many of them?

Our education was adapted to intensify our self-esteem, and to make us believe that we were the most intelligent, the most enlightened, the freest, most Christian, and greatest people the sun ever shone upon. Ours was the model Government of the world; our institutions were the model institutions, our country the model Republic. I do not in the least exaggerate. We read it in our books and newspapers, heard it in sermons, speeches, and orations, thanked God for it in our prayers, and devoutly believed it always.

We thanked God, when we remembered to be thankful for anything, that we were not as other men, and especially that we were not like the ignorant down-trodden victims of European despotisms. It has sometimes appeared to me that American self-glorification in these matters is an intensification of a similar feeling which may be sometimes detected in English books, newspapers, and speeches, only that Americans habitually place themselves as far in advance of England as England considers herself in advance of all other nations.

Some influence—what, I never knew, or do not now remember—led the American people, commencing in New England about thirty years ago, to form lyceums, debating clubs, library associations, societies for mutual improvement. The fashion may have come across the ocean, and it spread over the whole country. Every town, every village had its literary society. In the larger towns handsome halls were built, and large libraries collected. The New York Mercantile Association has a fine building, a library of fifty thousand volumes, and a large reading-room and lecture-room. A thousand miles westward, in St. Louis, a similar society has a noble edifice, a splendid lecture-room that seats twelve hundred persons, a large library, and works of art.

The mutual improvement and debating societies had their day. People tired of them, but courses of lectures in the winter became a national and pervading institution. Never, probably, had the lecturing system such a development; nowhere has the platform such a powerful influence.

Many circumstances contributed to favour the growth of this institution. In America, every town of five or six thousand people is likely to have five or six different religious societies, called churches. The distinction of church and chapel is unknown. Formerly, those who are called Dissenters in England, talked of their meeting-houses. Now, every place of worship, except those of the Friends, or Quakers, is called a church. A village of five thousand inhabitants may have an Episcopal church, belonging to the American

daughter of the Church of England, a Roman Catholic church, and Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian, and Universalist churches. All the so-called Evangelical denominations discourage public amusements; and the one resource of the people, in which they can all join, is the course of public lectures, which are therefore attended by old and young, and all who wish to be considered intelligent and respectable.

A literary society, or a committee raised for the purpose, makes the necessary arrangements. A public hall, or commonly one of the churches, is engaged. Tickets are issued for twelve lectures—one a week, during the winter. These season tickets are sold for, say, eight shillings for the twelve lectures, the price of single tickets being a shilling.

There is no distinction of prices or places, no *fauteuils*, no stalls, no reserved seats. "First come, first served." The one who comes earliest takes the best seat. The only exception to this is, that in many cases, either by regulation or custom, the front seats are reserved for ladies. They pay the same price, or often a less price, but, being ladies, they are entitled to the first and best place. This rule prevails on the steamboat, in the railroad-cars, at the theatres—everywhere. An American habitually yields his seat to a lady when only one can sit, and gives her the best seat when there is any preference.

Next to the sale of the tickets in importance is the engagement of the lecturers. There are in America two or three hundred who are ready to be engaged every winter—clergymen, lawyers, physicians, editors,

men of letters, scientific professors, philanthropists, reformers, politicians. Of course, some of these are more popular, more attractive, draw larger audiences, and command higher prices than others. There are stars in this profession as in every other. A political, or religious, or literary notoriety is always a star. Mr. Thackeray drew well. Mr. Dickens, in spite of his *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, would attract crowded houses. Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Ralph Waldo Emerson, are among the most attractive.

The ordinary price paid to a lecturer for his hour's discourse is ten guineas (fifty dollars), and his expenses. He may have to travel a thousand miles to give the lecture, but lecturers seldom make single engagements. They arrange with lecture-committees so as to fill up nearly every night for a month or more. The most attractive or popular lecturers command twenty, or even forty, pounds for a lecture, and can easily clear one or two thousand pounds during the season of three or four months. Mr. Beecher, who is one of the best as well as one of the most popular of public lecturers, has a salary of some twelve hundred pounds as a preacher, and probably receives twice as much as lecturer and writer. One must give him credit for great industry and powers of endurance.

The character of the lecturers and lectures depends, of course, upon that of the community. It is determined by the law of supply and demand. In literature, in preaching, and in lecturing, people get, not

what they need, but what they wish for. They exercise the right of private judgment, not only in religion, but in politics, literature, and philosophy, under the modifying influences of general opinion and the government of majorities. There are towns where a lecture-committee would not dare to invite Beecher or Phillips to lecture. There are others, where Frederic Douglas, a dark mulatto, and once a slave in Maryland, would be an acceptable speaker. Notoriety, of almost any kind, is a passport to favour. Bayard Taylor has travelled over a large part of the world, to no great profit, that I could ever see, either to himself or the readers of his travels; but the mere fact that he had been so far and seen so much made people eager to see him, and secured him as many engagements to lecture, at twenty pounds an evening, as he cared to fill. Let a man write a popular book or a popular serial in a widely-circulated newspaper, and the curiosity to see him makes him a good card for lecture-committees. A reflected notoriety has a certain value. Crowds flocked to see an old negress, palmed off by Barnum as the nurse of Washington. This reminds me that Barnum himself, from the mere fact that his name has been so much in the papers, and because he has dealt so successfully in humbug, is an attractive lecturer; and, to do him justice, he is rather a clever one. He was a preacher and editor before he became the great showman.

Besides the regular courses of lectures in hundreds of cities and villages, there are independent lecturers, who go from place to place, giving courses of lectures

on scientific or reformatory subjects. Some of these are employed by temperance or abolition societies. Some are spiritualists or speaking mediums, professing to give their discourses in a state of trance, or by direct influence or inspiration of departed spirits. These lecturers, or spirit-speakers, are of both sexes, and some of them speak with great fluency, and in verse as well as prose. There are also ladies who lecture upon Slavery, Woman's Rights, and other popular subjects.

Spurzheim, one of the founders of Phrenology, led the way for a host of Lecturers on that subject, which, ably expounded, with skilful public examinations of the heads of well-known persons, is an attractive theme. Sylvester Graham, an eloquent expounder of human physiology and the vegetarian system of dietetics, gave hundreds of lectures, and made thousands of converts; and many have followed in his footsteps, denouncing physical sins, and illustrating, more or less truly, the laws of health.

Many years ago, Robert Owen lectured in America on his System of Communism. He had a more eloquent and attractive advocate of his doctrines, social and religious, in Fanny Wright, who gave courses of lectures in all the principal cities of the Northern States. Then came the disciples of Charles Fourier, and set the excitable and novelty-loving Americans to building phylansteries, into which the crotchety, idle, and restless gathered, soon to come to grief. A scheme that required the best of human discipline, character, and ability, and conditions to succeed, if success was

possible, was very sure to fail when it only found the worst. How could one expect to build a new and improved social edifice out of the rejected or worst materials of the old?

Then came the lectures on Woman's Rights, Bloomerism, Free-love, and Heaven knows what of revolutionary doctrines, tending to abolish all distinctions of vice and virtue, and turn the world, already confused and chaotic enough, quite topsy-turvy.

CHAPTER VII.

OF RELIGION IN AMERICA.

The New England Puritans.—Multifarious denominations.— Religious liberty.— Calvinism.— Church membership.— A camp-meeting.— Revivals.

THE religious character and institutions of the American people are deserving of consideration. The early settlers of the New England States were English Puritans, equally given to godliness and gain, and equally determined to have religious freedom for themselves and to deny it to all others. Escaped from persecution in England, they remorselessly persecuted all who differed from themselves. They hanged Quakers, and whipped heterodox women at the cart's tail from town to town through Massachusetts—the women carted from village to village, and stripped and whipped at each, to the delight of pious crowds and Puritan ministers. Episcopalians, or members of the Church of England, were banished, and Roman Catholics would certainly have been hung had they ventured among them in search of that "freedom to worship God" which they so sturdily defended and fanatically denied.

While adopting the Bible as their code of laws: robbing and murdering the Indians on the plea that

the earth was the heritage of the saints; compelling men to go to meeting on Sundays under pain of fine and imprisonment; permitting none but Church members to vote for magistrates; driving Baptists out of the colony; hanging witches by dozens, according to the laws of Moses; enslaving the Indians, or importing negroes from Jamaica, and doing very much as their brethren were doing on the opposite side of the Atlantic—the Yankee colonists were laying the foundations of that group of free, prosperous, and happy Republics which Mr. Bright expects to spread over the Western hemisphere.

Of the settlers of New England—those grim Pilgrim Fathers—Mrs. Hemans sings:—

“What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a Faith's pure shrine.

“Ay! call it holy ground—
The spot where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.”

Really, I think they sought several things. They had a suitable regard to the “wealth of seas” in a productive and profitable cod-fishery. The “spoils of war” were vast and fertile provinces wrested from the Indian. “Freedom to worship God,” was their own freedom, resolutely and savagely denied to Episcopalians, Baptists, Quakers, and Roman Catholics.

They were Calvinists of the sternest and most uncompromising sort. Of all gloomy, fanatical, and horrible creeds, this seems to me the worst. Men

revolt against it, and run into strange extremes; they become Universalists, Deists, Atheists—America is full of protestants against Calvinistic theology. Prove that Calvinism is the doctrine of the Bible, and they deny and denounce the Bible. Those who are less logical take one portion of the Scriptures to combat doctrines drawn from another.

The Protestant doctrine of the right of private judgment in matters of faith had little recognition in early New England theology. The man who did not worship at the Puritanical Church by law established, was sent to prison, and the man or woman who presumed to worship in some other fashion was whipped, or hanged, or, at the mildest, banished. But the right of private judgment, demanded by the reformers as against the Pope and Councils of the Church, came, after a time, to be claimed by the people against their own little popes and pulpits. Deism took the mild form of Unitarian Christianity, merging gradually into the Rationalism of Theodore Parker. The Unitarians became powerful enough to seize upon the oldest and best endowed of American colleges—Harvard College, of Cambridge.

This form of theology, Deism—under the name and with the forms of Christianity—has not had much success in America out of New England. There are two churches called Unitarian in the great city of New York, to fifty, perhaps, in Boston. In the South they are scarcely known. The reason I take to be this. It was respectable and fashionable in New England for people to go to some church—

to be members of some religious organization. There Infidels or Deists called themselves Unitarians, and kept up the forms of religious worship. But in New York and the more southern States, there is more of social freedom, and people make less pretences. The southern people, moreover, are of a more simple and religious character than the northern, and have adhered much more to what is called the orthodox theology. The great bulk of the southern people are Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and Roman Catholics. The great bulk of the northern people at this day are none of these. They are Rationalists and Spiritualists.

While the Puritans were governing New England in their own happy fashion, the Dutchmen planted their variety of Calvinism in New York, the Quakers and Lutherans settled in Pennsylvania, English and Irish Catholics made a colony, under the leadership of Lord Baltimore, in Maryland, Church of England Cavaliers founded the State of Virginia, and French Huguenots settled in South Carolina. Later, English Episcopalians settled in all the colonies, and especially in the large towns, where the Established Church flourished under the influence of the Royal governors and officers of the Crown, and became, as it remains to this day, the most aristocratic religious organization. The Scotch introduced Presbyterianism, which has become one of the most extended denominations; the Baptists have increased from the days of Roger Williams, and are probably the most numerous of the existing sects, but closely pushed by the Metho-

dists, planted by the preaching of Whitfield. The Roman Catholics of Maryland spread westward through Kentucky and Missouri; the purchase of Louisiana brought in a large Catholic population of French creoles, while the great immigration from Germany and Ireland has spread Roman Catholic churches, convents, and colleges over the country. Besides these, there soon sprang up Lutherans, Unitarians, Universalists, Shakers, Swedenborgians—so many sects, that religious liberty became a political necessity. No sect could command a majority when the others combined against it. It was necessary, therefore, to treat them all alike, and to sever them all from any connexion with the Government.

Finally, when the colonies became independent States, and the Federal Union was formed, the leading men of the period were of no religion. Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, and nearly all the ruling spirits of the American Revolution, were Free-thinkers in religion as well as in politics, and there were among them more disciples of Voltaire and Rousseau than of Luther and Calvin. Congress is prohibited by the Constitution of the United States from making any law respecting an establishment of religion; or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. There is nothing in the Constitution or laws to prevent a Mormon being elected President, and there are Mormon delegates in Congress. The American Constitutions generally ignore religion, or provide for its entire freedom. All denominations are supported upon the voluntary principle. Still, there is a not

altogether consistent recognition of religion in the appointment of chaplains in the army and navy, and in the Houses of Congress and the State Legislatures, whose daily sessions are regularly opened with prayer. But these chaplains may be of any religious faith that the members may choose. In the army and navy, most of the chaplains are of the American branch of the Church of England. In Congress and the State Legislatures, as it may happen. Any popular minister, who has influential friends among the members, may be elected. Sometimes the several clergymen of the town officiate in turn, and the prayers are made successively by Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, and so on. Mr. Clay, of Kentucky—Henry Clay—not his patriotic namesake Cassius Marcellus—once got a clerical friend of his elected Chaplain to the House of Representatives at Washington by telling the members he had a fellow who would preach them all to h—ll and back again in fifteen minutes. As they could not expect to find a faster preacher, he was elected.

In my boyhood, New Hampshire was Puritan, or Congregational, with some Scotch Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists. In a few of the large towns there were Episcopal Churches, but few or no Roman Catholics. Calvinism of a very blue order was the prevailing type, but not without a strong universalist and infidel reaction. The Calvinistic Congregationalists were called the orthodox, and had the best educated ministers, from Yale College or Andover. The Methodists were ardent, but illiterate,

and adapted to the rough and exciting work of camp meetings, and the wilder country districts. The Baptists ranked between the two extremes. The Puritanic lines were drawn so close that they broke and let a great many out of the fold. So many pleasant things were denounced as sinful that many people felt that "Jordan was a hard road to travel." The community was divided into professors of religion and non professors. The professors were communicants of some orthodox or evangelical Church. All the rest, however moral their lives or regular their attendance upon religious services, were considered unconverted. Here was plenty of ground for spiritual pride, and some, it is to be feared, for hypocrisy.

In the estimation of the pious, most of the pleasures, amusements, and recreations of life were sinful. It was a sin to dance, or even to play a dancing tune, but right enough to play marches. A quick step would pass muster, but not a hornpipe or jig. It was wicked to play at cards, even where there was no gaming; but one might have a game of drafts or fox and geese, but not billiards or nine-pins. In my childhood everybody drank rum or brandy and cider; ale or beer was but little known. But drunkenness becoming common, the temperance reform sprang up, and was carried out so unsparingly that spirits were banished, the apple orchards cut down to prevent the making of cider, "Maine Laws" were finally passed, and drinking any intoxicating beverage, ever so temperately, was thought a sin of such a magnitude as to justify excommunication. Sunday was kept in the

fashion of the Scottish Presbyterians. No travelling was allowed. Attempts were made to stop the Government mails on Sunday. No music but church music, no recreations of any kind. All was solemn and drear. Laughter was considered irreverent. There was a ban upon everything like mirth, pleasure, festivity on all days, but especially on Sunday. Life was too earnest and solemn a thing, and eternity too terrible, according to the Calvinistic theology, to allow of jollity, or any but the most serious happiness. All this was softened among the Methodists, and still more among Episcopalians, Unitarians, Universalists, and Catholics. These, and the more independent of the unconverted or non-professors, indulged in dancing and other profane amusements. I have not mentioned the theatres, for there were none nearer than Boston, more than a hundred miles away, but the stage was held in holy horror. Yet pious people, who would have thought it sinful to go to the theatre to see a play of Shakespeare, would crowd the circus, just as I saw, some years later, Puritanical people flocking to Niblo's to see vaudevilles and the ballet, because the theatre was called a garden. Even clergymen went, with pious ladies, to see the most objectionable performances of the modern stage, so long as the place where they were given was not called a theatre.

In the European Churches, Greek, Lutheran, Roman, or English, children, baptized in infancy, are afterwards confirmed, considered members of the church, and receive its sacraments. In America, among what are called the Evangelical denominations,

there must be, at some period, what is called a conversion, getting religion, a change of heart, followed by a public relation of religious experience, a profession of faith, and formal reception into the church. The non-professor becomes a professor, and a church member. But this change is commonly the result of periodical and epidemic religious excitements, termed revivals. These sometimes appear to come spontaneously, or, as supposed, by the special outpouring of the Divine Spirit, but they are more often induced by peculiarly earnest and excited preaching, camp meetings, protracted meetings, and systematic efforts to excite the community to religious feeling. Certain energetic and magnetic preachers are called revival preachers, and are engaged to preach day and night in one place until there is a revival, and then go to another. Some of these receive considerable sums for their services, and cause revivals wherever they appear.

The camp meetings are mostly held by the Methodists. They gather from a wide district, with tents, provisions, and cooking utensils; form a regular camp in some picturesque forest, by some lake or running stream; a preacher's stand is erected, seats are made of plank, straw laid in a space railed off in front of the preachers for those who are struck with conviction or who wish to be prayed for to kneel upon, and then operations commence.

Ten or twelve preachers have collected, under the leadership of some old presiding elder or bishop, who directs the proceedings. Early in the morning, the blowing of a horn wakes the camp to prayers, singing,

and a bountiful breakfast: then the day's work begins. The people flock in from the surrounding country. Sonorous hymns, often set to popular song-tunes, are sung by the whole congregation, pealing through the forest aisles. Sermon follows sermon, preached with the lungs of Stentors and the fervour of an earnest zeal. Prayer follows prayer. The people shout, "Amen!" "Bless the Lord!" "Glory to God!" "Glory! Hallelujah!" They clap their hands, and shout with the excitement. Nervous and hysterical women are struck down senseless, and roll upon the ground. "Mourners" crowd to the anxious seats, to be prayed for. There is groaning, weeping, shouting, praying, singing. Some are converted, and make the woods ring with joyful shouts of "Glory," and these exhort others to come and get religion. After three or four hours of this exciting and exhausting work, a benediction is given, and all hands go to work to get dinner. Fires are burning behind each tent, great pots are smoking with savoury food, and, while spiritual affairs are the main business, the physical interests are not neglected. After dinner comes a brief season of gossip and repose. Then there are prayer-meetings in the different tents, and the scenes of the morning are repeated at the same time in a dozen or twenty places, and the visitor who takes a place in the centre of the camp may hear exhortations, prayers, and singing going on all together and on every side, while at times half a dozen will be praying and exhorting at once in a single group, making "confusion worse confounded." More are converted and the shouts increase.

Then the horn blows again, and all gather before the preacher's stand, where the scenes of the morning are repeated with increased fervour and effect. A dozen persons may be taken with "the power"—of the Holy Ghost as believed—falling into a state resembling catalepsy. More and more are brought into the sphere of the excitement. It is very difficult for the calmest and most reasonable person to avoid its influence.

At night, after an interval for supper, the camp is lighted up by lanterns upon the trees and blazing fires of pine-knots. The scene is now wild and beautiful. The lights shine in the tents and gleam in the forest; the rude but melodious Methodist hymns ring through the woods; the ground is glittering with the phosphoric gleam of certain roots which trampling feet have denuded of their bark; the moon shines in the blue vault above the tree tops, and the melancholy scream of the loon, a large waterfowl, comes across the lake on the sighing breeze of night. In this wild and solemn night-scene, the voice of the preacher has a double power, and the harvest of converts is increased. A procession is formed of men and women, who march round the camp singing an invitation to the unconverted. They march and sing—

"Sinners, will you scorn the Saviour?
Will you drive Him from your arms?
Once He died for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms."

Or they fill the dim primeval forest with that tumultuous chorus—

"I am bound for the Kingdom !
Will you go to Glory with me ?
O Hallelujah ! O Halle-hallelujah !
I am bound for the Kingdom !
Will you go to Glory with me ?
O Hallelujah ! O praise ye the Lord !"

The recruits fall in—the procession increases. When all are gathered up who can be induced to come, they bring them to the anxious-seats, where they are exhorted and prayed for, with tears, groans, and shouting, and cries of "Glory !"

Then there are prayer meetings in the tents again, with the accumulated excitement of the whole day and evening. At ten o'clock the long, wild note of the horn is heard from the preacher's stand: the night watch is set. Each tent is divided into two compartments, one for men, the other for women; straw is littered down, and all lie down in close rows upon the ground to sleep, and silence reigns in the camp, broken only by the mournful note of the water-fowl and the neighing of horses, fastened, with their forage, under the trees. These meetings last a week or longer.

In the protracted meetings of other denominations, and revivals accompanied by daily religious services held in the meeting-houses, the same phenomena, but of a milder type, are exhibited. The phenomena of trances, or the power, are less frequent. A revival begins with an increased seriousness; then there are one or two cases of hopeful conversion; from them it spreads to others. It is, in effect, whatever may be the cause, a spiritual epidemic, appearing with known

or unknown exciting causes, spreading, reaching its height, and then subsiding and passing away. It is sometimes of a mild character, affecting only a few of the most susceptible; at others there is an excitement that seems to swallow up every one within its reach, and nearly every person yields, for the time at least, to its influence.

In a village where there are several churches of different denominations, a mild revival may be confined to one; but a powerful one takes in all. Sometimes the ministers work together, making as many converts as they can, and dividing them afterwards. After conversion comes instruction in doctrines; and each sect gathers what it can of the common crop. Some are sprinkled by the Presbyterians, some dipped by the Baptists. The Methodists are obliging enough to use either method, at the choice of the recipient. Most are gathered into some Church, where they can be watched over and kept in the right way. They are committed before the whole community. With the Calvinists they are hopefully reckoned among the elect: with the Methodists they are under watch and care.

In spite of all this, there are many backsliders. A few are converted again. Among the Methodists, who believe in falling from grace and in being brought back again, there are numerous re-awakenings—every camp-meeting gives the hard cases a new start: but among the Calvinists a man who falls, after an apparent conversion, is liable to be excommunicated as a reprobate, and driven into the world, or among Uni-

tarians or Universalists, who have no special faith in the phenomena of conversion.

It must be admitted that many of those who are converted in these revivals lead, ever after, sober, consistent, Christian lives, and give good evidence that there was a real change in their feelings and conduct, and one of a permanent character. It may also be remarked that they had been educated to believe in such a change, and to expect it at some time; and that, having become "professors," they naturally wished to live up to their professions.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMERICAN MORALS.

Morals and religion.—Lack of temptation.—Drunkenness.—The temperance reform.—Teetotalism.—The Maine Law.—Breaches of trust and defalcations.—Failures and repudiations.—The social evil.—Infanticide.

WHY is it convenient to treat of religion and morals in separate chapters? Because the separation exists. I may be sorry that it is so, but I cannot make it otherwise. A strong religious faith and an earnest zeal are not sure guarantees against dishonesty. There is a Yankee anecdote—possibly it is an English one—which runs something in this way: “John!” calls the shop-keeper to his assistant; “have you watered the rum?” “Yes, sir.” “Have you sanded the sugar?” “Yes, sir.” “Have you wet the cod-fish and tobacco?” “Yes, sir.” “Then come to prayers!”

I am not, I hope, an irreligious man. I am not an infidel; but it is a sad truth that while some of the most reliable, honest, honourable, and benevolent men I have ever known had no belief in God or immortality, some of the greatest knaves have been “professors of religion” and “members of the Church.” The reason may be that some men are naturally good

—that is, kind and honest; while those who are naturally bad, when it is for their interest, add hypocrisy to their other vices.

The New England people whom I knew were generally religious, but they made hard bargains. To cheat in swapping horses, or in trade generally, was considered a kind of game, not prohibited, at which the winner was merely a cute fellow. Barnum's autobiography was no severe shock to the conscience of New England; and Barnum himself is only a rather strong specimen of a speculating Yankee.

But it is also true that theft is so rare that I can scarcely remember an instance in my early knowledge. The axe was left in the log, and other tools about. Granaries were unlocked, and not a house for miles would ever be fastened at night. Orchards of fruit were safe; and if melon patches in the neighbourhood of some college or academy were liable to robbery, it was because the boys had established a custom of indulging in this kind of plunder, and considered it a sort of practical joke. The rule about orchards was that every one had a right to all the fruit they could eat or carry away in their pockets; and I considered it a very good joke, when a boy of seven or eight years, to tie strings round the bottoms of my trousers, and, by means of a hole in the pocket, fill them full of apples, and then, with a big hat full, waddle off in sight of the owner, who only laughed at the manner in which I had extended the permission.

There was, in fact, no temptation to steal, for every one had, or might easily have, plenty. The common

price of potatoes was sixpence a bushel. Other articles were in proportion. It was very difficult to find an object of charity, or to give away provisions. I remember a family debate on the subject when we had a spare turkey one Thanksgiving day. The question was whom we could send it to, who was not provided, or who would not be likely to feel hurt at the offer. The result was, that in a district of two or three miles' distance not a family could be thought of to whom it would do to send it, and we were compelled to eat it ourselves.

The greatest vice I knew was drunkenness. The hospitality of the people induced them to offer every neighbour who called in something to drink. The rum-bottle stood upon the sideboard, and rows of cider-barrels were always on tap in the cellar. Whoever called, if only the next neighbour to borrow a hoe or a shovel, was offered a bowl of apples and a mug of cider, if not something stronger.

Then liquors were very cheap. There were duties on foreign wines and spirits, but no excise on those of native growth. Cider was free as water. As I have no remembrance of any being sold, except the new cider, at trainings or town meetings, at a halfpenny a glass, I cannot tell the price; but the ordinary spirits, New England rum, whisky, and cider-brandy, cost from sixpence to a shilling a gallon. Every farmer who chose to do so could erect a still, and convert his potatoes, corn, rye, cider or peaches into spirits for his own use, or to sell to his neighbours.

While the means of intoxication were so abundant,

the gregarious and social habits of the people tended to foster drunkenness. Everybody asked everybody to drink. To drink alone was unsocial and a kind of meanness. The man who went up to a bar to buy a drink, asked his acquaintance to drink with him: often he invited all present, whether he knew them or not, if he wished to be considered a good fellow, to be popular, or to run for an office.

The cheapness of the liquors prevented them from being measured. A decanter and tumbler were set before the customer, and he poured out a glass, a gill, or half a pint, if the tumbler held as much. Davy Crockett said General Jackson was the politest man he ever saw, because, when he asked him to drink he made some excuse to turn away, so as not to see how much he took.

Treating, drinking in company and in crowds, and this free dealing with cheap liquors, led great numbers of people into habits of drunkenness, many of them men of the highest ability and promise. There were drunken lawyers, drunken doctors, drunken members of Congress, drunken ministers, drunkards of all classes—if one may classify a people who claim to be “free and equal.” A reaction came; the good and pious were alarmed, and the temperance movement began. A drunkard of our own neighbourhood, a man of education and property, whom I had often seen staggering along the streets, one night staggered into the river. My father went to his funeral, and from that day all liquors were banished from his dwelling. He became a teetotaller, and remained one

to the end of his days. A drunken lawyer of the name of Kittridge became a prominent reformer. When people, in order to be temperate, refused to drink even a glass of cider, the farmers cut down their great, beautiful orchards, and ploughed them up for corn-fields. They would not taste a drop of the purest or lightest wine, forgetful of the fact that where wine is most plentiful drunkenness is scarcely known ; they even went in some cases to the extent of banishing wine from the religious ordinance of the Lord's Supper, making use of some unfermented substitute, as if they were too holy to drink what our Lord and his Apostles drank, and what He even performed a miracle to supply at the wedding-feast of Gallilee.

Total abstinence became a fanaticism, and when moral suasion failed to make it universal, the teetotallers procured the passage of the Maine Law, which failed of its intended effect because it went utterly beyond the bounds of constitutional legislation. It not only failed to answer the end proposed—it undoubtedly increased the evil of drinking and drunkenness. When the retailing of liquor was prohibited, men bought by wholesale ; the express companies were loaded down with orders for kegs of liquor brought from other States. A thousand devices of smuggling were resorted to ; people had no respect for a law which they looked upon as an unconstitutional violation of personal rights. They openly defied or secretly nullified it. In a few months it became a huge joke and a dead letter. The temperance reform, by moral suasion, did great good everywhere,

and especially in the small villages and rural districts. The Maine Law increased the consumption of liquor and hurt the cause of temperance.

I shall have occasion in a later chapter to say something of the immorality and corruption which has gradually found its way into American politics; but this has not come alone. It was preceded, perhaps, and certainly aided, by a laxity in what may be called financial morality. In my boyhood, I believe that dishonesty in places of trust was very rare. For many years it has been very common; the store-keepers—traders—of large towns found checks so ineffectual that they calculated on a certain percentage of losses from the dishonesty of their assistants, and discharged them only when they found them too extravagant. The omnibus-drivers were expected to “knock down” a certain proportion of the receipts, and could not be watched closely enough to prevent it. The railroad conductors, who formerly collected fare of the passengers who neglected to buy tickets, grew rich on the money they could not be made to account for, until the companies were forced to make the purchase of tickets at the offices compulsory on every passenger. A place under Government was said to be worth a certain amount, including “pickings and stealings.” The Government was plundered remorselessly in contracts, in smuggling, in every possible way. There was a loose idea that a man was only taking his own, or taking money out of one pocket to put it in the other. Cases of conscience, in which men returned money of which they had defrauded the revenue, were

very rare. Peculations were very common; sometimes there were immense defalcations, as that of Sam. Swartwout, the collector of New York, who robbed the Government of millions. I saw him one day at a hotel dinner-table, after his removal. There was no law to punish him, but a very stringent one was passed by Congress afterwards. It is not five years since the post-master of New York, a leading politician and lawyer, was a defaulter to a large amount. His friends helped him away to Cuba, and he went to Mexico, where he found employment as financier of a mining company. He was "a good fellow," and more pitied than blamed.

It has been said that ninety per cent. of American merchants fail. A boundless credit system, active competition, and the frequent occurrence of financial crises, are sufficient causes for commercial failures; but dishonest bankruptcies—bankruptcies deliberately planned to make money, are far too common. True, Americans are sanguine, and hope to succeed in the wildest speculations; but if they do not, they have little scruple about repudiation. A man cares little for being ruined, and as little about ruining others. True, ruin there is not like ruin in older countries. Where a man can fail a dozen times, and still go ahead and get credit again, ruin does not amount to much.

Englishmen wonder at the apathy displayed by the people of the Northern States, while the Federal Government, by its extravagant expenditures, and by playing into the hands of rapacious and swindling

contractors, is piling up an immense weight of debt ; but it is not at all clear to me that the people ever expect to pay this indebtedness. It is a common opinion that in some way it will be repudiated or got rid of. Hitherto there has been very little of actual repudiation by State Governments. Michigan and Mississippi declared certain bonds, of no very large amount, fraudulent or unconstitutional. Pennsylvania brought upon herself the ire of the witty Dean of St. Paul's by neglecting for a time to provide for the regular payment of interest, which has since been paid. Whether the Federal Government will have the power to meet its engagements with the holders of its promises to pay, depends upon its power to maintain itself, and to tax thirty millions of people who have scarcely known, hitherto, the meaning of the word taxation. If they knew more they would fear more.

In regard to morality of another character at an early period, I can give only a good report. There was the greatest possible freedom in the social intercourse of young people ; absolutely no espionage and no restraint. Manners were as free in America as in Scotland or Wales, without the bad consequences which sometimes result from such freedom. A young woman needed no protector, chaperon, or duenna ; she could walk or ride with a gentleman, travel alone, keep whatever company she pleased, and was the guardian of her own honour. The instances of an abuse of this freedom were so exceedingly rare that I can scarcely recall one to memory. I believe the

number of illegitimate children born in New England at that period to have been as small as in any country in the world.

In later years, and in the larger towns, the "social evil" has had a large development. New York, Philadelphia, and Boston may not equal London, Liverpool, and Dublin in this respect. I think they do not; still the number of the victims of civilization of this kind is very large. The floating populations of American cities are larger than those of Europe. In New York are congregated many thousands of sailors, emigrants, travellers from all parts of the world, and merchants or traders from the interior within an area of more than a thousand miles. Such a congregation of men makes a demand which, as usual, does not fail of a corresponding supply. America, in her laws and municipal institutions has copied England, and great vices are tolerated without being regulated. On the Continent, Governments, I think wisely, regulate and moderate what they cannot wholly prevent or suppress.

In England and America it appears to be held that to regulate anything, or place it under the direction of the police, is to sanction and encourage it. I do not so view it. A Government should do the best it can under the circumstances, and ameliorate what the experience of thirty centuries has shown it cannot cure. The occasional and spasmodic efforts made by the police of American cities to suppress certain vices common to all large towns in all civilized countries, have had no beneficial effect. The system pursued

on the Continent would give to both English and American towns at least a greater external decency.

America has also followed the English fashion of denouncing foundling hospitals, on the supposition that they encourage vice, while the lack of them produces an amount of infanticide utterly disgraceful and hideous to contemplate. It is my solemn belief that the establishment of a foundling hospital, or the restoration of perverted foundations once piously made for such hospitals, would not only be a work of Christian charity, but would diminish murder to a far greater extent than it would increase licentiousness. Infanticide is less common in America than in England. Procuring abortions by the use of drugs, or by mechanical means, is probably more frequent in America. In New York, from the want of a foundling asylum, infants are exposed in the street, found by policemen, and taken to the station-houses. They are then sent to the nurseries on an island in the East River, are well cared for, and educated until old enough to bind out as apprentices. This is one of the city institutions exhibited to strangers by the municipal authorities of New York with a justifiable pride. This institution answers, in an imperfect way, the purposes of a foundling hospital; but it may be doubted if the children are any the better for having been exposed on door-steps, or in ash-barrels, and picked up by policemen, rather than taken comfortably to the gate of an asylum prepared to receive them.

“It is better to save life than to kill.”

If I were put in the witness-box, and obliged to give my opinion as an expert (ordinary witnesses being only required to give evidence) on the morals of America compared with those of other nations, I should say that they were less strict than the English in respect to money and trusts; while there were less of the ordinary crimes against property. There is less poverty, and less of the vices of poverty. Intemperance is more common than in the southern countries of Europe, and less so than in the northern; while virtue—in the sense in which it is applied to women—exists in a higher degree than in most civilized countries. The stranger who becomes really acquainted with the American people will see much in their private character to disapprove and regret, but still more, I hope, to approve, admire, and love.

CHAPTER IX.

BOSTON, AND A MOB I SAW THERE.

City sights.—Wharves and shipping.—Honest customs.—Boston society.—A merchant's story.—George Thompson and William Lloyd Garrison.—Opposition to abolition.—A mob in broad-cloth.—The peril and the rescue.

THE first city (as we call our large towns in America) I ever saw, was Boston. It had then a population of some 60,000 inhabitants. It was the commercial capital of New England; the political capital of its most important State, Massachusetts. I was nine years old, and everything was wonderful. It was the birth-place of my mother, the residence of my uncles; full of riches and splendour. There was the great domed State-house, up to the cupola of which I climbed alone before we had been an hour in town, and took my first view of the sea and shipping. What an outlook was that to a little boy, who had only read of them! Then my father led me down to the wharves, and pointed out the ships and flags of different countries across the sea; he took a boat, and rowed down the harbour, and close beside a great black man-of-war. We walked reverently around Fanueil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," which once rang with the speeches and cheers of congregated

rebels. There were the portraits of George Washington, and of John Hancock, the gentleman whose handwriting I so greatly admired, as it appears in the first bold signature to the Declaration of Independence; and we saw also the battle-ground of Bunker-hill, and the grass-grown marks of the redoubts upon the heights of Dorchester, by the occupation of which General Washington compelled the British army to evacuate Boston; and their ships sullenly sailed out of the noble harbour, glittering there in the summer sunshine, carrying with them hundreds of Tory families, who left all they knew and loved behind, and went to settle in bleak Nova Scotia. The generous Government of George III. did what it could—paying millions in recompence of the losses incurred by their loyalty.

There were curious things to me about the Boston of those days. Miles away there was the smell of the salt water; nearer, there was the pungent odour of bituminous coal imported from Liverpool. Wood was yet the common fuel, for there were vast forests unconsumed. All Maine almost was a forest, and hundreds of small vessels brought the wood down her bays and rivers, and to the Boston market. There was anthracite smokeless coal in Pennsylvania, but it had not yet come much into use. The coal from Liverpool was brought as ballast.

It is hard to tell whether the windows of the book and print-sellers, and the stands of second-hand books, were more attractive to me than the long ranges of molasses casks, with their bungs out, on Central

Wharf, by the West India traders. Every boy who came along had the unquestioned privilege of putting his pine-stick into the bunghole of these casks, and licking off the molasses or treacle and sugar that adhered to it. Some was thin, sour, and fermenting; some thick, sweet, and, to the unsophisticated taste of childhood, delicious. It was easy to tell the best casks; they were covered with the drippings of our predecessors. The juveniles heeded not the stories of negroes' toes, said to be sometimes barrell'd up by accident in Jamaica, or even young negroes entire, who had the misfortune to fall into the vats, and were found woolly and grim when all the molasses had been drawn off and sold to sweeten our beloved pumpkin-pies and gingerbread. Taste was stronger than imagination, and we licked the molasses and smeared our clothes and faces.

The people of Boston, so far as I could see, were as honest in those days as the residents of the rural districts. When I wandered out in the early morning, losing no time to see as much as possible of the town before our brief visit was over, I saw on almost every door-sill loaves of bread, vessels of milk, and the morning papers. Bakers, milkmen, and newsmen left their treasures on the door-step. There was smoking brown bread of rye and Indian corn, hot rolls, and loaves of wheaten bread waiting for the dilatory housemaids.

How long, I wonder, would piles of bread and newspapers lie upon London street-door steps in the early morning, over all its quiet streets? There

were no policemen then in Boston that I ever heard of. Two or three constables kept order in a town of sixty thousand people. There were watchmen, for I heard them in the night crying the hours: "Twelve o'clock, and a cloudy night; all's well!" And they shouted "Fire!" and sprung their terrible rattles sometimes; and the volunteer fire-engine companies, with torches, speaking-trumpet bellowings, and shoutings of "Fire!" thundered over the cobble-stone pavements. I went up through the skylight upon the flat roof of the house, and saw the smoke and flame, and heard the roar, with the clamour of fifty bells all ringing their alarum, and torch-lit engines dashing in from distant suburbs.

Boston is the city of America that Englishmen like most, because it is, they say, most like England. Its streets are narrow and crooked, and its people cold, shy, stiff, and exclusive, but genial enough at home, and very likeable when the ice is broken and you get acquainted with them. It is for the same reasons, probably, that Boston is the city which Americans out of New England love the least.

No Northern city of anything like its size has so solid, and what may be called aristocratic, a population as Boston. There are richer people in New York; there are people who live in more splendour of display; there are also old Knickerbocker families of mingled Dutch and English descent, who would be noble if there were a hereditary nobility; but there are not so many rich, old, and thoroughly respectable families, in proportion to the population, as in Boston.

Their fine old mansions cover Beacon Hill, cluster around the Common, or fill the beautiful suburbs across the water and all around the peninsular city and harbour.

I remember a story told me by a Boston merchant in my boyhood. His son and I were schoolmates in an academy in the country, and I went to pay him a visit when I went to town. His father was a very handsome man; he had elegant manners, and a prosperous business had made him rich. This was his story:—

“I was born in a little country town in Massachusetts,” he said, “and my father, who was a poor farmer with a large family, used to come to Boston to market. One day, when I was twelve years old, I came with him, hoping to find some work to do, to earn my living. We got in early in the morning, by driving nearly all night; and while we were in the street, waiting for somebody to buy our load, I took a newspaper off a door-step and began to read it. Almost the first thing I saw was an advertisement of ‘Boy wanted.’ When father had sold his load we went to look for the place. It was a large house, on a handsome street, belonging to a merchant; and the boy was wanted to work in the kitchen, help the cook, clean knives, black boots, and wait at table. The work seemed easy enough, and the pay good, so I stayed. The merchant was pleased with me, and after awhile took me into the store to do errands and such light work. Then I became a clerk, then a partner. The merchant’s daughter was as partial to

me as her father always had been, and I got married ; and here I am—and all from looking into a newspaper one frosty morning in the streets of Boston !”

There are hundreds, perhaps thousands of men in America who could tell similar stories. And such men, as a rule, fill worthily the positions to which they rise. They have no rusticity of manners, no peculiarity of speech to mark their origin. Their poverty was an accident, and they befit wealth as if they were born to it.

Baltimore has been called the City of Mobs. I never chanced to see one in that beautiful city of “my Maryland,” but I once “assisted” at a mob in Boston, of a somewhat remarkable character.

It was, I think, in 1834. George Thompson had been sent to America to preach Abolition. He had given lectures in and around Boston, and the newspapers of the South were beginning to protest against an agitation which was increased by the addresses of this emissary of a foreign society. The merchants of Boston were aroused to the dangers which might arise from such an agitation, and which it was then believed by many would eventually produce a dissolution of the Union.

Mr. Garrison, who published the *Liberator* in an office in the lower end of Washington-street, did not care much for that. He said, in his mild way, that “the Constitution was an agreement with Death, and a covenant with Hell,” and that all slave-holders were thieves, robbers, murderers, and many other disreputable things, too numerous to mention. He wished to

abolish slavery ; and failing that, to turn the Southern States out of the Union.

The merchants of Boston, whose fathers had, like the merchants of Liverpool and Bristol, made fortunes by the slave-trade—the merchants who were then making fortunes by Southern trade and the manufactures of cotton, in which they were beginning to embark—were opposed to the agitation. They were indignant that the English, who had planted slavery in America ; who had forced negroes on the colonies in spite of their protests against them ; who had fostered and extended slavery since the War of Independence, by becoming the greatest consumer of the products of slave-labour in the world—that these English, who had been partners with the South in the profits of slavery, should send emissaries to stir up sectional strife, perhaps civil war, between the States of the Union.

At that day, Abolitionists in Boston and in New England were few and far between. Garrison's most earnest supporters were a few women—Mrs. Child, Mrs. Chapman, and others—good pious souls, who formed a female Anti-Slavery Society, and held prayer-meetings for the slave.

The merchants and bankers of Boston, assembled on 'Change in State-street, got into a great excitement one day about Mr. George Thompson—since M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, agent for various Indian princes, temperance orator, &c.,—and believing him to be at the office of Garrison's *Liberator*, they gathered tumultuously, and came round from State-street into

Washington-street, determined to put a stop to the eloquence of the English Abolitionist.

I do not remember how it happened, but I was in the editorial office of Mr. Garrison when the crowd began to gather in the street below. It was a wonderful spectacle. There were hundreds—then thousands. It was a mob of people dressed in black broadcloth; a mob of gentlemen—capitalists, merchants, bankers; a mob of the Stock Exchange, and of the first people of Boston, which then, as now, considered itself as the nicest of cities, and intellectually the “hub of the universe.”

I looked down upon this mob from the front window of the second floor, while the street became black with a dense crowd of people, shouting, “Thompson! Thompson!” and very evidently intending mischief to that gentleman had they found him. Mr. Garrison was writing at his desk. He was very calm about it; he had been in a state of chronic martyrdom for several years, and did not seem to mind a slight exacerbation. He came to the window, however, poked his shining bald head out for a moment, and looked down on the howling mob below; and then advised me not to expose myself to observation, as the crowd at that distance might mistake me for the object of their search.

It happened that some of the ladies I have mentioned were holding a meeting in a room of the building that afternoon. They were interrupted and ordered out. They passed through the crowd, which

opened for them. There were some jeers and scoffs, but no personal molestation.

Meantime the authorities began to bestir themselves. The city marshal made a speech, begging his fellow citizens to quietly disperse, and not disgrace their great and noble city. They informed him, with such politeness as a mob usually exercises, that the man they wished to see was George Thompson. He told them he would ascertain if he was in the building. The official went to Mr. Garrison, who assured him that Mr. Thompson was not in town; he had fortunately left in the morning to visit a friend in the country. The officer reported to the mob, and was answered by a howl of disappointed rage, and then a cry for Garrison! The whole fury of the crowd—all Boston there concentrated and represented—seemed in one instant to turn upon the editor of the *Liberator*. Had they all been constant readers of his paper, they could not have been more violent.

The marshal interposed in vain. A more powerful municipal officer now made his appearance—the mayor. He was a Boston merchant—a merchant prince. How well I remember his tall, handsome form, his noble features, his silvery voice, and graceful elocution. I have always thought him a man of men. True, he did not read the Riot Act; he did not bring up the police—there were none to bring. The watchmen were at home asleep, and the constables were serving writs on unwilling debtors. He did not order out the military. There was no time to call

out the militia, and I have a strong suspicion that the flower of them were on the spot and foremost in the mischief.

The eloquence of the mayor, Theodore Lyman, jun., was of no avail. At best he only gained a little time. At every pause in his speech the cry rose louder and fiercer for Garrison. The mob would have searched the building, or torn it down, had not the mayor given his pledge, that if Garrison was in it he should be forthcoming; but he had the moment before sent the marshal to get him out by a back-way, and, if possible, secure his escape; and when Garrison had unwillingly consented to escape the threatened martyrdom, the mayor announced that he was not in the building.

There was a howl of rage; but, a moment after, it became a yell of triumph. Garrison had been seen to go from the building into a narrow lane behind it. Pursued, he took refuge in a carpenter's shop, only to be dragged out and carried into the midst of the mob, where it seemed for a moment that he would be torn in pieces. I saw him, his hat off, his bald head shining, his scanty locks flying, his face very pale, his clothes torn and dusty, and a rope round his neck.

"To the Common!" shouted the mob; "to the Common!" The first thought of the whole vast crowd—all maddened as one man is mad—was to drag the poor man to Boston Common—a beautiful park in front of the State House—there to hang him upon the great elm, the "Tree of Liberty," on which

Quakers had been hanged in the early Puritan days, and under which Tories had been tarred and feathered before the Revolution—to hang him upon the sacred tree, or at least give him the traditional coat of tar and feathers. So the whole mob, as by common impulse, moved toward the Common.

But to get there they had to pass by the City Hall, in which was the mayor's office, at the head of State-street. At the moment Garrison was brought opposite that point, the mayor, with a dozen or so of strong fellows to back him, dashed into the crowd, opened it like a wedge, striking right and left, gallantly seized Garrison, and carried him triumphantly into the mayor's office. The mob surged round the building with cries of rage. The mayor came out upon a balcony, looking nobler and handsomer than ever after his exploit, and told his respected fellow-citizens, when they demanded Garrison, that he would shed the last drop of his blood before a hair of his head should be injured: not that he cared for him or his cause—they knew well that he sympathized with neither—but for the honour of Boston, and the office he held. Then two coaches drove up to the doors of the building. The crowd was divided. A cry was raised to draw the crowd on one side, while Garrison was taken out the other, shoved into the carriage, and a strong coachman lashed his horses into the crowd. They seized the wheels to turn it over; but as they seized both sides at a time they only lifted it from the ground. They took out knives to cut the traces. The driver, who was in the pay of the mayor, felled them with

the loaded handle of his whip. The spirited horses dashed forward, the mob opened, and then ran howling after it. It was too fast for them. Up Court-street, down Leverett-street. Ponderous gates swung open—the carriage dashed in. The gates closed with a bang, and Garrison was safe—in Leverett-street jail, where he could only hear the howling of the pack of human wolves that had pursued him.

Very early next morning, to prevent another and a more dangerous riot, he was sent out of Boston, to a place of concealment and safety.

This was Boston less than thirty years ago—Boston, where Phillips has lectured and Parker preached, and which sends Charles Sumner a senator to Washington—Sumner, whose father was sheriff and governor of the prison, that was at that day the only safe place in Boston for William Lloyd Garrison.

And the men who twenty-five years ago were ready to lynch Thompson and hang Garrison, as abolition agitators and fanatics, are now urging on a war of extermination against the South.

CHAPTER X.

LOWELL.

"The Manchester of America."—Factory girls.—Petticoat government.—Visit of General Jackson.—A Yankee family.—Massachusetts abolitionists on Louisiana plantations.—Merrimack river.

ABOUT the year 1835 I resided in Lowell, Massachusetts, a manufacturing town some twenty-five miles north of Boston. It was the first important manufacturing town in America, and is still the largest. The falls of the Merrimack river furnish abundant water-power. There is a dam across the river above the falls, and the water from this basin is brought to the factories, machine-shops, &c., by a canal sixty feet wide. These works are owned by an incorporated company, and each of the ten manufacturing companies pays this company for its site and water-power.

At the time of my residence in Lowell, the population did not exceed ten thousand. Two-thirds of the whole were operatives, and a large proportion of these young women, not residents, but daughters of farmers, &c., from the country a hundred miles around, who had come to the factories to work a few months or years, and lay up money for their marriage-portions.

Great covered waggons—such as are called vans in England—went about the country collecting the rosy maidens from villages and rural districts, and conveying them to the factories.

Among these girls were many of exceeding beauty—that delicate beauty nowhere else found in greater perfection—too delicate often to last. It is too often the delicacy of the scrofulous diathesis and incipient consumption. Many were well educated. Some of them were contributors to a monthly magazine, called the *Lowell Offering*, from which a small volume has been published in England, entitled, *Mind among the Spindles*. Some of these young ladies—factory operatives—cultivated music in their leisure hours, and had pianofortes in their private parlours. Many of them no doubt read French and Latin, possibly a few had a smattering of Greek, and tended their looms none the worse for it. It is certain that while the greater part came to earn money for their own setting-out in life, many came to relieve a father from debt, to help a widowed mother and younger orphan children; and there were instances of brave girls who earned in the cotton-mill the money which supported a brother in college—the brother who afterwards became a senator, perhaps.

The Lowell of that day was a very curious place. The girls all boarded in blocks of regularly built boarding-houses, owned by the manufacturing corporations, and managed by persons in their employ, and under very strict rules of their making. No girl was allowed to be out after a certain hour. Up to

that time the brilliantly lighted shopping streets would be full of girls; then the bells rang, they hasted home, the shops closed, and the streets were desolate. The boarding-house regulations were as strict as those of a fashionable boarding-school.

The churches on Sunday had a very singular aspect. There would be a thousand girls from fifteen to twenty-five—rarely one older—all dressed with neatness and even a degree of elegance, and, scattered about, a hundred men perhaps, who seemed quite lost and unprotected, as forlorn as one man with eleven women in an omnibus. On a warm Sunday, what a whirr it was, with the flutter of a thousand fans! And how the Methodist hymns rang out with a thousand soprano and contralto voices, and the almost inaudible undertones of bass and tenor!

In the congregational churches the girls, being in such an overwhelming majority, asserted their right to vote; and as the few men were of no account against them, they deposed disagreeable ministers, and invited those they liked better, at their own sweet wills; and as they paid their salaries, why not? They paid their money, and they took their choice; and if they preferred a young, handsome, and agreeable preacher, to an old, ugly, and sour one, who shall blame them? The Methodist girls were obliged to take those who were sent them; but the bishops and presiding elders had enough of the wisdom of serpents not to appoint those who would thin the seats, or drive these lambs of the flock to other and more gentle shepherds.

Not in the churches only did these self-reliant

Yankee girls act for themselves. It was at their peril that the factory corporations added half an hour to their time of work, or took sixpence from their weekly wages. The girls would turn out in a procession, hold a public meeting, make speeches and pass resolutions, and hold the whole manufacturing interest at their mercy. Every mill was stopped; there were no other hands to be had; there was not a girl in New England would come to take their places. The officers had nothing to do but quietly knock under. The men took no part in these émeutes, except as sympathizing spectators. And what could be done? I should like to see the magistrate who would read the Riot Act to four or five thousand Yankee girls, or the military that would charge upon them. So they had their own way in these matters, while they submitted without a murmur to the regulations which were made for their benefit and protection.

When General Jackson visited New England during his presidency, the Lowell factory-girls, all dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers, went out to meet him. They walked out two and two, under their own marshals; the tallest and loveliest girls from the white hills of New Hampshire, the green mountains of Vermont, and the lovely valleys of Massachusetts, with bands of music and songs of welcome for the old chieftain. When they met him, their leader made a patriotic speech. The gallant old man thanked her, and kissed her for all the rest; and then, with his head bare to the mountain breezes and the sun shining on his silvery hair, the old veteran rode

between two files of white-robed girls for miles, all the way to the City of Spindles, whose mills were closed for a great holiday.

The population of Lowell, aside from the factory-operatives, was small. There were the families of the agents, engineers, clerks, &c. ; tradesmen, professional men, editors of newspapers, &c. ; and the mechanics and labourers of a fast-growing city. After this lapse of nearly thirty years, there is but one family that I can vividly remember. It was that of a retired Methodist preacher, who lived in a pretty white cottage on the banks of a small river, in what was then a suburb of the town. He was a gentleman of character and intelligence, and had a family of four children—two sons and two daughters, of fifteen to twenty-five. The young ladies—whom I saw the most of, and greatly admired—were two of the most beautiful, intellectual, and amiable girls I ever knew. The young men were tall, handsome, energetic, enterprising, and destined, I believed, to make their way in the world. The fortunes of these four young people were those of thousands of Americans, and curiously illustrate the character of the country.

The eldest son studied law, removed to New Orleans, married a lady who owned large plantations on the Red River, was elected to Congress, and is now a leading statesman of the Confederate States. The second son became an engineer, invented machinery and firearms ; and the last I heard of him was at Washington, a strong Union man, contracting to supply an improved rifle. The two girls—who went

to visit their elder brother in Louisiana—both married rich planters there. Just as the war broke out in 1861, and before the mails were stopped, I received a letter from the elder sister. I knew her handwriting, though she signed a strange Creole name. I had not seen or heard directly from her for twenty-five years, and now, just as the bloody, horrible war was beginning, she wrote to me with the fervour of our old sweet friendship of early days.

She had been married, and was a widow. Her eldest son had just gone to college. The country all round her was flying to arms. There was, she averred, but one feeling with men and women, old and young—the determination to repel invasion and be independent of the hated North. I could form no idea, she said, of the unanimity or intensity of this feeling. As she wrote, a steamer passed down the Red River to the Mississippi with a regiment *en route* for the seat of war—one of those Southern regiments, not made up of foreigners, mercenaries, or outcasts, but in which fathers, sons, and brothers are banded to fight and die for country and home. On the steamer were twenty-five women—mothers, wives, and sisters of the regiment—at work, with seven sewing-machines to help them, making up uniforms on the passage, that those they loved might lose no time in meeting the invader. “Can such people as these,” she asked, “ever be conquered?”

She has lived, if she still lives, to see the capital of her own adopted State burned and plundered; to see New Orleans under the rule of a Butler, a lawyer from

this very town of Lowell, where she formerly resided. She has seen the southern portion of Louisiana ravaged by Banks, formerly a Massachusetts shoemaker. Ere this her own plantation may have been plundered, her servants scattered, and her dwelling given to the flames; and she has the terrible bitterness of knowing that one of her brothers is a Northern partizan, supplying, perhaps, the very arms that may slay her dearest friends. Such is this war. There are thousands of such cases. Northern men, and still more, Northern women married to Southern husbands, are spread over the whole South. I have never heard of a case in which they were not true as steel to their adopted land.

There is another feature of the case I have described above. This lady, my correspondent, when we were friends in her Northern home, was an ardent Abolitionist. She was, and is, noble, pure minded, and earnestly religious; but she became, notwithstanding, mistress and owner of many slaves, and her conscience would now revolt as urgently against the cruelty of turning them out to take care of themselves, as it once would have done against holding a fellow creature in bondage. This is one of thousands of cases which prove that the most thorough Abolitionists generally change their opinions when they come into actual contact with slavery and the enslaved race.

I have not visited Lowell for many years. Those who have tell me it has greatly changed. The population has increased to over thirty-six thousand. It is so largely Irish that there are four Roman

Catholic churches. There is a large resident population of operatives, who must be quite a different class from the rosy country girls who used to come in their white sun-bonnets, packed into those long waggons. Many other large manufacturing towns have grown up, fostered by high protective tariffs, that give a virtual monopoly of many kinds of fabrics, and which enabled the American mill-owners to buy cotton at Liverpool, while half a million of operatives in Lancashire were reduced to pauperism for the want of it.

Lowell has now ten manufacturing corporations, having an aggregate capital of about 3,000,000*l.*, 12,234 looms, 400,000 spindles, 12,500 operatives, and makes two and a half million yards of fabrics a-week. There are twenty churches, an abundance of schools, and four or five newspapers.

I must say a word of this beautiful Merrimack river. The name is Indian, and was also given to the United States steam-frigate, converted by the Confederates into an iron-clad, which did such terrible execution in Hampton Roads, Virginia. The Merrimack is formed by the union of two roaring mountain streams, at the southern base of the White Mountains in New Hampshire; then it runs, with a clear swift current, through beautiful valleys, down a series of rapids to the Atlantic Ocean, running south some eighty miles to Lowell, and then east thirty-five miles, and at its debouchment making a harbour for the pretty town of Newburyport. Besides hundreds of mills and factories, the Merrimack supplies water-

power to four large towns, Nashua and Manchester in New Hampshire, and Lowell and Lawrence in Massachusetts, doing the work of more steam-engines, or horses, or men than I have time to calculate, or the reader would be likely to remember.

CHAPTER XI.

BUFFALO.

A frontier town.—The canal-packet.—The ups and downs of life.—Deep cuts and Irish labourers.—A hospitable reception.—A taste of war.—Lake-steamers.—Lake Erie.—Red-tape and fresh-water sailors.—Steamboat captains and pilots.—A night in Buffalo.

I WENT to the little frontier city of Buffalo, in Western New York, at the outlet of Lake Erie into the Niagara river, about twenty miles south of the great cataract, in 1837. Railways had not at that time stretched across the Empire State. There were two modes of reaching Buffalo — the mail-coaches and the canal-packets. I chose the latter mode as the cheaper and pleasanter.

The canal-packet is out of date, and would be considered very slow in these days; but it was not a bad way of getting through the world to one who had his whole life before him, who was fond of beautiful scenery, and was in no hurry. Our sharp, narrow, gaily painted boat was drawn by three fine horses, each ridden by a smart boy, and we glided along at the regular pace of five miles an hour. A greater speed washed the embankments, and was not permitted. But when opposition boats were running

they sometimes doubled this pace, and the boats would run on the swell wave they had first created, as fast as the horses could travel.

We wound through a varied, fertile, and beautiful country, through romantic valleys, and by the side of silvery streams. In level countries canals are straight and uninteresting; but a canal which must keep its level in a broken country, winds around the hills, crosses the streams, and becomes a very picturesque object. We passed through great farms and pretty villages, all bright with new, white cottages with green blinds, gardens and shrubbery.

All rose early, and after ablutions in the wash-room, which was not very large, went on deck for fresh air and a promenade. Our luggage was ranged along the centre, but there was a space to walk on each side. If inclined to take a run, the steersman would lay up to the tow-path, and with a spring on shore we trotted after the horses.

Then breakfast was announced by a very noisy hand-bell, rung as obstreperously by the demonstrative negro steward as if his boarders were a mile away. The long narrow table through the centre of the cabin is covered with Yankee luxuries — hot Indian-corn bread, milk-toast, hot rolls, beef-steaks, veal-cutlets, fricaseed chickens, fried potatoes, ham and eggs, apple-sauce, and all the rest, washed down with many cups of hot coffee. The "captain" sits at the head of the table, and his lady passengers are to the right and the left of him, whom he converses with affably, and helps politely to the dainties around him. This

captain of a canal-boat, be it observed, is a character. He dresses a little too much for a gentleman, perhaps. His diamonds are too large, and his waistcoats of too loud a pattern. But, as he rises in the world, commands a steam-boat, keeps an hotel, and then goes to Congress, or runs for governor, he will tone down to the proper standard; and, if he gets rich enough, may become, in his old age, as shabby as a millionaire.

After breakfast, a turn on deck, while the waiters and boat-hands breakfast and the tables are cleared. We walk, or sit on the trunks, talk politics or business, get up a flirtation at short notice with a pretty girl going to Wisconsin, having and needing no protector, or read, or look upon the ever-changing scenery through which we are so noiselessly gliding.

In either case, we are liable to interruptions. Every farmer-proprietor who owns land on both sides of the canal has a right to a bridge across it. These bridges, for the sake of economy, were built just high enough to let the boats pass under them with two feet or eighteen inches to spare. The luggage is ranged on the deck so as just to clear the beams of the lowest bridges. So, as we glide along, in the midst of an animated discussion, or a delightful chat, or an absorbing passage in the last novel, when the pursuing post-chaise is just about to overtake the trembling runaways flying for Gretna Green, the steersman shouts, with startling emphasis, "*Bridge!*" Down we all go upon our marrow-bones, crouching low, until the boat shoots out again into the daylight, and we gallantly assist the ladies to their feet and

resume our occupations. In ten minutes more there comes another cry, sharper and sterner, from the watchful steersman, but for whose care we might all be crushed to jelly on our portmanteaus. This time the cry is, "*Low bridge!*" and this time it is not enough to kneel and crouch, but down we go, flat and sprawling on the deck. Happily, crinoline had not been invented. The danger passed, we scramble up again, laughing at our ridiculous positions, and getting better acquainted with every bridge we pass under. Luckily, the "raging canal" makes few persons sea-sick, and our ups and downs give us good appetites for our dinner.

The dinner is plentiful and good. Roast turkey, chickens, beef, ham, vegetables, pies, and puddings make an ample meal; and we wonder how it was ever cooked in the little closet aft, devoted to culinary operations. The dinner is a mid-day meal, not later than one o'clock. The Americans have kept to the fashions which prevailed in England when their forefathers emigrated. Only of late years, in the larger towns, and among the more fashionable classes, have people dined as late as five or six o'clock.

On the packet-boat we had a substantial tea at six o'clock, and then watched, perhaps, a glorious sunset fading into twilight. In those deep blue skies the great mirrors of the Western lakes make such gorgeous sunsets as I have never seen elsewhere. I wish that Turner could have seen them. He alone of painters could have done them some faint justice on his canvas, with such poor colours as our earthly

minerals give, and such dim light as they are able to reflect.

When it was dark we found the long cabin lighted. Some read, some played at cards; gaming was not out of fashion then, and the steward knew the secret of mint-juleps. We glide on with soft-washing and gurgling sounds. At ten o'clock a heavy curtain is drawn across the cabin, separating the ladies' portion from the rest; berths are put up along the sides of the cabin, the lights are diminished, and the wash and gurgle lull us to sleep.

True, it takes us twenty hours to go a hundred miles. We are three days from Albany to Buffalo; but what a nice journey it is! We never forget it. A thousand landscapes fill the gallery of our memory. We have passed over dizzy viaducts, and through miles of deep-cut ravines, where hundreds of lives were lost in making them; we have ascended steep hills, through a succession of locks. At Lockport we are gently lifted up the very precipice over which Niagara rolls, fifty miles away, and are on the level of Lake Erie, whose waters have floated us up, up, up, to their own level. But to keep that level there are miles of a deep, dark cutting through the hard, blue limestone, where tons of gunpowder were burnt, and the Irish labourers grew so reckless of life that at the signal for blasting, instead of running to the shelter provided for them, they would just hold their shovels over their heads to keep off the shower of small stones, and be crushed every now and then by a big one.

And so gliding along the Tonewanda Creek, and by

the great rushing Niagara river, which seemed hurrying down to the foaming rapids and the tremendous fall below, we glided into Buffalo.

A gay and hospitable city, I thought, as we swept slowly into a suburb, where young ladies, dressed in pink and blue, with plenty of rouge and ringlets, welcomed us from their open windows and balconies. I soon found, however, that this portion of Buffalo was about as fair a representation of the city as the stranger who lands at the London Docks finds in Ratcliff Highway.

Still, it was a curious, interesting, and piquant town, this Buffalo. Why they called it so I never knew. The American bison, commonly called the buffalo, vast herds of which—millions and myriads—used to cover the western prairies, could scarcely have been known so far east as the Niagara river, in a country covered with dense forests. So far east, I say, compared with the great interior of the continent beyond the Mississippi. But how well I remember when New England people were emigrating to the Genessee country, which was then called going west, though a hundred miles east of Buffalo.

At the period of the war of 1812, Buffalo was a little frontier village of lake-sailors, trappers, whisky-sellers to the Indians, smugglers, and outlaws. Opposite, on the British side of the Niagara, was Fort Erie. Lower down, on the heights near the falls, was some of the hardest fighting in the war, at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane; and at Queenstown Heights, where General Brock was killed, after he had driven the

American invaders into the Niagara, while the American general was vainly imploring the volunteers on the opposite bank, and in full sight of the combat, to cross over to the assistance of their countrymen. There was brave fighting on both sides. Here the veteran General Scott earned his first laurels, and was wounded and taken a prisoner. Fort Erie was taken by assault, and then abandoned. A Canadian village was burnt by the invaders, and in retaliation Buffalo was laid in ashes; only three houses escaped the flames. Indian allies on both sides added to the horrors of a merciless frontier warfare.

But Buffalo was too good a site for a town not to be built up again. It was the eastern harbour for twelve hundred miles of lake-navigation, and when the Erie canal connected the lakes with the ocean it grew with great rapidity. Steamboats covered the lakes, and canal-boats thronged Governor Clinton's big ditch. The vast emigration of the north-west flowed through Buffalo, and it was not long before the inexhaustible harvests of the rich prairie-lands also poured down, a steady and ever-increasing torrent.

When I arrived in Buffalo, in the autumn of 1837, there was a population of from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants. There were broad streets, handsome squares, fine buildings, a nice theatre, spacious hotels, and a harbour full of steamboats. Each boat had its band of music playing on deck to attract the passengers as they came in on the mail-coaches or canal-boats. The bells rang, the music played, the

steam roared from the escape-pipes, the runners or touters lied and swore, praised up their boats to the seventh heaven of speed and safety, and run down the others as being at once too slow ever to get to their destinations, and sure to burst their boilers.

When this contest of noise, music, and lying had gone on all day, the boats would bank their fires and lay over until the next, and so on until they had a full complement of freight and passengers. These had little care; they were "found"—that is, fed abundantly, from the hour they came on board; and the longer they stayed, before starting or on the way, the more certainly they got the worth of their money.

Lake Erie is some two hundred and fifty miles long, by sixty miles wide in the widest place, diminishing toward either end like a French roll or a weaver's shuttle. It is generally less than a hundred feet in depth. Its northern shore is the southern boundary of Canada West, a great and fertile province not sufficiently appreciated in England. On its southerly shore are a part of New York, a few miles of Pennsylvania, and the great State of Ohio. At the western extremity lies Michigan; its waters are sweet and pure; there is just limestone enough in solution to give them a deep, rich tinge of blue. Lake Huron, above, occupying a region of granite or metamorphic rocks, is clear as crystal. The blue of Lake Erie becomes vivid as a dye of ultramarine, when it has passed over Niagara, and is seen in the foam of the rapids below.

The Buffalonians tell a good story of English red-

tape routine connected with these waters. They say that when the materials were sent out for the fleets which were to defend these inland seas—two of which fleets were beaten—the Admiralty sent out a full supply of water-casks, when a bucket over the side would have answered every purpose. There is another story of a boat's crew of old salts who returned to their ship, after a long pull under a burning sun, almost perishing with thirst, because they had never thought of tasting of the cool, pure water which their oars were every moment flashing into the sunshine.

There is no inland town like Buffalo for cool summer breezes. It lies at the lower point of the lake, which opens out like the nose of a bellows; and as the western winds are the prevailing ones, they are cooled by the water, and sweep up through the streets of the town with an indescribably invigorating freshness. The sea-breezes in the narrows at Staten Island, or on the battery at New York, are scarcely more delightful.

Buffalo in summer was a lively as well as a cool and lovely place. We had a clever little company at the theatre, with all the stars that came from Europe and made the grand American tour. We had delightful quadrille parties, with ice-creams and champagne in a pretty public garden, our Vauxhall or Cremorne. And then we had steamboat excursions. Every new steamboat that came out, larger, faster, and more magnificent than its predecessors, gave a grand excursion. Sometimes we went fifty miles up the lake and back. If the weather was too rough outside for dancing, we

went twenty miles down the Niagara, making the circuit of Grand Island, and boldly steaming across the river, on the very edge of the rapids, where one minute's stoppage of the engine would have sent boat and passengers over the great cataract. The boats had their ground-tackle, but before an anchor could have been cast off, she would have been in the rapids, where, as I imagine, the limestone stratum is like polished marble, and no anchor would hold for an instant. But our steamboat men, in those days, were as reckless of life as military commanders and politicians have shown themselves in more recent periods.

The broad upper decks of our steamers afforded ample space for dancing on these excursions, and everybody danced. There are good bands of music everywhere. Sometimes our excursions were longer, and we danced from Buffalo to Mackinaw, Milwaukee, Chicago, and then home again, landing with our band at every pretty city on the lakes for an afternoon promenade or a moonlight serenade. They were gay old times.

The captains, pilots, engineers, clerks, and runners of these steamboats, were characters—generous, impulsive, reckless, extravagant, they formed a very curious society. The captains and clerks, in constant contact with all kinds of people, were obliged to be gentlemen. They sat at the head of the table; they made themselves agreeable to the ladies; they were bound to support the credit of the boat. A spare state-room and a bottle of wine were always ready for a friend. They danced, sang, flirted, raced—their steamboats I

mean; and it is hard to tell what they did not do. The pilots, like those on the Mississippi, were men of responsibility. It was their business to control engines and helm, to navigate the boat, in fact. The engineers had better salaries than the governors of some of the States; and I should like to see the man who would dare to offer one of them a gratuity or gratification. There is no need to put up notices in America forbidding the servants of the company to receive gratuities, or requesting travellers not to offer them. An American employé is too proud to accept a gift. He will drink with you, but only on equal terms, and with the understanding that you will drink with him in return.

And they were brave fellows, too. I remember the runner or agent of a boat, who in a terrific gale, when she was working off a lee-shore, sat on the safety-valve of the straining boiler to increase the pressure of steam. And I remember a pilot, too, when his boat was on fire, who stuck to his wheel when the flames were raging round him, and ran the boat on shore to save the lives of the passengers, while he was burnt to death in the wheel-house. He was not a saint, perhaps, but he was a hero and a martyr.

Lake Erie generally freezes over in winter. I have known it to close up early in December, and present only a vast plain of ice until the 1st of May. This, however, is longer than usual, and there are winters when there is scarcely ice enough to hinder navigation. In summer the weather is generally delightful, but there are occasional storms worthy of old Ocean, and

the waves rise quicker and higher in fresh water than in salt.

There are south-westerly autumnal gales that sweep the lake from end to end, two hundred miles and more, with the force of a tornado. In these gales, which last two or three days, the whole body of the lake, in some places sixty miles broad, seems swept before the tempest, and the water rises several feet in the harbour of Buffalo, and falls as much in that of Maumee or Toledo at the other extremity. It is like a tide. The vessels at Buffalo are carried into the streets; at Toledo they lay in the mud, in the bed of the river.

Well I remember such a storm. It was coincident with a political event which fastened it in my memory. William H. Seward, then a rising lawyer of Western New York, had been elected governor of the State. It was the first triumph in that State of the party which has since made him senator, and but for Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune*, would have made him president, and which he serves as secretary of state to his rival, Mr. Lincoln. As this political triumph had been won by a great exertion of the right of suffrage, and a great expense in giving this right a proper direction, it was celebrated with remarkable enthusiasm. On an appointed day, over the whole State, cannon thundered, speeches were made, and at night a hundred towns were illuminated. "Bill Seward," or "Little Billy Seward," was elected governor of New York. It happened to be worth a million of dollars to a few men in Buffalo that he should be governor. He could give

them power and wealth—he could save them from ruin and disgrace. But this is not my present story.

However, no city of the Empire State celebrated the great event with so much enthusiasm. On the day appointed I heard the roar of artillery—at night I saw the illumination. The broad streets were in a blaze of light. But all day an autumnal gale had been blowing on the lake. As far as the eye could see there were huge foam-crested waves, that broke upon the beach with a noise like thunder, and dashed in great masses of foam upon the lighthouse-pier that protected a portion of the harbour. On the low sandy shore, between the harbour and lake, was a small village inhabited by fishermen, sailors, and the poorer class of labouring people.

All day the storm had increased, blowing steadily down the lake. The steamers up for Detroit and Chicago dared not leave. Those which came down were in great peril. Schooner after schooner came driving down before the gale under bare poles or a bit of storm staysail. The most of them rounded the lighthouse, went over upon their beam-ends, righted again, and were safe in harbour. Some failed to answer their helms, and were dashed on shore. The more prudent ran down the Niagara river, and found safe harbour there.

As the night fell, and the city burst into light, the gale increased. I could scarcely walk in the streets. The water rose rapidly; it flowed up into the lower part of the town. The crowded shipping was no longer safe in the harbour. The waters still rose and

the gale increased, until the waves made a clean breach across the low land outside the harbour. The village was in danger. The people shrieked for help; it was too late; the steamers were powerless, boats were swept away as in the torrent of Niagará.

And now, while the lights of the joyous illumination were still burning, throwing a strange glare upon the scene, we, helpless spectators, heard the crash of the houses over the creek, and the wild shrieks of their drowning inhabitants. Some came safely over on the wreck of their houses; some were rescued by the sailors and firemen; others were crushed by the falling buildings, or jammed between vessels and wrecks, or thrown drowned upon the shore. I have never seen a sight more terrible than this mingling of the horrors of a shipwreck with the rejoicings of a festive city. At last the shouts for rescue ceased. All were saved or lost. Men slowly gathered the dead as they were washed on shore, and carried them to a hall of the market-house. I saw them there, laid out in long rows of almost naked corpses, waiting for recognition.

In the first light of the morning I went down to the harbour. The storm was over—the inundation had subsided. Large vessels were high up the streets, and there were a thousand marks of wreck and ruin. The harbour was covered with the timbers, roofs, and broken furniture of the destroyed village, and the bodies of pigs, poultry, and other domestic animals. People were anxiously searching for the bodies of

their friends ; and I have seldom seen a sadder sight than was presented by an old man, feeble, chilled, almost senseless with exposure and grief, searching in the floating ruins of what had been his home, in the hope of finding the bodies of his two children.

CHAPTER XII.

BUFFALONIANS AND THE NAVY ISLAND WAR.

A Texan colonel.—The hero of San Jacinto.—Christy's minstrels. Benjamin Rathbun.—Winter in Buffalo.—Mackenzie's rebellion.—Occupation of Navy Island.—Burning of the *Caroline*.—Neutrality at Washington.—Hunters' lodges.—Defeat of Mr. Van Buren.

SINGULAR characters gather in these frontier American towns. One of my most intimate friends was an ex-Texan colonel of cavalry, who had fought in the famous battle of San Jacinto, when the Mexican army was massacred, rather than beaten, by a force of only seven hundred Texans, under General Sam Houston. This little army had just retreated three hundred miles in such a panic that they destroyed their baggage. Houston, my friend the colonel declared, would have gone on retreating, had not his men forced him to fight. And he described the half hour's conflict, or rather butchery, as the keenest delight which humanity is capable of enjoying; and yet this man was as gentle, as sensitive, as modest as a girl.

Sam Houston, hero of San Jacinto, conqueror of Santa Anna, who called himself the Napoleon of the West, first President of the Independent Republic of Texas, and after the annexation of the United States,

governor, senator, and candidate for the presidency, was, according to my friend the colonel and other confirmatory accounts, an extraordinary character. A few months after his marriage with the daughter of an ex-governor of Tennessee, he abandoned her without giving a reason, and went to live among the Cherokees beyond the Mississippi, by whom he was adopted as a chief. In Texas he was known as an inveterate gambler, a drunkard, a liar, whose word could never be trusted, and, as my friend asserted, as great a coward as he was a rascal. His adopted Indian fellow-citizens gave him the name of "Big Drunk." But he was tall, handsome, plausible, eloquent in the highest degree, and swore with equal profanity and sublimity—swore as a Homer or a Milton might. This man, who was often seen dirty, drunken, living with debased Indians and squaws, borrowing half a dollar of any stranger who would lend it, and losing it the next moment at the gaming-table—this man, so utterly debased and so utterly cowardly and dishonest, had yet that gift of eloquence that he could control the people as he willed, and induce them to elect him to the highest offices in their gift.

Is this a correct representation of the character of that extraordinary man? Making due allowance for partizan feeling on the part of my informant, I believe it is. I made inquiries, when in Texas a few years ago, and received sufficient confirmation of the story.

But there is something to be added. General Houston, some years ago, married a young and beautiful wife, who is said to have had influence

enough to change his character. He became a temperance man; he abandoned gambling; he joined the church—that is, some religious denomination. That he became an honest politician, would be, perhaps, going too far. A writer must not too heavily tax the credulity of his readers.

During my first summer at Buffalo I saw, every afternoon, riding up the main street on a nice iron-grey saddle-horse, with a cigar in his mouth and a little overdressed, a tall, dark, and handsome young man, whose constant appearance excited my curiosity.

“Who is he?” I asked of one of my friends.

“Who? That? Why, that is Ned Christy.”

“And who, pray, is Ned Christy?” said I.

“If you will go with me this evening I will show you,” said he.

In the evening we walked down across the canal into the Wapping of Buffalo, which had given me and my fellow-passengers so cordial a welcome on the arrival of the packet-boat. The houses were much alike in their appearance. There was a bar-room in front and a dancing-room in the rear; with steamboat men, sailors, canallers, not to say *canaille*, mingled with some of the wilder young clerks from the forwarding houses and “stores.” The ladies, who dressed low and rouged high, drank and danced with equal *abandon*. And there, conspicuous by his almost Apollo-like beauty of form and feature, was the horseman of Maine-street, playing the tambourine. There was a buxom lady, said to be his wife, with several children in a private parlour. This man, playing the

tambourine so skilfully, not long afterwards organized the first make-believe negro band of singers and musicians, and the most successful one—Christy's Minstrels. He bravely gave his first public entertainments in Buffalo, where every one knew him and his antecedents. A few months afterwards his minstrels were all the rage in New York, where they attracted overflowing houses for years, and made a handsome fortune for Ned Christy. He lived like a prince, it was said, with the woman who had befriended him, and whose children he carefully educated; and I was sorry to read, a few months ago, that he had become insane—with that strange insanity of men who have risen from poverty to wealth—the insane terror of coming to want.

But the most notable person in Buffalo in those days was the man who had done more than any other to build up the place and lay the foundations of its prosperity. His first achievement made him a model American—a man that could keep an hotel. This is the standard of executive ability. A man who can keep an hotel can do anything. No other qualification is needed for the highest office or the most important trust.

Rathbun's Hotel at Buffalo was for years quoted by all American travellers as the *ne plus ultra* of hostleries. Clean, orderly, elegant, with the best table and the most perfect attendance, it was a miracle of administrative skill. Mr. Rathbun was a quiet, gentlemanly man, seldom seen or heard by his guests, but seeing everything.

The mail-coach service in Western New York was not organized according to his ideas of order and efficiency, and he took it in hand, and soon had coaches by the score and horses by the hundred. The growing town needed a master hand to give it shape, and he became engineer and contractor on an immense scale. He bought land, built streets and squares, and carried out public improvements with a Napoleonic energy. As all these operations rather encroached upon his time, he employed his brother in the financial department, owning two or three banks, and raising large loans in New York. His paper, to the amount of several hundred thousands of pounds, was readily discounted, as, besides his own credit, it bore the endorsements of Buffalo capitalists who had been benefited by his operations. These notes were so often renewed that a clever young clerk, who was an adept in imitating signatures, to save himself trouble began to endorse the notes which were required to renew others. By some means it became known. Rathbun went to the endorsers, told them what had been done, placed in their hands an assignment of his property to the amount of some millions of dollars, to secure them against loss, and went to work to take up the forged paper.

He was treacherously arrested, on the complaint of the men who had promised him their aid. The temptation of the immense estate he had assigned to them was too strong for them to resist. He was committed to jail. After two years, and on the third trial, held in a distant county, and, as I then believed

and still believe, by bribery and corruption, he was convicted. His brother and the two clerks were safe in Texas. I was in the court-house when he was convicted, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. W. H. Seward happened to be present, and also happened, chiefly through the influence of the assignees of Rathbun, to be made governor, in which capacity he refused to pardon the criminal, though his pardon was solicited by thousands of the most respectable people in the state. His creditors were defrauded, and the whole property divided among the men who sent him to prison. It is a curious fact that the attorney of these assignees became vice-president, and afterwards, by the death of General Taylor, president of the United States.

Buffalo in the summer time was a very lively place, but what shall I say of Buffalo in the winter? Only that the whole army of industry went into winter quarters. Before the railways had penetrated through this region, the roads in winter were almost impassable for mud, and the sleighing not to be depended upon. The canal was closed to navigation—the water being drawn off. The lake was frozen over from end to end, the ice forming two feet in thickness around the ships and steamers in the harbour. Navigation was ended; and there was nothing for the steamboat men and canallers, and the mercantile interests generally, to do, but to have a good time, spend their money, get up any possible excitement, and wait for the opening of navigation, which might be early in March or late in May, according to the season.

The winter of 1837 brought with it an unusual and welcome excitement—the outbreak of the Canadian Rebellion. Mackenzie, having escaped from his defeat at Toronto, came to Buffalo, and the whole frontier was aroused to sympathy with the Patriots, who had at last thrown off the galling yoke of British tyranny. Meetings were held in Buffalo and all the frontier towns. Money was subscribed, supplies were furnished, and arms taken from the State arsenals. Mackenzie issued stock of a provisional government. Van Rensselaer, grandson of the American general defeated by General Brock at Queenstown, volunteered, and was appointed commander-in-chief of the Patriot forces, which were, however, still upon the soil of New York, and consisted almost entirely of Americans. I doubt if there were fifty Canadians among them.

It became necessary, however, that they should take up a position on British ground. This was done by taking possession of a small, uninhabited, densely wooded island in the Niagara river, just above the cataract, which happened to be west of the line in the centre of the channel which divides the two countries. Here Mackenzie raised the flag of the Provisional Patriot Government, and here General Van Rensselaer established his head-quarters, in one of two abandoned log-huts on the island. Hither flocked the recruits to the Patriot army; the restless and excitable winter idlers of Buffalo and other towns of the frontier. One captain of a volunteer company in Rochester marched with his whole company, with the

arms of the State of New York in their hands, and entered the Patriot service. Cannon and ammunition were boldly taken from the arsenals; and an American, educated at the Westpoint Military Academy, planned the construction of the defences of the island. His reason for doing so was that a large force was gathering on the Canadian shore, intending to dislodge them, and he wished to give "the boys" some chance to defend themselves and make a decent fight of it.

Navy Island was, in fact, a perilous place either to attack or hold. The river all around it was deep and rapid; a disabled vessel or boat was sure to go over the Falls, and carry all on board to destruction. Colonel M'Nab, an energetic Scottish Canadian, aided by several half-pay British military and naval officers, planted batteries along the river-bank, opposite Navy Island. The Buffalo steamboat-men cut a small steamer, the *Caroline*, out of the ice at Buffalo, and ran down the open river to a landing on the American shore opposite Navy Island, where she plied as a ferry-boat, carrying men and supplies to the island. A British naval officer took three armed boats one night, crossed the river, took the boat, cut her loose, towed her out into the stream, set her on fire, and sent her blazing down the rapids and over the great cataract. It appears, from the accounts on both sides, that two or three men were killed in the assault and confusion. There was no opposition worth mentioning; but it was an invasion of American soil by an armed British force, acting under authority, and the whole frontier was aroused to a state of the highest excitement. The

militia of the surrounding country poured into Buffalo. General Scott, commander-in-chief of the American army, was sent from Washington to preserve the neutrality of the frontier and protect it from invasion. A small militia force was sent to occupy the lower point of Grand Island. Everybody believed, and almost everybody hoped, there would be immediate war with England, when the frontier States would have poured two or three hundred thousand men, more or less—as many, at all events, as were necessary—into Canada, and settled the question of its future relations. The outrage on the *Caroline* stirred the anti-British feeling to its depths.

It happened, however, that the Government at Washington was not controlled by Northern feeling. Mr. Van Buren was president—the successor of General Jackson. The leading statesmen of his cabinet were Southerners. It was not for the interest of the South to have a war with England, and it never has been; for two reasons, the one political, the other commercial. The acquisition of Canada would increase the growing preponderance of the North, and England was the largest purchaser of their great staples. Southern politicians may sometimes have “talked for Buncombe,” when it suited them, about war with England. If they did so, it was to get Northern votes. Since the war of 1812 it has been their interest to be at peace. Mr. Van Buren acted with energy in preserving the neutrality of the frontier. General Scott, while he resolutely protected the American territory, prudently cut off the supplies

of the Patriots. While shot and shell and Congreve rockets rained upon Navy Island from the Canadian batteries, they found it impracticable to get a sufficient supply of pork and beans from the American shore. They could not cross over to Canada; they had no adequate means of crossing the river, and a superior force confronted them on its banks. Worse than all, the Canadians themselves, so far as the Upper Province was concerned, took no part in the rebellion, but were gathered in large numbers to put it down.

Under these circumstances the Patriot army on Navy Island evacuated that position, crossed over to Grand Island, where they formally surrendered to General Scott, laid down their arms, and went about their business.

The first resort of Americans, in any emergency, is to secret societies. While the Government at Washington was doing its utmost to pacify the frontier and keep a decent neutrality, the people were forming "Hunter's lodges," the members of which were sworn to secrecy, and took an oath to aid in the spread of Republican institutions everywhere, and especially over the American continent. These lodges were formed in all the frontier States, from Maine to Wisconsin, and were estimated to have not less than eighty thousand members.

The rebellion in Canada was first suppressed by force, and, in the Lower Province, as I thought then, and still think, with barbarous and needless cruelties. The simple-hearted French Canadians had their vil-

lages burnt in the depth of winter, and were driven into the forests to perish, or find refuge in the neighbouring States.

If Mr. Van Buren put down the rebellion, or rather the war of the frontier States on Canada, he was in turn defeated by these ardent patriots, who, in 1840, voted for General Harrison, whose only claim was that he had fought against the British in the war of 1812.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EXCURSION ON THE LAKES.

The steamboat *Erie*.—A nice party.—Cleveland.—Detroit.—Perry's victory.—Lake Huron.—Mackinaw.—Indians.—Green Bay.—An aboriginal dandy.—Milwaukie.—A party and a pow-wow.—Chicago.—Twenty years after.—A thunderstorm on Lake Michigan.

MY first steamboat excursion round the great American lakes which lie between the United States and Canada, and which are amicably, though not equally, shared between them—Lake Michigan lying entirely within the great Republic—was in the summer of 1839. A new and beautiful steamboat, the *Erie*, Captain Titus, made her first trip, and I was invited to be of the party. A very nice party it was. We had a band of music, and danced every pleasant afternoon and moonlit evening. Every day was a festival. We chatted, played, sang, ate excellent dinners, drank the captain's wines, enjoyed beautiful scenery, visited all the flourishing cities springing up around the lakes, enjoyed a profuse and hearty hospitality everywhere, and had, as Americans say, "a good time generally."

When I think of it all, I cannot get rid of the constantly obtruding fact that this fast and beautiful steamer, two or three years later, loaded with passen-

gers, was burnt near Buffalo, and that the captain and a large number of his crew and passengers perished.

Leaving Buffalo, we touched at Erie, stopped a few hours at Cleveland, then a pretty village of five thousand, now a city of thirty-six thousand inhabitants. We ran into the picturesque bay of Sandusky, passed the scene of Perry's victory over the British flotilla on Lake Erie, and steamed past the low, densely wooded banks of the Detroit river to the old French city of Detroit, in Michigan, where the American General Hull surrendered his entire force to the British commander. It is a curious fact that in the war of 1812 the Americans were generally beaten by the British on land, while they won numerous victories on the lakes and ocean. It was alleged in excuse that the American ships of war were more than half manned by English sailors. This was true, and no particular credit to England or Englishmen; but, as William Cobbett asked at the time, how account for the American ships, with half English crews, beating the English ships with all English crews? Probably the sailors fighting against their country were better paid than those who were fighting for it. Possibly volunteers fought better than the victims of the press-gangs.

The ugly consequences that might have ensued had the American ships been beaten, may have stimulated these unpatriotic and disloyal Britons to extraordinary exertions. Finally, size of ships and guns may have had something to do with it.

When we left Detroit, we steamed northward

through Lake St. Clair into the wild region of Lake Huron. One can imagine what that great inland sea will be a hundred years hence, but then it was surrounded by an almost unbroken wilderness. A century hence a hundred cities will gem its shores or crown its islands. They are covered now with shaggy firs, pines, and hemlocks, the picturesque evergreens of this northern clime.

The change from Lake Erie to Lake Huron is very striking. The waters of Erie are "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue;" those of Huron are clear as crystal and black as the darkness in their depths. In a calm day I have dropped pieces of white earthenware or shells from the steamer, and watched them sink a hundred feet, perhaps. This perfect transparency of the water is very striking at Mackinaw. As I stood on the shore, the keel of the steamer, laying off at anchor, was almost as distinctly seen as her gunwale; so was the cable which held her, and the anchor hooking into the sand. I could even see the large fish swimming about beneath her. The steamer, and the canoes of the Indians who were fishing for the Mackinaw trout and white fish, seemed to be floating in the air.

Mackinaw is an old French trading port and missionary-station, established more than two hundred years ago, an antique portion of a new world. When I was there the beach was covered with the smoking wigwams and bark canoes of the Indians, who had come down from their wild hunting grounds to receive their Government annuities of powder, lead, and

blankets, and to buy also and drink "too much whisky." Soft, smiling squaws came round us to sell strings of wampum and beaded mocasins. Their voices were low and musical, and their language full of open vowels.

We ran down to Green Bay, Wisconsin, then a small military post, with Indian traders and a large gathering of Indians. There were some tall, stately, dignified warriors, in their paint and feathers—splendid savages, not quite spoiled by the pale faces and their fire-water—warriors not unworthy of the romances of Cooper or the poems of Campbell. There were also two or three chiefs' daughters, who, with the slight additions of pearl-powder and crinoline, would not do discredit, with their stately figures and aquiline noses, to the drawing-rooms of Belgravia: not that I know much about these, but I have caught glimpses here and there of those I imagine may be their occupants.

The repose of the savage differs very little from the *nonchalance* of fashionable life; and a young Indian dandy I saw at Green Bay, in the brightest of paint, his face streaked red and blue, and the daintiest of leggings, flashing with beads and wampum, his head a glory of feathers and tinsel, had manners that would have done honour to the front stalls at the Opera.

We went ashore at Milwaukie. There was no harbour, but a small steamer came off and took us and what freight we had on shore. There was a store-house on the creek, and five or six cottages on the bluff. That was Milwaukie in 1839. Just twenty years afterwards I found on the same spot an excellent

harbour, miles of warehouses, a city of forty-five thousand inhabitants, and one of the most beautiful towns in the western hemisphere.

When I first landed, a sallow Indian trader, named Juneau, came off in his little steamer to welcome us. Twenty years had passed; Juneau was in his grave in the cemetery of the cathedral, in the centre of the city; but I read his name on streets, squares, and banks. The past decades seemed but a day, and the city to have risen around me by magic while I had slept.

I was invited—at my last visit, I mean—to a fashionable party, given by one of the early settlers, who had grown rich, if in no other way, by having bought a few acres of land when it cost a few shillings, and kept it until worth many thousands of pounds an acre. Where the war-dance had been the fashion a few years before we danced cotillons, polkas, and schottisches, which are certainly more graceful and more agreeable. There were no freshly taken scalps displayed, but I think there were three or four wigs, possibly the property of dead men, and certainly accompanied with dyed whiskers. The paint, no longer daubed on in vivid streaks, now only gave to beauty its heightened flush or its “dim alabaster gleam.”

I went down late to a supper of oysters, salads, ices, and champagne, and found the master of the house at the head of a table well strewn with empty bottles, with some of his old Indian trading friends around him, making them a speech in Indian, and they cheering in the Indian fashion with a succession of whoops

not so dissimilar as one might suppose to the "hears" and "cheers" of the House of Commons.

Chicago, the extreme point of our voyage, was in 1839 a village of a few hundred inhabitants. I remember its one brick hotel, at which some of us slept. I found the same building quite overshadowed and almost lost, twenty years later, in an obscure quarter of a splendid city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, the great entrepot of the garden of the West—that garden whose surplus produce in a few years will be sufficient to feed all Europe.

Twenty years had made Chicago a noble city—the mart of a magnificent commerce. The shores of the lake that I had seen so solitary were lined with palaces. The prairie, spreading off towards the southwest, the first I had ever seen, was covered with broad streets and stately edifices; railways stretched away south, west, and north, hundreds of miles. Twenty years more may see here a city of well nigh a million of inhabitants.

In those twenty years what had become of the companions of my pleasure excursion? The graceful steamer was burnt; the black-eyed *spirituel* girl, who enjoyed so much the romance of the voyage, married an officer of the United States army, who fell in 1845, bravely fighting in Mexico. The fair blue-eyed young wife, who charmed us with her sweet voice, must be a staid and stately matron now. How few I remember of all our gay company!

We had a grand thunder-storm on Lake Michigan returning, with real western lightning. It is said that

an English traveller in America was enlarging, as Englishmen sometimes will, on the superiority of every possible thing in the old country. The bread, and beef, and beer, and horses; everything, in short, was better in England, as most Englishmen devoutly and happily believe, than in any country in the world. There came up a thunder-storm, and a tall pine-tree by the roadside was shivered into toothpicks, with a crash that shook the earth and the heavens. "There! Gaul darn it!" exclaimed an irritated Yankee, who had listened to him, "do you pretend that your English lightning beats that air?"

I have seen many wild, magnificent, and terrible thunder-storms in America; I have never seen one in England that compared with them; and yet the statistics of mortality show a considerable number of deaths by lightning. It is just possible that I may be partial to my native land, and imagine that because it is a great country, with great natural features, the elements act with proportionable vigour. It is, however, natural to suppose that where the thermometer goes up to ninety or a hundred degrees in the shade, electric action will be in some proportion.

Let me say a word more of these great inland seas of pure fresh water. There is nothing like them in the world. Here I steamed twelve hundred miles on three out of the five. The Great Superior had not then been opened to steam by the ship-canal around the *Sault Ste. Marie*. But take this Lake Michigan, which lies entirely within the United States. It is three hundred and twenty miles in length, seventy

miles in average breadth, and contains an area of more than twenty-two thousand square miles. It is a thousand feet in average depth, and five hundred and seventy-eight feet above the level of the sea. This great lake has its tides—very small ones indeed, but real lunar tides of *three* inches. A canal connects its waters with the Mississippi, through one of its branches; and this canal is fed from the lake, the water being pumped up a few feet for that purpose. When the rivers of Wisconsin are high, the waters which flow into Lake Michigan connect with those which swell the Mississippi. Some think the lakes once had an outlet through the Mississippi valley into the Gulf of Mexico. Four great States border on Lake Michigan—Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin. These four States contain an area of nearly two hundred thousand square miles. The sun does not shine upon a more fertile and magnificent country. It is capable of sustaining a population of fifty millions. It will contain half that number during the present century, which will still be a comparatively sparse population. Two hundred to a square mile would give a population of four hundred millions.

Americans are considered sanguine and exaggerative; but their past increase of population in new and fertile regions affords the best possible indications of the future. The actual present is beyond the hopes of the past. With peace and freedom, we might look with confidence to the future. What civil wars and military despotisms may bring, it is of course not easy to calculate.

CHAPTER XIV.

CINCINNATI.

A working men's city.—Mrs. Trollope.—Dinner costume.—Growth and progress.—Staples of trade.—Too much corn.—Hogs.—Whisky.—Catawba wine and Nicholas Longworth.—Tobacco.—A land of plenty.

My first visit to Cincinnati, which has been named the Queen City of the West, as Buffalo was called the Queen City of the Lakes, was in 1845, when it was a thriving town of some fifty thousand inhabitants. It seemed to me a city of working men. Its capitalists were master mechanics who had grown rich, but had not had time to put on their Sunday clothes or study manners. I do not wonder at the scandalization of poor Mrs. Trollope, who took up her residence in this infant metropolis of the great West, a self-appointed missionary of manners and civilization. She came home to England in despair, and wrote her *Domestic Manners of the Americans*; doing at once for the whole American people what she had vainly tried through discouraging years, trials, and losses, to do for Cincinnati alone. We were dreadfully angry at Mrs. Trollope, but we read her book all the same, or all the more, and profited in no small degree by its lessons. Many a time when some one in the boxes of

the theatre has thoughtlessly turned his back upon the pit, or placed his boots upon the cushioned front, have I heard the warning and reproving cry go up of "Trollope! Trollope!" until the offender was brought to a sense of the enormity of his transgression. I fear that Americans will never be as thankful as they ought to their amusing monitress.

The Broadway Hotel was at that day the best in Cincinnati. It is still a very good one, but quite overshadowed in size by its neighbours. The weather was warm, and I think half the male guests, many of them regular boarders—solid business men of Cincinnati—dined comfortably in their shirt-sleeves.

And, now that I think of it, was it after all so bad a fashion? What principle requires a man to swelter in broadcloth over a hot dinner, with the thermometer at ninety degrees Fahrenheit? Still, the shirt-sleeves made these worthy gentlemen look like a party of butchers.

When I visited Cincinnati again, it had expanded to a city of one hundred and sixty thousand—a solid, handsome place, full of wealth and industry. The town is densely built; many of the streets are wide, but there are no squares or open spaces. It was a great oversight. The bold, grand hills around are covered with villas, gardens, and vineyards. The city has thrown itself across the Ohio, and spread out on the Kentucky shore. Add the populations of these Kentucky extensions to the great Ohio mart, and the population is over two hundred thousand. Five or six railways diverge from Cincinnati, and a hundred steam-

boats along the river-bank connect her with the Mississippi and its branches ; that is to say, with twenty thousand miles of steamboat navigation.

It is one of the most industrious places in the world. No trouble there about the nobility of labour. I never saw a place where so many were workers. There are great iron foundries and machine shops, immense manufactories of furniture and agricultural implements, waggons and carriages, stoves and tinned ware—of almost everything, in fact, required by the vast expanse of new country around and beyond.

Then there are the great staples of trade besides. Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana send hogs to Cincinnati by the hundred thousand. There they are killed, packed, and converted into bacon, hams, lard, lard-oil, candles, brushes, Prussian blue, and I know not what beside.

The next great staple is whisky. It is a country where corn—and corn in America means maize—grows in the greatest abundance. You pass through single corn-fields miles in extent. In these rich bottom lands upon the rivers crops of corn have been raised for fifty, and in some places for a hundred successive years, without an ounce of manure or a sign of exhaustion. The stalks grow from fifteen to twenty feet high. I have seen corn-fields in which a tall man could not reach the ears, which grow below the middle of the stalk, without a step-ladder. It will seem strange to English farmers, but it is true, that vast quantities of barn-yard manure in this region have been “dumped” into the rivers to get it out of the way.

And much of the land is too rich for wheat, making it run to straw. The Indian corn has no such difficulty.

What to do with this enormous quantity of corn? It is eaten everywhere in America as human food, and considered sweeter and more nourishing than wheat, but men cannot begin to consume it. It can often be bought for sixpence a bushel. When coal and wood are scarce upon the prairies, it is sometimes burnt upon the cobs, as the cheapest and most convenient fuel. The demand for it is limited—the production universal. It is necessary to convert it into other articles—to transform or condense it.

Accordingly, a vast quantity is converted into hogs. The rich oil of the corn becomes lard, and its farina bacon. An Ohio farmer will have a thousand hogs. They run in the woods in vast droves. They browse, root, and devour rattlesnakes. In the fall the woods are full of nuts—beech-nuts, hickory-nuts, walnuts. Mast is their generic designation. On these the hogs revel and fatten. Then they are turned into the corn-fields. They follow the cattle. The corn is not gathered; that would be too much work; it is broken down and eaten by the cattle, and what they leave is gathered by the hogs, until cattle and hogs are fat enough to send to market. The corn, as beef and pork, is in a marketable condition. It can be barrelled up and sent over the world.

But this does not use up all the enormous quantity which the amazing fertility of the Western lands produces. The rest is made into whisky. Cattle

and hogs are also fed upon the refuse of the still. This whisky comes to Cincinnati in large quantities, where it is worth from eight to tenpence a gallon. Here it is rectified—freed from its impurities—chiefly by being filtered through animal charcoal, and sent to the eastern cities or to New Orleans. Whisky used to make up a large portion of the down freight of the Ohio and Mississippi steamers. When there is a bad grape season in France, great quantities of whisky go there, which, after being coloured and infused with a grape flavour, is exported as Cognac or Otard, *première qualité*; and the brandy drank in the bar-rooms of Cincinnati is its own whisky after two sea-voyages and sundry manipulations—if, indeed, it have not undergone a less troublesome and less costly transformation.

Next to whisky—not in quantity or importance indeed, but as a potable stimulant of a milder sort—wine is a staple; and I mention wine, as complimentary toast-givers at public dinners say, in connexion with the name of NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, the most widely known of the pioneers in the vine culture in America, who died in 1862, at a good old age, the richest man in Western America—a little, crooked old man, an intelligent agriculturist, a liberal patron of the arts—surrounded by a genial family, “rich beyond the dreams of avarice,” and yet haunted at times with the fear of poverty and the dread of dying in the poor-house, when he “was worth” nearly two millions of pounds sterling in productive real estate and other solid investments.

Nicholas Longworth was not a bad type of Yankee possibilities. He was a New Jersey shoemaker. When a young man he emigrated to Cincinnati, then a little village—a mere landing on the Ohio river. At or about that time, the whole land on which the city is now built could have been bought for sixty pounds. Longworth had not the money to buy it; but he had an ambition above heel-taps, and studied the law. I do not know how long he studied this great science. Six weeks used to be considered a pretty fair term in the West in those days. A man who had read Blackstone and the local statutes had no difficulty in being admitted to the bar. But there are no Benchers, no Middle Temple, and no horse-hair wigs.

One of Longworth's first cases was the defence of a man for some petty misdemeanor, who had no money to pay his fee. Instead of money he offered the young Crispin advocate an old still which had been employed in making whisky for the settlers and Indians. He took the old coppers, as they were all he could get, and soon after exchanged them for a hundred acres of land, which he kept, and which are now covered by some of the best rent-paying property in Cincinnati. It is in this way that some men make fortunes, or have fortunes thrust upon them. Such was the luck of Astor and Girard, and the mad millionaire of Newburyport, Massachusetts, who was nicknamed Lord Timothy Dexter, in whose hands everything turned to gold; so that when a practical joker advised him to send a cargo of warming-pans to the West

Indies, and he followed the advice, they were sold at an immense profit—the pans, with their long handles, for ladles to dip out syrup in the process of making sugar, and the covers for strainers. With men of such luck, sending a cargo of fans to Nova Zembla would somehow prove a good investment.

Mr. Longworth built him a handsome mansion, with gardens and greenhouses, to which strangers and citizens were freely admitted. He was the earliest patron of the American sculptor, Powers, and many other artists. Perhaps I ought not to say the first patron of Powers, for before he worked in marble, he made wax figures for the Cincinnati Museum, including a picturesque and mechanical representation of the infernal regions that would have astonished the soul of Dante.

But Mr. Longworth's most important work was the introduction of the vine culture, and the manufacture of wine on the banks of the Ohio. The grape chiefly grown is a native variety, called the Catawba. The European grapes generally require a longer season than the American summer. American plants must bear great heat and intense cold. The Catawba grape has a peculiar flavour, and the wine is similar to hock, and is either still or sparkling. Much of it is harsh and sour; but much, also, is of excellent quality and delicious flavour. The produce of the vineyards is so great that, as a large grower near Cincinnati assured me, if it brought only sixpence a gallon no crop was so profitable. But the consumption of wine is so large in America, compared with

the production, that the French and German imported wines rule the market, and Mr. Longworth's wines in bottle sold for two to three pounds a dozen; the sparkling Catawba bearing the same retail price as champagne—eight shillings a bottle.

There was no lack of competent vine-dressers and wine-makers in Cincinnati, for one-third of the population is German; and German speech, institutions, and festivals may be studied as well on the Ohio as on the Rhine. The time is not distant when America will be a great wine-producing country, especially in the States of Maryland, Virginia, the regions on the Ohio and Missouri, and, more than all, perhaps California, which, besides its gold, bids fair to be the garden of the world as a country of fruits and wine.

Another great staple of Cincinnati, ranking next to pork and whisky, is tobacco. Kentucky and Southern Ohio and Indiana produce an immense quantity of this wonderful narcotic, which the New World has given to the Old, and which in three centuries has spread over the eastern hemisphere much faster than any Gospel ever did. What is the magic of the nasty weed, that it should be chewed, and smoked, and snuffed over two hemispheres, and alike in the most civilized and most savage regions? Ladies pronounce it a filthy weed; physicians class it with the most virulent of poisons; kings denounce; legislators prohibit; councils condemn. It is of no avail. A Virginian Indian chieftain teaches Sir Walter Raleigh to smoke, and he teaches England's Virgin Queen—dauntless Elizabeth. There is an Anti-tobacco So-

ciety in London, but it cannot prevent smoking even in railway carriages, with the aid of parliamentary bye-laws, and fines, and penalties.

The tobacco warehouses of Cincinnati, where the cured article may be worth sixpence a pound, would gladden the heart of an English or French Chancellor of the Exchequer, or any man who proposed to tax and govern nations by means of their—vices, shall we say, or luxuries?—by tobacco, beer, and whisky. What is the demand in humanity which these supply? Physiologists do not inform us. Is the world the better for tobacco? Is it an element of progress? Did tobacco have anything to do with the Reformation?—or with what the *Times* calls the fighting, hanging, and burning part of it, which lasted for one or two generations? What has tobacco really done of good or ill for Germany or Turkey, for France or England, besides helping to raise a sufficient revenue?

It is a very solid means of wealth to Cincinnati, at all events, and is sent forward to New York, or down stream to New Orleans, in vast abundance.

There are certain things in which an American town like Cincinnati differs from an English provincial town of a similar size. It is less provincial. The shops are as spacious and well stocked as those of New York or London. The hotels are on the grandest scale. There are two or three theatres, four daily newspapers, several large publishing houses, libraries, picture-galleries, colleges—a city, in short, with a character of its own, and very little dependent upon any other.

The markets of Cincinnati were something wonderful to me. They extended a mile along the streets, and the abundance and cheapness of food would astonish a denizen of *the* great metropolis. Chickens, sixpence a pair; eggs, threepence a dozen; beef, fourpence a pound; pork, twopence. Apples, peaches, and pears in much the same proportion. Spare-ribs of pork were given away at the great packing establishments to all who chose to apply for them. Fish is brought mostly from Lake Erie, some two hundred and fifty miles, by rail. Oysters come from Baltimore; game from the prairies. Cincinnati, when I knew it, combined the advantages of plenty of work, good wages, moderate rents, and cheap provisions, lager beer and whisky—of the latter, more than was needful.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS.

A Navy Island Patriot.—A fight for life.—A long journey.—On the Monongahela.—Convenient coal-mines.—Flat boat navigation.—Low water on the Ohio.—Fever and ague.—Cairo. Gambling on the Mississippi.—The father of waters.—Sugar plantations.—Negroes.—Cotton and cane culture.—Facts and figures.

It was in the autumn of 1845 that I made my first visit to New Orleans. The reader may remember that in some account of the Canadian rebellion, and what we called the "Patriot War" of 1837-8, I spoke of an enthusiastic young captain of volunteers in the city of Rochester, who marched with his entire company, and invaded Canada at Navy Island. I met him one day, when I dined with the Patriot governor and the general commanding—Mackenzie and Van Rensselaer—at their head-quarters on Navy Island. We had pork and beans for dinner, eaten from tin dishes, with the whizz of an occasional shot, or the bursting of a shell, for music.

In the autumn of 1840 I was in Rochester, engaged in editing a political journal, and making speeches in opposition to the Log Cabin and Hard Cider candidate for president. I found my young Navy Island captain practising as a lawyer in Rochester. We lived

at the same hotel, and became very intimate. Five years after, when living in New York, I received a letter from him, begging me to come and see him at the Howard Hotel. I went, and found the ghost of his former self. He was dying of consumption—making a strong courageous fight, but sure to be beaten. As usual, he had been sent off to die in a warmer climate. His physicians must have seen that he could not live, unless his resolute will deceived them. But he was full of that kind of hope which is one of the surest symptoms of a fatal issue, at least in this disease; for there are others which confidence and resolution cure.

He asked me to go with him to Washington, and thence to the West Indies or to Florida. I could not refuse him. It would be a hard journey, and, so far as his recovery was concerned, a useless one, but he was resolved to go. He would not allow his wife to go with him. If he must die, he said, his wife and children should remember him as he was before he left them. I started with him at a day's notice.

We went leisurely, stopping to rest at Philadelphia and Baltimore, and several days at Washington; and then began our toilsome route over the Alleghanies. The railway took us up the Potomac, through Harper's Ferry, and as far as Cumberland. It had not then gone over and through the mountains. We hired a carriage and went over the National road by easy stages, as befitted an invalid, to Brownsville, on the Monongahela river, one of the two mountain streams that unite at Pittsburg to form the Ohio.

Here we embarked on a little steamboat which drew twelve inches of water, and whose single wide paddle-wheel was at the stern, and extended the whole width of the hull. A succession of dams made the river navigable at that season of low water, and at each dam we were let down by a lock to a lower level. At the high stage of water, dams and locks are all buried deep beneath the surface, and larger steamboats go careering over them.

What I best remember, in crossing the Alleghanies and descending this river, was the beds of coal. It seemed to be everywhere just below the surface. We saw it along the route, where people dug the fuel for their fires out of a hole in the yard, ten feet from the door. Along the high perpendicular banks of the river there were strata of coal ten or twelve feet thick. Men were digging it down with picks, and sliding it into flat boats, which, when the river rose, would float down with the current to Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, and New Orleans. These frail flat boats—long boxes made of deal boards nailed together, and loaded within a few inches of the top—would many of them be lost. The swell of a passing steamboat, or a snag or sawyer in the river, would sink them. They would ground on sand-bars. A sudden hurricane sometimes sinks a hundred of them. Perhaps a third of the whole number are lost, but the coal costs almost nothing—three-halfpence a bushel—and brings a price proportional to the distance to which it floats in safety.

At Pittsburg, a city of coal and iron, smoky and

grimy as Newcastle or Birmingham, we took a larger boat, but still a small one, for Cincinnati. The Ohio was very low. We passed slowly down, getting pleasant glimpses of the towns upon its banks, and especially of the flourishing cities of Cincinnati and Louisville. I wrote at the time a series of letters descriptive of this my first Southern journey, which were published in a New York paper, and from these I copy the record of my first impressions.

I was disappointed with the Ohio for a few hundred miles from its source, most unreasonable tourist that I was. I recall whatever I may have said to its disparagement. The Ohio, charming in all its course of a thousand miles, becomes grandly beautiful below Louisville for the lower half of its course. Were it but deep as well as broad and splendid in its great reaches, and graceful curves, and picturesque banks, nothing would be wanting to its pleasing souvenirs. But I have tried its current at an unfortunate period. The river is at its lowest point. At its highest it would be fifty feet deeper—a great torrent pouring onward toward the sea.

We were all of us in high spirits on the *Fort Wayne*. The crew was firing up, and singing merrily below; and in the cabin, we were sitting round our good coal fire, chatting, reading, and some playing poker, calculating the next morning but one to wake upon the Mississippi. So passed we down merrily, until, sunk upon a bar, we saw the wreck of the steamboat *Plymouth* which two nights before had been run into by another boat, which sunk her in-

stantly, and her deck-passengers woke up under the waters of the Ohio. Twenty unfortunates were drowned; and our passengers, accustomed to the river, spoke of it with perfect indifference, as a very common affair.

We passed this bar safely, touching bottom indeed, as we often did; but in passing over the next we grounded firm and fast. The engines were worked at their greatest power, but in vain. Efforts were made all day to get the boat off, but without moving her; and older voyagers began to tell pleasant stories of boats lying for three weeks on a sand-bar, and getting out of provisions and wood. For us passengers there was but patience, but for captain and crew there was a hard night's work in a cold November rain. They went at it heartily, and when we woke up in the morning the steamboat was afloat, and as soon as she had got in a fresh supply of wood we went merrily down the Ohio again, putting off by a day our arrival at the Father of Waters. So we went, talking on morals and politics, reading the *Wandering Jew*, and playing poker, until dinner came; and just after dinner, we came to another bar, on which we ran as before, giving our crew a second night of hardship and toil, and us a more thorough disgust of low-water navigation. We got off by morning as before, by great exertion and the steady use of effective machinery, the boat being hoisted over the bar inch by inch, by the aid of great spars, blocks, and windlass.

There was still, but a short distance below this spot, the worst bar of all to pass. If you will look

upon the map you will see that the Ohio, near her mouth, receives two large rivers from the south, which empty within twelve miles of each other, and for a long distance are not more than twenty miles apart. These are the Cumberland and the Tennessee. At the mouth of the Cumberland is a little straggling, wild, half-civilized river-town called Smithland, and at the mouth of the Tennessee is a more important village called Paducah, both of course in Kentucky. Between these are the most difficult shoals in the lower Ohio. The river is broad, the sands are shifting, and the river changes its channel at every rise of water. Having been twice aground and lost nearly two days, our captain determined to take every precaution. He hired a flat boat, into which were discharged many tons of whisky and butter, and which was lashed alongside. A boat was sent down to sound the channel and lay buoys. This done, just as breakfast was ready, all the male passengers were summoned to go on board the flat boat, fastened alongside, with the butter and whisky, so as to lighten the steamer as much as possible, and when we were all aboard we started down. As luck would have it, the current carried the boat a few feet out of her proper course, and she stuck fast again. The wheels could not move her, and we jumped on board again to eat our breakfast, now grown cold from waiting.

This dispatched, we went out on the promenade deck, and to our chagrin saw the *Louis Philippe*, which left Louisville one day behind us, coming down,

looking light and lofty, with a flat boat alongside. She came down rapidly, and passed close by us, her passengers laughing in triumph at our predicament. The *Louis Philippe* had not got her length below us before she too stuck fast and swung round into a more difficult position, lying broadside upon the bar with the strong current full against her. The laugh was now on our side, and the *Louis Philippe* gave rise to the more jokes, because her hurricane deck was entirely covered with cabbages, with their stumps sticking up, giving her a droll appearance; while our hurricane deck was filled with chicken coops. It was time now to go to work in earnest. More freight was discharged into our lighter, and all the passengers, except the women and children, were sent on board her. We thickly covered the barrels of whisky and kegs of butter, and the captain, to keep us off the steamer, cast us loose, and we floated off with the current, and were safely blown ashore on the Kentucky side about a mile below, leaving the two steamers above to get off as soon as they were able.

When our flat boat touched the Kentucky bank of the river, her ninety passengers jumped joyfully ashore, and with noisy hilarity scattered along the beach. The morning was beautiful. The clear sunlight glittered upon the river, and lighted up the forests with a golden radiance. The sky was blue, and the air cool and bracing. The land was high, well wooded, and fertile. Seeing a substantial-looking double log-house a short distance from the river, about a dozen of us went up to warm our fingers at its fire.

The door stood open, and we entered a comfortable apartment; but what a terrible scene of wretchedness was presented to our view! Two human beings, neither apparently more than twenty-five years old, sat at either corner of the chimney fire. Pale, wan, emaciated, they were bent up and shivering, and seemed so forlorn, wretched and despairing, that I shuddered to look at them. Both were young, and the wife had been strikingly beautiful. The man held something in his lap; I looked down and saw the most frightful little baby I ever beheld. Its blue arm was no bigger than my thumb—the little wan, pale thing looked more like a baby of rags than one of flesh and blood, and weighed no more than seven or eight pounds, though more than four months old. Yes—for four months, ever since its birth, father, mother, and this their only child, had been suffering from the chills and fever. I could not have imagined and I never can forget this picture of despairing misery. A terrible miasma broods over these streams. On their upper branches are these intermittent fevers, with their living death—below is the frightful pestilence, the yellow fever.

In a few moments our lucky boat swung round and came down for us, leaving the less fortunate *Louis Philippe* to get off as she could, and her passengers to learn not to halloo before they got out of the wood. And now—now, by the first light of the morning for this grand, this terrible Mississippi!

It was a misty, moonlight night when we came to

the confluence of the Ohio with the Mississippi. We had come down a tedious, and in some degree perilous, course of one thousand miles—we had still a thousand miles to go before arriving at New Orleans, which is the next stage of our Southern journey.

The Mississippi and Ohio come together at an acute angle, and their waters flow down in unmingled currents, differing in colour, for a long distance. Even at night we could distinguish the line which divides them. The Ohio water is filled with fine sand and loam—the Mississippi is discoloured with clay besides, and the water looks like a tub of soap-suds after a hard day's washing.

Whoever looks upon the map with an utilitarian eye, sees at the confluence of these great rivers a favourable point for a great city. A few years since an English company took possession of or purchased this site, and, with a capital of nearly a million of pounds sterling, commenced operations. They lithographed plans of the city and views of the public buildings. There were domes, spires, and cupolas, hotels, warehouses, and lines of steamboats along both rivers. How fair—how magnificent it all looked on the India paper! You should see the result as I saw it in the misty miasma, by the pale moonlight. Cairo is a swamp, overflowed by every rise of either river. The large hotel, one of the two buildings erected, is slowly sinking below the surface. The heaps of railroad iron sent out from England for the great central road to Chicago, of which this was to be the depôt, are many feet beneath the surface. Piles will not stand

up—and, however deep they are driven, sink still deeper. The present business of the place, consisting of selling supplies to steamboats, and transferring passengers from the down to the up-river boats, is done on floating store boats, made fast to the shore. Cairo has since been built into a considerable town by dyking out the rivers, and has been an important naval and military port during the civil war.

Were I to build a town, at almost any point on the Mississippi, every house should be afloat; they would rise and fall with the river, and be at all times equally easy of access. They would not cave in and be washed away, as whole villages sometimes are, and as some we have passed bid fair to be before next spring. If I got tired of my location I could cut loose, get towed up the river, or float down until I found a point to suit me, and with a navigation extending a thousand miles in almost every direction, I should be hard to please if I could not be satisfied. In this way a town, as large as any I have yet seen on this river, might all go off together. There are no churches, but the tavern would take the lead, and all the little stores and negro huts could follow in its wake.

This is my thirteenth day of steamboating—the usual time across the Atlantic—and I have four days more at least. You may well suppose that a hundred passengers are put to their trumps for amusement. The *Wandering Jew* did very well as long as it lasted. Some keep on reading novels, having laid in a stock or exchanged with other passengers, but cards

are the resource of the majority. The centre tables, as soon as breakfast is over, are occupied with parties playing poker or loo, and are covered with bank-notes and silver. Many who do not play look on to see the frolics of fortune. Several of these players are professional gamblers, and quite cool, as men who hope to win by chance or skill ought to be. Others, in their flushing cheeks and trembling hands and voices, show how the passion is fastening upon them. These are driven by weariness, and tempted by the smallness of the game, to commence playing. The passion increases day by day, and so do the stakes, until, before reaching New Orleans, the verdant ones have lost all their money, and with it their self-respect and their confidence in the future. Depressed by shame, disheartened at being in a strange city without money, they are in a miserable condition, and ready to throw themselves away. They become dependent upon the blacklegs who have led them on, are instructed in their evil courses, made their tools and catspaws, and perhaps induced to enter upon courses of crime of a more dangerous character. All this comes of playing cards to kill time on the Mississippi.

While those who need the excitement of betting play at games of bluff and poker, some amuse themselves with whist, and old-fashioned fellows get into a corner and have a bout at old sledge; and now, at eleven o'clock, the great cabin of our boat presents a curious appearance. Playing around the tables, with noisy, joyous laughter, are half a dozen merry little boys and girls. These have all got well acquainted

with each other, and seem to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

I can give you little idea of this portion of the Mississippi. The river is very low, and does not seem large enough to be the outlet of the thousand streams above; for the waters on which we float come not only from the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains, but there are mingled with them the bright springs of Western New York, a large part of Pennsylvania, part of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and a large portion of the Western States. Yet, with all the waters of this vast area, our boat can sometimes scarcely keep the channel. Last night, running at her full speed, she went crashing into a snag, with a concussion and scraping which woke us all up, and made the timid ones spring out of their berths. Our safety was in our going down stream instead of up—the difference of rubbing the back of a hedgehog the right and the wrong way. These snags are great trees which cave off and are washed down the current; the roots become imbedded in the bottom, and the stem and branches pointing down stream and half or wholly covered with water, form a terrible *steamboat de frise*, which tears an ascending steamer to pieces, but generally allows those going with the current to pass over or through them with safety.

The river is full of islands, so that you often see but a small portion of its waters; it winds along in so many convolutions that you must steam a hundred miles often to make twenty in a straight line. Many of these bends may be avoided at high water, by taking

the cross cuts, called "running a *chute*," when the whole country for twenty miles on each side is submerged.

Usually, on one side or the other, there is a perpendicular bank of clay and loam, some thirty feet high, and here and there are small plantations. The river gradually wears them off, carrying down whole acres in a season. From this bank the land descends back to the swamps which skirt nearly the whole length of the river. These in very low water are comparatively dry, but as the river rises they fill up, and the whole country is like a great lake, filled with a dense growth of timber. These curving banks, the rude and solitary huts of the woodcutters, the vast bars of sand, covered gradually with canebrake, and the range of impenetrable forest for hundreds of miles, comprise a vast gloomy landscape, which must be seen to be realized.

On the map you will find towns scattered along the banks of the river. I wish you could see some of these. One of the first we came to was Randolph, in Tennessee. I was looking for a busy, bustling village—but what an indescribably wretched-looking place did I find it! There is here, along the river, a bluff about two hundred feet high. The river, washing into a quicksand stratum, has undermined it, so that the bluff has sunk so as to form great steps—acres in extent, and twenty or thirty feet above each other; down these the rains and torrents have washed great gullies and impassable ravines. On such a spot, on the different steps of this caving bluff, is built a collection of black-looking houses and stores. It is frightfully destitute

of shrubbery or vegetation, and the buildings seem to stand awry, as if the ground was sinking, caving downwards, breaking under them. It would not be at all strange to see the whole place go crashing into the river at the next great rise.

One hundred miles below, on the Arkansas side, is the town of Helena (appropriately accented on the first syllable). There is a tavern and three or four small stores—a wretched-looking place. One of our passengers landed here. He was a German Jew, with a large mouth, a large nose, soaplocks that would have astonished the Bowery in the palmiest days of soaplockism, and he played a ferocious hand at poker. He came on board at Cairo, gambled all the way down, and left to take care of his clothing store, at the door of which I saw some Indian blankets, and coats worn commonly here, made of the same material.

This town of Helena is said to be the resort of a wild population of horse-thieves and counterfeiters. The river washes under the bank, and there is already a huge crack opened, just back of the principal buildings which skirt the shore. At the last rise a stranger, who had come here on horseback from the interior, was so apprehensive that the whole place would wash off that he took his horse into a flat boat, and there waited, night and day, for the arrival of a steamer.

While the scene is fresh in my memory, let me describe to you my last morning upon the Mississippi; but why do I speak thus of a scene which can never fade from my remembrance, but in all future

years will glow the brightest picture which nature and civilization have daguerreotyped upon my heart?

I rose before the sun, while all the East was glowing with his refracted light. The steamboat had made excellent progress all night, not being obliged to stop by fog, and was only detained a short time by running plump into the mud on the river's bank—but she soon backed out of that scrape.

We had here, fifty miles above New Orleans, an almost tropical sunrise. The Mississippi, as if tired of its irregularities, flowed on an even current between its low banks, along which on each side are raised embankments of earth from four to ten feet in height—the levee, which extends for hundreds of miles along the river, defending the plantations from being overflowed at high water.

As I gained the hurricane deck the scene was enchanting, and, alas! I fear, indescribable. On each side, as far as the eye could reach, were scattered the beautiful houses of the planters, flanked on each side by the huts of their negroes, with trees, shrubbery, and gardens. For miles away, up and down the river, extended the bright green fields of sugar-cane, looking more like great fields of Indian corn than any crop to which a Northern eye is familiar, but surpassing that in the vividness of the tints and density of growth—the cane growing ten feet high, and the leaves at the top covering the whole surface. Back of these immense fields of bright green were seen the darker shades of the cypress swamp; and to give the most picturesque effect to the landscape, on every side, in

the midst of each great plantation, rose the tall white towers of the sugar-mills, throwing up graceful columns of smoke and clouds of steam. The sugar-making process was in full operation.

After the wild desolation of the Mississippi, for more than half its course below the Ohio, you will not wonder that I gazed upon this scene of wealth and beauty in a sort of ecstasy. Oh! how unlike our November in the far, bleak North was this scene of life in Louisiana! The earth seemed a paradise of fertility and loveliness. The sun rose and lighted up with a brighter radiance a landscape of which I had not imagined half the beauty.

The steamer stopped to wood, and I sprang on shore. Well, the air was as soft and delicious as our last days in June—the gardens were filled with flowers; yes, bushels of roses were blooming for those who chose to pluck them, while oranges were turning their green to gold, and figs were ripening in the sun. It was a creole plantation—French the only language heard. A procession of carts, each drawn by a pair of mules and driven by a fat and happy negro, who seemed to joke with every motion and laugh all over from head to foot, came from the sugar-house to get wood, of which an immense quantity was lying upon the banks of the river, saved from the vast mass of forest trees washed down at every freshet.

I cannot describe the appropriateness of everything on these plantations. These creole planters look as if nature had formed them for good masters; in any other sphere they are out of their element—here most

decidedly at home. The negroes, male and female, seem made on purpose for their masters, and the mules were certainly made on purpose for the negroes. Any imaginable change would destroy this harmonious relation. Do they not all enjoy alike this paradise—this scene of plenty and enchantment? The negroes work, and are all the better for such beneficial exercise, as they would be all the worse without it. They have their feasts, their holidays—more liberty than thousands of New York mechanics enjoy in their life-times—and a freedom from care and anxiety which a poor white man never knows. I begin to think that paradise is on the banks of the Mississippi, and that the nearest approach to the realization of the schemes of Fourier is on our Southern plantations. However this may be, I am satisfied, from what I have seen and heard thus far, that Northern sympathy for the slave is much worse than wasted, and that it can find more appropriate objects nearer home.

For the fifty miles which I saw, and for the hundred more passed in the night, the shores of this mighty river present a continuous line of rich plantations and palace-like residences, each surrounded by the neat and apparently comfortable cabins of the negroes. On some estates these huts, each standing in a little garden, and neatly whitewashed, form a long row parallel to the shore. On others they form a large square running back from the mansion of the planter. In all cases there appears to be a beautiful relation between them; and if one can divest himself

of all prejudice, I can conceive of no pleasanter sight likely to be seen in the present state of humanity.

These negroes are slaves—they are liable to be transferred from one estate to another—they may be flogged—they move to the crack of the whip. True! Did it ever occur to a philanthropist, that a soldier in our army, or a sailor in our navy, is also a slave during the term of his enlistment? that he may be ordered from Maine to Texas, or from one side of the earth to the other—that he is also liable to be flogged, and very often is, for the slightest fault or for none at all—and that he is often subject to hardships, privations, and sufferings, compared with which a sugar or cotton plantation is a heaven? Scenes have occurred on our men-of-war at which the worst overseer in Louisiana would blush. The mind of the reader will revert to cases without any specification.

When did the English Government, so humane where slaves are concerned, ever hesitate to kidnap and impress her own citizens, exporting them to distant and unhealthy climates, and confining them in her ships of war, when she wanted men to fight her battles? But you will scarcely thank me for this declamation; yet it came up so naturally, that I should not feel quite honest if it were suppressed.

A few words on cotton and sugar, and I have done; as stump speakers say when their ideas are pretty much expended.

Cotton is raised in great quantities in nearly all the Southern States, and especially in Mississippi and Alabama. Sugar is almost wholly confined to

Louisiana, and there is cultivated chiefly on a narrow strip of land on the river, and among the lakes and bayous of the south-west portion of the State.

The cotton lands are ploughed into beds in March—the seed is sown in drills, and the plant, when it first comes up, is as tender as the bean, which it slightly resembles in its early growth. It soon becomes hardy, grows very fast, acquires a strong stalk, with widely spreading branches. In May it begins to flower on the lower branches, the blossoms opening white, and in one night turning to a beautiful red. A ball, shaped like a hickory-nut, displaces the flower, and this, as it ripens, opens in four or five compartments, showing the white cotton which envelops the seeds. The cotton on the lower parts of the shrubs is fit to pick while the upper part is in blossom, so that the picking commences in August and continues until Christmas. As fast as it is picked in the field it is separated—the fibre from the seed, by the gin, a collection of saws acting between the bars of a grate, and the cotton is pressed in bales, ready for the market. Good land produces two bales an acre, weighing four hundred pounds each, and worth, at present rates, about thirty dollars a bale. Planters raise from ten to a thousand bales.

The sugar-cane is planted in cuttings, each joint being planted in a hill, and throwing off several stalks—these resemble Indian corn, but grow much larger and stronger, and have a more solid pith, full of very sweet juice. In November, when the cane is found to yield most juice, it is cut up, taken to the

steam mill, and the juice is expressed by passing the stalks between rollers. This is boiled down to molasses, syrup, and sugar.

Give me credit for a few paragraphs of useful information.

There is something very impressive about the Mississippi river. It rises in Minnesota, 47° 10' north latitude, where its sources are mingled with those of the great Red River of the North, which flows into Hudson's Bay, and the rivers that empty into Lake Superior, and reach the Atlantic Ocean through the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Here in the centre of the continent, at the height of 1680 feet above the sea, in a collection of small lakes within a few miles of each other, rise three great water-courses, which flow north, east, and south, and drain a continent. The Mississippi is nearly three thousand miles in length; or if we measure from its mouth to the source of its branch, the Missouri, larger than itself, we have a length of more than four thousand five hundred miles.

This river and its tributaries drain an area of 1,226,600 square miles. It has 1500 navigable branches. The great alluvial plain of the lower Mississippi is 500 miles long and from 30 to 50 miles wide. Only the levees or embankments prevent all this surface of 31,200 square miles from being submerged, excepting a few bluffs, at every flood which pours down from the melting snows of the Alleghanies and Rocky Mountains. The channel of the river through this whole valley is about 3000 feet wide, and from 75 to 120 feet deep. It winds like a huge serpent, and

pours its great flood through this immense valley, its surface, at its flood, being higher than the whole country through which it runs, so that forty per cent. of its waters are drained off into the swamps and bayous, and either lost by evaporation or given back at lower stages. It is certain that the floods do not run past New Orleans. Even that magnificent torrent cannot contain them. A glance at the map shows that the lower part of the State of Louisiana has been made from the gulf by the deposits brought down by the river. Mr. Lyell calculates that this process has been going on 75,000 years; but it may be doubted if he have all the data necessary for such a calculation. There are those who think that Lake Michigan at one time found an outlet into the Gulf of Mexico. A depression of a few feet, a very slight convulsion, would turn its waters in that direction.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEW ORLEANS.

The town from the river.—Floating prairies.—Buildings without foundations.—Hotels.—Trade and population.—A gay city.—A Sunday in New Orleans.—The cathedral.—French and Americana.—New Orleans revisited.—A French cemetery.—High water.—Northern men of Southern principles.—A charming city.—Generous customs.—Slave auctions.—Trade and prosperity.—Yellow fever.—Its propagation and mortality.—Albert Pike and his "Fine Arkansas Gentleman."

THE view of the magnificent plantations, on the banks of the river, prepared me for the city of New Orleans. The distant prospect of the city is confined to the brilliant dome and cupola of the St. Charles Hotel, the square tower of a cathedral, and two church spires. Next are seen the masts of the shipping, the black pipes of a long line of steamboats, and the tall chimneys of the numerous steam cotton-presses. The Mississippi is here a noble river, of great depth, sweeping along the wooden wharves, and forming the inner curve of the crescent form in which the city expands around it.

The ships, which count by hundreds and measure by miles, are moored with beautiful regularity, in pairs, with their heads all in the same direction, and are found on the upper and lower portion of the levee, the

steamboats, ranging with their bows to the bank, forming the centre. You step upon a very dusty landing, and the city is before you, the streets running back from the river, at a gentle, downward inclination, which brings the pavements of the back streets to the low-water level of the river, which, should it break through its banks at high water, would fill the first stories of all the stores and houses.

The whole city is thus upon almost a dead level, the slight inclination being like that of all the plantations above, downward *from* the river, and *toward* the swamp. It was no easy matter, one would think, to build a town in such a situation. No attempt has been made at filling up, for there was nothing to fill with. There is no such thing as a cellar or a well, or any sort of excavation—not even a grave, as I can learn, in all New Orleans. One foot below the surface, and the mud is full of water. The gutters of all the streets are always draining the soil, and when the river is up they fill to the surface. I do not know what is beneath—quicksands perhaps, possibly pure water—for there is, west of the river, in this State, a prairie, on which you can drive out with a horse and buggy, where you have only to dig a hole two or three feet deep to come to water of immense and unknown depth, where large fish are sometimes caught with a hook and line. These may be the “waters under the earth,” spoken of in the Scriptures.

However this may be in New Orleans, it is certain that the city rests upon a plain of soft loam, saturated with water, increasing in moisture as you descend. It

is certain that there is no such thing as digging for foundations, for the deeper they dig the less there is to sustain a weight of walls. In Holland, the public buildings are set on piles, but these are of no use in New Orleans; for the further they are driven, the more easily they descend, and I believe that if forced down far enough, they would sink down altogether, and very possibly float off in the Mississippi.

Knowing all this, one is the more astonished at the massive and magnificent buildings in New Orleans. Resting upon the dead surface of this swamp are blocks of immense warehouses, of brick and granite; hotels covering whole squares, like the Astor House, but built in a much more showy and striking style; cathedrals, public buildings, churches and palaces, built of the most durable materials, and lasting for centuries. It is the singular elasticity of the soil, and that alone, which sustains them. If the first brick or stone will stay where it is placed, the building is carried up fearlessly to its fifth story; and if the ground is too soft for that, all they do is to lay down a plank or the bottom of a flat boat, and all is secure as possible. In paving some of the principal streets, the only way in which the stones could be laid was to first cover the soft mud with a layer of brush and weeds. With all this, the streets are well paved, and in dry weather much too dusty. The side walks are washed clean, and the warehouses, stores, and dwellings will compare with those of any city I have visited.

One thing that strikes a stranger, on entering the city, is the number of the hotels, with their extent

and magnificence. The St. Charles, chief hotel of the American quarter, covers the front of an entire square, and is built in a more showy style than any building in New York. It is of a composite order of architecture, with a profusion of lofty fluted columns with Corinthian capitals, and the building is surmounted with a high, gracefully shaped dome, and a pretty cupola. The whole surface is of stucco, brilliantly white, and it can be seen to a great distance around.

On the next square, diagonally from the St. Charles, is another great hotel, the Verandah, a splendid establishment; and a few blocks' distance, in the French part of the city, is a more extensive and more splendid establishment than either, the great Hotel St. Louis. The Orleans Hotel, Hewlett's Exchange, and a dozen more, are indications of the great commercial importance, the immense business, and the abounding wealth of the Southern emporium.

I have said before, or might have said, that the population of Southern cities is no indication of their commercial importance. This is especially the case in New Orleans. No manufactures but those of necessity are carried on here—the work is that which belongs to commerce. There are extensive cotton-presses, requiring a great many hands, powerful steam-engines, and severe labour—there are, of course, and especially among the creoles, tailors, shoemakers, milliners, &c., but still the North supplies much the greater portion of all the articles of Southern wear, ready made. The indications of commercial importance are to be found in these magnificent hotels, in three theatres, in the

numerous public resorts, where merchants congregate, in the long lines of steamboats and shipping, in the great banking houses, chartered and private, in the commercial daily newspapers, filled with advertisements, and in the immense masses of cotton, sugar, tobacco, iron, lead, flour—in short, the staples of the South and West, and the manufactured products of every quarter of the globe.

But I shall have a thousand things to write of New Orleans, as I intend to study the city thoroughly. I arrive at a most propitious season. Business is just about to assume its greatest activity. Cotton and sugar are now pouring in by floods. The hotels are filling up with merchants and planters. To-night the St. Charles Theatre opens, with Booth for the first rising star, and the promise of the Keans, Mr. Anderson, Mrs. Mowatt, Chippindale, Dan Marble, and others. The Orleans opens in a few days with opera by the French company. The divine Pico, with Majocca, Valtellina, and Antonini, announce a series of concerts at the St. Louis. The councils of the first municipality last night passed an ordinance authorizing and regulating the masquerades for the winter; so you see that New Orleans is to be as gay as the happiest-humoured man could wish. I have been here three days, and we have had one duel, a very private affair, which, as it resulted in no injury, caused no excitement; and last night, in the most magnificent public saloon in the city, the public bar-room of the St. Louis, Mr. Wadsworth, in a quarrel with Captain Carson, drew a pistol and shot him through the heart,

and this surrounded by a crowd of people. He surrendered himself to the sheriff, who it appears was present, and was taken to prison; and in the morning papers is the usual notice, inviting the friends of the deceased to attend his funeral. So opens to me life in New Orleans.

A Sunday in New Orleans is a novelty to a Northerner. I do not intend to assume that it is kept better or worse than with us—with you, I should say—in the commercial emporium, where it is not observed with any puritanical strictness. During the summer, some thousands of New Yorkers go to Hoboken, ride in the cars to Harlem, take a trip to the fishing banks, steam down to Coney Island; in short, a large portion of the New Yorkers spend Sunday as a holiday.

I rose early on the morning of my first Sunday in New Orleans, which habit, acquired in travelling, had made easy to me. The breakfast arrangements at the St. Charles are worthy of imitation. You sit at the table empty of viands, and order from a bill of fare, when everything is brought you hot and fresh, from creole eggs to oysters; and with breakfast you may have those admirable papers, the *Picayune* and the *Delta*, each published on Sunday morning rather than Monday, that editors and compositors may enjoy the day of rest, and here, at least, of recreation. Is not this better than making them work on Sunday, when toil seems harder than on any other day?

I walked out into the bright sunshine: the stores were open, it is true, but not the great warehouses. Labour

was suspended, but not enjoyment. Carriages were in the streets, but carts and drays were banished, and people were dressed in their holiday clothes.

I walked to the Place d'Armes, where the music of a military band met my ear, and an artillery company, just returned from Texas, was going through some evolutions, attended by the crowd of spectators which is everywhere attracted by the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The company marched out of town for target practice, and so spent their Sunday in learning to defend their country when called upon. As Sunday is a favourite day for fighting battles, there is some appropriateness in these Sunday parades.

Returning from the parade, I heard a bell ringing violently, as if for an alarm of fire or riot. I looked around and saw before me the towers of the old cathedral, towards which the hasty steps of many passengers were tending. Entering with them, I found myself in a church of a singularly plain and antiquated appearance.

In the porch was seated a group of ancient, grey-haired negroes, waiting for alms, which pretty and pious ladies stopped to give them. As I entered, I saw the glitter of the candles burning on the altar, and on each side a row of old paintings, representing scenes in the life of Christ. Near the door, on either side, were three confessionals, with a curtained place for the priest in the centre, and on each side a nook for the kneeling penitent. A choir composed of five or six male voices, all singing the same part, was chaunt-

ing the service, an indifferent organ furnishing the harmonies.

In all this there was nothing of the pomp and magnificence which one might have expected in a Catholic city—a city as rich as New Orleans—among a people as proud as the creoles. But, if there was little grandeur in the services of the church, there was something very interesting in the appearance of the worshippers. Never did I see such a curious mixture of persons and colours. A radiant creole beauty, with coal-black eyes, long silken lashes, a complexion of the lily, scarcely tinged with the rose, and a form of matchless elegance, dressed in black, with a gold-clasped missal and bouquet of roses, knelt before me. On the other side was a venerable descendant of Africa, with devotion marked on every feature. White children and black, with every shade between, knelt side by side upon the pavement. In the house of prayer they recognised no distinction of rank or colour. The maddest abolitionist could not wish for an exhibition of greater equality or a more perfect amalgamation, than is to be found in New Orleans, where, as in all the South, the negro is treated more like “a man and a brother” than in the North.

Three-fourths of this worshipping congregation were females: a large proportion were of African blood; and here, as everywhere, the negroes are most ardent in their piety. The females, with their clean, stiffly starched Sunday gowns, and handkerchiefs of red and yellow, not only appeared to attend to the services with great devotion, but their children, little boys and

girls, nine or ten years old, showed a docility which, I fear, not many of our Northern children exhibit in religious services.

There was a horse-race, just out of town; but I did not go, preferring for this day to look about the city. The coffee-houses were filled with visitors. Ladies, dressed in gay costumes, were chatting in their balconies, and making their observations on the passers-by. Men were visiting their friends, meeting together in groups, and talking with each other, enjoying the pleasant air and sunshine. Strange groups everywhere, and everywhere a foreign language met the ear, for many of the creoles will not learn English, and there are thousands here who do not speak or understand a word of it—"natives," too; so much natives that they call us Anglo-Americans "foreigners," and are not a little jealous of our coming among them. Indeed, the rich creoles here are quite aristocratic and exclusive, and refuse to mix in society with the Americans at all. They have their own theatre, their own balls, their own amusements of all kinds—their own city, in fact; for except the distance, New York and Paris are not more different than the French and Yankee portions of New Orleans.

Sunday afternoon passes away in walking, riding, social entertainments, and quiet enjoyments. The shops are generally closed, excepting those which in New York are kept open—those for cigars, confectionery, &c. But when evening comes, the town puts on its gayest appearance. The theatres all put forth their best attractions. Concerts are given. The

billiard-rooms are in full employment, and in the season of dancing, more balls are given than on any other night. It is the chosen time for every kind of amusement, and the French theatre, one of the most splendid in the United States, usually opens the season on Sunday night.

Sunday is kept in New Orleans—well or ill—according to opinions. People of the most rigid notions soon grow accustomed to it, and learn to like this creole fashion. Those who feel devout can go to church; and New Orleans is well supplied with places of worship, not only Catholic, but Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Unitarian. There are those who think that the Almighty is pleased with the enjoyment of his creatures, and that gaiety may be accompanied with gratitude to Him and benevolence to their fellow-man. But it is my duty to observe facts, not to settle points of controversy.

But, whatever may be thought of the looseness of Southern morals, as developed here, it is certain that, for all practical purposes, there is no better regulated city in this country. You may walk over New Orleans at midnight, from one end to the other, without the slightest apprehension of danger or insult. A lady may walk the streets alone in safety at any hour of the evening. I have seen nothing of that display of vice which is blazoned, by gaslight, every evening in Broadway. I cannot learn that there are any gambling houses, open and public, like those which tempt every stranger who visits New York, and against which the laws are never enforced. I have

not yet seen the first group of rowdies, like those which have rendered the corners of some of our New York streets almost impassable. From these things New Orleans is free. If you want vicious associations you must go in search of them—they are never forced upon you; and I am told that at the French Theatre they who, in our Northern cities, are confined to a particular part of the house, are entirely excluded.

There was a time, no doubt, when lawless adventurers clustered around this city, and before the police was organized, which they made necessary—when New Orleans was not so well regulated as now; but the creole population is quiet, orderly, and possesses some very interesting characteristics. Indeed, it is notorious that the worst Southerners are Northerners. They are the most immoral in their habits, and the hardest masters to their slaves. Why this should be so, let philosophers decide.

In the winter of 1859 I was again in New Orleans. The Southern metropolis had increased in extent, trade, and population, but in all its essential features it was still the same. The St. Charles Hotel had been burnt, and rebuilt without its dome. Sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps were still drunk in the magnificent bar-room of the St. Louis, a circular-domed room nearly as large as the reading-room of the British Museum. The French side of the city was as quiet and elegant as of old, and the American side as bustling and noisy.

I made another visit to the old French cemetery, where people are buried in ovens of masonry above

ground; and every little grave-plot is a garden of flowers, where the relatives of the beloved dead come on Sundays and feast-days to hang wreaths of *immortelles* upon the tombs, and pray for the souls of the departed—“*requiescant in pace!*” Around the cemetery, forming a high thick wall, are the graves of the poor; each one has an opening large enough to admit a coffin shoved in endways. The opening is closed with bricks and mortar. In a twelvemonth it can be opened again to receive another corpse. All that remains of the last one—corpse and coffin—is a handful of dust, which is pushed back by the new comer. The heat of the almost tropical sun dissipates, in one summer, all that can pass into the atmosphere, and dust and ashes alone remain, the relics of our poor mortality.

The Mississippi was more than bank full. It was a fearful sight to see the vast river, more than a mile wide, rising inch by inch until it reached the top of the levee, and hundreds of ships and steamers were floating many feet above the level of the streets—as high, indeed, as the roofs of the houses in the back streets of the town. What a deluge there would have been if the dyke had given way! The up country was flooded. One of the railroads leading to the city was submerged. One morning, when the river was at the highest, I saw the water running across the top of the levee in several places, and making a short cut through the streets to Lake Ponchartrain and the Gulf of Mexico.

New Orleans was full. Hotels, boarding-houses, lodgings were crowded. The population was 170,000

by census. The floating population of planters, merchants, and visitors from the North and West, raised it to nearly 300,000. The theatres, French and English, concerts, balls, exhibitions of all kinds, were crowded. Gold was plentiful, silver a drug. Having accumulated more half-dollars, the most common coin, than I wished to carry, I was obliged to pay two per cent. premium to get them converted into bank-notes.

New Orleans—French and Catholic before it was invaded by Protestant Americans—kept Sunday in the Continental fashion, as a religious holiday. The creoles have not changed their ancient customs. They go to mass, and also go to market, which, on Sunday morning, is more crowded, more noisy, and fuller of creole and negro gaiety than on any week-day. There are also military parades on Sunday morning, and the theatres are open in the evening as at Paris. When the Yankees first went to New Orleans, with their Puritan ideas and habits, they were shocked at this desecration of the Sabbath; but they did not fail to imitate and exceed it; so that the American side of the city is now far noisier on Sunday than the French. As the Yankees go to extremes in everything, when they do break the Sabbath they break it into very small pieces.

This tendency to extremes is shown in the fact that Northerners, from New England or New York, when they emigrate to the South, become the most Southern of the Southerners, and the most ultra of pro-slavery men. As masters they are noted for their

severity to their slaves. As a rule, the Southerners are easy and indulgent; but Yankee adventurers, who have made or married plantations in the South, are hard and exacting masters. They make more bales of cotton and more hogsheads of sugar to the acre than others; and, of course, their negroes must perform more labour.

Not a few men of Northern birth have taken an active part in the formation of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Yancey and Mr. Slidell, for example, were both from New York. A gentleman of New Orleans whose hospitality I often enjoyed, and who had a creole wife and a lovely family of children, was a Yankee from Massachusetts, and is a brigadier-general in the Confederate army. The Southern cities are full of Northern men, and there are none more earnestly devoted to the cause of Southern independence.

There is a charm in the life and society of New Orleans, difficult to understand and impossible to describe. "No place like New Orleans," is the verdict of all who have lived there long enough to know what it is; and this in spite of the river that threatens to drown you, and the swamp filled with mosquitoes and alligators; in spite of the yellow fever every three years, and months of every year with the thermometer above ninety degrees. "I had rather be a nigger in New Orleans, than own New York and live there," would not be considered a very extravagant assertion in the former city. Whatever may be the cause of the feeling, there is no doubt about the

fact. The people are eminently social, generous, genial, and impulsive. The climate during eight months of the year is also indescribably delicious. Roses bloom, bananas ripen, and golden oranges cover the trees in January.

There are little traits of character which may give a stranger some idea of the people. The smallest coin in circulation is the picayune, or five-cent piece. Pennies, or cents, when brought from the North, are used by the boys for pitch and toss, but are of no use in making purchases. Ask a market man if his eggs are fresh, and he will immediately break one to show you, and then throw it into the gutter. A bar-room in New Orleans will hold a thousand people. Men drink a great deal—they say the climate makes it necessary—but they also drink magnificently. In such a bar-room there will be set out every day, free to all comers, a lunch composed of soups, fish, roast joints, fowls and salads, with bread and cheese. You eat as much as you desire, and the dime or the picayune (fivepence or twopence-halfpenny), which you give for the mint-julep or sherry-cobbler, pays for all. Liquors without measure, food free-gratis-for-nothing, every man treating all his acquaintances, flush times, high wages, high profits, and high prices: these were some of the peculiarities of New Orleans.

These great bar-rooms serve the purposes of commercial exchanges. They have news bulletins, and the latest telegrams, as well as the daily newspapers. Men meet here to do business, and cargoes of sugar

and tobacco, corn and cotton, change owners over glasses of "Old Bourbon," or "Monongahela." Here, too, are held auctions for the sale of stocks, ships, steamboats, real estate, and negroes. The people think no more of the transfer of one than of the other, as this legal transfer does not change the condition. The negro was a slave before the sale, and he is a slave after it. The laws of Louisiana prohibit the separation of families, and the change is as likely to be for the better as for the worse. I have seen many such sales, and never one in which the negroes sold did not seem more interested in the price they brought, as evidence of the good opinion formed of them, than in any other consideration. That a man should be a slave, may undoubtedly be a hardship; but, being a slave, the transfer of his service from one master to another is no more, perhaps, than the transfer of a tenantry when an English estate changes owners.

New Orleans, before the war, was the port of transshipment for a vast and fertile country, larger than all Europe, with twenty thousand miles of river navigation. The Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, the Red River, the Arkansas, and their hundred tributaries, all found their outlet here. Ships went out loaded with cotton, tobacco, sugar, corn, provisions—the hundred products of the great valley. They brought the manufactures of Europe, tea, coffee, wine, and a thousand articles of use or luxury. Many thousands of emigrants also came to New Orleans, and ascended the Mississippi. There were thirty or forty thousand Irish and Germans in New Orleans.

There was but one drawback upon its prosperity. Once in three years on an average, for fifty years, the yellow fever—the dreaded vomito of the West Indies, Yellow Jack of the sailors, the most fatal of tropical epidemics—has visited New Orleans. It has often appeared at Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston at the same time as at New Orleans. It has desolated the banks of the Mississippi at times as high as Memphis. On the Atlantic seaboard it was terribly fatal a few years ago, at Norfolk and Portsmouth in Virginia, and it formerly paid occasional visits to Philadelphia and New York.

A Southern city, during the visitation of the yellow fever, presents a mournful spectacle. The persons attacked are mostly strangers from the North, or emigrants from Europe. Very few born in the South, or acclimated by several years' residence, are its victims. But no stranger is safe; he may fall in the street by day, or be waked by an attack in the night. He is borne to the hospital, attended by the members of a Humane Society, or the Sisters of Charity, and in from three to five days, in a great number of cases, is carried to a nameless grave. His coffin is thrust into an "oven," and closed up with a few bricks and some mortar. How fatal this disease may be among strangers is shown in the returns of cases in the hospitals of New Orleans: in the Tuoro Infirmary, the deaths to the cases have been 40·72 per cent.; in the Lunenberg Hospital, 52·66 per cent.; and in the hospitals of the Board of Health, 33 to 47 per cent. In one season, in which the deaths from yellow fever in

New Orleans were 7011, there were 3569 Irish victims and 2339 Germans. Americans from the Northern States, who are unacclimated, generally leave New Orleans by the first of May. The Irish and German immigrants who settle there do not leave the city at all, but a large percentage perish by yellow fever and other diseases incident to a hot and malarious climate.

From a careful study of its phenomena, I am satisfied that yellow fever is a contagious disease, carried from place to place, like the small-pox or plague. It cannot be shown that it arises spontaneously in any part of the United States. It prevails at all times on portions of the tropical African coast. It exists every summer at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and almost every summer at Havana, Cuba. It is brought to New Orleans from one of these places, and ordinarily carried from Havana to Savannah and Charleston. From New Orleans it spreads to Mobile, Galveston, Vicksburg, and sometimes Memphis.

A rigid and effective quarantine would keep it out of all these places; and it is by this means that New York and Philadelphia have so long been protected from its assaults. When these cities were attacked, the disease began at the ship in which it was brought, and spread from that point through the neighbourhood. A *cordon sanitaire* was drawn around the infected district, and it did not spread beyond. A few years ago a ship from the West Indies, having yellow fever on board, lay at quarantine at New York. One day when the hatches were open, as the ship lay at anchor in the Narrows, the wind blew a faint, sickly

odour into a little village on the shore of Staten Island. In a few days there was a large number of cases of yellow fever, and twenty-one persons died. The result was a mob, which burned down the quarantine hospitals, and the removal of fever-ships to a safer locality.

When the yellow fever has spread from New Orleans to the villages of the interior, it has proved very fatal to Southern residents, and even to negroes. For a safe acclimation, people must have passed through the contagion of the disease; they must have had something like inoculation. It is not enough to live where the disease has been or might be. A person, too, who has passed the ordeal, and considers himself safe, either from having had the disease, or from having been exposed to the action of its mysterious cause, may lose his invulnerability by living in a cool northern climate. This is at least the belief in New Orleans, where Northern residents, having become acclimated, prefer to remain rather than risk the danger of a second exposure.

Physicians, as usual, have disputed upon the question of the contagiousness of the disease, and the manner in which it is carried from place to place. Commercial interests are opposed to quarantines; people believe in such matters what it is their interest to believe; but the facts are too strong for anti-contagionist theorizing. The disease comes with vessels from Vera Cruz or Havana, when the season is far enough advanced to give it a reception—an atmosphere in which to propagate itself. It is killed by the first

hard frost. Some suppose the matter of contagion to be of a vegetable character; some, that it is animalcular. It is certain that, whatever it may be, the frost kills it. As soon as the New Orleans papers announce a black frost—for a mere hoar-frost is not sufficient—the river steamers and railways are crowded with passengers, and in a week New Orleans puts on her winter festivity. But there have been cases in which the *materies morbi* have found protection even from Jack Frost. In a house and room in which there had been in the summer yellow fever, stood a trunk which had been opened during this period. It was closed; frost came; Yellow Jack took his departure, and the house was filled with people. After a little time the trunk was opened, the fever broke out again in the house, and two or three persons died of it.

So death, which comes over the blue sea in ships, and can be locked up in a trunk, may be carried about in the pack of a pedlar. Thus, a Jew pedlar went from New Orleans during the epidemic, when business was dull, into the country villages. At the first house in which he opened his pack the fever broke out. Its next victims were some persons who had visited that house and examined the pedlar's wares. The fever gradually spread over the village, and carried off a large portion of its population. The sanitary condition of this village may have been good or bad—I know nothing of the habits of its people—but there is no reason to believe that they would have had the yellow fever, had it not been brought in the pack of the Jew pedlar, stowed away among his silks and laces.

At any time and anywhere the yellow fever is a terrible disease. If you were to call in, one after another, six of the most eminent physicians in New Orleans, or in any city in which it has prevailed, it is probable that they would prescribe six different modes of treatment, and that the patient's chance of recovery would not be improved by any. The nursing of a creole negress accustomed to the disease is considered by many better than any of the usual modes of medical treatment.

The mortality of yellow fever is by no means uniform: while it has risen in the New Orleans hospitals to fifty-two per cent., in private practice, among the better class of patients in the same city, it ranges below twenty per cent.; and I have known the mortality, under peculiarly favourable circumstances, to fall as low as five per cent. If the food, the air, and the habits of men could be controlled, they might be insured at a low premium against this as well as all other epidemic diseases. Even the malarias of the African coast or the rice-swamp may be met with proper precautions. The short railway across the Isthmus of Panama, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, cost the lives of five thousand men; yet one contractor on that work assured me that he had never lost a man during its prosecution, because he had insisted on certain sanitary conditions.

There was once a tall Yankee poet, named Albert Pike, who wrote "Hymns to the Gods," in *Blackwood*, I believe. Poetry did not pay, and he studied law, and went to Arkansas. Here he became a thorough

South-western Southerner. He got the confidence of the Indian chiefs in the great Indian territory beyond Arkansas, gained a tremendous lawsuit for them, and when last heard of, had engaged them to join the Southern Confederacy, and was leading a contingent of a few hundred warriors in one of those obscure campaigns of the far West, of which, if he lives, he may some day write a history.

On a visit to Washington a few years ago, at a patriotic dinner, this poet chieftain sang the following song of his own composition, which, aside from its other merits, may give some idea of New Orleans and one class of its winter visitors, before the reigns and robberies of Generals Banks and Butler:—

THE FINE ARKANSAS GENTLEMAN.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

Now, all good fellows, listen, and a story I will tell,
 Of a mighty clever gentleman, who lives extremely well,
 In the western part of Arkansas, close to the Indian line,
 Where he gets drunk once a week on whisky, and immediately
 sobers himself completely on the very best of wine;
 A fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman has a mighty fine estate
 Of five or six thousand acres or more of land, that will be worth a
 great deal some day or other, if he don't kill himself too soon,
 and will only condescend to wait;
 And four or five dozen negroes that had rather work than not,
 And such quantities of horses, and cattle, and pigs, and other poultry,
 that he never pretends to know how many he has got;
 This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman has built a splendid house,
 On the edge of a big prairie, extremely well populated with deer,
 and hares, and grouse;

And when he wants to feast his friends, he has nothing more to do
Than to leave the pot-lid off, and the decently-behaved birds fly
straight into the pot, knowing he'll shoot 'em if they don't, and
he has a splendid stew ;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Indian line !

This fine Arkansas gentleman makes several hundred bales,
Unless from drought, or worm, a bad stand, or some other d——d
contingency, his crop is short, or fails ;

And when it's picked, and ginned, and baled, he puts it in a boat,
And gets aboard himself likewise, and charters the bar, and has a
devil of a spree, while down to New Orleans he and his cotton
float ;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line !

And when he gets to New Orleans he sacks a clothing-store,
And puts up at the City Hotel, the St. Louis, the St. Charles, the
Verandah, and all the other hotels in the city, if he succeeds in
finding any more ;

Then he draws upon his merchant, and goes about and treats
Every man from Kentucky, and Arkansas, and Alabama, and Vir-
ginia, and the Choctaw nation, and every other d——d vaga-
bond he meets ;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line !

The last time he went down there, when he thought of going back,
After staying about fifteen days, or less, he discovered that by lend-
ing, and by spending, and being a prey in general to gamblers,
hackmen, loafers, brokers, hoaiers, tailors, servants, and many
other individuals, white and black,

He'd distributed his assets, and got rid of all his means,

And had nothing to show for them, barring two or three headaches,
an invincible thirst, and an extremely general and promiscuous
acquaintance in the aforesaid New Orleans ;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line !

Now how this gentleman got home, is neither here nor there,
But I've been credibly informed that he swore worse than forty-
seven pirates, and fiercely combed his hair ;

And after he got safely home, they say he took an oath,

That he'd never bet a cent again at any game of cards ; and
moreover, for want of decent advisers, he forswore whiaky and
women both ;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line !

This fine Arkansas gentleman went strong for Pierce and King,
And so came on to Washington to get a nice fat office, or some other
mighty comfortable thing ;

But like him from Jerusalem that went to Jericho,

He fell among the thieves again, and could not win a bet, whether
he coppered or not, so his cash was bound to go ;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line !

So when his moneys all were gone, he took unto his bed,

And Dr. Reyburn* physicked him, and the chambermaid, who had
great affection for him, with her arm held up his head ;

And all his friends came weeping round, and bidding him adieu,

And two or three dozen preachers, whom he didn't know at all, and
didn't care a curse if he didn't, came praying for him, too ;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line !

They closed his eyes, and spread him out, all ready for the tomb ;

And, merely to console themselves, they opened the biggest kind of a
game of faro right there in his own room ;

But when he heard the checks, he flung the linen off his face,

And sung out, just precisely as he used to do when he was alive :

" Prindle, † don't turn ! hold on ! I go twenty on the king, and
copper on the ace !"

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line !

* A famous Washington physician.

† The Crockford of Washington.

CHAPTER XVII.

GALVESTON.

Texas.—Routes from New Orleans.—A crevasse.—Semi-tropical vegetation.—On the Gulf of Mexico.—Uncomfortable economy.—The coast.—Galveston Island.—A city on the sands.—Grand sea-beach.—Mixed population.—“G. T. T.”—Yellow fever.—A land of promise.—Comanches.—Texan society.—A French socialist and a frontier bishop.—Battle of San Jacinto.—Sam Houston and Santa Anna.—A Slave State.—Negro ball.—Perils of the Gulf.—Mouths of the Mississippi.

WHEN you are as far South as New Orleans, it is a pity not to get a glimpse of Texas. It would require a long and rough journey to see it all, for this single State extends over nearly twelve degrees of latitude and longitude, and contains more than two hundred thousand square miles (237,504) of territory; a country capable of sustaining the entire population of the United States, when all the States were united, or which could supply cotton to all the manufactories of Europe.

Galveston is the principal seaport town of Texas. Much of the trade of the Northern portion of the State comes to New Orleans by the Red River and Mississippi; but Galveston is the entrepôt of a great central region, rich in sugar, cotton, grain, and

cattle. The direct communication at the period of my visit was by two lines of sea-steamers. One line goes down the Mississippi, and thence across the Gulf of Mexico; the other makes its point of departure at Berwick Bay, which is reached by railway from New Orleans.

It was a clear, bright January morning when I crossed the Mississippi at New Orleans, and took the train for Berwick Bay. The river, whose surface was level with the roofs of many houses on both sides, seemed ready to flow over its embankments. It had done so a few months before. A *crevasse* opposite New Orleans had deluged hundreds of square miles, and utterly destroyed for the time a great number of plantations. A new and very strong levee had been built, and the water was slowly draining off and drying up from the swamps. The shrubbery by the roadside was composed of the exotics of Northern conservatories. The most frequent was a dwarf palm, of whose tough, glossy leaves fans and hats are made, and which should be a good material for cloth and paper. Another was the muskeet, of which there are scanty specimens in some English gardens, but which, in that moist hot climate, grows twelve or fifteen feet high, and is crowned by a tuft of showy crimson flowers. This is a plant of such wonderful vitality, that when cut down, and lying upon the grass, it will lift up its head, grow with vigour, and throw out fibres from its body for roots. There is a similar energy of vegetative life in the climbing plants, as the Cherokee and other roses, which seem to rush upon and overspread

great trees, like an assaulting army taking a fortress. The tree is overpowered, and its vitality destroyed, leaving only an immense heap of the conquering roses.

Arrived at Berwick Bay, we find the steamer lying at her wooden pier. The station is close beside her, and we have only to step on board. The sky is blue; the waters are blue; gulls wheel about and follow us far out at sea, feeding on the remains of our sumptuous dinner. It is mid-winter, but as warm as our warmest summer day; for we are gliding over the great tropical cauldron that pours the warm Gulf-stream on the Northern shores of Europe. The soft night follows the bright day, and I retire to the narrow berth of my pretty state-room. Some Yankee economist of space has built it. It is narrow—so am I. But it is only five feet ten in length, and I am one inch longer. Was ever anything so stupidly tiresome as the lack of that one inch? And what must it be to these tall Kentuckians, these gaunt Tennesseans, these giants of the Mississippi and the plains of Texas, where men grow larger, one would think, just because they have plenty of room for expansion? No doubt they have some way of folding themselves up like carpenters' rules, or shutting up like jack-knives.

In the morning we were in sight of land—a narrow line of white sand along the horizon. Then came spires and the masts of shipping. Galveston cathedral is one of the chief landmarks for mariners. If you take the trouble to look at a good map of North America, you will find the coast from Long Island near New York to Vera Cruz in Mexico lined with

long, narrow islands—banks of sand thrown up by the surf, often with large bays behind them, full of fish and sea-fowl, and giving to some portions of the coast an extensive sheltered inland navigation. The rivers empty into these inclosed bays ; and the inlets, when deep enough, form the mouths of excellent harbours. Galveston Island, on the easterly point of which the town is situated, is one of these sand-bars. It is forty miles long, not more than two miles across in the widest place, nor twenty feet, in the highest, above the Gulf. It is merely a long and almost perfectly straight bank of sand, pebbles, and shells, thrown up by the easterly gales of the Gulf of Mexico. Behind this bar is a bay fifteen miles across, into which several rivers empty. But for the shallowness of the water it would be a noble harbour. Steamboats bring cotton, sugar, and cattle down the rivers and across this bay, where they are transferred to ships and the New Orleans steamers.

The pretty town of Galveston is built here on the sands of the sea. The wide streets are sand, rounded pebbles, and shells. The bricks and stones for building are imported from the mainland. The lovely tropical gardens, where the Palma Christi, instead of being an annual shrub, as at the North, grows to a great spreading tree, where the orange-trees mingle golden fruit and odorous flowers, and the banana was drooping its rich clusters of delicious fruit, were made with great trouble by scraping together the scanty soil. Town, gardens, everything was bright and new. Trade was brisk. Immigration poured into the country,

and its great staples were flowing out. Here was the germ of an empire.

The beach on the outer edge of Galveston Island is one of the finest I have ever seen. It is an almost perfectly straight line of forty miles. It is smooth and level, and the sand so hard that the foot of a horse or the wheel of a carriage scarcely makes a mark upon it. The sea-breeze is delicious, and the surf rolls up in great waves that extend as far as the eye can reach. In a gale the surf breaks with a sublime thunder; and at every shock the whole island trembles, while the long banks of foam, bursting and breaking, have the grandeur of a thousand Niagaras. Fancy a canter on horseback along this line of foam, with every wave washing your horse's feet, and the spray driving over you in showers! Or fancy a calmer carriage-ride by moonlight, when the wind is off shore, or in a gentle breeze. The young Galvestonians have fitted up carriages with sails to run along this beach, and in the steady trade-wind breezes could run down to the other end of the island and back at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour. On a similar island, farther down the coast, the beach, seventy miles long, is used as a post-road, with a daily line of mail-coaches, and no thanks to Mr. M'Adam, since the road was finished in the time of Adam without the Mac.

At the opening of the civil war, Galveston had increased to a population of over eight thousand inhabitants, of such a mixture as a new town and the entrepôt of a new and rich country was likely to gather. There were people from every American

State, with English, French, Irish, Germans, and Mexicans. Wherever, at one period, a smart Yankee failed in his business or expectations, he made himself scarce in his ancient locality, leaving behind him only the mystical letters "G. T. T.," gone to Texas. Such materials make an enterprising, go-ahead population, where there is anything to work upon. Here were Englishmen ready to import goods, buy cotton, or raise loans to build railroads, realizing ten per cent. interest, with a trifling risk of repudiation; here were Germans, keeping little shops, or plying modest handicrafts, careful of their gains, and getting rich where an Irishman would starve. And of these latter there was no lack, deep in bricks and mortar, great with pickaxe and spade, and doing, as elsewhere in the South-west, work which men would not allow their negroes to do, because they cost money. The Irishman gets his two dollars a day. Suppose he falls sun-struck, as they do by scores, even in New York—it is no loss; no one misses him. But if anything happens to the negro, his master loses a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, and he is sincerely regretted and deeply lamented.

Galveston is subject to yellow fever, when it is brought there from New Orleans, the most likely place, or from Vera Cruz or Havana; and it is very fatal. It matters not that there is only clean sand, bright water, and pure breezes—as healthy a situation, to all appearance, as need be; the vomito comes and takes its victims. The acclimated escape, the newly-arrived of Northern or European birth are more than

decimated. A homœopathic physician assured me that his was by far the most successful mode of treatment. Some would say that every physician in the place would probably have told me the same, or the answer might by possibility be that this proved that the less that was done in a medicinal way the better the chance of the patients.

Since Texas seceded from Mexico and was annexed to the United States, from which she has in turn seceded, possibly to go back to Mexico, under the new *régime*, she has been a land of promise. Her soil is of great fertility, and the climate so soft that people can sleep under the trees the year round. Consumptions and rheumatisms are unheard of. Away from the low and malarious region on the coast, no country in the world, probably, is more healthful. Meat will scarcely putrify in its pure atmosphere, and thousands of square miles were found by the explorers covered with parks and prairies, with streams of soft water, and scarcely requiring the hand of man to make a second Eden. Flowers cover the earth, grapes and delicious fruits grow spontaneously, while the whole country was stocked with deer, wild turkeys, horses and cattle. Texas is at once one of the finest cotton, wheat, and grazing countries in the world.

No doubt the country has its drawbacks. The Comanches on the western borders are the most numerous, enterprising, and terrible of the Indian tribes. Mounted on their trained mustangs, the fleet and untiring horses of the prairies, they swoop down upon the settlements, kill all who oppose them, capture

women and children, plunder the goods, stampede the cattle, and are off like a whirlwind, leaving desolation and death behind. It is only by keeping a large force of Texan rangers, who are a match for the Comanches, upon the frontier that the settlements are safe.

In the smallest and most distant or out-of-the-way American towns the society, though limited as to numbers, is as good in other respects as in the largest Atlantic cities. The clergymen, lawyers, physicians, bankers, and merchants are likely to be among the most devoted, ambitious, enterprising, and intelligent of their classes. At a dinner-table at Galveston I met, among others, two remarkable men, who are sufficiently public characters to warrant mention. One was the Roman Catholic Bishop of Galveston, now Archbishop of New Orleans; the other, M. Victor Considerant, a French socialist of the school of Fourier. Both conversed freely upon their specialities. The bishop had a flock scattered over a territory as large as France, and he could preach to them and administer spiritual consolations in English, German, French, Spanish, and, if I mistake not, some Indian dialects. His annual visitation of his diocese consumed several months, and was made on horseback to stations hundreds of miles apart. Now it was an old Spanish town; now a new German settlement. One day he would fall in with a party of poor Mexican Indians, driven into Texas by civil war, or the raids of the Comanches. They might be destitute and almost starving; the bishop could do no less than distribute among them

the provisions of his journey, and be himself obliged to appeal to the hospitality of some wandering tribe of Apaches. Thus, travelling through those vast regions, camping at night under a tree, or sharing the wigwam of the savage, the shepherd fed his flock.

M. Considerant had hoped to found in Texas a French Phalansterian colony, where, with a genial climate, an ample and fertile domain, and the largest liberty, he expected to see the triumph of attractive industry, and a magnificent social reorganization. He bought a tract of land large enough for a principality, and brought together his colony, but had been compelled to modify his views as to the practicability of an early realization of his plans of social reform, and was now endeavouring to colonize his lands in the usual civilized fashion, trusting to the future enlightenment of his colonists for the foundation of a society from which repulsive toil, degrading poverty, and all other social evils should be for ever banished. He was not the first French socialist who had looked to Texas as the scene of a triumphant social experiment. Cabet had been there before him, had failed, and led his colony, or such as consented to follow him, to Nauvoo, purchased of the Mormons, on the Upper Mississippi.

The Texan War of Independence was one of the most remarkable on record. The recognized, if not real, hero of the war—Sam Houston—defeated the invading Mexican army, and took General Santa Anna prisoner in the decisive battle of San Jacinto. That battle, which decided the fate of a country larger than Great Britain and Ireland, was fought between a

Mexican advance-guard of 1600 men, commanded by Santa Anna, and the whole Texan army of 783 men, including a cavalry force of 62, and a field-battery of two six-pounders, under General Houston!

Contrasting these numbers with the great armies now engaged in the civil war in America, it is curious to observe the result of this battle. The whole Mexican force was annihilated, scarcely a single soldier escaping. Of nearly 1600 men who commenced the action, 630 were killed, 208 were wounded, and 730 were made prisoners. Of the Texan force only eight were killed, and seventeen wounded. Santa Anna fled from the field of massacre, rather than battle, and was taken a prisoner next day, while wandering alone, unarmed, and disguised as a common soldier. His captors did not know him. He asked to be taken to General Houston, who was found sleeping on his laurels and a blanket, under a tree, with a saddle for his pillow. The hero of San Jacinto received his captive with dignity, and offered him a seat on a medicine-chest. When Santa Anna had quieted his nerves with a dose of opium, he said to General Houston—"You were born to no ordinary destiny; you have conquered the Napoleon of the West!" This speech, and others equally adroit, with the most solemn promises of the acknowledgment of Texan independence, saved his life, forfeited by the cruel massacres of Fannin's men and the garrison of the Alamo.

Fifty thousand men were killed and wounded in the battles before Richmond, with less result than this

action, in which the whole number engaged was less than twenty-four hundred!

Though largely colonized from the Northern and Eastern States, Texas is a thoroughly slave State. No free negro can lawfully reside within its boundaries. A short time before my visit to Galveston a law had been passed, banishing every free negro or person having a perceptible show of negro blood from the State, under penalty of being reduced to slavery. I inquired particularly the effect of this enactment, and found that few negroes had left the State in consequence. They have strong local attachments. What they did was to choose their masters, selecting persons in whom they had confidence, and becoming nominally, and in fact legally, their property. They were as free as ever, only that they paid over to these masters a stipulated sum out of their wages, and the masters became responsible for their good behaviour, care in sickness, and support in old age. Two negroes in Galveston were excepted by common consent from the operation of this law. One was the most fashionable barber in the place, and the other a musician and dancing-master, who had taught them all to dance, and played the fiddle at every social party.

There were several fashionable assemblies given during my stay in Galveston, but the one most talked about, and beyond comparison the most gorgeous in costume and extravagant in expenditure, was the grand ball of the coloured aristocracy. The make-believe negro minstrels are well enough in their way. Negro life has been passably well represented, under

the auspices of Mr. Dion Boucicault, on the stage ; but a genuine negro ball in a Southern American city must be seen. No description can do it justice, and no counterfeit give more than a faint idea of the reality. The dress, the manners, the airs and graces are all exaggerations of polite society, with the natural *insouciance* and *abandon* of the negro character. The law which reduced the whole coloured population to the same condition was considered a wise one by the whites, and I am not aware that it gave much trouble to the coloured race. Mr. Lincoln has very honestly expressed the common feeling, North and South, that the two races cannot live together on terms of equality. In other words, free negroes are a nuisance. Mr. Lincoln's own State of Illinois has forbidden the immigration of free men of colour, and Mr. Lincoln, as President of the Free States, wishes to banish them out of the country. He regrets the necessity, but still he recognises it, and strangely contemplates the deportation of four millions of negroes from the country he hopes to see united, free and happy.

Leaving Galveston for New Orleans, I did not forget the short berth of the Berwick Bay steamer, and took one of the larger vessels, and the route of the Mississippi. I watched the embarkation of a few hundred bales of cotton and a large herd of Texan cattle, going to supply the markets of New Orleans. Then out once more on that bright blue sea, pursued by a cloud of gulls that followed us ten hours on the wing, flying fifteen miles an hour without reckoning their

wheelings and alightings in the water to gobble up every particle of food thrown overboard from the steamer. I lay in my berth and watched them through a glass, flying just alongside, keeping up with the steamer without apparent exertion, and wondered what their pectoral and dorsal muscles were made of. But do not the wild geese fly from Hudson Bay to Florida in autumn, and back again in spring? I am sure I have seen millions of them in long regular lines, careering across the sky from horizon to horizon; seen them all day, flock after flock, and heard them in the deep night, flying high with the drifting clouds, nor caring for the tempest. How they find their way and back again—how they know when to start, early in early seasons, and late in later, telling us of long cold winters, or bright early springs—how they form their squadrons and are marshalled by their old gander leaders, who shall tell? I do not know how the salmon find their way back to the streams in which they were spawned and hatched. That they do so is “enough for man to know,”—enough, at all events, for Mr. Frank Buckland and the Piscicultural Society.

The Gulf was rolling with long, easy swells, and waves scarcely white-capped by the soft and gentle breeze. Nothing could be more beautiful and luxurious than this little voyage; but the Gulf is not always in this quiet mood. I have seen it swept by tempests. The steamers of this line, though strong, fleet boats, have had their losses. One was lost by collision with another of the same line; one was burnt at sea; a third turned completely over in a hurricane, and went

down with all on board except one old negro, who was picked up eight days after, just alive, floating on a bale of cotton. But for him she must have been added to the long catalogue of ships that have sailed gaily out upon the great sea, and "were never heard of more."

It was deep in the evening when we arrived off one of the passes of the Mississippi, fired a gun, and blew our steam-whistle for a pilot. As often happens, a dense yellow fog hung over the river's mouth—a fog worthy of the Thames. Heaving the lead, tolling the bell, blowing the whistle, and guided by the horns of the ships and pilot-boats, we slowly felt our way. A pilot came at last, and took us over the bar and into the river, where we cast anchor by the oosy bank—playground of the alligator—which separates the river from the sea. Here we lay until the fog lifted in the morning, then up anchor and up river. What a river it is! For thirty miles there is only a narrow embankment of mud between the river and the gulf on either side; for thirty miles further the gulf on the eastern side is close at hand, but the river is above it. Higher up we come to more solid land, and the fringe of beautiful sugar-plantations begins. At sunset we pass the famous battle-ground where General Jackson "beat the British;" and the spires and domes and great crescents of shipping and steamers tell us that we are once more at New Orleans.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOBILE.

A pleasant voyage.—Moonlight and music.—A fiery Southerner.
—Negro manners.—A glimpse at Mobile.—A Southern lady
and the Prince of Wales.—Four generations.—A live patri-
mony.

THE steamboat route from New Orleans to Mobile is one of the most delightful on the Gulf of Mexico. The distance is about a hundred and fifty miles, through Lake Ponchartrain and along the coast of Mississippi; while a chain of islands, extending the whole distance, gives a wonderful variety to the prospect, and makes a continuous harbour or safe shelter from the Gulf typhoons.

We start from New Orleans by a short railroad, traversed in ten minutes, through a swamp. But this swamp is picturesque and interesting. Long streamers of moss hang from the gloomy cypress-trees. The undergrowth is of stunted palms. Birds of bright plumage and unrivalled song are seen and heard among the flowering shrubs. We pass through a fishing-village, out to the end of a long pier, and walk on board the long, light, low-pressure steamer, built strong enough for this sheltered sea navigation,

and fleet and powerful enough to run off eighteen or twenty miles an hour without perceptible exertion.

The negro porters, probably the property of the company, place my luggage on board, and I step to the clerk's office, pay my five dollars, and receive the key of my state-room. In a few moments we are careering across the blue waters of the lake, whose low shores are scarcely visible. The spires of New Orleans are fading in the sunset.

Then comes a supper, set out for two hundred people, with great elegance and a greater profusion. The strange and delicious fish of these Southern waters, and the wonderful oysters, are among the choicest luxuries, but nothing is wanting necessary to a substantial and elegant repast. The sun is down, and up rises the yellow moon. The blue southern sky is full of stars, and the constellations which are here seen in the zenith are there low on the northern horizon. The Pole-star rises but thirty degrees, and then gently sinks into the northern wave. It is a glorious night: the sea is like glass, only that long swells come in from the Gulf, while the faint land-breeze is loaded with the odours of the jessamine, which now fills the forests with its blossoms, and floods the whole air with its fragrance.

How our fleet boat cuts through the water! I walk forward to her stem, before which rises a slender stream—a little fountain, which falls in a silver shower in the moonlight, with halos of faint lunar rainbows; aft, we leave a long narrow line of glittering foam. Our rapid arrow-flight scarcely more

disturbs the sea than the flight of a bird over its waters.

Music on the waves! Music and moonlight, beauty and fragrance on the star-gemmed southern sea. A group of ladies and gentlemen has gathered around the pianoforte in the great saloon. The fair Southerners are showing their musical accomplishments. Hark! it was "Ben Bolt" just now, and now it is "Casta Diva;" the next will be some negro melody, or "Old Dog Tray." But this is not the only music. I hear the mellow twanging of the banjo forward, and the pulsing beat of dancing feet keeping time to the rude minstrelsy. Between decks are groups of negroes—men, women, and children—who have come down the river from Kentucky with emigrating masters, and are bound to new plantations up the Alabama. Some are asleep; others are reclining in picturesque groups, while a ring of whites and blacks is enjoying the music and dance. The owners of the negroes are making them comfortable for the night, or talking the eternal politics and chewing the eternal tobacco.

I fall easily into conversation with one of them. He is a fiery Southerner, and there is no measure for his contempt of Northern politicians. Trust Douglas? Never! The time has come when the South must control her own destinies. The Northern democracy must join with the South, and elect a Southern President, or the Union is gone for ever. They have borne too much; they will bear no longer. There was much more, but it is not needful to recite it. It was the quiet and gentlemanly but determined ex-

pression of the spirit that has already covered the gory battle-fields of that fair Southern land with thousands of her devoted sons, that has carried desolation and mourning into thousands of Southern homes.

When I questioned about slavery and the condition of the negroes, he pointed significantly to the groups lying around us.

"There they are," said he; "look at them. We have four millions of such; and in some way we must take care of them. If we can contrive any better method for all parties concerned, you may be mighty sure we shall adopt it. We claim that we, who live among our negroes and were raised among them, understand their condition and necessities better than people thousands of miles away. We are all in the same boat, and we must sink or swim together."

It was clear that his mind was full of the sense of injury and injustice—clear that he, like all Southerners I ever met, believed that he understood the whole subject of his own domestic institutions better, and could manage it more wisely, than his near or distant neighbours.

I took one more look at the soft bright scene through which we were gliding, and retired to my state-room. At dawn we were passing up Mobile Bay. The great cotton ships were lying at anchor outside the bar, some miles below the city, and the steamers were bringing down their loads of cotton. If Mobile had but a channel of twenty-five feet of water over her bar, she would be the great cotton city

of the South. The bay closes in, and we glide up to the wharves. It is early; few are stirring, and the city is almost silent; but the view up the long, shaded garden streets, lined with white villas, with their green blinds, is enchanting.

It is too early for breakfast, but the steward has his smoking coffee-urn on a table set out with small cups, and he offers us a cup of *café noir* and a biscuit before we go on shore. The passage-fee has paid for everything, but I pass a dime to the negro steward with my empty cup. It is worth it to see the grace and dignity of his salutation of thanks. I really think there cannot be found anywhere a more perfect manner than among the better class of Southern negroes; but why the manners of the Southern slaves should be superior to those of the free negroes of the North, I will leave it to others to determine. The fact is unquestionable. I have not been to Liberia or Jamaica, and cannot tell how it may be where negroes, with the advantages of civilization, are masters of the situation, and have no antipathies or rude repulsions of race to contend against. There may be great refinement of manners in Hayti. It is certain that the habitual deference of the negro to the white, and the corresponding condescension of the white gentleman or lady to the negro, produces a kind of courtliness of behaviour which is not seen in the free communities of the Northern States.

Mobile is one of the oldest cities of the Southern States. Lemoine d'Iberville, a brave French officer, planted a colony at Biloxi, on the coast west of

Mobile, in 1699. In 1701 he removed his colony to the site of the present city of Mobile. The Spanish had, a few years before, built a fort at Pensacola. Mobile is older than New Orleans; but I will not write its history. It has now a population of thirty thousand, a large commerce, and as it lies at the mouth of two rivers, navigable for hundreds of miles through the richest cotton regions of the South, it is, with respect to this trade, one of the most important of American cities. The streets are broad and finely built, with a profusion of shade-trees and shrubbery. The drives around are exceedingly fine, as the land rises gradually from the sea. The hedges are of the Cherokee rose, which climbs over everything and covers the trees with its rich foliage and flowers.

There are, as in all American cities, immense hotels, accommodating hundreds of guests, and an abundance of churches, the principal one here being the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The Catholics, descended from the oldest French and Spanish families, are numerous and influential. They have a fine hospital, orphan asylums, a Jesuit college near the city, where the young men are educated, and a spacious Convent of the Visitation, with its boarding-school for young ladies.

It is not easy to write of the social character of a city without seeming to betray social confidences. I shall try not to give offence. One of my first visits was to a lady, who, though quite at home, not only in New Orleans and New York, but in half the capitals of Europe, is a thorough Southerner, and takes special pride in Mobile. She is a lively writer, but still more

lively in conversation. She speaks all necessary languages, and knows everybody in the world worth knowing. In her drawing-room, surrounded by the souvenirs of her travels and acquaintances, and listening to her lively anecdotes, you are sure to meet, under the most favourable circumstances, just the people you most wish to see. And the little lady, who has made for herself a position quite regal, is not obliged to be exclusive. You are as likely to see with her and be introduced to an actress, a singer, an artist, or a man of letters, as a mere person of fashion, titled or otherwise. Indeed, if her manner was warmer to one than another, her voice kinder, and her smile more cheering, it was to the struggling genius, who needed just such encouragement and just such influence as she could give.

When His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was in New York, this lady chanced to be there, and was invited to a seat in the private box set apart for His Royal Highness, who was observed conversing with her with singular animation. Some one said to her, afterwards, "How was it that the Prince, so silent with others, talked so much with you?"

"For a very good reason," she answered. "You asked him how he liked the country and what he thought of us?—questions which embarrassed him. I asked him about his mother—to whom I had been presented—and his brothers and sisters. Of whom should a young man talk with animation, if not of those he loves?"

It was this delicate tact that made her one of the

pleasantest women I have ever met; and this, with her warm Southern manners and hospitality, made her a universal favourite. She has written a clever book of foreign travels; but a brilliant woman finds her best sphere in society.

In the suburbs of Mobile I remember, and shall never forget, a group of white cottages, shaded by immense live oaks, stretching out their giant arms a hundred feet. It was a cluster of gardens. The proprietors could sit under their own vines and fig-trees, for there were plenty of both. Here lived one of my hospitable entertainers, in this patriarchal suburban Eden, surrounded by his children and grandchildren; and in one of the cottages lived his mother, a woman of eighty, whom this son of sixty kissed with the tenderness of a lover as often as they met. It was a pleasant thing to see this family of four generations gathered at dinner, or all kneeling together at church. The gentlemanly young negro who waited upon me seemed a humble member of the family. The cook was an artist in her department of the Franco-American school, with some African modifications. It would require a painter's pencil, with a palette plentifully charged with ivory-black, to do justice to the boy of eight who waited upon the table, or the younger apprentice of six, whose important business it was to wield a long whisk, and make war on every fly that dared to alight in that vicinity.

One day we made up a nice party to go on a small steamer down the bay. It was a charming voyage. The princess of the *fête* was a little girl nine years

old, an orphan granddaughter of my host. He was taking her to see a score of negroes, who were part of the property left her by her father, and of whom he had the care. "I did not like to hire them out," said he. "Hired negroes are liable to be worked too hard, and badly treated. A man does not take so good care even of a hired horse as of one he owns. So, as I had an island down here, with plenty of clay on it, and bricks were in good demand, I hired a Yankee overseer, and set the boys to making bricks. The women cook and take care of them, and I go down every week or two to see how they get on, and carry them some little comforts, tea, coffee, and tobacco."

"And how does the Yankee overseer?" I asked.

"Very well, now. He wanted to drive too hard at first, and thought the negroes ought to work as hard as he did. He pushed them so hard, and kept them on such a short allowance, that two of the boys stole a boat one night, and came up to town to complain of him. They said they couldn't stand it. But I promised to make it all right, and went down with them. I told him he must not expect negroes to work as hard as white people; and he has done very well since. These Yankees are great workers themselves, and hard masters to other people."

The little lady was joyfully received by the whole coloured population. She distributed her presents of tea, tobacco, and gay kerchiefs among her property, listened to their stories, heard a long impromptu song composed in her honour, with a banjo and breakdown accompaniment, and we left in the golden sunset,

her kind, graceful, and even affectionate good-byes answered by showers of thanks and blessings.

The whole scene and the events of my visit were vividly recalled to my mind by a letter I lately received from the gentleman whose hospitality I so greatly enjoyed. "We are in the midst of a long, I fear, and terrible war," he wrote; "but we are united and determined. My sons and sons-in-law are with the army, and when there is a call for more soldiers I am ready to buy me a pair of revolvers, and follow them. We may be defeated—we never can be conquered."

Beautiful Mobile, ere this many of thy hospitable homes are shrouded in mourning, and many of thy genial hearths are desolate!

CHAPTER XIX.

UP THE ALABAMA.

A steam organ.—The rivers.—An Irish steamboat captain, and how he came so.—A crooked river.—Planters and negroes.—Selma.—Montgomery.—African negroes.—Plantation Life.—A cemetery.

It was a soft, bright, warm evening in March (which corresponds to the June of this colder clime) when I took my way down the broad streets of Mobile, bound up the Mobile and Alabama rivers to Montgomery, the beautiful capital of the state, and, for a time, of the Southern Confederacy.

As I approached the pier, the air was filled with the music of a steam organ on one of the boats, which was played by a German musical artist, engaged by the year, at a handsome salary. It is a strange music that fills the air with a vast body of harmony, carrying with it the impression of the power that gives it birth—in the range of long cylindrical boilers—of which the organ is the melodious collection of escape pipes and safety valves. Some are played by machinery, like street barrel-organs. This had a finger-board and organist.

The Mobile river, which is but an extension of the deep bay into which flow the Tombigbee and the

Alabama, is broad and deep, and was now bank full. There were scarcely any visible shores. We steamed through a vast forest, which opened before us in picturesque reaches of the richest semi-tropical foliage, and the air was thick with the odour of the orange-blossom and the jessamine. The two fine rivers which unite to form the Mobile, have, like it, preserved their Indian names, but how the tribe that found for two of them such musical designations as Mobile and Alabama ever came to name a river the Tombigbee, I shall leave to some Choctaw or Cherokee to find a satisfactory explanation. Perhaps I do the aboriginal savages injustice. The Americans are not slow at corrupting names when they can make them sound more familiar. This very word, Tombigbee, if I mistake not, is a corruption of an Indian word, which it resembles in sound; the word signifying a blow-gun. The Southern steamer, "Bueneta," was known by the steamboat men as "the Bone-eater;" just as asparagus is popularly known as "sparrow-grass." In the early times all names had meanings.

The captain of our steamer was an Irishman—tall, handsome, eloquent, and thoroughly and enthusiastically Southern American in his views and feelings. For twenty years he had steamed up and down the Alabama, and he could not have been more devoted to his adopted country, or the section to which he belonged, had he been born upon the banks of the river.

As we sat forward of the pilot-house, on the promenade deck, enjoying the soft and perfume-laden

evening breeze, he told me his story. When a boy of nineteen, he found himself, a raw immigrant, with five dollars in his pocket, on the banks of this river, looking for work; and the first, hardest, and roughest he could find was that of a deck-hand on a steamboat. He became one of a gang of white and black, who stood ready to land and receive freight, take in wood, and feed the furnaces. This hard and rapid work came at all hours of day or night, and the fare was as hard as the work. I have seen the men, a group of negroes on one side of the boat, and of the white hands, mostly Irish or Germans, on the other, eating their bread and bacon, and drinking black coffee from an iron pan, seated on piles of wood or bales of cotton.

But the wages, to a poor Irish boy, were a strong inducement. They gave him eight pounds a month, and found, in a rough fashion; bacon for food, and for his bed a dry goods-box or cotton-bale. He went to work, and was so sober, active, and intelligent, that the mate had no excuse to knock him into the river with a billet of wood, as was the custom with some of them.

He had been a week on the boat, when, one dark night, a fire was seen, and a shout heard, on the bank of the river. The mate would not land at the inconvenient place, but sent Patrick ashore in the yawl. Standing by the signal fire at the river-side, attended by two or three grinning negroes, was a planter, who handed him a package, and said, "Here is thirty-four thousand dollars. Give it to the captain or clerk, and ask him to deposit it for me in the Planters' bank, as

soon as you get in. Tell them not to forget it, as it is to pay a note that falls due day after to-morrow."

Patrick put the money into his bosom, and pushed off into the dark and lonely river. Doubtless he might have got ashore, and away; and doubtless he thought of it, as he felt the fortune in his bosom; but he pulled straight for the boat, as she lay, blowing off steam in mid channel. And while he rowed he thought of what he must do when he should get on board.

"What was it all about?" asked the mate, as he sprang on the low deck.

"A message for the captain, sir," said Patrick.

"Then go into the cabin and give it to him, and be quick about it," said the not over-polite officer.

Patrick went up the companion way to the cabin, on the second deck, where he found the jolly captain, with a group of planters and merchants, busy at a game of poker, and more busy with the punch. He turned to the clerk, who was deeper in both punch and poker than the captain.

"Faith, an' this will never do," said Patrick. "If I give them the money to-night, they will lose it at poker, and never remember it in the morning." So he went forward on deck again, and stowed the package of bank-notes at the bottom of his clothes-bag in the fore-castle, if so small a hole can be dignified by such an appellation.

In the morning, when the officers were awake and sober, Patrick handed over his money and message.

"What is all this?" said the captain; "where did you get this money?"

“ I went ashore in the yawl for it last night, sir.”

“ And why did you not bring it to the office at once?”

“ I did, sir; but you and the clerk were both very busy.”

The passengers, who had been engaged in the same line of business, had a hearty laugh.

“ Young man,” said the captain, “ how long have you been on this boat?”

“ A week, sir.”

“ And how much money have you got?”

“ Five dollars, sir.”

“ Very well—go to your work.”

In three weeks Patrick was second mate; in a year, first mate; and not long after, captain; and now, as we sat talking on the Alabama, he had a wife, children, a plantation, and two or three steamboats; and thought Alabama the greatest state, and Mobile the most promising city in the world.

The Alabama flows through one of the richest cotton countries in America. It winds about as if it had taken a contract to water or drain as much of the State as possible, and give a good steamboat landing to every plantation. Our general course from Mobile to Montgomery was north-east, but we were often steaming for hours south-west, and in every other direction. The distance, as the crow flies, is a hundred and sixty miles; by the river it is little less than four hundred. The banks of the river are low in some places; in others high and precipitous, and everywhere covered with the richest and most luxuriant

vegetation. There were a thousand landscapes in which a painter would revel.

The passengers were a curious study for the traveller. Here was a swarthy planter, taking his newly-purchased gang of hands up to his newly-bought plantation. He had purchased a thousand acres of wild land for twenty-five thousand dollars—five thousand down. He had bought four or five families of negroes at New Orleans, twenty-five thousand more—half cash. And now he was ready to clear away the forest, and raise cotton; to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton, to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton; and so on, until tired of the monotonous accumulation.

There were Virginians, also, who had been spending the winter in New Orleans, and were now returning before the hot season should commence. They were attended by their body servants; and nicer, better behaved, more intelligent, gentlemanly and ladylike people of colour it would be difficult to find anywhere. If there is such a thing as genius for service or servitude, it is developed in these "hereditary bondsmen," who care so little to "be free," that they will not "strike the blow," even when urgently invited to do so.

We had politicians and preachers, and three Sisters of Charity from the hospitals of New Orleans, going home to recruit, a thousand miles to their mother house in Maryland. All over the South these Sisters travel free. Where there is yellow fever they have friends, and no Southerner would touch their money.

We stopped at Selma long enough for a ramble through its broad and shaded streets. It is built in too grand and ambitious a style, but its export of cotton is so large, that the money must be spent in some way, so they build great blocks of six-storey houses. The town is watered by artesian wells of great depth, which throw up an abundant supply.

At last we are at Montgomery. It is a beautiful little town, of ten thousand inhabitants, built upon more hills than Rome, with deeper valleys between them. It is a city of palaces and gardens; not crowded into a narrow space, but spread out broadly over the hills and valleys, with wide streets, handsome villas, elegant shops, and such gardens as only the South, with its glorious wealth of foliage and flowers, can give. A large and handsome domed state-house crowns one of the finest eminences.

Montgomery impresses the traveller with its beauty and riches. It is the centre of one of the finest cotton regions, in the finest cotton state—a state of sixty thousand square miles—and the plantations, which stretch away on every side, were in the highest state of cultivation. Every negro could make five or six bales of cotton, besides raising his own corn and bacon. A hundred negroes, therefore, besides their own support, made five or six hundred bales of cotton, worth twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, which represents the clear profit of a well-conducted plantation. The yearly export of the single town of Montgomery was 106,000 bales, amounting to 5,300,000 dollars a-year. Well might it be prosperous and rich.

There may have been poor people, but I saw none. In a thousand miles of that country one never sees a hand held out for charity. On every side is abounding wealth. The population of such a city is like nothing in Europe. The middle class is small—the lower class is wanting. There is more wealth, style, and fashion in a town like Montgomery, of ten thousand inhabitants, than in a European town of eighty or a hundred thousand.

When I arrived in Montgomery, the good citizens had a new sensation. Since the abolition of the slave trade, no negroes had ever been imported from Africa, until the owner of the yacht *Wanderer* took a fancy to buy a small cargo at Dahomy, and distribute them as an experiment among the planters of Alabama. They did not sell for much; as there was risk in the purchase, few cared to try them. There was one native African boy at Montgomery; a bright little fellow enough, a pet with his master, of whom he had become very fond, and the little savage was learning the language, manners, and customs very rapidly. There was no need to punish him. It was only necessary to threaten to send him back to Dahomy. He would fall on his knees in great distress, and earnestly beg to be saved from so terrible a misfortune.

It is sometimes represented in English papers that negroes have been smuggled into the Southern States, since the African slave trade was abolished in 1808. The small cargo of the yacht *Wanderer* was the only one I ever heard of. The planters, I believe, do not

wish to depreciate the money valuation of their negroes by importation from Africa, and they do not want the trouble of training savages, when they have a race already well advanced in its enforced pupilage to civilization. The slave traders of New York and Boston sell their negroes in Cuba or Brazil, when they have the luck to sell them. When the negroes have the good fortune to be rescued from slavery by British cruisers, they are taken to the West Indies or British Guiana, and parcelled out to the planters as apprentices, to become, it is hoped, in due time, free citizens and loyal British subjects, who can have apprentices of their own in the same fashion.

During my visit to Montgomery I made several excursions into the surrounding country and among the plantations. It was in the early spring, and the fields were being ploughed for the cotton planting. The ploughing was mostly done by the mules and women. They took it very easy. I could not see that they hurried to the fields or in the fields. The overseer planned and directed the work. He rode from field to field, when it was going on, and saw, no doubt, that the men with their hoes, and the women, driving the mules, or guiding the ploughs, did their work properly. He had a whip, useful, no doubt, for man or beast, but I never chanced to see him use it on either. I have no doubt that negroes are whipped like white people—soldiers, sailors, wives, and children—boys at school, and apprentices under hard masters, but I never saw it. I do not doubt that there are Legrees in the Southern States. How can I, after

six months reading of London police reports? But if I wished to paint a picture of fat and careless enjoyment, it would be a portrait of a young negress I saw riding afield on her mule, on a plantation in Alabama. Her figure, attitude, expression—all told volumes of a care-free life of easy, saucy, animal enjoyment.

Montgomery, like most of the considerable towns in America, has its cemetery laid out like a park or pleasure-ground, and is becoming filled with ambitious marble monuments. A portion of the ground is set apart for negroes, and they, too, have their grave-stones, which record their humble virtues. I was struck by the original form of a marble monument which an honest German had raised to an adopted son who had been drowned in the river. The epitaph was so peculiar that I copied it:—

Stop as you pass by my grave. Here I, John Schockler, rest my remains. I was born in New Orleans, the 22nd of Nov., 1841; was brought up by good friends; not taking their advice, was drowned in this city in the Alabama river, the 27th of May, 1855. Now I warn all young and old to beware of the dangers of this river. See how I am fixed in this watery grave; I have got but two friends to mourn.

What Montgomery now is, or may be in the future, I know not, but I shall always remember it as a bright, beautiful, elegant, and hospitable city, and worthy, from its refinement and hospitality, of a prosperous and noble destiny.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM CLEVELAND TO MEMPHIS.

American names.—Railway cars.—A Chinese party.—A New York belle and a Mexican general.—Monotonous scenery.—Cairo.—A model steamboat.—Life on the Mississippi.—Memphis.—Ica.—Negroes out for a holiday.—Theatre and floating circus.—Negro enjoyments.—Vile habits.—Churches and convents.—Slavery *couleur de rose*.—Conquest and confiscation.

As I write, this beautiful little city of the South may be given to the flames by its own people, or by the shells of its Northern invaders. When I think of its probable fate, it rises before me like a picture, and I see again the sweeping torrent of its great river, the shore lined with busy steamers loading with cotton, the precipitous bluffs, or alluvial banks, rising a hundred feet from the river brink, the streets, the spires, the villas and gardens of a lovely town, and a fertile and beautiful land.

Memphis—the name carries us back thirty centuries to Egypt and the Nile. Our Memphis is of to-day, and carries us across the ocean to America and the Mississippi. When the old world peopled the new, the emigrants took with them the names of the places they discovered or peopled. The Spaniards

and French drew heavily upon the calendar. In the West Indies and Spanish America we have San Salvador, San Domingo, Santa Cruz, Santa Fé. The French, in Louisiana and Canada, gave the names of saints and European cities, or adopted Indian designations. Thus we have St. Lawrence, St. Louis, New Orleans, Montreal, Ontario, Niagara. The English settlers of the American colonies at first took English names, and the oldest towns are called Jamestown, Yorktown, Richmond, Charleston, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Boston, Exeter, Cambridge, Hartford, Albany, Baltimore, Hanover, Orford, and a hundred others. These are repeated over and over. The names of several of the States evince their English origin, as New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, so named in honour of Queen Elizabeth, the Carolinas, and Georgia. The Dutch, German, and French settlers also gave their own familiar names to their settlements. But as the number of towns and villages increased, it was necessary to have more names, and people adopted those of every famous city in the world, from Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes, Memphis, Troy, Athens, Rome, Antioch, Carthage, Jerusalem, to Lisbon, Madrid, Lyons, Genoa, Florence, Smyrna, Moscow, and so on to Peking and Canton. A few hours' ride on a New York railway will carry you through the famous cities of Troy, Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Amsterdam, and Geneva. As the proper names of the eastern hemisphere became exhausted, and the Washingtons, Jeffersons, Jacksons, and other popular American names had been repeated in every

State, another rich supply was found in the often musical designations of the aboriginal languages. These were sometimes resorted to even in the early history of the country. Four of the great lakes retain their ancient names of Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, and Oregon are Indian names of States. Indian chiefs and tribes have given names to hundreds of towns and rivers. Writers have animadverted upon the bad taste of some of these designations, but the Cantons and Cairos, Romes and Londons, are certainly as good names as the Smith-towns, Jonesvilles, and Pittsburgs, by which the early settlers of hundreds of obscure villages made their names immortal.

Let us return, or rather proceed, to Memphis. It was a long journey there. I was in the pretty town of Cleveland, on the south bank of Lake Erie, in Ohio, when the summons came. The distance is about eight hundred miles, and I had my choice of many routes. I could go for a hundred miles to the head of the Ohio, and the rest of the way by steamer; I could take a steamer at Cincinnati. I could go west, by Chicago, to the Mississippi, and so down that river; or I could take the most rapid route, by rail across Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to Cairo, and thence on the Mississippi.

The cars, as the Americans designate their railway carriages, on the road from Cleveland to Cincinnati,

are among the nicest I have ever seen. They are not only brightly painted, gilded, and upholstered, and furnished with retiring-rooms, but are warmed in winter, cooled in summer, and thoroughly ventilated always, in a manner that could scarcely fail to satisfy a *Times* correspondent. In the warmest days of an American summer, with the thermometer at a hundred and the train enveloped in clouds of dust, these cars are clean, airy, and cool. By ingenious machinery a constant current of air is cooled and washed clean from dust by being made to pass through showers of water. In winter these cars are warmed and ventilated with hot air, supplied in great abundance by a suitable apparatus.

These cars, it is true, are not very exclusive. They seat fifty or sixty passengers. The "gentlemanly" conductor walks through the entire train to examine tickets, when it is in rapid motion; so the boy who sells newspapers, books, and sugar-plums has free access, and the coloured gentleman who supplies the passengers with water, where that luxury is not kept in well-iced reservoirs in every car. But the lack of exclusiveness is compensated to the traveller who wishes to see the people of the country he is passing through. In the car in which I was seated there were near me, as I gathered from the conversation, a judge, a member of congress, and an ex-governor of some State. They were talking politics very freely. On the seats before me were a middle-aged Chinese woman, who could speak a little English, and two children, a bright boy and girl some ten or twelve

years old, who spoke nothing but Chinese, though their father was an American. They had been sent from China to Kentucky under the sole charge of their Chinese nurse, who was a queerly-dressed but most estimable and trusty-seeming personage, where they were to be educated under the care of their antipodal grandparents. The enterprising Kentuckian had made a fortune in China and married a Chinese wife. She could speak no English, and the children had learnt only their mother tongue. It was curious to study in the faces and actions of these two bright children the intermingled characteristics of the two races.

Two persons on the seat behind me were of scarcely less interest. One was a New York lady, young and pretty to the last degree, of the most delicate type of American beauty, with its pearly complexion, exquisite features, and little hands and feet. She was dressed for a long journey, and in a fashion that was singularly perfect. Her face was thoughtful as well as beautiful, her manner perfectly self-possessed, and a little that of a spoiled child, and she had a wonderful faculty of wrapping her pretty person in a full supply of shawls and making herself comfortable. Her travelling companion puzzled me, both in himself and in his relation to the fair lady. He called her "*Mees Fannee*," and treated her with a mingled politeness and familiarity. She kept him to English as much as possible, but he shied like a restive horse into French and Spanish. He turned out to be a Mexical general, whose name I had often seen in the newspapers, on his way from New York to take part in a civil war

then in progress, and his somehow cousin, *Mees Fannee*, was going to New Orleans under his escort to join her married sister.

Arrived at Cincinnati, we took the western road for Cairo. Forests dark and drear, newly-cleared farms, and newly-built villages, are the monotonous accompaniments of a Western American journey. The prairies have a monotony of their own. Your eye searches all round the horizon for the joyous blue peak of a far-off mountain. You cannot even see a tree. The railway itself is tiresome in its straight-lined and dead-level uniformity. A deep cut, a high embankment, a heavy grade, or a sharp curve, would be a relief. The only variety we had was that of the violent motion caused by the displacement of the ties by frost. This was so great at times as to set all the cars dancing, and almost to throw the passengers from their seats.

After six hundred miles of rail—and some of it of the roughest—we arrive at that little, forlorn, sunken fragment of a city, Cairo. It is built upon a point of land recovered by huge embankments from the floods of the Ohio and Mississippi, which here form their junction, and it is important besides, as the Southern terminus of the Illinois Central railroad. Here lay the steamers from Cincinnati and St. Louis, waiting for the arrival of the trains with Southern passengers. I chose the finest and fastest from St. Louis. What a luxury to the tired and dusty traveller was that great palace-like boat, with her saloon two hundred feet long, light, lofty, and elegantly furnished; rich carpets,

soft lounges, huge mirrors, cut-glass chandeliers, pictured panels, marble tables, vases of flowers, piano-forte—everything to give repose or promote enjoyment. I was shown to a large and thoroughly-furnished state room, as comfortable as any bed-chamber need be.

The tables were set for breakfast from eight to ten o'clock, and every one ordered what he required from a printed bill of fare, containing a great variety of dishes. It was a Southern boat, and the negro waiters were perfectly trained to their duties. They spring to anticipate your wishes, they gently suggest some favourite dish, they seem delighted to make your meal agreeable.

After breakfast there is the promenade on deck, with the ever-changing panorama of river scenery; the lounge on the balconies, with the new friend or novel; a game of chess or cards in the saloon, or music. So we glide along till the early dinner at three o'clock. This sumptuous meal is served up with all the formalities. Oval tables are set across the saloon, each table for twelve persons. Every name is written upon a card, and placed beside his plate. A careful clerk has assorted the whole company with the nicest care. Each table has its own party of persons suitable to each other. The courses come on in due order, with all the luxuries of fish, flesh, and fowl, and an admirable dessert. Tea and supper are served at seven o'clock, and after the tables are cleared the waiters, who are all musicians, play an hour of quadrilles, waltzes, &c., and the passengers dance if they are so inclined. Then music and con-

.. conversation grow lively aft, and cards still livelier forward. One passage fee pays all expenses. No waiter expects a fee. The only extras are boots and porter. At the end of a long trip, ladies usually give a small gratuity to the chambermaid.

On a high, bold bluff, we descry two miles of handsome buildings, and our boat rounds to, so as to bring her head up stream, and in a few moments we land at Memphis. The shore is thronged with hacks and porters. The hotels are not half a mile away, and the fare demanded is the modest sum of ten shillings. The Southerners are devoted to free trade. I have known New Orleans cabmen to ask and get five pounds for taking a load of passengers a few rods. It was late at night, and in rather a heavy shower: in fact, the rain amounted to an inundation, and the water in the streets was two feet deep. The excuse for high fares at Memphis was, that it was muddy.

There was no mistake about that. The streets are broad, the side walks well laid, the buildings fine, but the streets had never been paved, and the stumps of the forest trees were in some of the public squares. Paving was a difficulty. In the alluvial valley of the Mississippi stone is rare. Flag-stones for the side walks are imported from Liverpool as ballast to the cotton ships. The clay loam of the finest streets of Memphis was cut into ruts, two feet deep, by the mule teams and waggons which brought the cotton from the railways to the river.

How beautiful the city was, how lovely the country, with its villas, gardens, and flowering and fragrant

forests around it, I cannot describe. The soil is rich; the climate bright and genial. Roses bloom all the winter in the gardens, and the cotton and maize grow abundantly in their season. Money is plentiful; wages are high; there is work for all in that land of plenty: so it was before the war. Criminals and paupers are almost unknown. The former earn more than their expenses, and the latter are scarcely a burthen.

In the long and almost perpetual summers of the South, ice is a luxury of the first order. Every morning the ice-cart comes round as regularly as milkman or baker: it is seen on every table. Stored in great warehouses, built with double walls, filled in with spent tanbark or sawdust, it is made to last from year to year, even in a climate where the thermometer ranges for weeks at nearly a hundred degrees. But whence comes the ice? A thousand miles up the river the winters are long and cold. The ice, two feet in thickness, is cut out in blocks, and stored up for the opening of navigation. Loaded in immense flat-boats or rafts of boards, it floats down with the current to Memphis. Two men, on each flat-boat, keep the frail craft in mid-channel, signal the steam-boats that might run them down, and lazily while away the weeks of this slow and tedious voyage. Mr. Lincoln, the present President of the United States, is said to have been engaged at one time in navigating in this manner the very river down which he is now sending his victorious gun-boats.

If Memphis needs ice to cool her liquids, she needs

also fuel to roast and boil. The steamboats and locomotives have burnt off the forests, but there is an abundance of coal around the sources of the Ohio. You see it in seams, ten feet in thickness, cropping out of the high banks of the Monongahela, needing only to be picked out and sent down a broad trough to the flat-boat by the shore. The coal floats down with the current like the ice, a thousand or two thousand miles, and lights the grates and furnaces of Memphis and New Orleans.

The first Sunday spent in a gay Southern city is a curious social revelation. You walk out toward evening, the sky is blue, the air is balm, but a thousand rainbows of gay and flashing colours have broken loose; all negro-dom has put on its wonderful attire of finery, and come out to take the air. Slavery has its fascinations, and one of these is to see the whole negro population of a rich city like Memphis out on a Sunday afternoon. The negroes not only outdo the whites in dress, but they caricature their manners; and sable belles and sooty exquisites appropriate the finest walks, and interpret the comedy of life in their own fashion.

There is a handsome theatre at Memphis, very fashionably attended when there are attractive stars. The coloured population, of course, is suitably provided for, and takes an intense satisfaction in the drama. The negroes are, perhaps, even more fond of the circus; and I have seen a full gallery noisily enjoying the make-believe negro minstrels. But the circus, with its trained horses, spangled finery, and

clownish antics is, perhaps, their strongest attraction. One came up the river from New Orleans while I was at Memphis. It was a complete circus, with ring, boxes, pit, and gallery, a full stud and company, all propelled by steam. It steamed from town to town along the thousands of miles of the Mississippi and its branches, staying a day or two at one place, and weeks at another. When its great steam organ, which could be heard three miles, announced its arrival at Memphis, the whole juvenile and negro population was on the *qui vive*. I was visiting at the residence of a gentleman, two miles in the country. In came Harry, a handsome black boy, fat and lazy, who would go to sleep currying his horse or over his rake in the garden, with his—"Please, massa, de circus am come."

"Well, Harry, suppose it has come, what then?"

"Please, massa, give me a pass to go and see it."

"A pass! Ay, but who is to pay?"

"Oh! I'se got two bits for de ticket."

So the good-natured massa filled up a blank pass, which would allow Harry to be abroad after nine o'clock at night without being taken up by the police.

Harry was hardly out of the library before there came another visitor, a black little nursery-maid, some twelve or fourteen years old.

"Please, massa," said she, in the familiar, wheedling way of children and slaves, "Harry's goin' to de circus."

"And you want to go, too?"

"Yes, please, massa."

"I'm afraid you will get into trouble. It's a good way, and you will be out late."

"Oh! no, massa; I wont get into no trouble, I wont, indeed: I'll keep by Harry, please, massa!"

"Have you got any money?"

' "No, massa; you please give me two bit, massa."

Of course, the two bits came, and with them another pass for the circus.

The wealth and importance of the cities of Southern America are not to be estimated by their population. Memphis, in its palmiest day, had only twenty-two thousand population, but the wealth and business were immense. There were five daily papers, and many other periodicals. The stocks of goods were large, the commercial buildings spacious, the style of living fast and luxurious.

A European traveller is astonished to see so well-dressed, and in many respects so well-bred, a people given over to such a vile habit as the constant and profuse chewing of tobacco, with its disgusting accompaniments. The floors of rail-cars are deluged, the parlours of hotels and cabins of steamboats are covered with huge spittoons. The floor of the courthouse in Memphis was covered more than an inch deep in sawdust, and when the audience at the theatre applauded with stamping of feet and canes, the dust that rose from the floor was an impalpable tobacco-powder, which set the whole house sneezing. The nastiness of this horrid American custom could scarcely have a stronger illustration. I remember another instance,

however, of a more ludicrous character. A crowded Western audience was listening in breathless silence to a popular speaker, and the only sound that could be heard in the pauses of his declamation was a rapid, heavy, and continuous shower of tobacco-juice that fell upon the floor, all over the hall, and soon rendered it a broad lake. In the hush of a deep tragedy, in a New York theatre, there comes up the crackling sound of hundreds of persons eating pea-nuts—a sound like that of a great drove of hogs eating acorns in a Western forest; but the pattering shower of tobacco-juice is a stranger noise, as well as a more disgusting one. But the traveller must learn to overlook national peculiarities, and not to condemn a people for one or two singularities.

Memphis was, and I hope still is, a beautiful city. As usual in America, there are churches in abundance. The finest were the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic, standing near neighbours, with rector and priest on the most friendly terms. Then came the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, &c. There is also a very handsome Jews' synagogue, where I heard an eloquent discourse, by a famous Rabbi from Cincinnati, and some very fine music.

The planters, professional men, and merchants, whose villas beautify the suburbs for miles, were full of lavish Southern hospitality. No one could expect to find in a new country so many beautiful and luxurious houses. One of the most picturesque places near the city was a Dominican convent and academy, where I got a good view of a hundred or more

young misses, mostly planters' daughters, sent here to be educated in this sylvan paradise by the white-robed daughters of St. Dominic. Four-fifths of them were Protestants: but a large portion of the youth of the South are educated in Jesuit colleges and the female convents of various religious orders.

Slavery, as seen by the traveller in the South, presents only its softest and most amiable aspects. There is something fascinating in the respect with which every white person is treated, and the obsequious alacrity with which he is served. Every negro, to whomsoever he may belong, must be respectful and obedient to any white person. The superiority of race is asserted and acknowledged. If there are hardships and cruelties in this servitude, they are rarely seen by a stranger. The negroes are careless and happy, or stolid and stupid. Some are trusted with untold gold—some, I am sure, rule their masters and mistresses, and have things pretty much their own way. The servants of old families, where generations of black men have served generations of whites, have all the pride of family and ancestry, and look down with aristocratic contempt upon the common niggers of the *nouveaux riches*. That slavery has either a strong fascination, or some redeeming features, may be judged from the fact that English, Irish, and the Northern American emigrants to the South, whatever their former opinions, generally follow the customs of the country, and become the owners of slaves.

Short as was my stay, I looked back from the deck of the steamer that carried me to New Orleans not

without a sigh for the beauties of Memphis, as they glowed in the radiance of the setting sun, and, all golden-hued and splendid, slowly faded from my view, till darkness fell upon the woods and waters, and silence, broken only by the roar of steam and the rush of our sharp prow down the rapid river.

Since the above was written, a change has come over the scene. When the Federal supremacy on the sea was extended to the great rivers of the West, Memphis fell before the fleet of gun and mortar-boats that descended from Cairo. When Island No. 10 and Fort Pillow had been evacuated by the Confederates, Memphis was at the mercy of the mortar fleet. The whole river would have been opened to the Federal steamers but for the successful defence of Vicksburg. Memphis was occupied by a Federal garrison. Some Union men were found, but the greater portion of the male population was with the Confederate army, whose scouting parties are often in sight of the city. The clergy who dared still to pray for the success of the Southern cause were silenced. The property of rebels has been confiscated, and the city is held under the threat of destruction if an attempt is made to retake it.

CHAPTER XXI.

WASHINGTON.

James K. Polk.—A sad capital.—The President's levées.—Houses of Congress.—Strangers' galleries here and there.—Senators and representatives.—Congressional customs.—Lobby agents and contractors.—North and South.—Monuments.

I MADE my first visit to Washington during the Presidency of James K. Polk, in whose behalf I had written campaign papers, made innumerable speeches, got up torchlight processions, and done good service in the usual American fashion of political partisanship. As President Polk was chosen by a rather close vote, I might have claimed the honour of having secured his election ; but, as a thousand others worked as hard, and perhaps did as much as I, it was hardly worth while to presume much upon my services.

Certainly, I did not go to Washington to get an office. The crowd that rushed to the Federal capital for that purpose had nearly all gone home again—one in a hundred satisfied, ninety-nine disappointed. There were a few left, too hopeful to give it up, or too poor to get away.

Washington to my mind is the saddest place on the American continent. It is a mockery of the great

city it was intended to be by its founder—an unfinished ruin, which has no past, and is not likely to have any future. The public buildings are generally well planned, and of magnificent proportions. The site of the Capitol, where the two Houses of Congress assemble, is one of the finest I have ever seen. I like the architecture of the General Post-Office and the Patent Office. Its collection of models, and the curiosities brought home by Wilkes' Exploring Expedition, will repay a careful examination.

Every stranger in Washington, and every resident who chose to do so, attended in those days the weekly receptions, called levées, of the President. Mr. Lincoln, who has a life-guard to attend him, may have introduced different customs. There was no ceremony, and no introduction was required. If you are an American, you are the political equal, or rather the master, of the President. The White House, his palace, is your property; he is your tenant, and you have a right to call and see him. If you are a foreigner, it is his business to extend to you the hospitalities of the country.

So, when the hour arrived I walked or drove, I forget which, to the presidential mansion. Jim, the Irish porter, who had been there since the days of General Jackson, probably, asked my name, and announced me. The President—the veritable Young Hickory, sixty years old, I think, about whom I had written so many brilliant leading articles and made so many eloquent speeches—received me with dignified politeness, and shook me warmly by the hand, as he

did everybody, according to the American custom. I cannot remember what he said, but he was an eminently gentlemanly man, and it must have been something eminently proper for the occasion. It is likely that he said it was a warm day. Then I was introduced, and bowed to Mrs. Polk, a tall, stately-looking lady in a turban. I talked a few moments with ex-Governor Marcy of New York, then Secretary of War, and made myself agreeable to a lady who was turning over some engravings on the centre table. Then I met a friend, and we adjourned from the White House, which we agreed was rather slow, and had some oysters, and discussed the probability of a war with England or Mexico.

My last visit to Washington was during the Presidency of Mr. Buchanan, and just before the outbreak of secession. Congress was in session, and I spent nearly all my time in the Senate or House of Representatives. There is no trouble about admission to either. There are spacious galleries around both halls, from which every seat is visible. These galleries will hold, I judge, a thousand persons. About one-third of the space in each is appropriated to ladies and gentlemen attending them. They are not behind a screen, as in the House of Commons, looking like a collection of pretty birds in a cage. No orders or tickets of admission are required of any one. The galleries are always open and free to the public, excepting when either House is in secret session.

The contrast of the arrangements for spectators in the British House of Commons with all this is striking,

and not agreeable. The strangers' gallery of the House holds eighty persons. You must get an order. You must go an hour or two before the doors are opened to make sure of a seat, waiting in a stuffy hole in one corner, and then be smuggled through dark narrow passages by attendant policemen—to be ordered out, for no discoverable reason, every time the House comes to a division.

In the Senate Chamber I saw the presiding officer, John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, Vice-President of the United States, afterwards candidate of the Southern Democracy, and later a major-general of the army of the Confederate States; a tall, dark, and extremely handsome man, of the heroic type of beauty and chivalry. Addressing him on the floor of the Senate was Andy Johnson of Tennessee, a man who began life in the South-West as a journeyman tailor; who never learned to read, until taught by his wife; who became governor and senator, and then, a traitor to the South, was made Military Governor of Tennessee, protected by the army of General Rosecranz.

There also was the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, the "little giant" of Illinois, with his short stout figure, and good-natured, homely, Irish-looking face. He was the advocate of squatter sovereignty, became the candidate of the Northern Democracy for the Presidency, and was killed by his defeat, the election of Lincoln, and the calamities he saw in the near future. He appeared nervous and restless, but as free and affectionate with his friends as a big, kind-hearted schoolboy.

The senator who impressed me most favourably of all I heard speak was the Hon. James M. Mason, senator of Virginia, and late Commissioner of the Confederate States to England. His capture, with Mr. Slidell, on the *Trent*, made him a sufficiently costly representative to be made much of. A large-headed, broad-chested Virginian, descendant of the old Cavaliers, who looked like an English country gentleman, he was dressed like all the Virginia representatives there, in grey home-spun. Coming events were casting their shadows before, and the Southerners were preparing for the worst. Mr. Mason looked like the man one would like to have for a friend, and whose hospitalities one would be sure to enjoy.

Mr. Seward, then a senator from New York, sat on a sofa with Lord Lyons, the British Minister, seemingly in pleasant converse.

In the House of Representatives, strange as it may seem, the two men I best remember, after the grey-headed chaplain, were Hon. Roger J. Pryor, of Virginia, and Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, of New York. They sat near each other, and voted on the same side at Washington. One became a general in the Confederate and the other in the Federal army. Pryor was a tall, slender, sallow boy, with long, shining black hair, as if he had the blood of Pocahontas in his veins; Sickles looked worn and blasted. The guilt of murder was on his hands, and in his thoughts the consciousness of dishonour, and the hatred and contempt of many—most, I think—of those among whom he moved.

The Republican ranks in the House were full ; but they were destitute of character or talent. They seemed to be either grim and ghastly fanatics, fellows raving about Slavery, or mere corrupt and mercenary politicians, ready to sell their votes or influence to the highest bidder, ready to run the ship of State upon the breakers, and then plunder the wreck ; to set the house on fire, and run away with the spoons.

I listened to a foolish and furious speech from Lovejoy, one of the most ultra of the Black Republicans. I did not wonder that his brother had been killed by an anti-Abolition mob in Illinois. His speech was probably more violent in manner than that which brought vengeance on Charles Summer, of Massachusetts ; but I cannot say that it was worse in language. I wonder now that I hoped for the maintenance of peace, or the preservation of the union.

The customs of the houses of Congress are somewhat different from those of the British Parliament. Each day's session opens with prayer. The members sit quietly in their seats, and do not wear their hats. Pages come at their call, and fetch and carry what they require. They listen to each other's speeches in silence, without any token of approval or otherwise. There are no "hears" or "cheers," and if an excited gallery ever breaks into plaudits, the Speaker threatens to clear it. As a speaker, I think I should prefer the British custom of hears and cheers, to the colder decorum of the halls of Congress.

In the lobbies of the capital, in the hotels in Pennsylvania avenue, were the cormorants who fatten on

the public plunder. There were lobby agents, male and female, ready to give the influence they boasted of for a consideration. There were women who knew every secret of the Government, and the weaknesses of many a legislator. There were men and *women* who could engineer private bills through Congress, and could tell to a dollar how much it would cost to pass them through both houses. There were anxious and hungry contractors ready to pay a hundred thousand dollars for a chance to make a million. These are sad things for an American who loves his country, and believes in his Government to know. And the saddest of all was that I could see no remedy. Politics had become a vast game of corruption; it was confined to no party. As a rule, I believe, the Southern men were high-minded honest men. I doubt not there were honest Northern men as well; but the larger number seemed to me to have got themselves elected to Congress for the purpose of making the most of the position for their own emolument and advantage. They had paid for their nominations—paid for their elections, and meant to get the worth of their money. How could a man see his country in the power of such mercenary wretches without trembling for the consequences?

The high tone taken by the Southern senators and representatives these men could not appreciate. They judged them by their own standard. The South might have bought her independence, if she had been willing to trade with these men or to have trusted them. They would sell their country entire,

or any part of it, for a sufficient consideration. Washington was a sink of corruption, and this alone was a sufficient cause for secession.

The city of Washington, and the Washington monument, were both types of the coming fate of the Republic. The city, magnificently planned, was never finished; the monument stood there, and still stands, a half-completed obelisk, built up of stones contributed from various quarters—a monument of the folly of its projectors, fitly presiding over the disunion that Washington foresaw.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEW YORK.

Steaming through the ice.—Then and now.—Mr. Bennett of the *Herald*.—Editing newspapers.—A clever compositor.—Summer enjoyments.—Mint-juleps à la Virginia.—Ice-creams.—American oysters.—Oyster cellars.—Oyster expresses.—A hint to the Acclimatization Society.—Oysters on trees.

I THINK one might write an entertaining volume of *Life in New York*; entertaining and instructive. I will try to give something of what I remember of it when I first knew it.

It was late in the winter of 1836-7 that I came from New Haven, through Long Island Sound, and “put-up” at the Astor House, then the finest hotel in New York, and still one of the best. It was my first steam-boat trip, and I remember it better because the weather had been so intensely cold that the Sound, though a part of the great sea, and from ten to twenty miles wide was frozen over. All through the night the steamer went ploughing, crashing, and grinding through the thin ice. I lay in a berth forward, in the cabin below deck, with only a thin plank between me and the breaking ice. Sometimes we came to an open glade, and then the steamer shot forward with her

accustomed speed, but soon we went crashing into the ice again, and her speed was again retarded.

The Astor House, near the City Hall, and opposite the Park Theatre (since burnt, and not rebuilt), and the American Museum (now Barnum's), was at that time sufficiently central. There were few shops on Broadway above Canal-street, and the fashionable quarter had moved no farther north-west than to get "above Bleecker," and cluster around the Washington Parade-ground and Union-place. The city had less than half its present population, and its suburbs scarcely existed. Brooklyn was a small village; now it has a population of 266,000. Jersey City had a few cottages, it is now a city of 30,000 inhabitants; and Hoboken, then a verdant expanse of Elysian fields, where we went to enjoy rural solitude, is now a compact town of 10,000 people.

Perhaps I cannot give a better idea of New York at this time than by relating my own experience of it. My life that summer was singularly full of work, and full also of enjoyment. I was in my twenty-first year, and a perfect stranger in the greatest city I had yet seen. I knew little of the world, or, for that matter, of anything; but I had, nevertheless—and all the more perhaps—an idea, very common to young Americans, that I could do anything I chose to attempt. I believe I would have undertaken, at a week's notice, to take command of a fleet or an army, or engineer a railroad, or start on an African exploration. I was full of health, vigour, hope, and self-confidence, and on the look out for work.

One day I saw in the *Herald*, a notice of an assistant editor wanted. I wrote a very frank letter to Mr. Bennett, of whom, and of whose paper, I knew almost nothing. He requested me to call at the office. We dined together, and he engaged me at a salary of four pounds a week, which, at that day, was considered very good pay for a newspaper writer. Mr. Bennett had conceived the idea of issuing an *Evening Herald*, with matter almost entirely different from that of the morning paper. He gave me charge of this, and, after a few days, gave himself no trouble about it; not even looking at the proofs, and only giving me now and then a subject, or a hint for a leading article. I must say that he treated me extremely well.

I went to the office in Ann-street every morning a little after seven o'clock. The compositors arrived at about the same time, and I wrote with one or another at my elbow every few minutes, taking the slips as they were thrown off—a third faster than I ever think of writing now—until I had completed my daily morning task of three newspaper minion columns, by which time the proofs began to come down, and they were corrected, and the paper put to press by one o'clock, P.M.

Sad trash it must have been I fear. But it was mostly on local and social matters, with short paragraphs in the American fashion, light and lively. It was, besides, so perfectly in Mr. Bennett's style, in thought and expression, impudence and egotism, that my articles were credited to him about as often as his own; and he had the credit, I believe, of writing every day the entire editorial matter of two fair-sized daily

papers. "What a wonderful man that Bennett is!" people said—and they said truly. He was really, in those days, a man of wonderful energy, talent, wit, and various ability. He was as remarkable for research and an orderly arrangement of facts, as for spirit and egotism. Few men understood America and American politics and politicians so well. He had everything to gain, few fears and no scruples.

As Mr. Bennett's handwriting was of the most hieroglyphical character, the compositors in the office were seldom bothered by illegible manuscript. One morning, when I had not arrived as early as usual, one of the printers came down with a slip on which he had got stuck when about half way down. He had made it all out to that point. I found it to be a sheet of memoranda of the most heterogeneous character, without any sort of connexion, out of which he had set up a portion of a leading article. There are type-setting machines; and it is possible that there might be attached to them mechanical editors, like the barrels and clock-work machinery which play church organs and belfry chimes. The papers got up in this way might read a little monotonously—but do not our party newspapers, as well as our novels and plays, give us the same themes over and over with the slightest variations?

When my daily morning's work was done, I enjoyed whatever there was of novelty or pleasure in our New York life. Sometimes I lounged on the battery, under the elms and willows, inhaling the sea-breeze, and watching the stately ships, the graceful yachts,

and the noble steamers, as they swept round on their way up the north or east rivers, or down the bay. Sometimes I sat on the walls of the old fort, which we persisted in calling Castle Garden, because it had neither shrub nor flower, only vanilla ice-creams and fragrant mint-juleps. Sometimes alone, or with a friend, I took a sail-boat, and sailed out upon the sparkling waves, and met the swell that came with the sea-breeze up the Narrows.

In the evenings we had music, moonlight, and beauty. Dodworth's band played at the Atlantic Garden, close by the Bowling-Green, where the leaden statue of George III. had been dragged down by the mob at the beginning of the Revolution and melted into bullets. The iron railing is still there from which the crown-shaped ornaments were broken off. Many warm afternoons, when the thermometer ranged near ninety degrees, I found cool walks and pleasant breezes across the Hudson at Hoboken. Then there were moonlight steamboat excursions, with music and dancing. The theatres were all open to me, and we had a French pantomime and ballet company at Niblo's Gardens, then quite out of town, but now in the centre of business Broadway. There was the great Gabriel Ravel, and there I first saw the now still more famous Blondin.

There are two elements of New York and American life which English tourists can never appreciate, nor English readers comprehend. They are ice-creams and oysters. It is impossible, in a cool climate like that of England, to imagine the luxury of ice, iced drinks,

and frozen food and sweetmeats, in a hot one. For four months in a year Americans eat ices and drink iced drinks. Ice is everywhere. The first thing in the summer morning in Virginia is an immense mint julep sparkling with ice. It is passed from hand to hand, and lip to lip. I remember well the first time I was offered this social glass. It was by President Tyler. It had been brought to him early in the morning. He drank a little, smacked his lips, and handed it to me. I had never been initiated into the Virginia custom. I had no objection to a mint-julep,—rather the contrary—but had been accustomed to have a moderately sized tumbler all to myself, and never to share in one of whatever Brobdignagian proportions. So I politely declined; but the handsome daughter of one of the cabinet ministers, coming in at that moment, took the glass, drank the president's good health, and passed it on, until it made the round of the presidential party.

But the ice-creams are the most universal luxury. They are served in public gardens, in saloons that hold a thousand people, at the large confectioners, and on the steamboats, at the uniform price of sixpence, and generally of excellent quality and flavour. I wish I were "posted" in ice-cream statistics enough to give an idea of the daily consumption of New York alone; but I have no doubt that it exceeds that of all Europe.

But far less than ice-creams can benighted Europe understand the American luxury of oysters. The American oyster is an entirely different bivalve from

its English namesake. They do not look alike; still less do they taste alike. Those who like one cannot like the other. Captain Marryatt never learned to eat the American oyster. Dr. Mackay, under better auspices, came to be so fond of them, that he eagerly accepted the offer to become the *Times* New York correspondent. Dr. Mackay is a poet, and has some idea of a "Good Time coming, Boys." I know nothing droller than the disgust of Americans when they first land in England and make a rush at an oyster-shop. They are disgusted at the looks of the absurd, little, round, flat jokers, and still more disgusted at the salt, harsh, coppery, acrid, and altogether, to their tastes, un-oyster-like flavour.

The American oyster, from New York to New Orleans, is large, bland, sweet, luscious, capable of being fed and fattened, and cooked in many styles, and is eaten for breakfast, dinner, supper, and at all intermediate hours. Oysters are eaten raw, pure and simple, or with salt, pepper, oil, mustard, lemon-juice, or vinegar. At breakfast they are stewed, broiled, or fried. At dinner you have oyster-soup, oyster-sauce for the fish, fried oysters, scolloped oysters, oyster pies, and when the boiled turkey is cut into, it is found stuffed with oysters. Some of these oysters are so large that they require to be cut into three pieces before eating. Four or six of them, broiled and served with toast, really make a respectable meal; and the larger they are the better the flavour. They are also, in comparison with English oysters, cheap. The regular price of a stew, containing equal to three dozen

of natives, cooked with butter, milk, biscuit, and the proper condiments, and served with bread and butter and a salad, is sixpence. In New York we used to have a cheap class of oyster-cellars, where they were served on what was called the "Canal-street plan," named from a wide street which crosses Broadway, in which such cellars abounded; and this plan was to give a customer as many raw oysters as he could eat for sixpence. He paid his sixpence—York shilling, or Spanish eighth of a dollar—and swallowed the bivalves as they were opened, until he cried "enough!" There is a tradition that the dealers sometimes hurried this exclamation from an unreasonably greedy person, by giving him an unsavoury oyster.

Cellars, or underground basements for business purposes, are very rare in London, and very common in New York. The sandy soil allows that buildings which are six or seven storeys above the surface should be two or three below. The oyster cellars, to which you descend from the side-walk of Broadway, are twenty-five feet in width, by a hundred or more in length, and many of them are fitted up with great luxury—plate-glass, curtains, gilding, pictures, &c. Here you may have oysters in every style, and in great perfection, as well as all the delicacies of the season, and all the drinks which American ingenuity has invented. The fashionable saloons upon the ground floor—some of which are as large as the great music halls in London, and are frequented day and night by ladies as well as gentlemen—deal as largely

in oysters during the months which have an R, as in ice-creams during June, July, and August.

But oysters in New York are never really out of season. As they are brought from the shores of Virginia, and planted to grow and fatten, so that every quality and flavour can be produced by the varying situation of the banks, so the time of planting and the depth of water regulates the season of the oyster, and keeps the market in constant supply.

Gentlemen living upon the rivers, sounds, and inlets in the vicinity of New York, have their oyster-plantations as regularly as their gardens, peach-orchards, or graperies. Making a visit to a gentleman whose mansion was on the bank of a New Jersey river, I found upon his table a daily supply from the beds which extended along the domain and to the centre of the river.

It is not only in seaport towns in America that oysters are eaten in enormous quantities, but towns a thousand miles from salt water have an abundant supply, and an oyster supper is as regular a thing in Cincinnati or St. Louis as in New York or Baltimore. Even before the railways annihilated time and space and made oyster-lovers happy, there were oyster expresses organized from Baltimore across the Alleghanies, which beat the Government mails in speed, and supplied the most distant settlements. At Buffalo and the lake towns the supply was managed simply enough. They were brought by the canal, and the winter's stock put down in cellars, and fed on salt water and Indian corn-meal; growing week by week,

as I beg to assure all pisciculturists and the Acclimatization Society, more fat and delicious.

It is worth trying whether the American oyster will flourish in British waters. If it would attain to the same size, and retain its delicate flavour, and Englishmen could forget their prejudices in favour of their little, sharp, coppery natives, a great addition might be made to the stock of healthy food in England. I hope the Acclimatization Society will act upon the suggestion, and elect me an honorary member, or at the very least, invite me to the next annual dinner.

The oysters in the Gulf of Mexico are larger and more delicious, if possible, than in the sheltered bays of the Atlantic. They are also more abundant. On the Florida coast they attach themselves by millions to branches of trees which droop into the water. You have only to pull up these branches and pick them off. The traveller's story, that oysters grow on trees in Florida, is thus a perfectly true one. I found them excellent at Mobile and New Orleans, where the fish-markets also have beautiful and delicious varieties of the finny tribes, quite unknown to these northern regions. I do not say that they are better than English salmon and turbot, but the New Orleans and Mobile fishermen could send two or three kinds that would be welcome on the board, as well as very beautiful additions to the aquarium.

It may seem absurd enough to write so much about a shell-fish; but how could I remember the city in which I have passed so many happy days without also

remembering so important a part of its good cheer as the oyster? Really, I cannot help thinking that a few ship-loads of American oysters and clams strewn along the coasts of England and Ireland might be one of the best investments ever made by a paternal Government, some of whose children and subjects do not always get enough to eat.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEW YORK INSTITUTIONS.

Central Park.—The Croton Waterworks.—The Astor Library.—Reading-room of the British Museum.—Cooper Institute.—Squares without locks.—Newsboys.—Festivals.—Fourth of July.—Declaration of Independence.—Patriotism and gunpowder.—Military procession and fireworks.—Dancing.—Balls and assemblies.—American beauty.

NEW YORK has some institutions which I humbly think may be worthy of imitation even in the metropolis of the world. The Central Park, though commenced only a few years ago, and wanting that grandeur of ancient trees which only time can give, combines the finest features of Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and the gardens at Kew, with some points of bold and striking scenery, which belong to none of these.

The Croton Waterworks would do honour to any city in the world. A mountain stream of soft pure water, forty miles north of New York, is turned into an aqueduct, and led through hills, over valleys, and across an arm of the sea, into great reservoirs in the centre of New York, from which it is distributed to every house in New York; not once a day into a water-butt, but into every storey of the tallest houses, in a full, free current, running all day, if you please,

and giving such facilities for bathing and cleanliness to poor as well as rich, as exist, I believe, in few European capitals.

The Astor Library in New York, founded by the bequest of its richest merchant, John Jacob Astor, is not so extensive as that of the British Museum, but it is large, well selected, magnificently endowed, and open and free, without restriction, to all who choose to enter. At the British Museum the reader must have a ticket, given on a formal application, with the endorsement of a respectable householder. In New York you have only to walk into the library.

I must "beg to observe," however, in respect to the British Museum reading-room, that the management is admirable. In many months I have never failed to find a seat, or to get the books I required with all reasonable celerity. The complaints which have sometimes appeared in the papers appeared to me entirely unfounded. A few young men go there doubtless to read novels, or to consult class-books; but for whom are these books intended, if not for those who make use of them? As for the story about ladies going there to flirt—look at them, that is all. They are not at all the style of women, so far as my observation and experience go, who are given to flirtation. I have never seen—not even at a Woman's Rights' Convention—ladies less open to the suspicion of any such weak-minded proceedings.

Near the Astor Library, the munificence of Peter Cooper, another New York merchant, has provided such a free reading-room as I have not been able to

discover in this country—a room which will accommodate some hundreds of readers, and is supplied with files of daily and weekly papers, magazines, &c., in several languages. A free library is connected with the reading-room, and a picture-gallery and school of art.

The squares of New York, like Russell-square and Lincoln's-inn-fields, are all, with a single exception, open and free to the public; which I certainly think is a striking improvement upon the London fashion of laying out a handsome square with shady trees, pleasant walks, shrubbery and flowers, and carefully locking it up against all comers.

The institution of newsboys in New York is a very noisy one, but I do not well see how it can be dispensed with. Americans buy papers; they never hire, and seldom borrow them; they cannot wait for news with the stolid patience of Englishmen. If anything happens out of the common, the papers issue extras at any hour of the day, and at any time before midnight. These are distributed by hundreds of vociferous newsboys, who cry murders or battles, fires or shipwrecks, over the city. American life is a series of sensations, and the want of them will be an obstacle in the way of making peace. When it was feared and believed that General Lee might take Washington, Philadelphia, and even New York, there was no panic in those cities, nothing beyond a new sensation, which I believe they enjoyed much as the spectators of Blondin and Leotard did their feats of daring and danger.

Every great city has its festivals. London, I think, has two—Christmas and the Derby. New York, and all the towns west of New York which follow its fashions, have three—Christmas, New-year's, and the Fourth of July. New England retains too many Puritan traditions to make much of Christmas; thanksgiving takes its place. New York, which was at first Dutch, then English, and now largely Roman Catholic, cares little for the annually proclaimed thanksgiving day, but makes a real festival of Christmas; but as it is kept much as in London or Paris, I need not describe it.

New-year's, however, is a peculiar festival. I think we got it from Holland. All business is suspended, more than on Sunday or any other day in the year. From highest to lowest, from Fifth-Avenue to the most obscure street in the suburbs, the ladies are dressed to receive visitors from 10 o'clock, A.M., to midnight, and every gentleman is expected to call on that day, if on no other, on every lady of his acquaintance. The streets are full of men walking or in carriages, or sleighs, if there is snow, making calls; the bells are jingling in every house, for knockers are obsolete; the servants are busy attending the door; the ladies are surrounded with visitors, who stay five or ten minutes, taste a glass of wine, eat a piece of cake, or chicken, or lobster salad, or a few pickled oysters, and then go to make more calls. Some make a dozen, some a hundred. The young ladies keep books, and put down every caller. It is the list from which to make out invitations for the coming year.

For the whole day, after the early mass in the Catholic churches, it is very rare to see a woman in the streets. As night comes on, a good many gentlemen are, of course, found to have tasted refreshments too often. The "compliments of the season" are not so glibly given. These mistakes are charitably excused; and all New York, for one day, has been friendly and sociable. If a stranger in New York on New-year's happens to have a friend with a large circle of acquaintance, he cannot do better than to accompany him in making his calls. He will never see American life to better advantage.

Fourth of July is another affair. Great numbers of people get out of town to avoid the noise, but their place is more than filled by the country people, who flock in to enjoy what the others wish to avoid. It is the celebration of the Declaration of Independence when the thirteen American colonies declared themselves "Sovereign and Independent States"—declared that "All government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed"—asserted the supreme right of revolution—the right to alter, abrogate, and abolish any Government which failed to secure the interest, safety, and happiness of a people.

The annual iteration of these principles commences on the third of July at sunset, by the firing of Chinese crackers, squibs, Roman-candles, rockets, pistols, guns, and cannon of every calibre, and the making of a furious din and illumination. This, however, is only a rehearsal or preparatory service. The celebration begins in earnest on the fourth at sunrise, when all

the bells ring for an hour, and salutes are fired from the forts, ships of war, and by volunteer batteries. These bell-rings and salutes are repeated at noon, and again at set of sun. In the meantime Chinese crackers are fired by millions and by tons. Singly, in packets, and in whole boxes they keep up their patriotic din; while thousands of boys, with pistols and pockets full of gunpowder, load and fire as rapidly as possible, and keep up a rattling *feu-de-joie*, or, as nervous people who have not escaped think, a *feu-d'enfer*, in every street and square of the city. The air is as full of the sulphurous smoke as that of a battle-field. The pavements are literally covered with the *debris* of exploded fire-crackers.

At ten o'clock the volunteer regiments, to the number of eight or ten thousand men, parade on the battery, and march up Broadway. The display on this really brilliant street, which runs straight as a line for nearly three miles, is imposing. Some of the regimental bands number seventy performers, and a motley throng of spectators is swept along with the torrent of sound. There are orations, speeches, dinners, amid the din; but it is when the last evening salutes have been fired, and the evening bells rung out their peals, that the beauty of the celebration culminates. Exhibitions of fireworks are given in five or six of the principal squares, at the expense of the city, each attended with a band of music; but all New York, and its environs for miles around, is one exhibition of pyrotechnics. The whole sky is lighted with fire-balls and rockets; they are sent up from thousands of

places. The spectacle from the roofs of the houses, or any commanding position, is one of singular beauty ; and this scene, it must be remembered, is not confined to one or to twenty cities. It is repeated in every town, village, or hamlet across the continent, and the glorious "fourth" is celebrated with as much enthusiasm on the Oregon and Sacramento, as on the Hudson and the Kennebec.

If there is anything New Yorkers are more given to than making money it is dancing. In my younger days I was fond of this recreation. During the season, that is from November to March, there are balls five nights a week, in perhaps twenty public ball-rooms, besides a multitude of private parties, where dancing is the chief amusement. The whole city is made up of clubs and societies, each of which has its balls. When Englishmen have dinners, Americans have balls. Englishmen support their charities by eating, Americans by dancing.

There are in New York fifty or sixty companies of volunteer firemen, with from fifty to a hundred members ; and each company every winter gives one or more balls, in which their friends are expected to take part. There are twenty or thirty regiments or battalions of military volunteers, and each one has its ball. There are hundreds of societies and lodges of Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Druids, and various Irish, German, trade, and benevolent societies, which must have at least their annual dance in winter, and excursion or pic-nic in summer. Then there are assembly-clubs of young men who unite for

the sole purpose of dancing, subscribe for a dozen cotillion parties, and are as exclusive, if not as select as were once the lady patronesses of Almacks. Besides all these, are the great balls, held at the Academy of Music or largest theatres—as the General Firemen's ball, the ball of the Irish Benevolent Society, &c.

The price of tickets for the greater number of these balls is one or two dollars—four or eight shillings; to the largest, five dollars, or a guinea. A ticket admits a gentleman and two ladies. Single gentlemen's tickets are not sold, though extra ladies' tickets may be had by any gentleman who wishes to take more than two. At the society parties I have spoken of, where the lovers of dancing club for the pleasure of dancing, and where even the names of the ladies must be submitted to a committee of managers, tickets cannot be bought; but invitations are sometimes given. I have been to such balls where all their arrangements were as exquisite as possible; where every gentleman was a good dancer, and every lady was young and beautiful, and each vied with the other in grace and elegance of costume—where the music was as carefully selected as the ladies, and the supper and wines were delicious; where, moreover, the most perfect respectability was as necessary to obtain the *entrée* as grace or beauty.

Of that grace and beauty it is a matter of some delicacy to speak. Every country has its own standards of loveliness. The American ladies, of the class of which I am writing, have small hands and feet, exqui-

sitely delicate and lovely forms, and are brilliant and graceful beyond my power to describe. They are not as robust as the English ladies; it is impossible that they can wear as well; but from fifteen to twenty-five they are inexpressibly beautiful.

This gift of beauty is by no means equally distributed over the American States; it is as rare in the country west of the Alleghanies as in North Western Europe. But along the whole coast of the Atlantic and the Gulf, and in all the country settled for more than a century, it is common; and in the oldest towns and rural districts, settled for two hundred years or more, beautiful women, or at least beautiful girls, are so numerous as to become almost the rule rather than the exception. No person can visit Portland, Salem, Providence, or Baltimore without being struck with the vast number of exceedingly beautiful women; and there are regions of the rural districts as wonderfully blessed as the towns I have mentioned.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AMERICAN EXCITEMENTS AND SENSATIONS.

Visit of Marquis de Lafayette.—A generous volunteer.—The American and French revolutions.—Thomas Paine.—Progress of General Jackson.—Erie Canal celebration.—Reception of Mr. Charles Dickens.—The copyright question.—The "Boz ball."—General Scott and the volunteers in the Mexican War.—Henry Clay's last visit to New York.—Reception of Kossuth.—The Atlantic telegraph.—Japanese embassy.—Visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.—The real feeling.—Irish disaffection.—An outburst of Poetry.—"The Prince;" "Before him;" "Baron Renfrew's ball;" "Brown's Light Brigade;" a bit of blarney; at the tomb of Washington; Yankee God save the Queen.

NEW YORK, with the other American cities which follow its fashions, as they mostly do, even down to the town of ten thousand inhabitants, has its occasional excitements, as well as its stated holidays and seasons of festivity. Of these I remember several of a more or less striking character.

The first great popular excitement I can remember in America, was that caused by the visit of the Marquis de Lafayette. This distinguished Frenchman, at the age of twenty, leaving his young wife, chartered a ship, loaded her with military supplies, and offered his sword and fortune to Washington. The hero of the American Revolution was not an impulsive man, but he took the generous French-

man to his heart, and gave him an important position in the republican army. Lafayette proved a good officer. He fed and clothed his naked and suffering soldiers. When the ladies of Baltimore wished to give a ball to the gallant and generous foreigner, he said, "I should be delighted to dance with you, dear ladies, but my men have no shirts." The fair Baltimoreans, then as now the most beautiful ladies in America, laid aside all thoughts of dancing, took up their scissors and needles, and went to making shirts for the naked soldiery.

Such traits made the young marquis very popular in America. He gave to the cause all the money he could get of his own, or borrow of his friends. His influence, and that of his family, no doubt had something to do with inducing Louis XVI. to recognise American Independence, and send fleets and armies to aid in securing it. The war was over at last, and General Lafayette returned to France full of Washington and the New Republic of the West.

It has been said that the French Revolution was caused by the American. No; revolutionary principles existed in France before they took effect in America. I believe that England was the true source of both revolutions. The actual leading spirit of the American Revolution was Thomas Paine, an Englishman. He had more to do with giving voice, form, consistency, and purpose to the revolution than any other man engaged in it. He was "the pen of the war." Few men in England or America could have written as he wrote—none reached so large a public.

I have no sympathy with his religious opinions, and less than would be expected in an American, with his political doctrines—but justice is justice. Had not Thomas Paine written his *Common Sense*, Jefferson might never have had the opportunity to write the Declaration of Independence. It was a trumpet-peak that awoke the colonies to the thought of independence. But Paine was the disciple of Rousseau, and Rousseau gave French vitality to the ideas of English philosophers. Republicanism, the principles of the revolution, born in Europe, had their experimental trial in America, and the success of the experiment no doubt hastened the French Revolution of 1792. Not only Lafayette, but hundreds of French officers who had served in America, went home full of enthusiasm for the new republic of Washington.

Lafayette, had he been a strong, heroic man, instead of a vain and weak one, might have been the Washington of the French Revolution. Failing a Washington—having instead a Danton and a Robespierre—there came the need of a Napoleon. Lafayette was, in the course of events, immured in an Austrian prison, and was set free at the request of the American Government. In 1824 he accepted an invitation to revisit America. He was received with the honours due to the guest of the nation. I was young, but I remember the excitement in all our cities and villages. In his triumphal tour he came as far north as Concord, the capital of New Hampshire, and my father and mother, in a “one-horse-shay,” went fifty miles to see and welcome him. Bells rang, cannon

fired, bonfires blazed, thousands of pretty maidens strewed his path with flowers, and the grey-haired veteran was happy to see the great nation which he had aided to establish. The children and grandchildren of his companions-in-arms gathered around him, but there were also hundreds who had served under him—old men like himself—who came to embrace their now aged but then young and gay commander. Congress voted him a township of land, and some twenty thousand pounds in money, as a small acknowledgment of his sacrifices and services. The gift seemed larger at that day than it does now, when money is voted and expended by the thousand millions—and for no good.

The progress of General Jackson, when President, was an occasion of as great, though not such general excitement, as that which attended the welcome of Lafayette. What it lost in unity it gained in intensity, by being, to some extent, a partizan manifestation; but the hero of New Orleans had been successful and became popular. Even when the man is despised the President is honoured. New England cursed and scorned John Tyler of Virginia, the traitor, as they considered him, to the party that elected him; but New England turned out none the less to welcome John Tyler the President. So it may have been with Andrew Jackson; but he had stronger claims. He had been twice elected President, which Americans have no doubt at all is the highest place, and the most dignified office, on this planet, and he was also the hero of New Orleans.

The completion of the Erie Canal was not a national excitement, but New York, and the whole country bordering on the lakes, celebrated it with extraordinary enthusiasm. Every town and village from New York to Buffalo, along a line of five hundred miles, joined in the celebration. The bells were rung, processions marched, cannon, placed a mile apart for the whole five hundred miles, fired continuous salutes, orators spouted, and at Albany, the State capital, where the canal enters the Hudson river, Lake Erie was solemnly married to the Atlantic Ocean with appropriate ceremonies; the old connexion by the way of Niagara Falls and the River St. Lawrence being looked upon as irregular and illegitimate. The canal, with its numerous locks and strong embankments, appeared to the orator of the day to be the more civilized and respectable arrangement.

I have always thought that the reception given to Mr. Charles Dickens in New York, some twenty years ago, was a good thing; and though it had a tinge of extravagance and a strong spice of pardonable vanity, and not inhuman self-glorification about it, I am still of opinion that it was, on the whole, an ovation honourable to the givers as it was to the receiver.

True, the Americans had stolen his writings. They had printed and sold millions of copies of his books, and laughed and cried over them, and grown the better, it is to be hoped, for reading them, without giving him a penny for the privilege. They gave him praise, gratitude, honour, everything but cash.

The temptation to get all the best, as well as the worst, books written in Europe for nothing was too strong to be resisted. The interests of native authors were sacrificed to this greed of cheap literature. Manufactures of cotton, woollen, and iron could get plenty of protection while writers were starved by a competition which was a simple denial of justice and a simple robbery of genius in both hemispheres. No one felt this, and no one had a right to feel it, more bitterly than Mr. Dickens. An international copyright twenty years ago would have doubled the rewards of his genius and industry. Of late, the very greed of American publishers, their desire to secure a virtual monopoly and a higher price, has given him some remuneration.

But, *en passant*, has there been no blame except with the American Government? Has British diplomacy, in all these years, found no opportunity to secure the rights of British authors and artists, the men of genius who contribute so much to the strength, the influence, the prestige, and power of the British nation? I cannot but think that an equitable treaty of international copyright might have been secured years ago, had British ministers and diplomatists been alive to the interests of her men of letters, or had authors and artists been in any fair proportion among her ministers and diplomatists.

However this may be, it is certain that the great body of the American people were anxious to do honour to Mr. Dickens, when he made his famous visit to America. I have said that Americans are

fonder of dancing than of eating; they eat to live, and hardly that. They bolt a dinner of many courses in fifteen minutes, that they may have time for matters of more importance. Besides, a dinner requires more space, and can scarcely be enjoyed by as many persons. A public dinner to Mr. Dickens would not probably have assembled more than three or four hundred persons. A ball would allow ten times that number to see him and be seen by him, which was, perhaps, almost as important a consideration.

So it was a ball at the Park Theatre—the Old Drury of New York—where the Cookes, and Keans, and Kembles had delighted us, that was fixed upon. There was a supper, I believe, and there was a series of *tableaux vivans*, representing some of the best scenes in the *Pickwick Papers*, and the earlier works of the “immortal Boz.” I remember the immense crowd of the “beauty and fashion” of New York that filled the theatre from its dancing-floor, laid over stage and pit, to the gallery. I remember the mixed committee, official, fashionable, and literary, and some who aspired to all these distinctions. I think Irving and Cooper were there—I am sure of Halleck and Bryant. Willis sported his ringlets there no doubt; and can I ever forget the beaming, rosy, perspiring face of the American Körner, General George P. Morris?

There was a rush near the door, a flutter through the crowded theatre, a hush of expectation, a burst of “See the conquering hero comes,” and the author of *Pickwick* and the *Uncommercial Traveller*, with all of humour and pathos that lie between, burst upon our

astonished and delighted vision. Then the cheers, then the waving of handkerchiefs from floor to boxes, and all the tiers—and tears, no doubt, of joy and happiness—and bouquets innumerable, gave what expression was possible to the irrepressible enthusiasm of the hour.

I remember Mr. Dickens as my eye caught him there, with all that throng around him, and he the cynosure of ten thousand eyes, allowing each person present the usual number. His hair was in the bright gloss of its youthful, silken curls; his face was full, and ruddy with English health—not seamed, as now, with the thought and work of all these years. His dress was, I thought, sufficiently pronounced; but he was, on the whole, eminently satisfactory and sufficiently imposing. It was hard to open a passage where two or three thousand people were crowding to see, and be near, and, if possible, shake hands with him, but with tremendous efforts he was escorted around the room.

We tried to dance. Mrs. General Morris honoured the thrice-honoured author with her fair hand for a quadrille, but the effort to dance was absurd. I remember being in a set with two young army officers who were afterwards heroes in Mexico, but even their prowess could do little toward carrying their partners through the galop in such a crush. Happily it was before the age of crinoline, and what room there was we made the most of; but it was like dancing in a canebrake, the poor girls clinging to their partners to avoid being swept beyond their power to protect them.

Mr. Dickens came home, and wrote *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and did not show himself sufficiently grateful, some thought, for the enthusiasm of his reception. I have no complaint to make. With all that was true and just in his representation of American life and manners, Americans ought to be satisfied. They did not wish to bribe the author and artist with their hospitalities to be false to his impressions. Mr. Dickens had to choose between writing truly, according to his perception of truth, or not at all; and if he had chosen to be silent, I fear my too thin-skinned countrymen would not have been satisfied. What a man writes of a country or people is a picture of himself, as well as of what he writes about; and in Mr. Dickens's accounts of people and places we find always a great deal of Dickens.

The reception of General Winfield Scott and the returning New York Volunteers from the conquest of Mexico, was one of the most genuine and impressive spectacles I ever saw in a city so fond of public manifestations. The Mexican War was a series of brilliant victories to the American arms. The forces engaged were small in numbers, it is true; but there was hard fighting, at great odds, against strong positions, and at times with heavy losses. General Scott entered the city of Mexico at the head of scarcely eight thousand soldiers, mostly volunteers. Peace was made, with the transfer of California and New Mexico to the United States. The New York Volunteers came home—what were left of them. They had gone to Mexico a thousand strong, and two

hundred and forty sallow, ragged, crippled boys and men, with their flags torn in pieces, returned to New York.

Of course the whole city turned out to welcome them. There was an escort of ten thousand gaily dressed troops of the city regiments, all sparkle and glitter, on whose arms was no speck of rust, and whose beautiful flags had never been soiled by the smoke or torn by the shot of the battle-field. Then came General Scott, looking worn and aged with a hard campaign; and then, in thin and straggling ranks, with arms in slings, with scarred faces and worn-out uniforms, came the poor boys who had marched through a series of battle-fields from Vera Cruz to Mexico, had seen their flag waving in triumph over the halls of the Montezumas, and had left three-fourths of their companions to the vultures or the worms.

As they came in sight of the vast crowd of men and women that filled windows and streets and pressed to see them, the excitement became overpowering. They marched up Broadway through a storm of hurrahs and a shower of tears. Ladies threw their bouquets into the streets, which were picked up and placed on the muskets of the soldiers. They waved their white handkerchiefs, then wiped their eyes and waved them again. Poor fellows, they had one day of glory for all their hardships.

The last visit of Henry Clay to New York was the occasion of an extraordinary public ovation. He was about to retire for ever from public life. His last chance

of reaching the long-sought goal of his ambition, the presidency, had departed. Political animosity was ended, and all parties united to do him honour. The governor's room in the City Hall was made his audience-chamber, and there the Kentucky statesman received all who chose to call upon him. Thousands shook him by the hand. The women came as well as the men—came in immense crowds. Mr. Clay, now a white-haired old man, had always been a favourite with the ladies. He would have been President long before, if women could have voted. They were not content to shake hands with him—they began to kiss him. When one had kissed him, the next of course followed the example. Locks of his silvery hair began to fall to the click of furtive scissors, and but for the interference of attendant policemen, it seemed probable that he would not only have been smothered in kisses, but have lost all his hair into the bargain.

The welcome to Kossuth was as enthusiastic as any revolutionist could desire. New York turned out its million of spectators, and its twenty regiments or so of citizen soldiery, to honour the illustrious Magyar. He made a triumphal progress, with brilliant processions, eloquent speeches, grand banquets. We had an immense dinner at the Astor House, with abundance of mutual glorification; but it did not last. Kossuth wanted money. The Americans were ready to spend a million—they did spend millions in a popular manifestation, of which he was the centre and occasion; but they did not believe in or care enough for him or his cause to

give him a tenth part of the money they were ready to expend in dinners and processions. Besides, Kossuth travelled *en prince*. He had a suite of nearly a hundred persons, who drank costly wines, smoked the best of cigars, and lived like fighting-cocks. The hotel bills were enormous; people got tired of paying them; the Hungarian stock fell flat, and Kossuth escaped in disguise from the country that had a few weeks before received him in a frenzy of excitement.

The Atlantic Telegraph celebration was as characteristic an affair as I remember. My countrymen believe—firstly, that Dr. Franklin invented electricity; secondly, that Mr. Morse invented the electro-magnetic telegraph; and thirdly, that Mr. Cyrus Field laid down the Atlantic cable. They would allow, perhaps, that some Englishmen, on a sharp look-out for good investments, took a few shares of the stock, and that, from motives of policy or politeness, a British Government steamer was permitted to assist in laying the wires; but that the real glory of the enterprise, and its triumph, for the short time that it was a triumph, was American, we had no manner of doubt. Franklin, Morse, and Field were Americans; the telegraph was American; and to unite Europe to America was the greatest favour that could be done to that old, benighted, monarchical, and down-trodden continent.

The success having been achieved, was, of course, to be celebrated. It was a national affair, and the whole nation joined in it. On the night appointed, at a signal given by telegraph, cannon were fired,

bonfires lighted, and cities illuminated. In New York there was a procession, with Cyrus Field, the hero, in an open chariot, drawn through tempests and Niagaras of hurrahs. The fireworks were of such unprecedented magnificence that they set the City Hall on fire. I was in an illuminated city on Lake Erie. Towns were in a blaze beyond the Mississippi. I have no doubt that, if the statistics were collected, it would be found that the cost of that telegraphic celebration exceeded the sum subscribed in America and Europe to lay down the wire-cable across the Atlantic.

The reception of the Japanese Ambassadors in the American cities, from San Francisco to New York, was what people in Europe can scarcely form an idea of. In England, foreign ambassadors are received by the Government. The people seldom know anything of the matter until they read an account of it in the newspapers. In America it is the sovereign people who give receptions in their own fashion. There was a novelty in the Japanese embassy that excited the imagination. It was determined to astonish the barbarians. There was a tumultuous, extravagant popular manifestation, as remarkable in its way as the reception of the Prince of Wales in America, or of the Princess in London.

But what shall I say of that great and wonderful reception of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in America? It was a compound of several elements. There was great curiosity to see a live prince, the eldest son of Queen Victoria, and heir-apparent to the

British crown. There was a greater vanity and ostentation in the wish to show him the most wonderful country in the world, and to astonish him with such a welcome as he never had before, and never would have again.

"The poor boy has never hurt us," they said, "and never can. Why should we bear him malice because we licked his grandfather? Come, let us be generous. We will show him what he has lost. We are powerful, and as he has come to see us, let us patronize him." These were the actual thoughts and feelings of nine-tenths of the American people.

I need not describe the processions, the balls, the immense displays, civic and military, which amused or amazed His Royal Highness. No young gentleman in his teens, royal or otherwise, ever behaved, under peculiar and often embarrassing circumstances, better than did the Prince of Wales on this American tour. He "conversed affably," as the English reporters say—how would they have him converse, I wonder?—with all who approached him, and he danced indefatigably. He danced at St. Louis, at Cincinnati, and finally at New York. They gave him, sometimes, more old women than he liked for partners—the wives of civic dignitaries, &c.; but he manfully put them through their antique paces, and then took his pick of the pretty girls, only less beautiful and graceful than the lovely princess whom England has so joyfully welcomed to be the partner of his life.

I saw the reception in New York, and I knew his entertainers. Personally they had the various motives

which animate human beings on such occasions; but over all was the feeling, "We'll show you what Americans can do. You expect to be a sovereign—we are the sovereign people." It scarcely occurred to any one that His Royal Highness had honoured America or New York by his visit, but there was no sort of doubt that he was highly honoured by the reception given him. Of all New York, one Irish regiment alone—the since famous 69th, commanded by Colonel Michael Corcoran, since a prisoner of war in South Carolina, taken in the fight or panic of Bull Run, and later a major-general in the Federal army—refused to join in welcoming the Prince of Wales. They found little sympathy. Why not welcome him like all the rest, and take the opportunity to show him what he had lost? They were fools, it was said, not to turn out and flaunt their green flag in his face, and show him that if Irishmen were not trusted to bear arms in Ireland, they were the equals of the best—fellow-citizens, fellow-soldiers, and fellow-sovereigns—in America.

The Americans wished to treat the eldest son of Queen Victoria as an honoured equal—neither more nor less. America had no longer any reason to feel envy or ill-will to England. Bygones were bygones. We had beaten her twice—we were her equals now, and would soon be her superiors. She could not expect to increase in population beyond thirty millions. We should soon be a hundred millions. We could afford to forgive all the injuries and insults of the past, and to be generous to a power that could not

hope to keep up with us in the great race of empire.

Personally there was a cordial good feeling to the quiet, gentle, princely youth, whose mild appearance and unassuming manners were, apart from all prestige of rank and position, an open letter of recommendation. A torrent of poetic welcomes poured into the newspapers. They express, better than I am able to, the feeling of the hour.

The first I copy is irregular in its measure, and not the best in literary merit; but it confirms, I think, what I have said of the popular feeling.

THE PRINCE.

BY AN AMERICAN.

I stood amid the throng—
But one among the million hearts which beat
Expectant of his coming.
The bells rang out a greeting song,
And the mute flags a silent welcome waved,
While from their brazen mouths the loud-voiced guns
Spoke out a salutation which the hills
Took up and answered from the far-off shores.

He came! O, slender youth, and fair!
Around whose head the halo of a mother's love
Seemed lingering still, and as he passed
I sought to trace upon his youthful brow the stamp
Of something which we see not here—where all are kings.
A courtly, gentlemanly grace—"the grace of God,"
The tenure of his mother's throne, and great men's fame,
Sat like a sparkling jewel on his brow;
And from his boyish lips unspoken breathed
The kindly heart which marks the Christian man.
His eyes, which but a moment swept me by,
Like mirrors, brought into my spirit's sight
The view of "that within which passeth show."

I read the consciousness of high behest,
 The knowledge that a Power beyond himself
 Had placed him in a path which, soon or late,
 Might lead him to a trust, compared with which
 All human ties are but as grains of sand.
 I read the struggling of a high intent,
 With something which the world may never know—
 The inward battling of a youthful heart
 Against itself; the firm resolve to live
 Full up to all that Fate expects of him.

Ah, Albert Edward! when you homeward sail,
 Take back with you and treasure in your soul
 A wholesome lesson which you here may learn.
 You see a people happy and content,
 Knowing no higher rank than simple worth,
 Making their laws and rulers at their will;
 You see a nation which but yesterday
 Wrote its first record on the world's great page—
 A giant Power, respected and beloved—
 And yet we have no king.

We reason here—we who are equals all—
 Upon the destiny which surely waits
 But the fulfilment of a fitting time
 On Europe's crumbling thrones.
 We twice the Eastern hemisphere have seen,
 From Baltic to the Ægean shores, convulsed
 By the same spirit which, in old Rome born,
 Once ruled the world; till crushed by selfish aims,
 And ground into the earth by iron heels,
 By mitred hierarchs and sceptred kings,
 It slept through centuries of wrong and dread,
 Growing each year far down beneath the soil
 Made rich by martyrs' blood.
 Transplanted thence to fresh Columbia's shores,
 Beneath her forests nurtured, on her plains
 Wet with the blood of heroes, once again,
 'Gainst despotism it made brave head,
 And here, grown to a mightier power than man
 Has ever elsewhere seen or known, it speaks
 In voice of thunder to the listening world.

Oh, Liberty ! thou art not all a dream !
But almost God-like must a people be
To own no other sceptre here than thine.
It well behoves the heir to England's throne
To study well into the hearts of men,
And learn that since the olden time
The name of kings has changed.
"The grace of God" speaks through a people now,
And by that grace a throne alone is held ;
A nation satisfied a monarchy
Through centuries to come may still remain ;
A constitution liberal and just—
The bulwark of a people's liberties—
May shield alike a people and a throne.

* * * * *

God speed you, noble youth ! may every gale
Which wafts you hence, unto your native shores,
Be filled with benedictions. May the proud flag
Which side by side with ours so lately waved,
Gather new glory in the years to come,
From deeds where Albert Edward's name shall stand,
In golden letters, on the deathless scroll
Of those whose memory a people love to keep
Enshrined within their hearts.

His Royal Highness, staying in New York over Sunday, of course went to church, and very properly to the oldest and best endowed offshoot of the Church of England—Trinity Church in New York. The following description is written in an original American style of poetry invented by Walt. Whitman, a New York poetical loafer, not destitute of genius, and patronized by Emerson.

The poem, by a pupil and imitator, has been thought a trifle satirical, but will, perhaps, repay a cursory perusal.

BEFORE HIM.

A PICTURE—AFTER WALT. WHITMAN.

- 1.—A dreary and desolate day !
 The low hanging sky, leaden-coloured and lugubrious, drips continually its chilling tears.
 Wet, deserted streets, vistas of quiet gloom, doleful persons with umbrellas flitting away here and there.
 A cold, disconsolate wind, sighing loosely about.
 Mournful morning of Tenth Month, the Lord's Day, the Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
 A solemn voice of bells.
 It is time.
 "The Lord is in His Holy Temple : let all the earth keep silence before Him !"
- 2.—A chariot with horses—other vehicles give place—the progress of a royal person—the attendants mostly flunkies.
 Rapid the trot to the sanctuary—duly muster the spectators—the massive portals are opened, he enters, the flunkies following—
 It is accomplished—is there anything more ?
 Patience. Let us see.
- 3.—This is the House of God—those having tickets may enter, may approach the throne of grace, may behold the royal person.
 The place is full. Hearts of contrition. Thoughts of humility.
 Ticket-bearers in fine raiment. It is a sweet spectacle.
 Draw nigh. Merge with the crowd. Let the heart overflow with devotion. Bow down the head in reverence. Beware of pickpockets.
 Forty policemen and a superintendent. All is well.
- 4.—To think of the sanctities of the Holy Day.
 Have you pleasure in seeing them well preserved ? Have you joy in brazen buttons ? Have you comfort in prayer ?
 Repose trustingly. Lo ! an Executive, single-eyed, a Cyclops, a many-handed Briareus. Worship peacefully in the Holy Temple.
- 5.—Do you enjoy excitements ? Have you sensibilities that may be lacerated ?

Look! they bear out a fainting woman—a man also—limp, livid,
lifeless creatures, ghastly amid the multitude.

Pious ardour!—holy religious enthusiasm!—how the vast crowd
thrills with devotion!

He comes!

6.—Are you a judge of pretty things?—a delicate, epicurean con-
noisseur?

What circulates there among the people, passing from hand to
hand? What murmurs of delight are those?

Look! it is also for your pleasure and for mine; press on, there-
fore, and buzz with the rest.

To think what joy we shall have of it!

7.—The Book of Common Prayer!

Diamond elegance, gloss of satin, red sparkle of morocco, glint of
gold, the clasp curiously fashioned, the cost two hundred and
fifty dollars.

Ich Dien! Dollars! What words are these, bearing the soul
heavenward! What echoes, softly floating in the dim arches
overhead!

"The Lord is in His Holy Temple; let all the earth keep silence
before Him!"

8.—A moment—a sudden flush—the strong descending shock of a
vital inspiration.

He comes!

9.—What is this spectacle—splendid, significant, stupendous? . . .

Pageant of the Church, reverend quartette of bishops, soldiers of
the Cross, followers of the Lamb,

Surpliced servants of the living God, thirty-six in number—
answer, and why what is this?

10.—He comes!

Now indeed there is silence before Him.

11.—Bow down, white figures in yonder chancel! Bow down,
bishops! Reverend clergymen, bow down before him!

Advance, bearer of maces! Flaunt in your liberal state!

Peal out, strong, sobbing organ! Break up, troubled and
struggling sea of music! Burst forth, storm of sound!

And you, waves of melody, engulf all human hearts!

- 12.—It is finished; the words are spoken; the sound has died away;
 he is gone.
 Out from the dim chancel, reverend bishops and clergymen!
 Disappear, white robes of priests and of singers! Pour
 forth, pious worshippers, from the House of God!
 Into the streets once more—the rain of Autumn—the chill,
 sighing wind.
 What tramp of steeds on the wet pavement! What disappear-
 ing shape, there in the gathering shadow!
 Pass on, saints and sinners! You have worshipped well!
 Rest under the peaceful night, slow moving from the East.
 No longer before him, soldiers of the Cross! No longer before
 him.

WILLIAM WINTER.

The magnificent, but much too-crowded, ball at the Academy of Music, the New York Opera House, finds a lively description in the following stanzas. The breaking through of the temporary floor laid down over the parquette was a not uncharacteristic incident.

BARON RENFREW'S BALL,

OR THE BELLES HE DANCED WITH.

'Twas a grand display was the Prince's ball,
 A pageant or fête, or what you may call
 A brilliant coruscation;
 Where ladies and lords of noble worth
 Enchanted a Prince of royal birth,
 By a royal demonstration.

Like queens, arrayed in their regal guise,
 They charmed the Prince with dazzling eyes,
 Fair ladies of rank and station—
 Till the floor gave way, and down they sprawled
 In a tableau style, which the artists called
 A floor all decoration.

At the Prince's feet like flowers they laid,
 In the brightest bouquet ever made,

Baron Renfrew's Ball.

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For a Prince's choice to falter—
Perplexed to find, where all were rare,
Which was the fairest of the fair
 To cull for a queenly altar.

But soon the floor was set aright,
And Peter Cooper's face grew bright,
 When, like the swell of an organ,
All hearts beat time to the first quadrille,
And the Prince confessed to a joyous thrill
 As he danced with Mrs. Morgan.

Then came the waltz—the Prince's own—
And every bar and brilliant tone
 Had music's sweetest grace on;
But the Prince himself ne'er felt its charm
Till he slightly clasped with circling arm
 That lovely girl, Miss Mason.

But ah! the work went bravely on,
And meek-eyed Peace a trophy won
 By the magic art of the dancers;
For the daring Prince's next exploit
Was to league with Scott's Camilla Hoyt,
 And overcome the Lancers!

Besides these three, he deigned to yield
His hand to Mrs. B. M. Field,
 Miss Jay, and Miss Van Buren;
Miss Russell, too, was given a place—
All beauties famous for their grace
 From Texas to Lake Huron.

With Mrs. Kernochan he "lanced,"
With Mrs. Edward Cooper danced,
 With Mrs. Belmont capered;
With fair Miss Fish, in fairy rig,
He tripped a sort of royal jig,
 And next Miss Butler favoured.

And thus, 'mid many hopes and fears,
By the brilliant light of the chandeliers,
 Did they gaily quaff and revel;
Well pleased to charm a royal Prince,
The only one from England since
 George Washington was a rebel.

And so the fleeting hours went by,
 And watches stopped—lest time should fly—
 Or that they winding wanted!
 Old matrons dozed and papas smiled,
 And many a fair one was beguiled
 As the Prince danced on, undaunted.

'Tis now a dream—the Prince's ball,
 Its vanished glories, one and all,
 The scenes of the fairy tales;
 For Cinderella herself was there,
 And Barnum keeps for trial fair
 The beautiful slipper deposited there
 By His Highness the Prince of Wales.

BROWN'S LIGHT BRIGADE.

THE CHARGE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED.

The committee that prepared for its private acquaintances the recent ball for the Prince of Wales, discovered, gossip hints, that it had not included a solitary dancing man among its choice invited ones. In this dilemma it resorted to the immortal Brown, of Gracechurch [fashionable undertaker of parties, weddings, and funerals], who supplied with free tickets five hundred of his "Light Brigade," out of which he fills up fashionable parties with eligible partners for "the German."

Round rushed the managers,
 Seeking for dancing men,
 Praying for prancing men,
 Who in the Schottische shone,
 Who for their speed were known,
 Who would determine
 To go through the German;

Frantic they called on Brown,
 "Bring us some dancers down!"
 Boldly Brown thundered—
 "If you my young men lack,
 Free tickets give me,

And I will bring you back—
Quick as a flash or crack—
Bring you five hundred."

Trembling they did the thing,
And Brown did the thing;
Bird on a lightning wing
Never went faster.
Five hundred "nice young men,"
Each one a waltzer,
With free tickets rushed,
Into "Academy" pushed,
As to a market.
Fearful to tell of then,
That extra weight of men
Smashed the whole par-ket,
And every dancing soul
Went down the yawning hole,
Whilst the Prince wondered,
And Miss M'Flimsey wept
Over the grave where slept
That dear five hundred.

Down Broadway, next day,
Every man hobbled,
So that his shoes, you'd say,
Were badly cobbled.
Ask any man you met,
"How he such hurt could get,
Why, on his limping toe,
He should go stumbling so,
Why he so blundered?"
And he would tell—"Sir,
Last night I fell, sir,
When 'Brown's Light Brigade'
Fell through that dreadful hole,
And save myself, no soul
Came out alive or whole,
Of the five hundred."

The Irish 69th would not parade to escort our
Royal guest, but an Irish poet improved the occasion

to address him some poetical advice, of which the following is a sample :—

But thin, no doubt, ye'll ride about
Wid Boole and all the aldermen ;
They've little sinse, but for expinse
There's not a set of boulder men.

Fernandy Wud has decent blood,
And illigant morality ;
And ye may sware our mighty mayor
Will show his horse pitality.

The soldiers all are at his call,
Wid captains to parade 'em ;
And at the laste, ye'll get a taste
Of dimmocratic fraydem !

But plase to note, ye're not to vote—
A privilege, by Jabers,
Ye couldn't hope, were ye the Pope,
Until ye've got the papers !

Well, mighty Prince, accept these hints ;
Most frayly I indite 'em ;
'Tis luck indade, if ye can rade
As aisy as I can write 'em !

And when the throne is all yer own,
At which ye're daily steerin',
With all the care that ye can spare,
Remember poor ould Erin !

The visit of His Royal Highness, in company with the President, to the grave of Washington, was too striking an incident not to find celebration in verse, immortal or otherwise. From the many poems written on the occasion, I select one of the briefest and best, by R. H. Stoddard, who is, I think, a very genuine poet.

BEFORE THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

The soft rays of the autumn sun
Fell goldenly on land and wave,
Touching with holy light the grave
That holds the dust of Washington.

A sacred Presence brooded round,
A halo of divinest flame;
The memory of that mighty name
That makes Mount Vernon hallowed ground!

A stately, silent group was there—
The nation's Ruler, crowned with years,
And England's Prince amid his peers,
Uncovered in the reverent air!

Beneath the old ancestral trees
They walked together, side by side,
In sun and shadow close allied,
Linked in the happy bands of peace.

Two friendly nations met in them,
Two mighty nations, one of old,
Cast in the same gigantic mould,
Shoots from the sturdy Saxon stem.

They gathered round his holy dust,
The wisest of the many wise
That shaped our early destinies,
And fought our battles sternly just.

Like brothers at his grave they stood,
And gloried in his common name;
Forgetting all things but his fame,
Remembering only what was good!

'Twas gracefully and nobly done,
A royal tribute to the free,
Who, Prince, will long remember thee,
Before the grave of Washington!

Finally, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Boston poet and humourist, contributed a Yankee version of the

British National Anthem, of which the following is the concluding stanza:—

Lord, let war's tempest cease,
Fold the whole earth in peace
Under Thy wings!
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of Kings!

A prayer which the Boston poets, and other Boston people, seem, for some time past, to have pretty much forgotten.

CHAPTER XXV.

EXTENT AND RESOURCES OF AMERICA.

America compared with England.—Progress of population.—Rivers and railways.—Mines and minerals.—Agricultural resources.—A land of plenty.—Fruits and wine.—Food for Europe.—Public lands and squatters.—A country of magnificent distances.—A well-peopled country.—Natural extent of countries and governments.

It is difficult to give a fair idea of the dimensions and resources of the American States. The best way, perhaps, is by comparison with countries with which the reader is familiar.

England and Wales have an area of 58,320 square miles; population, 20,000,000. Ireland has an area of 32,513 square miles; population, 6,000,000.

To compare with these, I give the areas in square miles of the following States of America:—

| | Square miles. | Population. |
|------------------------|---------------|-------------|
| New York | 47,000 | 4,000,000 |
| Pennsylvania | 46,000 | 3,000,000 |
| Ohio | 40,000 | 2,340,000 |
| Michigan | 56,000 | 749,000 |
| Indiana | 34,000 | 1,350,000 |
| Illinois | 55,000 | 1,700,000 |
| Wisconsin | 54,000 | 775,000 |
| Iowa | 51,000 | 675,000 |
| Minnesota | 95,000 | 172,000 |

Here are nine Northern States, each larger than Ireland, several nearly as large, and one larger than England and Wales, and not one of them which is not capable of sustaining by agricultural products a larger population.

Let us now glance at some of the Southern States:—

| | Square miles. | Population. |
|--------------------------|---------------|-------------|
| Virginia | 61,000 | 1,596,000 |
| North Carolina | 50,000 | 1,000,000 |
| Georgia | 58,000 | 1,057,000 |
| Florida | 59,000 | 140,000 |
| Alabama | 50,700 | 964,000 |
| Mississippi | 47,000 | 800,000 |
| Louisiana | 41,000 | 700,000 |
| Texas | 237,000 | 600,000 |
| Arkansas | 52,000 | 435,000 |

Here are nine of the Confederate States, each larger than Ireland; four larger than England and Wales; and one, Texas, more than twice as large as the United Kingdom.

These, observe, are but eighteen out of the thirty-four States of the late Federal Union; while the territories not yet formed into States cover about as large an area. California, on the Pacific coast, has an area of 188,981 square miles; and Oregon, north of California, has 102,606. I have not included the great States of Tennessee, 45,000; Kentucky, 37,000; Missouri, 67,000; and Kansas, 78,000; the first three of which are Southern, or Border Slave States, each having more than a million population.

Many of these States would support populations as dense as that of Belgium, where there are nearly 400

persons to a square mile. Take half this density, and these twenty-four States named above would have from five to ten millions each of inhabitants.

The progressive population of this vast country has been very rapid. It has quadrupled in forty-five years. In 1815, the population was less than 8,000,000; in 1860, it was nearly 32,000,000. Some of this increase has been by addition of territory, as of Texas, California, and New Mexico; but all three contained, probably, not more than 200,000 persons. There may have been three millions of immigrants from Europe; the rest have been the natural increase. How rapid, how large this has been, can be seen from the increase of slaves, which has been from less than a million in 1808, to 4,000,000 in 1860. Here there was no increase from immigration, for the slave-trade ceased in 1808, and the number of slaves has been diminished by all that have been emancipated, and all that have run away to the Northern States, Canada, or elsewhere.

The proportion of arable land in the American States, and the richness of a large portion of this land, adapts the country to the support of immense populations.

The new States of the West have no mountains, scarcely any broken country, and very little land unfit for cultivation. They are laid out in regular sections of a mile square, with roads at every mile running north and south, and east and west, crossing each other at right angles, forming squares like a chess-board. Each square mile contains four farms of

160 acres each, with roads on two sides. These roads run in a right line, scarcely ever deflecting, for hundreds of miles.

The rivers of the Mississippi Valley, including this great river and its branches, afford twenty thousand miles of steamboat navigation. Other rivers give, say, ten thousand more. There are thirty thousand miles of railway. The coasts of ocean, gulf, and lakes may be set down at six or seven thousand miles.

The resources of this country can scarcely be conceived. There are coal measures larger than the whole area of the British islands; there are mountains of iron, and vast deposits lying in close contact with the beds of coal. On Lake Superior is a region filled with beds of native copper. On the Upper Mississippi are immense deposits of lead. California has mountains of gold. There are also rich gold-mines in Georgia and the Carolinas. Petroleum is found in unknown, but apparently inexhaustible quantities, in wells, and absorbed in rocky strata, or in the porous slates of North Carolina, from which it is expelled by heat.

The agricultural riches and resources of the United States, north and south, may be indicated by one year's production of a few articles, as given in the census of 1860. I give the totals in round numbers:

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Wheat (bushels) | 170,000,000 |
| Indian corn or maize | 827,000,000 |
| Rye | 21,000,000 |
| Oats | 172,000,000 |
| Rice (lbs.) | 187,000,000 |
| Barley and buckwheat (bushels) | 33,000,000 |

| | |
|---|-------------|
| Butter (lbs.) | 459,000,000 |
| Cheese | 106,000,000 |
| Potatoes, peas, beans (bushels) . . . | 167,000,000 |
| Sugar (lbs.) | 340,000,000 |
| Molasses (gallons) | 25,500,000 |
| Animals (slaughtered, value in dollars) | 212,000,000 |
| Tobacco (lbs.) | 430,000,000 |
| Cotton (bales of 400 lbs.) | 5,197,000 |
| Wool (lbs.) | 60,000,000 |
| Hemp (tons) | 104,480 |
| Flax (lbs.) | 3,778,000 |

It appears from the above returns that every family in the (lately) United States, black and white, had, on an average, in 1860, 26 bushels of wheat; 128 of Indian corn; 40 of rye, oats, barley, and buckwheat; 28 of potatoes, peas, &c.; 31 lbs. of rice; 71 lbs. of butter; 17 lbs. of cheese; 56 lbs. of sugar; 4 gallons of molasses; five pounds sterling worth of butcher's-meat, at American prices; 71 lbs. of tobacco; besides game, fish, fruit, garden vegetables, wine, &c. &c.; and besides cotton, wool, hemp, flax, and other products of the soil. I make no comparison with other countries; but it is very evident that Americans have not been stinted for the necessaries of life.

Some of these articles are produced more abundantly in the North, others in the South. There are more cattle and swine in the South; more sheep in the North. The horses, asses, and mules, are nearly equal. The North produces most wheat; the South, most Indian corn. The South produces nearly all the cotton and rice, and much the larger portion of hemp, tobacco, and sugar. It must be remembered, also, that the population of the North is nearly double that

of the South. The resources of the latter are much greater than those of the former, especially in great staples for exportation.

America, North and South, is rich in fruits. Apples can be raised in any quantity, and of the finest quality, for three-halfpence a bushel. Peaches make a crop nearly as abundant. Melons, such as are seldom seen in this country, grow everywhere, and thousands of cartloads are given to hogs, or, as among the Shakers, the juice is boiled down to syrup. Wine, over a vast belt of country, could be sold at a handsome profit for sixpence a gallon. A few years ago potatoes brought but sixpence a bushel. Wheat has been sold in the West, within three years, for a shilling a bushel. Where land is unlimited, and can be bought for five-shillings an acre, where there is no rent to pay, and no manure is needed, and crops are gathered mostly by machinery, even these prices pay the farmer a fair profit; but the price is, of course, regulated by the demand. If a ship-canal across Canada, from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron, would open to the West a direct trade with Liverpool, prices would rise on the Upper Mississippi, and be ruled by the English and continental markets.

The public lands of the United States, not appropriated to purposes of education, internal improvements, &c., are surveyed and sold by the general Government. The proceeds help to pay its expenses and diminish taxation. When at one period there was a surplus, it was returned to the States. The extreme price of the best lands in America purchased

of the Government, with, of course, an unquestionable title, is one dollar and a quarter, or about five shillings an acre. The less desirable lands which remain unsold are then offered at lower prices; and really good tracts of land have been sold in Illinois within ten years for sevenpence an acre.

By the law of pre-emption, people are allowed to take possession of lands not yet brought into the market, which they can cultivate for years without rent or taxes. When this land is brought into market, the occupants have a preference as purchasers, and may pay for it out of, perhaps, a single year's produce. It is no wonder, then, that every man almost is a landed proprietor. Every soldier who has served, if but for a few months, as a volunteer, in any war of the United States, has received, in addition to his pay, a warrant for a hundred and sixty acres of land, which he could select from any that was unsold. These military warrants disposed of many millions of acres; and if the same system should be carried out with respect to the men engaged in the war of secession, nearly the whole remaining territory will be given to the soldiery.

The cheapness of Government lands—the unoccupied territory belonging to all the States—and the encouragement to “squatters,” or settlers on lands which have not been offered for sale, keep down the prices of land everywhere. Good land near large towns—on account of being convenient to market—may bring twenty pounds an acre. Good wheat-lands, with conveniences of transport, are worth ten pounds

an acre. Rich cotton-lands in Alabama are worth five pounds an acre.

America may be called a country, as Washington has been a city, of magnificent distances. A man goes fifteen hundred or two thousand miles to make a family visit. Some members of Congress travel seven or eight thousand miles, with an allowance of so much a mile, to get to Washington. Their mileage comes to more than their pay—for American statesmen do not travel and make laws for the dear people, without being well paid for it.

The usual provincial tour of theatrical and musical stars in America, is between four and five thousand miles in extent, without including the much longer trip to California. It is possible to ascend one river more than three thousand miles by steamboat, and very easy to take a through-ticket and checks for one's luggage a thousand or fifteen hundred miles by rail.

The appearance of the older and more thickly settled country in America differs very much from that of England. The country seems to be more peopled. The population is scattered everywhere on farms of one or two hundred acres; each with its farm-house and cluster of barns and outhouses. The people are not gathered, as in England, into towns and villages. To an American, the English country looks desolate for lack of people and habitations. Nothing surprised and disappointed me more, and in my first trip between London and Liverpool, I said to a fellow passenger, "It is a lovely country; but where are the people?" The answer I received was not a pleasant one.

Americans have believed that their Federal Republic, or congeries of sovereign and independent States, united under a single Federal Government of limited powers and specific functions, might extend over the whole continent, or the whole world. So long as such a Federal union was equal in its burthens and advantages—so long as it was the evident interest of every State to adhere to it—it might last. But it is certain that no such union could be forced, or maintained by force; and it is only by guarding most jealously the rights of every State composing such a union that it could be maintained at all. The moment the Central, or Federal, Government invaded the rights of the States, the union was in danger. When that Government attempted to carry out sectional ideas, and to serve sectional interests, the union was at an end.

I cannot doubt that there is a natural limit to the size, or rather the population, of a nation. Whatever the form of government, men must compose and administer it, and the powers of men are limited. They cannot be safely tasked beyond a certain point. When the population of an empire has advanced beyond a certain proportional relation to the power of its government, it is in danger of falling in pieces by the relative weakness of the cohesive forces. Repulsions grow stronger than attractions. The centrifugal overcome the centripetal.

There is a natural limit to the numbers of a hive of bees, a hill of ants, and herds of cattle. I suspect that human societies have similar natural or necessary limitations. We organize armies, and other efficient

bodies of men, with vague notions of such a law, in squads, gangs, companies, battalions, brigades, divisions, corps d'armée, &c. A certain general, we are told, has not the ability to handle more than fifty thousand men. There is, then, a limit to the size of an army commandable by the highest military genius. So I think there must be a limit to the number of men which any sovereign or any congress or parliament is able to govern. When the body grows too large, then comes weakness and disorganization. I have no perfected theory to offer, but the subject is worthy of the attention of philosophical politicians.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS OF AMERICA.

American newspaper statistics.—Laws of newspaper circulation.—Newspapers in the slave states.—Freedom of the press.—The *New York Herald* and James Gordon Bennett.—The *New York Tribune* and Horace Greeley.—The *New York Times* and Henry J. Raymond.—War and anti-war papers.—Harper's *Weekly* and *Monthly*.—*Home Journal*.—Bonner's *Ledger*.—Sensation prices and sensation writers.—Comic papers.—The *Independent* and Henry Ward Beecher.—Isms and organs.—Position of editors.

In our days the life and thought of civilized countries find expression in newspapers, and no person can form a correct estimate of America without a knowledge of its periodical literature. I have not at hand the statistics of European nations, but I believe there are more newspapers in America than in the whole world beside. There are about fifty daily newspapers in the United Kingdom. In 1861 there were four hundred and fifty in the United States. There were more than four thousand weekly papers, and three hundred and fifty-six monthlies and semi-monthlies. The whole number of periodicals was five thousand two hundred and thirty-three.

The State of New York, with a population of less than four millions, a little larger than that of Scotland,

or something more than half that of Ireland, has 851 periodicals, 72 of which are daily papers. Imagine one hundred and fifty daily papers in Ireland. Illinois, a new State on the Mississippi, with a population of 1,700,000, has 453 periodicals, of which number 28 are daily newspapers. Even the new State of California, on the Pacific, has 17 daily papers, 87 weeklies, and 11 monthlies.

Nashville, Tennessee, with a population of 23,000 before the commencement of the civil war, had 21 periodicals, 4 of them dailies. A town in England, with the same population, may have one or two weeklies. Richmond, another Southern city, for some time the capital of the Southern confederacy, with a population of 38,000, had 26 periodical publications, 4 of which were dailies. St. Louis, a city beyond the Mississippi river, with a population of 162,000, has 55 periodicals, 11 of which are dailies. New Orleans, before the war, with a population of 170,000, had 48 periodicals, including 9 daily papers. Chicago, Illinois, a city of over 100,000 inhabitants, and which I visited in 1839, when it had less than 5000, has now 11 daily papers and 53 periodicals.

Large as are the numbers of papers published in the towns and cities, a much larger number is scattered over the country in small villages, two or three weekly papers in each large county. Thus Wisconsin, a north-western State, settled almost entirely within twenty years, and admitted into the Union in 1848, has 130 weekly newspapers; while Texas, which has received the great bulk of its population more recently,

has, or had in 1861, 119 weeklies. Indiana, an almost entirely rural State, without one considerable city, has 262 periodicals, of which 23 are daily and 230 weekly, and the adjoining State of Ohio has 32 dailies and 348 weeklies.

The circulation of a large proportion of these weekly newspapers is confined to the county in which they are published. The State of Indiana has ninety-four counties, among which a hundred or more of its weekly papers are distributed. As many of these counties have too small a population to support a local newspaper, the larger counties will commonly have two. One of these is the organ of the Federal Whig-republican party, the other of the Democratic. If there is a third, it may be nativist, neutral, or the organ of some religious sect.

These country papers, folios of four pages, printed on cheap paper, and more than half filled with legal, local, and medical advertisements, are published at a yearly subscription price of six or eight shillings. For reading matter they contain tales and poetry copied from the English and American magazines; the news, political editorials, agricultural matter, and communications on topics of local interest. The printer is generally the editor, but some ambitious village lawyer often writes the political leaders. Scissors and paste, however, do most of the editing. These papers, according to the population of the district and the energy with which they are conducted, circulate from five hundred to two thousand copies.

The daily and weekly papers published in the large

cities have, of course, a much larger circulation. Those published in New York penetrate everywhere; a great portion of their editions is mailed to yearly subscribers. Before the war, the shops of newsmen in St. Louis, New Orleans, Mobile, and Galveston were regularly supplied with bundles of the leading New York dailies. In this respect, New York is a true metropolis; it is, or was, the London of the West—in comparison with it all other cities are provincial.

For example, the daily papers of Boston are seldom seen except in editorial offices, or reading rooms, out of the Eastern or New England States. The Boston weeklies and monthlies, however, circulate more widely. The Philadelphia dailies have large circulations in Pennsylvania and the southern part of New Jersey, but do not penetrate beyond a certain district. But certain Philadelphia weeklies vie with those of New York, and its monthlies at one time had, if they have not still, a larger circulation; but one sees New York papers in Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco, selling in the streets. There is, however, no reciprocity. It is very rare that a daily paper, published East, South, or West, is sold in New York.

A curious law is also observed with respect to all periodicals. As the staple of both news and thought goes to America from Europe—as New York is really as provincial to London, as Chicago is to New York, all papers go from east to west, with the sun, and scarcely ever in the opposite direction. The best magazine or weekly paper that could be published in

Cincinnati, in the Ohio valley, would never cross the Alleghanies, while the west is covered with the publications of the Atlantic sea-board. The Cincinnati periodicals find their circulation around and westward of that city. So a paper in St. Louis, on the Mississippi, must find the greater part of its readers beyond that river. New Orleans, for social and commercial reasons, has sent its newspapers up the Mississippi and its branches, over the great region of which it is the natural seaport.

It would scarcely be expected that the Slave States would have as large a number of newspapers in proportion to their population as the Free States, yet such appears to be the fact. There are 1441 periodicals, mostly weekly newspapers, published in the Slave States, with a white population of about eight millions. Making a fair deduction for the papers of the large Northern cities which circulate over the whole country, there will be left less than 3000 papers for the twenty millions of population in the Free States and territories; or we may get at the facts by comparing particular States. Thus Connecticut, probably the best educated of the New England States, with a population of 460,670, has 63 periodicals; South Carolina, with its white population of less than 300,000, has 60 periodicals; Georgia, with its white population of about half a million, has 91 periodicals, while the Free State of Maine, with a population of 619,000, has 74; and Louisiana, with less than two-thirds of the free population of Maine, has no less than 117 periodicals. The Southern

papers are generally higher in price, and probably have smaller circulations.

In America, where the press is free from all restrictions, any man can start a paper; a very small capital, or even a little credit, is all that is required. Some of the most successful papers were commenced with less than a hundred pounds of borrowed capital. The man who can do nothing else can start a paper, and, with reasonable effort, get a support for it.

The press is free, in a certain sense; every man is free to print and publish; but a libel may subject him to fine, imprisonment, and a civil action for damages. In some States a writer or printer may be prosecuted for blasphemy. There are laws against immoral publications. A newspaper which goes against public opinion must expect to lose support. This would be likely to happen anywhere; but in America it is also liable to be mobbed. A few years ago anti-slavery papers were mobbed in Northern cities; pro-slavery papers, or those which advocated the right of the Southern States to independent action, have been destroyed by mobs, and the editors treated with personal outrage more recently. At the outbreak of the War of Secession, editors were imprisoned by order of the Washington Government, papers were not permitted to be sent by post, and were seized if sent by express.

I asked a democratic editor in New York, soon after the taking of Fort Sumter, if he thought the Government would put down his paper. "I think it must," said he; "for if it don't put us down, we

shall put down the Government." The Government seemed to view the matter in the same light and, a few days afterward, suppressed the journal.

Of the five thousand papers in America, four thousand at least are only free to advocate the tenets of the sects, or the platforms of the parties to which they belong; they are free, like hand-organs, to play the tunes upon their barrels, when the crank is turned. Party is more exacting in America, probably, than in any country where parties exist. Every member of a party or sect is expected to "toe the mark," and at the least sign of independent action the cry is heard—"Shoot the deserters!"

It follows that the papers of any particular party have a wonderful sameness of character. There are certain leading organs, and all the rest play the same tune. A leading article in a leading journal will be copied into a thousand papers, and in that way get an enormous circulation. There are, perhaps, two thousand Whig-republican papers, all publishing the same matter from week to week—all playing the same tune with very slight variations.

The daily newspapers of the large cities, even when of a partizan character, have more individuality and independence than the press in general, and there are a few journals as independent as any paper *can* be that *must* suit a sufficient number of readers to ensure its support. "Stop my paper!" is the cry of terror to an American editor, and there are very few beyond its influence. It is said that a popular London magazine, not very long ago, lost three thousand copies of its cir-

culation by publishing a single article. There are facts of public interest which even English journals, with all their independence, dare not publish, and very important subjects they dare not discuss. Public opinion is far more sensitive in America than in England, because it has more power for good or evil. In America every man who has an opinion has also a vote at the back of it. In England the opinions of nineteen-twentieths of the people, so far as the Government of the country is concerned, are of very little consequence.

The best known and most widely circulated daily paper in America is the *New York Herald*. It was established some twenty-five years ago, by James Gordon Bennett, a shrewd, talented, and not too scrupulous Scotchman—a man of remarkable character and abilities, and one of the ablest journalists in America. He was very poor—he had failed in several enterprises, and when he started the *Herald* as a half-penny daily, afterwards raised to a penny, he was determined, by any means, to succeed. He allowed no scruple, no modesty, no shame, no regard for the rights or feelings of others to stand in the way of the one thing on which he had desperately determined—success. He gave his paper the interest of local news, and the piquancy of personality. Public balls, private parties, the affairs of families, the peccadilloes of politicians, scandal—everything that would make a paper sell was fair game. The murder of a prostitute charged upon a young clerk, worked up in skilful reports and sensation extras, gave the *Herald* its first considerable start in circulation. It became a sensa-

tion paper, and has never lost this character. Mr. Bennett abused public men and private citizens without stint, and sometimes suffered the penalty of personal chastisement. But the paper sold more and more, and its large circulation soon brought it a profitable advertising custom. The editorials were often written in the spirit of a Mephistopheles, and ridiculed the most sacred matters of family and religion. There is nothing like it that I am aware of in the English press; though a hash of the *Saturday Review*, *Reynolds's Newspaper*, and the defunct *Satirist*, would give some idea of its former spirit.

It must not be supposed that a paper would go on for twenty-five years, with an extraordinary and increasing success, without some striking merits. The *Herald* was the first American paper to give daily articles on finance and trade. It was the first to use extraordinary exertions to get the earliest news and correspondence from all parts of the world. If Mr. Bennett was determined to make money, and not too careful how he sometimes procured it, he has also spent it with a lavish hand when it would serve his interests. He was the first New York editor to publish full reports of congressional proceedings, and to have important public meetings and speeches reported, though held at hundreds of miles distance. He seized upon the telegraph as soon as it was established, and has sometimes incurred very heavy expenses in getting exclusive or the earliest intelligence. When His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was expected at Niagara Falls, Mr. Bennett instructed his reporter to secure

the telegraph. This could only be done by keeping it at work, on the principle of "first come first served;" but there was nothing to report. The reporter was at the end of his story, and asked what he should do. "Send on the Book of Proverbs," was Mr. Bennett's answer. The Book of Proverbs concluded, the reporter said, by way of postscript—"No sign of the prince—what next?" "Give us Ecclesiastes," was the answer; and the operators were kept at their long and unusual scripture lesson, at a heavy price, until the cannon thundered, and the long-expected heir of England's throne came in sight of the great cataract.

In politics Mr. Bennett was a democrat. I speak in the past tense, because he is said to have retired from the *Herald*, succeeded by his son, James Gordon Bennett, jun. This, however, did not hinder him from opposing Mr. Van Buren, and advocating the election of General Taylor, and also of General Fremont, to whom his influence was not, and probably was not intended to be, of much avail. The *Herald* has always been favourable to the South, and opposed the election of Lincoln, and the war which followed, until a mob compelled it to hoist the "star-spangled banner," and to give such support to the Union cause as interest or fear could compel, while it has apparently done everything in its power to injure the cause it pretended to serve.

The circulation of the *Herald* for several years has been from 70,000 to 80,000. Of this number one-half may be distributed in New York and its suburbs; the rest are scattered everywhere.

The next American daily in notoriety is the *New York Tribune*, established about 1840, by Horace Greeley, who is still the leading or responsible editor, and identified with its character and success. The *Tribune* was built up on the basis of a weekly campaign paper, edited by Mr. Greeley to advocate the election of General Harrison. This paper, called *The Log Cabin*, printed at a very low price, had an immense circulation. It published all the songs and many of the speeches of the political campaign, and Mr. Greeley became known by its means over the whole union as an energetic, earnest, out-and-out Whig. An ardent protectionist, he was a not less ardent abolitionist, and has fought with equal zeal for duties on foreign imports and the freedom of the negro. Singular in his personal appearance, eccentric in his dress and manners, eloquent from simple earnestness, benevolent, credulous, and sympathetic, Mr. Greeley is one of the most popular and influential public men in America; no man did so much to elect Harrison, or Taylor, or Lincoln. He secured the nomination of the great rail-and-union-splitter at the Chicago convention, because he was determined that William H. Seward should not be President. Mr. Greeley had desired to be postmaster of New York, senator, governor, and hopes, no doubt, to be President; but Mr. Seward and his friend Thurlow Weed, editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, a powerful political organ, had defeated these ambitious aspirations. The time came when Mr. Seward wished to be President, and might have been elected, could he have got the

nomination of his party, and then Mr. Greeley, who had bided his time, defeated him, and paid off his long arrears.

In America nearly every paper of any importance is identified with its leading editor. The *Tribune* may have twenty writers, and several able editors, but its views are still attributed to Mr. Greeley. In France, every article must bear the signature of the writer, or some one who takes the responsibility of the article. In America, as a rule, the opinions of a paper are attributed to the responsible editor.

The *Tribune* has been the organ of Socialism, especially in the form of Fourierism, of Free Soil, of the Anti-Renters, of Woman's Rights, of Abolition, of Teetotalism to the extreme of Maine Law coercion, of high duties on imports for the protection of American industry, and has done much to disseminate a belief in Spiritualism. It has been an organ of Irish Nationalism, of Red Republicanism, Black Republicanism, and the ultra-doctrines of radical democracy. There is no such paper in England, and I can therefore make no comparison.

At the beginning of secession, Mr. Greeley, in his simplicity, and in his honest democracy, declared that, according to the teachings of the Declaration of Independence, the Southern States had as good a right to separate from the Northern as the colonies of Great Britain had to separate from the mother country; and that, as "all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed," there was no right to coerce them to remain in the Union. But Mr. Greeley.

is an ambitious politician, as well as a republican philanthropist. Perhaps his associates had some power of coercion over him; at any rate, he took back his words, and has been one of the most extreme and remorseless advocates of the conquest, subjugation, or extermination of the Southern people.

The *Daily Tribune* has a circulation, probably, of 30,000 to 40,000; but its weekly or semi-weekly editions give it an aggregate of more than 150,000. This circulation is extended over the Northern and Western States among people who sympathise more or less with Mr. Greeley. It is the favourite paper with those who consider themselves the movement party, or ultra-reformers—the followers of Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Parker, Fourier, Owen, Proudhon, Ledru Rollin, or Victor Hugo.

The *New York Daily Times* has probably a larger daily circulation than the *Daily Tribune*, but does not extend its influence so widely by its other editions. It is conducted by Henry J. Raymond, who has been Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and who aspires to be senator—probably to be President. Like Mr. Greeley, he is a native of New England, but had the advantage of a more regular education. He served an editorial apprenticeship, first with Mr. Greeley, afterwards with Mr. Webb, of the *Courier and Enquirer*, once an important political and commercial newspaper, but merged in the *World*, when Mr. Webb, on the accession of Mr. Lincoln, accepted the post of Minister

to Brazil. The *Times* has the reputation of being the special organ of Mr. Seward, and Mr. Raymond supported his claims to the presidency against Mr. Greeley's candidate; but the *Times* is for Mr. Raymond chiefly, and what he believes to be the winning side.

The *Tribune*, *Times*, *Evening Post*, and the *Sun*, a halfpenny newspaper, are advocates of the Government and the war. The *Herald*, the *World*, the *Journal of Commerce*, the *News*, and the *Express*, are all openly or secretly opposed to both. At the beginning of the war, there were, in the whole North, about two hundred papers that took ground against the right and policy of attempting to restore the Union by force. Most of them were silenced or suppressed. Many of their editors were imprisoned, without process of law, but by the act of the military usurpation at Washington. Never was the lack of intelligence, or honesty, or independence shown more glaringly than in the course of the American press in relation to the war. Three thousand Northern editors knew as well as Mr. Greeley that the Government had no constitutional power, and, according to the principles of the constitution, no right to compel the Southern States to remain in the Union—no right to attempt their conquest or subjugation; yet nine-tenths of them yielded to an ignorant and fanatical public opinion, and saw the Federal and State Constitutions, and the principles of free government they had always professed, trampled under foot by a military usurpation. Yet Americans have held that a free press was a palladium of liberty!

Among the most successful and widely-circulated of American periodicals are, *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Monthly*, issued by the largest publishing house in America, which has grown immensely rich, mainly by reprinting the works of English authors. The magazine and weekly are both profusely illustrated, and their most attractive matter consists of English serials, for which they now pay something, not as copyright, but to secure advanced sheets and a virtual monopoly. A certain amount of original matter is published in both these periodicals, and paid for at fair prices. Before the war, the monthly had a sale of more than a hundred thousand copies, the weekly some sixty thousand.

The *Home Journal*, edited by George P. Morris, the popular American song-writer, and N. P. Willis, the poet, whose prose works are perhaps best known in England, is a tastefully-conducted, cleverly-written weekly, too elegant and dilettante, however, to say much of politics, and is read chiefly by that large class in America which long since abandoned the country to a vulgar and corrupt horde of office-seekers, gamblers, and leeches on the public purse.

A curious instance of success in periodical literature was shown in the case of Bonner's *Weekly Ledger*. Mr. Bonner, an industrious printer, with what small capital he had saved of a journeyman's wages, commenced a weekly paper, fashioned apparently after the English models of the *Family Herald* and *London Journal*. For a year or two it was vigorously advertised and puffed, but had no marked success. It was then given out

that "Fanny Fern," an eccentric, strong-minded female writer, had been engaged to write for the *Ledger*, for which she was to receive the quite unprecedented, and in America almost incredible, price of twenty pounds a column. This circumstance was copied and commented upon in three or four thousand newspapers, and became known to all the millions of newspaper readers. Ten thousand pounds expended in advertising would not have given so much publicity as this startling case of a writer's good-luck, and a publisher's generosity or reckless extravagance. The result was, that everybody wanted to see a paper whose publisher could afford to pay such a price, and the articles that could command it. Its success was made. The *Ledger* went at once to a circulation of three hundred thousand, and Mr. Bonner was able to keep his fast horses, and employ fast authors, male and female, to write for him at sensation prices.

This was, I may as well mention, before a London magazine paid Mr. Tennyson, with, we may presume, a similar object, ten pounds a line for a poem—very fine no doubt, but not worth, in any high sense of worthfulness—each couplet more than the *Paradise Lost*. Mr. Bonner followed up his success by paying Hon. Edward Everett, a Massachusetts statesman and orator, who had been Secretary of State and President of Harvard University, two thousand pounds for a series of articles—the money, however, being given and received as a contribution for the purchase of the Washington estate of Mount Vernon, for which,

among other things, a million or two of men on both sides have been fighting.

"Fanny Fern"—a sister of N. P. Willis, author of *Pencillings by the Way, &c.*, has continued to write her often sensible audacities in the *Ledger*. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher also wrote for it. In fact, there were few literary notabilities who did not write for it. But Mr. Bonner's real attractions were not these. He used them as baits. He advertised and puffed with them, but the two writers he chiefly relied upon were Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, jun., and Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. Their romantic, intense, sensational stories, full of incident, adventure, and sentiment, were what Young America required; and nine-tenths of the readers of all papers of this class are boys and girls, between the ages of ten and twenty.

The success of the *Ledger* of course created a school of imitators, all worse than itself, and none of them so successful. The outbreak of the war, with realities more strange and terrible than fiction, deprived them all of a large part of their circulation.

Comic papers, like *Punch* or the *Charivari*, have never prospered in America, not for want of humour or its appreciation, but rather, I think, because the demand is otherwise supplied. It is because all the papers are more or less of a comic character. *Harper's Magazine* has in each number a few pages of comic matter and engravings, partly original, partly stolen from *Punch*. The weekly has one page, at least, of comic engravings. Nearly every paper in the country,

except the religious press, which is at times absurd enough, has its department of fun. Short and spicy paragraphs appear in the editorial columns. A joke from the New Orleans *Picayune*, or *Louisville Journal*, is copied by the whole secular press. The humours of "Major Jack Downing," "Artemas Ward, the Showman," "Ezekiel Bigelow," or "Orpheus C. Kerr," crop out in various Journals. It is this diffusion of the comic element that hinders the success of a paper devoted to this speciality.

The religious press includes a great number of weekly newspapers, and has an important influence. Every sect, and every subdivision of a sect, has its organs. Presbyterians, old school and new school, North and South, have their religious papers, which fight their battles. The Methodists have immense printing establishments, and papers which circulate by the hundred thousand; so of the Congregationalists, Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists, &c., for there are too many to enumerate. There are Episcopalian papers, High Church and Low Church, and ten or twelve Roman Catholic papers.

Among the most noted of the religious newspapers is the *Independent*, edited by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, assisted by three or four clerical and lay writers of a similar character. Its circulation is in the neighbourhood of one hundred thousand. It combines the elements of news and commerce with religion and philanthropy. It has been one of the most earnest and violent of the papers that caused secession, and then urged on the war to restore the Union they had made

impossible. In his Brooklyn tabernacle, Mr. Beecher could preach abolition, disunion, or subjugation to three thousand persons. In the far-reaching pulpit of the *Independent* he could speak every week to possibly a million of readers. In one case, his voice filled the space within the four walls of the temple which seemed to have been erected chiefly to the honour and glory of Mr. Beecher; in the other, his words were read on the plains beyond the Mississippi and by the shores of the far-off Oregon.

Not only every sect in religion, but every cause or theory of reform has its organs. Some years ago, there were violent No-popery papers, but they have died out, because the great mass of Americans to-day, caring very little for any religion, or thinking one kind about as good as another, look without dread upon the rapid spread of Roman Catholicism, which bids fairer than any other to become, not many years hence, the dominant faith over the whole American continent. There are Temperance papers, urging the passage of Maine laws, and other coercive measures, not only against drunkenness, but the manufacture or sale of any liquid that intoxicates. There are Abolition papers, organs of various anti-slavery societies. There have been, within ten years, some fifty papers devoted to Spiritualism; and there are, or have been, periodicals devoted to Phrenology, Homœopathy, Hydropathy, Anti-rent, Bloomerism, Woman's Rights, Odd Fellowship, and more odd notions of various kinds than I can readily remember.

English editors speak contemptuously of the Ameri-

can system of newspaper puffing, or inserting commendations of things and people in the editorial columns, at from sixpence to four shillings a line. When the practice is general and generally understood, it does not mislead. It is but an extension and variety of the advertising system. If I am not much mistaken, I see, from week to week, no inconsiderable amount of puffing of joint-stock speculations, books, and various inventions and enterprises, in English papers, with or without a consideration.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, and other English travellers in America, have declared that they saw no good American papers. The Americans, on the other hand, find the English papers dull, stilted, heavy, and wanting in variety and vivacity.

If there is no country where the press is so universal as in America, there is none, perhaps, in which more consideration is given to the higher class of its conductors. There is scarcely a better profession than the editorial, and no better road to influence and distinction. In my younger days, Isaac Hill, an able editor of a Democratic paper, who began as a practical printer, rose to be governor of New Hampshire, senator in Congress, I believe a Cabinet Minister, and for twenty years he was regarded as the leader of the dominant party, and the most powerful man in the State. In the days of Jackson, Amos Kendall, editor and postmaster-general, was said to be the power behind the throne. Mr. Greene, editor of the *Boston Post*, filled high offices in the State. In New York, Thurlow Weed, editor of the *Evening Journal*, and

Edwin Crosswell, of the *Albany Argus*, both printers, and then editors, wielded the power of the Empire State, as their respective parties acquired majorities, and made governors, senators, and presidents. They did not seek offices, but kept, it was said, the slate on which was written all the important appointments. At this time three members of Congress from the city of New York are editors of newspapers, while twenty others hold diplomatic or other appointments under the Federal Government. Very satisfactory, no doubt, but it is my opinion that a press less intimately connected with government offices and appointments would be more independent, useful and honourable.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AMERICAN BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

English reprints in America.—International copyright.—A Yankee poetess.—Whittier, the Quaker poet.—Stephens' travels.—Herman Melville and *Typee*.—Edgar A. Poe, and a whimsical introduction.—J. Fenimore Cooper.—Fitz-Greene Halleck.—Mr. Bryant.—Mr. Bancroft, and his "ease in composition."—English influence on American opinion.—Charlotte Cushman.—Motives for literary piracy.—An English novelist and the American copyright law.—American originality.—Government recognition of literary merit.

THREE-FOURTHS of all the books printed in America are reprints of English works. As there is no international copyright law or treaty, these books cost nothing to their American publishers. The histories of Alison and Macaulay, the novels of Scott, Bulwer, Disraeli, Dickens, &c., have been reprinted in cheap editions, and sold by hundreds of thousands, making fortunes for paper-makers, printers, and publishers.

For example, a three volume novel, published in London at a guinea and a half, and sold to the extent of fifteen hundred copies, has been issued in New York in twenty-four hours after its arrival in a sixpenny or shilling pamphlet, and an edition of twenty thousand copies. Within a few years, the authors of serial works have been paid, not for a copyright, which they could

not give, because there is no law to secure it, but for advance sheets, which give the publisher the advantage of a practical monopoly. The most popular English serial writers in this way derive, in an irregular and surreptitious fashion, some profit from American reprints.

What could American authors be expected to do in the face of this powerful competition? Suppose an American writer takes a manuscript novel to a publisher, his ready answer is—"Why should I pay you for a book, when I can get at least as good a one, and one with the prestige of European success, for a few shillings?"

Only books of a local interest or a very peculiar character, such as cannot be found among English publications, could have any charm in America. A history of the United States, fresh travels and voyages, works like those of Prescott—or novels racy of the soil, like those of John Neal, J. Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, or Holmes, could be expected to find a market—or tales of the local, sensation, or humanitarian school, like those of Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

The first person of the much venerated class of authors I remember to have seen, was an old man who lived among the mountains of New Hampshire, and made almanacks; the second was the quaint and sweet New England poetess, Miss Hannah F. Gould. She lived, and I hope still lives, at Newburyport, Massachusetts, and I went to see her, as visitors to London used to go to the Tower to see the lions. I had in my youthful imagination gifted her with all

the charms of youth, beauty and genius. I found her in a plain old-fashioned house, herself a plain old-fashioned old maid, sitting by the fire in a homely dress, knitting grey woollen stockings. They were not even blue stockings. It was my first disenchantment, and I think she knew it, and quietly enjoyed it. She was very kind and chatty, but not in the least like my idea of a beautiful young poetess; but she took the place of the departed image, and became a pleasant memory, for I saw her no more.

It must have been about this time, nearly thirty years ago, that I saw the Quaker poet, Whittier, a writer whose strong, nervous, intense verses contrasted strangely with his broad-brimmed hat, shad-bellied coat, and the mild and peaceful doctrines of the sect of which he was an exemplary member. He was, and ever since has been, a fervid Abolitionist, and this man of peace has done as much, it may be, as any other to deluge his country in a storm of war. He would not fight, but he has urged others to fight with words of fire—words that have carried desolation and mourning to many a Northern and many a Southern home. Men never make such fiends of themselves as when they do it for God and humanity. The American Quakers would never, I believe, have abandoned their peace principles for white men—they have done it for negroes. As missionary zeal seeks its objects in the Antipodes, overlooking the heathen all about us, so Quaker philanthropy is ready to sacrifice everything—even its most cherished principles—if the objects of its sympathy are only black.

John L. Stephens, a clever and enterprising New York lawyer, author of *Travels in Russia, Greece, &c.*, and of *Central American Antiquities*, and afterwards President of the Panama Railroad, made his entry into the world of literature in a rather whimsical fashion. He had been, many years ago, in Eastern Europe, upon I know not what business. After his return to New York, he happened one day to be in the publishing house of Harper Brothers, when the senior member of the firm, who has been Mayor of New York, fell into conversation with him about literature—that is, the sort of books he sold most of, which was his special interest in the matter.

“Travels sell about the best of anything we get hold of,” said he. “They don’t always go off with a rush, like a novel by a celebrated author, but they sell longer, and in the end, pay better. By the way, you’ve been to Europe; why not write us a book of travels?”

“Never thought of such a thing,” said the lawyer. “I travelled in wild out-of-the-way places, on business, and went very fast. I made no notes, and should have very little to write about.”

“That’s no matter,” said the publisher, who had taken a fancy that he could get hold of something racy from the fast New Yorker; “you went through, and saw the signs. We have got plenty of books about those countries. You just pick out as many as you want, and I will send them home for you; you can dish us up something.”

He did dish up three volumes of very amusing

travels, and in due time three more, and the Harpers paid him some five thousand pounds as his portion of the profits of the enterprise—which was by no means the lion's share. Encouraged by this success, Mr. Stephens made his expedition to explore the ruins of Palenque, in Central America. His work on those mysterious antiquities may be more accurate than the *Oriental Travels*, but it is not half so amusing, and as it was an expensive illustrated work, I doubt if it paid as well.

One day in New York I went into a lawyer's office in Wall-street—the office of a young and ardent politician, whom I had met often on the stump in the recent political campaign, and who had just received the appointment of Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy somewhere near the Court of St. James's. I congratulated and condoled with him on his appointment. It was a step upward and forward in the public life to which he aspired; but he was poor, and the salary was two thousand dollars—scarcely enough for his gloves and cab-hire. The American Minister in London must be a man of fortune—the secretary is likely not to be, and gets through his four years of service covered with debt, if not with glory.

While in the office, as the American lawyer's chambers are called, a younger brother and partner told me they had a third brother, whom I had never seen. He had been a little wild, and some years before had run away to sea, first to Liverpool and then in a whaler to the South Pacific. This was nothing strange—what followed was.

"He got home a few months ago," said the young lawyer, "and has been writing something about his adventures among the cannibals. Would you like to look at it?"

I had a couple of hours to spare, and took the package of the sailor boy's writing. It was the manuscript of "Typee," and the runaway brother of my Wall-street friends was Herman Melville.

I read "Typee" at one sitting, and had, of course, no doubt of its success; but the better to assure it, I advised the diplomatic brother to take a copy to London, and have it issued there simultaneously with its publication in New York. I felt sure that the reviews of the English press would make its American success, and I was not at all sure that the process could be reversed. It was accordingly brought out by Mr. Murray, and made at once a brilliant reputation for the author. It was one of the few instances of the first work of an unknown literary adventurer making for him a very desirable reputation. I met Herman Melville often, after I read "Typee," both before and subsequent to its publication. He was a simple-hearted, enthusiastic, gentlemanly sailor, or sailorlike gentleman. His subsequent works have been marked by certain eccentricities, but have, on the whole, sustained the promise of his maiden production. He married a daughter of Chief Justice Shaw, and retired to a rural residence among the hills of Western Massachusetts, where he carried on his farm and wrote a book every year until 1860, when, either getting short of materials or tired of life on shore, he started off again on a

whaling voyage round the world, of which we shall doubtless hear something in due season.

My introduction to Edgar A. Poe was whimsical enough. I was passing through that small patch of triangular green, in the lower part of New York, which bears the name of the "Park," to the Post-office which then stood in one corner of that enclosure, near the City Hall, when I was accosted by an original character named George Washington Dixon. He was born in Maryland; had the suspicion of a drop of the warm blood of Africa in his veins, but too little for identification; had a musical voice, and a talent for mimicry; and was at one time patronized by Mr. Clay and the magnates at Washington. He was, I think, the first to bring negro melodies upon the stage, and sang "Old Zip Coon" at the theatres. He gave concerts with songs, imitations, and ventriloquism; but the passion of his life was to be a journalist and man of letters. There was a slight obstacle to the realization of this ambition, which was that he could not write. I am not sure that he could write at all, but he certainly could not put together two grammatical sentences with his pen, though not a bad talker.

In spite of his deficiencies, George was unwearied in starting newspapers and publishing sensation extras. He indulged in second and third editions; he delighted in a crowd of noisy newsboys. On the other hand, as he could not write, nor often pay for others to write, and seldom had money to pay rent or printers, his publications soon came to grief. He started a paper in Connecticut, and failed, of course. Then he gave

concerts until he got a little money, and started a paper in Lowell, Massachusetts. The pretty factory-girls bought a few copies of his dingy sheet; but as the same matter was printed over and over, they got tired of it, and the paper failed.

Then he went to Boston. Finding a vacant shop in Washington-street, he got possession of the key on a pretence of examining the premises; but he concluded to remain, and began to issue a newspaper. He burnt gas day and night for lack of other fuel; was fed by a succession of trustful bakers and milkmen; supplied a broken-down writer of some ability with whisky in pay for editorials, and got his paper from a burning warehouse, which he was strongly suspected of setting on fire for the purpose. Never was a newspaper got out under the pressure of more numerous difficulties. The printers bolted, but the indomitable George Washington worked off new editions from the old forms on a venerable Ramage press he had got hold of under the pretence of wanting it for a museum. But the landlord, bakers, milkmen, and police proved in the end too strong for him, and George came to New York, as fresh, handsome, and sanguine as ever, and as determined as ever to be the greatest editor in America. His next ambition was to be on familiar terms with literary men; therefore, with an urbanity all his own, and an affability such as the reporters of the London newspapers are in the habit of attributing to royal highnesses at the slightest indication of common sense or decent manners, Mr. Dixon saluted the present writer, observing that the weather was

pleasant and noticing that the day was warm, as we went towards the Post-office.

On the steps stood a slender, tall, pale gentleman, with a pear-shaped head, the broad part upwards, a delicate mouth and chin, beautiful grey eyes, and the whitest of hands, with long tapering fingers.

Seeing that we did not recognise each other, George Washington rose equal to the occasion. With a Brummellian elegance of manner he introduced Edgar Allen Poe and the present writer to each other, and after the usual compliments went forth to achieve his destiny, which was ultimately to die very miserably of yellow fever in New Orleans.

Poe was a Southerner, and a man of rare genius, with some grave faults of character and one great misfortune—a temperament so sensitive that a single glass of wine made him not merely intoxicated, but insane. He had a beautiful wife, who died of poverty and consumption. He was wayward, unworldly, and strangely incapable of taking care of himself, or of keeping the friendship of those who wished to serve him. He was always sure to do something to mar his fortunes. One day he sold an ingenious scientific hoax to a newspaper publisher for ten pounds. The publisher, as is the American custom, brought it out as an extra; and Poe, crazed by a glass of wine, stood on the walk before the publisher's door, and told the assembling crowd that the extra was a hoax, as he personally knew, for he had written it himself. The crowd scattered, the sales fell off, and the publisher,

on going to the door, saw his author making what he conceived to be the necessary explanations.

Engaged to be married to a lady of wealth, position, and a genius worthy of his own, he took the precious opportunity to invoke his familiar demon the day before the wedding was to have taken place, and to make such an exhibition of himself in the street before the lady's house as to show that he was much fitter for a madhouse than for matrimony. The match was broken off with such circumstances of mortification as he did not long survive. Thus died the author of "The Raven," and "Lenore," and some of the ablest writings in American literature. Poor Poe, he was much blamed, but those who knew him best felt for him much more of pity. He lived a sad strange life, and died a sadder death.

One of the sturdiest of American Republicans was J. Fenimore Cooper, who is also one of the best known of American authors. He was an old-fashioned New York Democrat of the Conservative type, and held the present leaders of the Northern (so-called) Republican party in detestation. He was a Churchman of strong religious sentiments, and a politician of very decided principles. No American writer has defended what he considered to be the true doctrines of Republicanism with more vigour, and no one has more earnestly exposed the evils that he saw growing up in practice and threatening the life of the Republic. He was no believer in universal suffrage or an elective judiciary, or the rule of the majority. He held that

the constitutions of the States were compacts of the people of those States with each other, and a recognition of the great principles and fundamental laws that should govern society, and that they were made for the protection of minorities. Majorities, he contended, had no right to decide any but matters of minor importance; and in practice, he believed, that the minority, rather than the majority, managed to govern by party intrigues and caucus nominations. The advocate of religious liberty, he saw society disorganized by sectarianism, for which he could find no remedy. The church of which he was a member claimed authority without pretending to infallibility; and while it planted itself on the right of private judgment in matters of faith, how could it blame a score, or a hundred, of sects for the varied exercise of this right?

Mr. Cooper muddled himself in his efforts to reconcile opposing principles. But he was always brave and honest. If he defended America and Americans from what he considered the unjust criticisms of foreign writers, he did not spare the faults of his countrymen. No writer has censured them with more severity. He saw, with pain and mortification, the growth of political and social corruption, and predicted the consequences with great truth and earnestness. Proud of the real achievements of his country, he satirized its vainglorious spirit with an unsparing hand. Attacked by the American press, he determined to show its conductors that liberty was not licence, and brought numerous libel suits, in which

he was so generally successful that editors who had anything to lose were glad to let him alone. No one, I think, can read the works of Mr. Cooper without having a sincere respect for his character as well as for his genius.

One of the oldest and most esteemed of the poets of America is Fitz-Greene Halleck. When I knew him for some years in New York, he was a kind of confidential secretary to the richest man in America, John Jacob Astor, who also, at one period, gave employment to another distinguished and most genial American writer, Washington Irving. Irving and Halleck began the world as literary Americans nearly half a century ago, when New York was but a small village compared with its present dimensions. Irving pursued a literary career to the end of his life: Halleck wrote but little, but that little was full of fire, wit, and humour. I used to meet him almost every day at a quiet little French café, in Warren-street, opposite the City Hall. He came there to take his *demi tasse* and *petit verre*, and read the evening papers. On the walls hung pictures of the barricades of Paris, surmounted by the tricolour. In the rear were billiards clicking from morning till midnight. At the marble-top tables Frenchmen, Germans, and a few English and Americans who had got into continental habits, played chess and dominoes, and sipped absinthe, or, in the warmer weather, iced claret punch or orgeat. It was the stillest public-house, I believe, in New York. You might sit for hours and hear nothing but the click of the billiard balls, the rattle of dominoes, and

the "check!" of the chess-players. The landlord was silence personified. He seldom got beyond a grunt. His face beamed with good-nature, but it never got further expression than some obscure mutterings. But Halleck was too thorough an American not to talk, and was full of anecdote and fun. He had stories of Napoleon and Wellington, both of whom were his favourites. He knew the present emperor when he was in New York, and thought him "rather a dull fellow," as, in fact, he seemed to many persons who did not know what he was up to. Halleck was a bachelor, living in modest lodgings, and avoiding society, regular in his habits, even, it was said, to the stated number of glasses of brandy-and-water; but I have met few men who talked better, or who lighted up in conversation with a finer enthusiasm. A wit, and a *bon vivant*, he was also deeply religious, and though educated a Connecticut Puritan, was a zealous Roman Catholic, and maintained that every man who really thought upon the matter must come to the same conviction. "You must allow, then," I said, "that there are very few men who really think about it."

"Of course," he replied, "we know that. The great masses of the people of all countries believe as their fathers believed before them. Not one in a thousand ever chooses his religious faith."

Mr. Bryant, who also began his literary life with Irving, Halleck, Drake, Cooper—the men of the last generation of writers, contemporaries of Scott, Byron, Campbell, and Moore—still lives in New York, and

may be seen with his long white hair and beard, and eyes that seem to look into the future but do not perceive the present. He seems cold, stern, fanatical. He is the editor of the *Evening Post*, and for many years was the able defender of the Democratic and Free-trade party. A few years ago he became a very black Republican, and has sustained the Government of Mr. Lincoln and the war against the South with a ferocity which would astonish me more if I had not seen how philanthropists can hate, how men of peace can urge on the horrors of war, how Christians can murder each other.

When this red leaf in the history of America is turned over, there will begin a new era in American literature—a better, brighter, nobler one than we can point to in the past. It may be that the earnest, true life of the nation, or the nations, of the future across the Atlantic is now to begin. Let us hope so.

The American History of Mr. Bancroft is well known in England. An English M.P., who has travelled in America, and written a book upon his travels, says of the American historian—"If Channing be the Addison of America, Bancroft is the Hume. His volumes bear evidence of diligent research, ease in composition, and historical accuracy." I can give Mr. Bancroft credit for abundant research, but his history is too evidently written in the interests of a party not to excite some suspicion of at least a partial colouring. I smiled at "the ease in composition," for I happened to have had the opportunity of inspecting some of the historian's manuscripts and

proofs, and to know his method of procedure. And this is the process which my parliamentary tourist calls "ease in composition." Mr. Bancroft, after studying his authorities and arranging his facts, writes out his narrative. He then goes over it, erasing, interlining, correcting until the whole paper is covered with blots and new matter. His secretary takes this draft, and copies it out in a fair hand, with lines wide apart. The historian goes over this, erasing, interlining, and polishing every sentence. Then it is set up in type, and a clean proof sent to the author, who makes his last corrections, which are often so numerous that it is less work to set it all up anew than to correct it in the ordinary manner. The result is what strikes the reader as "ease in composition."

It is surprising that the Americans, for ever boasting of their independence of England, and even of their hatred of English institutions, should be so dependent upon and so sensitive to English opinion. Well, perhaps it is *not* so very surprising. There can be but one real centre to English literature and English thought. Even the Edinburgh publishers must have their principal business houses in Paternoster-row. English thought and English literature reach wherever the language is spoken.

Mr. Irving was thought a clever man before he went abroad, but it was when he went back to New York, with the prestige of English success—only after Mr. Murray had paid him two or three thousand guineas for a book, that all New York turned out to

welcome him as a man who had conferred honour on his country. So Mr. Cooper's American fame was the echo of European success.

One would think that, of all others, an actor was most dependent upon the feeling of his audience, and the least upon foreign opinion; yet I have seen poor Charlotte Cushman toiling year after year as a stock actress at three pounds a week, playing all sorts of parts at Bowery theatres, leading an army of Amazons in the *Naiad Queen*, when she played actually better than she did ten years afterward, at the height of her success; yet only the judicious few, who were judges of good acting, gave her the credit she deserved. In a bitter despair she came to England, became famous, and when she returned to America, in a year or two, no price was too great for her services—no theatre could hold the crowds that went to see and applaud her. She received as much for one night's performance as had been paid her, two or three years before, for the arduous labours of a whole season.

It is the old story. A prophet hath no honour in his own city. Americans, as a rule, and in matters not connected with their own local affairs, require foreign, and especially English endorsement. A paragraph of praise of an American writer from an English review would go farther with the American public than the puffs of the whole American press, daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, in all its five thousand separate publications.

Great efforts have been made by both English and American writers to induce Congress to pass an inter-

national copyright law. It is for the interest of both. The English author would get paid for his work, the American would not have the disastrous competition of stolen wares against him. The American author, like the bothered maker of brooms, may steal his stock of ideas; but he cannot expect to sell his commodities to a publisher who steals his wares ready-made. "Free-trade," I believe, has nothing to do with the question.

And why, it may be asked, is there not passed a law, or made a treaty, so just and so much demanded by authors on both sides of the Atlantic? Simply because the American public wants cheap books, the publishers prefer getting them for nothing to paying for them, and Congress is controlled by those who have money or votes. American publishers like the Harpers and Appletons, have hundreds of thousands of pounds invested in stereotype plates and stocks of reprints of English books. It would very seriously derange their business if they were obliged to acquire a right to print them from the authors, and a law or treaty of international copyright, to be just, must include the works of last year as well as those of this or next.

Mr. Seward, on coming into power, might have secured some popularity in England by proposing a copyright treaty; but he would probably have lost by it in America. The readers of the works of Dickens and Thackeray were very anxious to see these gentlemen when they visited America; but I have never heard of any anxiety to pay them in solid coin for

the pleasure and profit they may have derived from their writings.

Under these discouraging circumstances, it is, perhaps, a matter of wonder that America has done so much in literature, and produced so many authors of whom she may be justly proud. Griswold and Duyckink have embalmed their names and works in goodly volumes, and the list of American works in the British Museum fills two good-sized octavos, and might be further extended.

The American copyright law is less liberal to foreigners than the English. An American author residing in England may secure the benefit of a copyright without renouncing his nationality. Not so an Englishman in America. When a late distinguished novelist was in New York, he proposed to sell a manuscript novel to an American publisher.

"I should be happy to pay you a good price for the book," said the American; "but you, as an unnaturalized foreigner, cannot secure me a copyright. The law requires that you should at least have declared your intention of becoming a citizen."

"Is that all?" said the man of many romances; "that is soon settled:" and he walked over to the City Hall and declared his intention of becoming in due time an American citizen, with all the requisite formalities.

I cannot say that the gentleman had not at the time a *bonâ fide* intention of renouncing his allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria, but I am sure that if he had, he must have changed his mind, as he

afterwards accepted the post of her Majesty's consul at a pleasant European city. He sold his book, however.

The powerful competition of English authors whose works could be had at free cost, forced American writers to be original, or not to be published. Under the pressure of this necessity there has grown up a local and something like a national literature. Emerson has been called an imitator of Carlyle, but he is a Yankee Carlyle, with many features of his own. I confess I do not see much resemblance—not more than one might find between a many-bladed knife and a very ponderous piece of artillery.

No English author could have written the *Bigelow Papers* of Russell Lowell. They are not possible to any one but a born Yankee; and I do not well see how they can be thoroughly appreciated by any other. Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Whittier might have written their works anywhere. Not so Dr. Holmes, who can be as thorough a Yankee as Lowell. Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Child, and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who are among the three best known of American female writers, have each of them a strong local colouring. Willis, and his sister, "Fanny Fern," are also American peculiarities.

The Government in America has not done much for literature. By its neglect of an international copyright law, it has left publishers free to plunder foreign authors and starve their own. All this, however, must soon change. The Confederate Government will make its law of copyright universal, and

the North will be shamed into following its example. English authors will find their empire extended over another continent of unwearied and omnivorous readers, while American writers will have the chance of fair competition at home and a better recognition abroad, when virtue's ways in literature, as in other matters, shall be ways of pleasantness.

But if the American Government has not done much in any direct way to advance the interests of American literature, it cannot be said to have treated its authors with neglect. Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Paulding, Hawthorne, Willis, Hildreth, and others, have held Government appointments, some of them of the highest grade. Next to partizan services, the highest claim to political distinction in America is a literary reputation. Until now the pen has been mightier than the sword. It remains to be seen how it will be when the sword shall have cut its bloody way through the present entanglements. In the absence of a hereditary aristocracy, and in a country of great intellectual activity, if not of the highest culture or attainments, the man of letters must always hold an enviable position.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LAW, PHYSIC, AND DIVINITY.

The learned professions.—No grades among lawyers.—A road to political distinction.—America governed by lawyers.—No wigs.—No monopoly.—Health of America.—Medical education.—Cheap diplomas.—No distinction of classes.—No standard of medical science.—Triumphant quackery.—Hygiene.—Causes of disease.—American cookery.—Medical superstition.—American clergy.—Episcopaliana.—Other denominations.—Changing professions.—Eccentric preachers.—Maffit, Finney, and Beecher.—Political and sensation preachers.—The shepherd and the flock.

THE learned professions, so called—Law, Physic, and Divinity—have not the same social consideration in America as in Europe. In England the various grades in the profession of law give a special dignity to its higher branches, as do the various professional appointments. There are similar distinctions in the medical profession. The clergy of the Church of England are functionaries of the State, and the highest rank, the bishops, have seats in the House of Lords, and take precedence in the peerage.

There is nothing of all this in America. A lawyer may practise every department of his profession. The same man is an attorney, solicitor, counsellor, barrister. He may draw up a deed or lease, defend a case of

assault and battery, or argue a cause in the Supreme Court of the United States. In many of the States a man may be admitted to the Bar after a few weeks' study. The tendency everywhere is to remove restrictions and monopolies, and have free-trade at home, if not with foreign nations.

Law is a money-making profession, however, and money gives position. It is, moreover, the most direct road to political distinction. Thirteen Presidents of the United States out of sixteen have been lawyers. Four-fifths of all members of Congress and of the State Legislatures have been of the same profession. Lawyers have also filled a large proportion of all other offices which are filled either by election or appointment. At the moment I write, for example, the destinies of the Federal Government are in the hands of lawyers. President Lincoln is a lawyer; Secretary Seward, a lawyer; Secretary Chase, a lawyer; Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, is a lawyer; General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief, a lawyer; General Butler, a lawyer; General Banks, a lawyer; General Sickles, a lawyer—and so on. Probably half the officers of the Federal army are lawyers.

It is not strange that great numbers of educated young men should select this profession, and that it should be held in the highest consideration. It is so necessary in America that a man should be and do something—the profession of a gentleman, or one who lives idly on his income is so disreputable—that thousands of young men who have no need to practise law still enter the profession, either as a

pretence of doing something, or as the open road to political distinction.

In certain respects I think the legal practice in America preferable to that of England. There may be wisdom in a wig, but I cannot see the benefit of good-looking judges and barristers making such precious guys of themselves as they persist in doing in English courts of justice. That, however, is a matter of taste, and comes under the rule "*De gustibus,*" &c. But why a barrister should not deal directly with his client, civil or criminal, is not a matter of taste, and the pretence of prosecuting or defending causes without payment is, of course, a mere hypocrisy. I think also the American practice of appointing a prosecuting law officer in every district, paid by the State, for bringing offenders against the criminal laws to justice, is better than to leave such prosecutions to the injured parties.

Notwithstanding the fact that lawyers in America are so largely chosen as legislators, and for places of the highest trust, they can hardly be said to be popular. People consider them a necessary evil. An honest lawyer is proverbially a *rara avis*. "There is no greater curse to any community than a poor and unscrupulous lawyer," was the observation made to me in my boyhood by a lawyer who had been poor, was rich, and had not, it was said, been overburdened with scruples.

Some American lawyers and judges have acquired an enviable reputation for ability. Americans have a saying of anything very difficult, that it would puzzle

a Philadelphia lawyer. The names of Storey, Kent, Livingstone, Wheaton, Wirt, Webster, &c., are known wherever English law, which is everywhere the basis of American law, is practised or understood.

The medical profession in America bears the evils of haste and irregularity incident to so many of its institutions. It is a country of many and violent diseases. Large portions of the newly-settled country, and some of the oldest as well, around New York, are full of the malaria which produces intermittent fever. In the West and South-West there are, in the swamp and bottom-lands, worse malaria, causing violent remittent bilious fevers. The cities and villages of the South, unless guarded by a rigid quarantine, are also subject to visitations of the yellow fever or terrible vomito of the West Indies and coast of Mexico. The North-Eastern States are, like England, subject to consumption. The North, with its cold winters, has multitudes of cases of rheumatism. Children die in great numbers—in towns of cholera-infantum, and everywhere of scarlatina and measles. Continued and typhoid fevers are not uncommon. Dyspepsia and female diseases are everywhere. Hard work, over-eating, bad cookery, pork and grease, strong coffee, tea, tobacco, and whisky, poor and adulterated spirituous liquors especially, are among the many diseasing influences.

Here, among a population of more than thirty millions, is work for a vast number of physicians. And the Americans, who do everything in a hurry, educate their doctors in their usual fashion. Nominally, it is

required that the student shall read three years, under some regular physician, during which time he must have attended two courses of medical lectures. If, however, he pay his fees, exhibit a certificate as to the time he has studied, or pretended to study, and pass a hasty examination, made by professors who are very anxious that he should pass, he gets a diploma of *Medicinæ Doctor*. He has full authority to bleed and blister, set broken bones and cut off limbs. But in most of the States there is no need of even this authorization. Any one may practise medicine who chooses to set about it. No diploma is needed, and no licence required. This is the American idea of "free trade and no monopoly."

But where diplomas of the highest grade can be procured at so little trouble, and at a cost not exceeding forty or fifty pounds, nearly all physicians can legally sign themselves "M.D." The dealer in quack medicines gets a diploma. There are no medical men, as distinguished from doctors. And also, as a rule, there is no distinction between physicians and surgeons. All practise medicine, surgery, and midwifery. This is necessary in a sparsely populated country; and though there are in the large towns physicians who have adopted some speciality, and surgeons of noted skill, the general practice is as I have stated it.

There are also physicians of every school. There are allopaths of every class in allopathy; homœopaths of high and low dilutions; hydropaths mild and heroic; chrono-thermalists, Thompsonians, Mesmerists, herbalists, Indian doctors, clairvoyants, spiritualists with

healing gifts, and I know not what besides. What is worse, perhaps, is the fact that there is no standard—no real science of medicine—no absolute or acknowledged authority. Every one may do what is right in his own eyes. As each of the thirty-four sovereign and independent States has power to charter as many medical colleges as its legislature may consider necessary, every school or sect in medicine may have its college, professors, and diplomas. A few ambitious physicians, holding any medical theory, or pursuing any system of practice, can probably make interest enough with the legislature to get a charter for a medical college, and set up the manufacture of doctors. There are two or three such colleges which give medical diplomas to women.

But even in some of the oldest, largest, and most respectable medical colleges, there is no consistency of medical teaching. I knew one in which the professor of physiology was a vitalist, while the professor of chemistry also lectured on physiology, and based his explanations on chemical theories. The Professor of Theory and Practice was at sword's or lancet's point with the Professor of *Materia Medica*. One denounced blood-letting, and was in favour of a mild, expectant practice; the other was a sanguinary Sangrado, who held that the only way to get health into a man was to let the blood out of him, and that violent diseases were to be expelled by more violent medicines.

The result of so many various systems and no-systems is that thousands of young men are sent out to doctor their unfortunate countrymen with unsettled

notions of disease and medicine, to kill or cure, or perhaps it would be safer to say, to kill or not kill, according to their prudence and good luck, rather than their science and skill.

This want of any absolute science or established practice in medicine, which leaves to every inexperienced doctor his right of private judgment in matters of life and death, with a no-system and chaos of universal empiricism, has the natural effect of undermining the confidence of the public in all systems and "pathies," and leaving them a prey to the most vulgar, mercenary, and barefaced quackeries. The consequence is that the shops of druggists and general dealers are filled with quack or so-called patent medicines and nostrums. The newspapers are filled with their advertisements. Fortunes are made by the manufacture of sarsaparilla, pills, catholicons, bitters, cough elixirs, cures for consumption, &c. The box of pills that costs a penny is sold for a shilling. The decoction which would be dear at threepence sells for a dollar. The consumptive are dosed with preparations of opium; the dyspeptic find present relief in bitters, whose effects are chiefly attributable to the stimulating operation of whisky. The temperance reform, making it immoral and unfashionable to drink liquors, except as a medicine, made the fortune of the manufacturers of stomachic bitters and aromatic Schiedam schnaaps, highly recommended by well-feed members of the faculty.

One can scarcely conceive of an honourable profession reduced to a lower ebb than that of medicine

in the United States. But it is very difficult to point out a remedy. Anatomy is a solid, natural, demonstrable science, and surgery rests on a very solid basis. But what can we say of physiology, or pathology, or still more, of therapeutics?

There is no agreement upon any system, or even theory. Different medical colleges, even those known by the general designation of allopathic, teach different theories of disease and different modes of treatment, and this is sometimes the case, as in the instance I have mentioned, with the different professors of the same institution.

While medical science is in this chaotic condition in America, hygienic or sanitary science is generally neglected. The Government has other interests, and of late years busies itself little with matters which will not pay. Physicians, who are supposed to know most about the conditions of health and the causes of disease, cannot be expected to volunteer against their own obvious interests. They are paid for curing, or trying to cure, the sick. Prevention is doubtless better than cure, but who will pay them for devising means of preventing disease? Suppose the physician of a village could persuade the people to take such sanitary measures as would prevent an epidemic, which, by its prevalence, would put two or three hundred pounds in his pocket, who will make up his loss?

Physicians are as benevolent and disinterested as men of any other profession; but it is still the evident fact that they do not devote themselves to the prevention of disease. It is not their business. And,

what is more, it never will be until they are paid for keeping the community in health.

It follows that as few other persons know much about the laws of health—as great numbers are interested in causing disease, or making it worse by pretending to cure it—sanitary science is in a very unsatisfactory condition. Churches, theatres, and places of public resort are, as a rule, very imperfectly ventilated. Even school-houses, crowded with children, are so badly cared for in this most vital particular, as to destroy the health of both teachers and pupils. I have listened to a college lecture on the vital uses of oxygen, in a room so badly ventilated that its air was pestiferous and disgusting. There was theory and practice with a vengeance. Some of the railway carriages in America have admirable machinery for ventilation; but the greater number of them are execrable in this particular. The cabins of steamboats on the Northern waters are often nearly as bad. The use of stoves and furnaces in dwelling-houses does away with even the imperfect ventilation afforded by open grates and fire-places. In the large towns the poor are supplied with the milk of diseased cows, tied up, without air or exercise, and fed into scrofula on the hot slops from the distilleries and breweries. Pork and lard, consumed in enormous quantities, and even by the poorest people, to an extent quite unknown in any country in Europe, cause much disease. Whisky made from spurred rye—rye mixed with ergot—or from Indian corn, and charged with fusil oil, or doctored with strychnine, sulphuric acid, and other

noxious drugs, is also a serious cause of disease, aside from its intoxicating influences.

A thoroughly educated, united, philanthropic medical profession, aided by the State governments, might do much for health in America. The climate, apart from malaria in certain regions, is not necessarily unhealthy. In many parts the air is pure, the water is soft, and the fruits and other healthful productions of the earth are abundant. Nearly all New England, and large portions of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, &c., are healthful regions. So is much of the South. Portions of Texas, as well as California and Oregon, are of wonderful salubrity.

The Americans, like the English, have a lack of skill in cookery. They make dishes enough. A common breakfast bill of fare will comprise twenty dishes. But butter and lard are so cheap that they are used with great profusion, and the best viands and vegetables are rendered indigestible. Hot bread, made with lard and strong alkalies, and soaked with butter; hot griddle cakes, covered with butter and syrup; meats fried in fat or baked in it; potatoes dripping with grease; ham and eggs fried in grease into a leathery indigestibility—all washed down with many cups of strong Brazil coffee—these are some of the nice things which Americans eat for breakfast, and when they fall ill—as of course they must—then come loads of all the medicines advertised in their newspapers or given by their doctors.

What seems as strange as any part of this matter is a vague superstition remaining in the minds of many people that the doctors are infallible, or at least that, however absurd and contradictory to each other they may be, they should be implicitly obeyed. If ten doctors should prescribe ten different medicines, or courses of treatment, as they likely enough would, in the actual state of medicine in America, one of these fanatics would imagine himself obliged to follow all their prescriptions. I can understand law, founded on statutes, precedents, and decisions, as entitled to respect. I can understand an implicit belief in the dogmas of an infallible church—and a church that is fallible seems to have little right to propound creeds or promulgate dogmata—but I see no possible sense in believing in or relying upon a medical system, or no-system, which does not pretend to unity, much less to infallibility.

What can I say of the American clergy? If they were all of one sect, or if there were a national church recognised as orthodox, though tolerating dissent, it would be a different matter. One never hears the term dissenter in America. As all are equal before the law, we speak only of different denominations.

The Episcopal Church, daughter of the Church of England, is in many parts of America the church of the richest, most cultivated, and respectable portion of the community. It is scarcely anywhere the church of the poor. It has very little if any hold upon the working-classes. Its clergy is highly educated, and it has many eloquent preachers. It has retained the

Book of Common Prayer and Thirty-nine Articles, with slight modifications, and, though perhaps united on all essential points, is divided into High Churchmen, or Puseyites, Moderate Churchmen, and Low Churchmen. The High Churchmen accuse their Low brethren of being no better than Presbyterians; the Low aver that the High are on the high road to Rome; and it is doubtless true that they have a tenderness in that direction, and that not a few, both clerics and lay, have gone entirely over, to the great disgust of the more Protestant sections, who still profess and believe what is said of the Pope in the Thirty-nine Articles.

The Presbyterians and Orthodox Congregationalists have a regularly educated clergy; and even the Methodists and Baptists, who within my remembrance held book-learning in contempt, now have colleges and theological institutions. The most distinguished body for refinement of learning is the Unitarian. Dr. Channing was of this sect, and Edward Everett, Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Ripley, and other distinguished men of letters are, or have been, preachers of the same faith.

I need not speak of the Catholic clergy, who are always educated to a certain degree and in a prescribed system. Some of the American Catholic clergy have been educated at Rome, some at the Sorbonne, many at Maynooth, or in Germany or Belgium, and many, also, at the various American Catholic institutions. It is a common thing for an American priest to be able to converse in four or five languages, and I have

known those who amused themselves with Hebrew and Sanscrit.

American clergymen of all denominations, excepting the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic—and I am not sure about the former of these two—do not feel bound to keep to their calling unless it suits their inclinations. Some embrace other professions. It is common to see a preacher turn lawyer, or a lawyer turn preacher. Many take to politics, and get elected to the State Legislatures, to Congress, or fill Government offices. Some turn traders, auctioneers, photographers, or showmen. Many become editors and authors. There are, in fact, few professions in which you may not find ex-preachers. Some have become anti-slavery and infidel lecturers, and not a few lecture on Spiritualism.

I can remember many popular preachers famous for eloquence and eccentricity. Lorenzo Dow, who travelled from place to place, wearing a long beard when beards were seldom seen, and making appointments years beforehand, which he always filled to the hour, was before my day. The most striking celebrity of my boyhood was a Methodist preacher, said to have been a Dublin tailor, who created a great excitement, was adored by the women, and made multitudes of conversions. He wrote his life, as was the custom of the noted preachers of that period, and I have never forgotten the mellifluous sentences of its opening chapter, the first of which ran thus :—

“From the romantic retreats of far-famed Erin, borne on the fickle winds of an adverse fortune, a

lonely stranger brings his mite of sorrow, and lays the dew-starred treasure at Columbia's feet."

One can imagine the success of a handsome young Irish preacher, with curling hair and rosy cheeks and brilliant eyes, whose sermons were of this style of oratory, and whose conversation was if possible more delightful than his sermons. He was the Beau Brummel of parsons, and wonderfully preserved his good looks, which he did not fail to attribute to super-abounding grace. Mr. Maffit died a few years ago, at Mobile, and left a son who is a gallant officer in the Confederate navy.

The Rev. Mr. Finney, a New-School Presbyterian Revival preacher, and founder of a religious college for both sexes at Oberlin, Ohio, was a very striking and impressive preacher. I remember how he startled me, thirty years ago, by saying abruptly one day in his sermon—"A thing is not right or good because God commands it. The principles of right are as eternal as God, and He is good because His being is in accordance with them. God cannot make anything right any more than He can make the three angles of a triangle equal to two right angles."

This is all simple enough; but such statements were not heard from the pulpit every day, and were apt to strike those who heard them with the more force for that reason. Mr. Finney's prayers were quite as original as his sermons. One day he astonished those who were uniting with him in prayer, by saying, in a quiet familiar way—

"O Lord, I have been walking down Broadway to-

day, and I have seen a good many of my friends and Thy friends, and I wondered, O Lord! if they seemed as poor, and vapid, and empty, and worldly to Thee as they did to me," &c.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at the present day has much the same popularity that attended Mr. Finney twenty or thirty years ago. He has more, perhaps, of the element of humour. There is a great deal of genuine waggery about him, and, out of the pulpit, he has the drollery and animal spirits of a big, clever, good-natured boy out for a holiday. He is full of unusual, and unexpected, and sometimes not too reverent expressions. Of some difficulty with certain members of his congregation, he said—"I told my wife that God and I could lick them all out." He is what one might call instinctively popular, feeling the public sentiment, and always keeping just ahead of his people, and on the top of the wave. No one could make more of an excitement while it lasted, or quicker scent a coming reaction. His tabernacle in Brooklyn had to me no seeming of a church, and the appearance of the people who crowded every foot of it gave me a very decided impression that for every one who came to worship God there were many who came to admire Mr. Beecher. There is scarcely another church in America where Sunday congregations indulge in audible laughter, or give rounds of applause as at a theatre. Mr. Beecher professes to be some sort of an orthodox Congregationalist, but he preached for Theodore Parker, and his creed, if he has one, must be

an easy fit. Few men do more work, or work with more ability and acceptance to a large class of hearers and readers.

A great number of American preachers, among Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Universalists, have no hesitation in introducing political or social topics into the pulpit. They are often candidates for office, and not unfrequently take the stump in presidential electioneering campaigns. They are popularity-seekers, because popularity enlarges their congregations, increases their pay, and promotes them to more important fields of usefulness. A preacher who distinguishes himself on a hundred pounds a year gets a call to a congregation that can offer him a hundred and fifty. As he goes on and gains in notoriety he gets a louder call, to the amount of two or three hundred. A Baptist clergyman in Boston became so attractive from the notoriety he acquired in connexion with a case of crim. con. that his church was thronged by people who wished to enjoy the sensation of seeing and hearing a clergyman preach and pray who had been tried for adultery, and whom many believed ought to have been convicted. A Methodist Revival preacher certainly drew larger houses by the scandal of his reputed amours.

The mingling of religion and politics has not been a good to either. Politics have grown more and more corrupt, and religion has suffered by the association. It is but just to say that the Episcopal Church is but little liable to censure on this account, and politics are

seldom if ever heard of in a Roman Catholic place of worship in America, however it may be in other and more Catholic countries.

As religion in America is almost entirely disconnected from the General and State governments, the clergy depend upon the voluntary system for their support. There are no tithes or rates, and few foundations. Methodist preachers are appointed by their bishops, and the people must take such as are sent them. The pay is also limited by the same authority. The Roman Catholics have the same system, and no clergy is harder worked or more poorly paid. In all the other denominations the Church or congregation hires the pastor, discharges him at pleasure, and hires another. It follows that a minister must suit his people if he wishes to keep his place, preach what they wish rather than what they need to hear, and be the slave rather than the leader and former of public opinion, which is not my idea of shepherd and flock—teacher and those who are taught.

But the people govern and judge. They select the priest as well as the ruler—if a public servant may be called a ruler—by universal suffrage. A preacher comes, like a cook, on trial. He preaches his finest sermons, and prays his most elegant prayers, is canvassed at a hundred tea-tables, and accepted or rejected. Imagine St. Peter and St. Paul subjected to such an ordeal!

CHAPTER XXIX.

AMERICAN INDUSTRY AND INGENUITY.

The great want, labour.—Motive power.—Versatility.—Automatic machinery.—Hooks and eyes, pins, clocks and watches.—Iron works.—Rapid labour-saving machinery.—Stone-dressing and brick-making machines.—Curious looms.—Hoe's printing-press.—Type-setting machines.—Morse's telegraph.—Emanicipation of labour.—The Yankee millennium.

FOR two hundred years the Americans have been like so many Robinson Crusoes, thrown upon their own resources and obliged to invent a thousand things which their peculiar circumstances required. With land unlimited, vast forests of timber, and minerals in the greatest abundance, their chief want was labour; and they were obliged to supply its lack with every kind of labour-saving machinery. Necessity was the mother of Invention, and the Yankee learned to turn his hand to anything, until it became the habit of his race. He is for ever contriving, planning, whittling, and using his head to save his muscles, or to enable one man to do the work of twenty. Every torrent rushing down from the mountains to the sea was valuable for its water-power. The Yankee's first thought of Niagara is the number of water-wheels it would turn, and his chief terror is the terrible waste

of motive power. The brook by the side of the farmer's cottage is made to churn and turn the grindstone. A larger brook carries a saw-mill. The first steamboat ever built was, I believe, in the harbour of Barcelona, Spain; but the Spaniards had no use for it. It is not probable that the American inventor of the steamboat ever heard of the Spanish experiment; but steamboats were needed on the American rivers, and it was not long after the first experiments on the Delaware and Hudson before rivers and lakes were traversed by steam. The railway and locomotive are English; but America has more than thirty thousand miles of railway.

"Jack at all trades and good at none," is a proverb that Americans have no belief in. The more things a man can do, the better. A few years ago, in a depressed condition of manufactures in England, some emigrants went to New York. A woman from Sheffield, being destitute, applied to the authorities for help. The Mayor of New York, to whose office in the City Hall she went, was willing to find her employment, and asked her if she could do this or that, naming over various kinds of work commonly done by women. No, she knew nothing of any of them. What could she do? She could *pack files*. This was the one work which she had learnt to do—well, no doubt; but, unfortunately, the Mayor had no files to be packed.

The rivers of New England cannot fall ten feet at any point in their progress to the sea without being made to propel some kind of machinery. Cities

cluster round the falls of every large river, with great manufactories, as those of Lowell, Lawrence, Manchester, Holyoke, &c. I visited the village of Waterbury, in Connecticut, and spent a day among its curious factories. There were many mills. Water and steam power were at work, but very few human operatives. In one large room, full of machinery in rapid motion, there was but one man, whose business was to watch the machines and supply them with material. Each machine had a great coil of brass wire on a reel beside it. The end of the wire was placed in the machine, and from it flowed hooks or eyes into a basket as fast as one could count. These machines worked on, requiring only to be fed with coils of wire as they were used. In another room, automatic machines were eating up coils of iron-wire and discharging finished hair pins. Brass-wire went into other machines and came out common pins, with heads and points all perfect, and only requiring to be tinned and papered. The papering also was done by a machine which picked out the pins, laid them in rows, and pushed each row into a paper fed by a girl sitting beside it. One pin factory makes, with these machines, three hundred thousand dozens of pins a day. Another machine took wire from a coil and bits of brass from a hopper, and turned out buttons with the eyes made, set, and riveted. In this way a thousand inventions have been made, to save the labour of human hands, and to use only skilled labour and brains rather than muscles.

Clocks are made in great factories, and so entirely

by machinery, that almost the only hand-work is in putting them together; and they are made so cheap as to be brought to England in immense quantities, and from England exported to every part of the world. Watches are made in Massachusetts by similar machinery, and with such accuracy that every minutest part will fit every other, so that if a watch is injured, the required part can be supplied from the factory. Here, too, the only human labour is to feed and overlook the machines and put the parts together. The reaping and sewing machines of American invention are known everywhere. The same system applies to larger and coarser manufactures. There is a manufactory in Pittsburgh in which a machine turns out half-pound iron railroad spikes at the rate of fifty a minute. Only seven men are employed in the works, but the machines, with their attendance, make five tons of spikes a day. Nails of all sizes are made in self-feeding machines in enormous quantities. Strips of iron go in on one side and nails pour out on the other like meal from a mill. Rivets, neatly headed, from the smallest size up to seven to the pound, are made in the same manner; and the largest are turned out at the rate of eighty a minute from each machine. Beautiful oval frames for photographs are made and finished by machinery so rapidly that a single workman can turn out two gross a day. Automatic machines make ten thousand wooden shingles, for the roofs of houses, a day. Twenty men make one hundred pannelled house-doors a day, by the aid of machinery. A match-making machine cuts out

the wood for 4500 matches every minute. Shoe-lasts and boot-trees are made by rapid machinery. With similar aid seven men make the wooden parts of thirty ploughs a day.

Labour-saving machinery is applied to stone and brickwork as well as iron and wood. Marble and granite are hammered, planed, and polished by machinery. A stone surface, four feet by two feet, is dressed in seven minutes. Bricks are pressed from dry clay, ready for the kiln, at the rate of thirty-six a minute, or nearly two thousand an hour. At the flour mills nearly the whole work is done by machinery, and the wheat is transferred from canal-boats to the upper stories of the mill at the rate of four thousand bushels an hour.

House's telegraphic printing machine prints the messages at the rate of twenty words a minute. Grain and other bags are woven whole in American looms, each loom making forty-five two-bushel bags a day. A similar machine makes hose for fire-engines at the rate of a thousand feet a day. By the use of type-casting machines a workman can cast ninety brevier types a minute. In the dyeing houses connected with large factories, one boy, with machinery, does the ordinary work of six men.

One of my earliest acquaintances in New York was Robert Hoe, the inventor of the simple and effective newspaper presses which bear his name, and which he has supplied to many of the largest printing establishments in England. Type-setting machines, with keyboards like pianofortes, are used in several New

York printing offices. Steam stevedores may be seen at the docks loading and unloading vessels, and steam hod-carriers in the large buildings. A steam excavator digs canals and railway-cuttings, and a steam-engine tunnels mountains. Morse, an American artist, but a better chemist and mechanic than painter, thought out the magnetic telegraph on a Havre packet-ship, but met the common fate of inventors. He struggled for years with poverty and a thousand difficulties. He could not interest capitalists. In England he could not even get a patent. At last, when he was yielding to despair and meditated suicide, on the last night of the Session of Congress, at midnight, when the Appropriation Bill was being rushed through, he got an appropriation of about six thousand pounds for an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore. Then success, rewards, honours, titles of nobility, gold medals, and an immense fortune. The American inventor of the sewing machine had similar misfortunes and a similar success. Would any one but an American have ever invented a milking machine? or a machine to beat eggs? or machines to black boots, scour knives, pare apples, and do a hundred things that all other peoples have done with their ten fingers from time immemorial?

Skill and intelligence are required for the management of machinery. Every child under fifteen employed in the factories of Massachusetts is secured three months' schooling every year by law. The American workman has no jealousy of machinery.

It carries out his idea of the emancipation of labour. He welcomes every improvement that facilitates his work. His millennium is the time when machines will do everything, and he will have only to see them work and enjoy the fruits of their labour. His most difficult problem will be the equitable division of the productions of machinery among those who profess the political doctrine that "all men are created equal," and have an inalienable right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

CHAPTER XXX.

AMERICAN PECULIARITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES.

Yankees in books and on the stage.—Why Yankees talk through their noses.—Yankee forms of speech.—The western vocabulary.—South-western characteristics.—Southern peculiarities.—American humour.—Etymologies.—A steamboat explosion.—Character and manners.—Lack of reverence.—Yankee sharpness and self-confidence.—A model Yankee.

ENGLISHMEN know the Yankee chiefly as he appears in literature and on the stage. He is well drawn in the novels of John Neal, Cooper, and Paulding, and in the writings of the author of *Sam Slick*. Hackett and Hill have given us truthful Yankees on the stage. We imagine, sometimes, that literary and dramatic portraitures are overdone. I do not think so. I have never seen a stage Irishman, Cockney, Yankee, or negro that came fully up to the genuine article. The trouble is not in overdoing, but in doing falsely. Many English writers habitually confuse the American idioms and peculiarities of the East, West, and South. It is as if one should mix up Scotchman, Irishman, and Cockney. Yet this is done weekly in the papers and nightly on the stage.

It is possible to travel through America without meeting many specimens of the thorough Yankee,

the broad Western man, or the distinctive Southerner of the strongest type; but they all exist abundantly. There are districts in New England, in the rough mountain regions, where the Yankee flourishes as grotesque in attire and speech as was ever described in story or seen upon the stage. Western and Southern peculiarities are still more common.

I know of no good physiological reason why a Yankee should talk through his nose, unless he got in the habit of shutting his mouth to keep out the cold fogs and drizzling north-easters of Massachusetts Bay. It is certain that men open their mouths and broaden their speech as they go West, until on the Mississippi they tell you "thar are heaps of bar over thar, whar I was raised." Southern speech is clipped, softened, and broadened by the negro admixture. The child learns its language from its negro nurse, servants, and playmates, and this not unpleasant taint is never quite eradicated.

Besides peculiarities of articulation and enunciation, there are forms of expression peculiar to and characteristic of each section of the American States. A Yankee does not swear; he says, I vum, I swon, I swow, I vow, darn it, gaul darn your picter, by golly, golly crimus; and uses other mean and cowardly ways of whipping the devil round the stump. The Western man has no trouble about swearing, and has a remarkable breadth of expression. He is catawampously chawed up; while the Yankee is a gone sucker, or describes himself as 'so as to be crawlin'. 'He talks of spunkin' up to an all-fired,

tarnation, slick gall, clean grit, I tell yeou neow. He civilly invites you to hold yer yop. He lets on that he felt kinder streaked, by golly! He describes a man as being handsome as a picter, but so darnation ugly; or as a thunderin' fool, but a clever critter as ever lived—ugly being Yankee for wicked, and clever for good-natured. A plain girl is as homely as a hedge-fence, but a Yankee may have a kinder sneakin' notion arter her. He boasts that he is a hull team and a hoss to let. You can't tucker him eout. It beats all natur heow he can go it when he gets his dander up. He has got his eye-teeth cut, true as preachin'. He gets hoppin' mad, and makes all gee again. He is dreadful glad to see you, and is powerful sorry you enjoy such poor health.

I am inclined to think the Western vocabulary more copious than that of the Yankee proper. The language, like the country, has a certain breadth and magnitude about it. A Western man sleeps so sound, it would take an earthquake to wake him. He is in danger pretty considerable much, because somebody was down on him, like the whole Missouri on a sand-bar. He is a gone 'coon. He is down on all cussed varmints, gets into an everlasting fix, and holds that the longest pole knocks down the persimmons. A story smells rather tall. Stranger, he says, in bar hunts I am numerous. He says a pathetic story sunk into his feelings like a snagged boat into the Mississippi. He tells of a person as cross as a bar with two cubs and a sore tail. He laughs like a hyena over a dead nigger. He walks through a fence

like a falling tree through a cobweb. He goes the whole hog. He raises right smart of corn and lives where there is a smart chance of bars. Bust me wide open, he says, if I didn't bulge into the creek in the twinkling of a bedpost, I was so thunderin' savagerous.

In the south-west is found the combination of Western and Southern character and speech. The south-western man was born in old Kaintuck, raised in Mississippi, is death on a bar, and smartly on a painter fight. He walks the water, out hollers the thunder, drinks the Mississippi, calculates that he is the genuwine article, and that those he don't like aint worth shucks. He tells of a fellow so poor and thin he had to lean up agin a saplin' to cuss. He gets as savage as a meat axe. He splurges about, and blows up like a steamboat.

The Southerner is mighty glad to see you. He is apt to be powerful lazy, and powerful slow; but if you visit him where he has located himself, he'll go for you to the hilt agin creation, that's tatur. When people salute each other at meeting, he says they are howdyin' and civiliz'in' each other. He has powerfu nice corn. The extreme of facility is not as easy as lying, but as easy as shootin'. A man who has undressed has shucked himself. To make a bet with a man is to size his pile. Yankees guess everything, past, present, and future; Southerners reckon and calculate. All these peculiarities of speech would fill a small volume. Most of the Yankeeisms can be found in the districts of England from which the

country was first settled. The colloquialisms of the South and West are more original.

American humour consists largely of exaggeration, and of strange and quaint expressions. Much that seems droll to English readers is very seriously intended. The man who described himself as "squandering about permiscuous" had no idea that his expression was funny. When he boasted of his sister—"She slings the nastiest ankle in old Kentuck," he only intended to say that she had a pretty ankle, and knew how to use it in the dance. So it was in solemn earnest that a Western maiden, happening to get sight of a denuded traveller, exclaimed, "Wall, stranger, you've got a right smart chance of a leg, I declar'!" To escape rapidly, west of the Mississippi, might be "to vamose quicker'n greased lightnin' down a peeled hickory." "Vamose," and "vamose the ranch," are borrowed from Mexico by the Santa Fé traders. "Cut stick," and "absquatulate," are indigenous. A man cuts a stick when about to travel. Absquatulate comes from *a* or *ab*, privative, and squat, western for settle. When a squatter removes, he absquatulates. As for the greased lightning and peeled hickory, Americans have a passion for making improvements on everything. The Mississippi boatmen improved the name of *Bois Brulé* into something they could understand, when they called it Bob Ruly's Woods. The story of land so rich that a squash vine, in its rapid growth, overtook a drove of pigs, was a western exaggeration. The evidence of a witness in a life insurance case,

involved in the blowing-up of a steamboat on the Ohio, is droll, just because it is characteristic. The witness knew the missing man. He saw him on the deck of the steamboat just before the explosion. "When," asked the lawyer, "was the last time you saw him?" "The very last time I ever set eyes on him," said the careful witness, "was when the boiler burst, and I was going up, *I met him and the smoke pipe coming down!*"

I do not think that American peculiarities of language are so remarkable as those of character and manners—or, in other words, that Americanism is so much in speech as in thought, feeling, and action. Our language is English, modelled mainly upon English literature; but we are more independent in other matters.

Some one has said—"A Yankee stands up at prayers, takes his coat tail under his arms, turns his back on the minister, and winks at the gals in the singing seats." It is true that reverence is an uncultivated faculty in America, and finds little expression. I can remember when people stood up in prayer-time; at present they sit very quietly in their seats. This is true of the majority even in episcopal churches. In none do all, or even the larger number, kneel, except in the Roman Catholic churches. Theodore Parker has remarked, in one of his sermons, that New England was one of the few places in the civilized world where there were no Jews. The Yankees are too sharp for the children of Israel. Jews, however, flourish in New York, and still more in the South

and West. The Irish live and flourish in New England, because they are willing to do plenty of hard, rough work. When I first lived in New York, the Irish kept all the corner groceries. Now nearly all such places are kept by Germans, who are more frugal than Yankees, and nearly as sharp. Irishmen, as a rule, are neither sharp nor frugal. Yankees come near to the popular idea of a cross between the Scotchman and Yorkshireman. They are ingenious, enterprising, persevering, self-confident, and possess in an eminent degree that happy faculty which Sydney Smith attributed to Earl Russell, when he said his lordship would take command of the Channel fleet at an hour's notice. A genuine Yankee is always ready to go any possible where, or do any possible thing. Mr. Lincoln must have Yankee blood in his veins, or he would never have taken the nomination for President. Mr. Seward is a Yankee New Yorker. General Banks and General Butler were Yankee civilians, without the least military knowledge, but they were ready to command armies. Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, was a Yankee printer, who knew nothing about ships, but was ready to take charge of a navy.

Barnum, who has been somewhat well known in England, always seemed to me a model Yankee. He was born in Connecticut, kept store, edited a newspaper, preached the Gospel, became a showman, sold Bibles, invented the nurse of General Washington, exhibited the Fejee mermaid, organized and engineered the American tour of Jenny Lind, brought out General Tom Thumb, lectured on temperance, and made two

or three fortunes. One of his adventures on the Mississippi, not contained in his published autobiography, always seemed to me as Yankee as any of those he has related. He was on his way up the river from New Orleans, where he had been to spend the winter in some speculation. Some of the sporting gentlemen who make their home on the river engaged him in the favourite betting game of poker, a bluff or brag game, in which the skill consists in managing so as to have the best cards, or in boldly betting on the worst. It was hard, I think, to beat the great showman on either, but luck was against him, and he was dead broke. He landed at a small town in Mississippi, where he found the chances of winning money at play very small, on account of a revival that was going forward. But "P. T." had more than one string to his bow. In his earlier days, and not long before this time, he had been a preacher—as it happened, a Universalist, holding a creed that was agreeable to a person of his organization. He announced his profession, and obtained a place to preach, but found his doctrines anything but popular. The Southerners are orthodox in their religious notions, and like strong doctrine. The revival was attracting crowds to the Presbyterian Meetinghouse. It was necessary to make a bold movement, and the exhibitor of dwarfs and prima donnas was equal to the occasion. He dismissed his small and indifferent congregation, walked over to the Presbyterian meeting, and announced to the astonished and delighted congregation that he had been converted from his errors. There was great

rejoicing: he was invited to preach, was rewarded with a good collection, resumed his voyage, and had good luck at poker all the way to St. Louis.

This seems rather a strong story, and the hero of it may have invented it; but the man who could invite the Baptist ministers of Boston to administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to Joyce Heth, a poor drunken old negress, whom he palmed off upon the public by forged papers as the nurse of Washington, who got up a public wedding of two giants at the Broadway Tabernacle, to which the public was admitted at fifty cents a head, and who later managed the wedding of two dwarfs as a public spectacle in the most fashionable Episcopal Church in New York, may have really had the adventure on the Mississippi. It is certainly true that he was at one period selling Bibles in New York every day, and managing a saloon with negro dancing in the evening, with a genuine negro boy, blacked and wigged, so as to pass for a make-believe one, because the New Yorkers who applauded what they supposed a white boy in a blacked face and woolly wig, would have driven a real negro from the stage and mobbed his exhibitor.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AMERICAN RECREATIONS AND AMUSEMENTS.

Field sports in America.—Floating theatres and circuses.—Stars that have shone.—Music.—Negro melodies.—“Dixie’s Land” in St. Louis.—Art culture.—Summer resorts.—The Catskill Mountain House.—Saratoga.—A dinner at Niagara.—Seabathing.—Work and worry.—Making money.—Morals of trade.—Contentment.—The domestic affections.—Calvinistic stoicism.—Scattered families.—Socialism.—Emigration.

THE public amusements in the United States are not very different from those in England. There are no fairs, but there are every year state and county agricultural shows, with trotting-matches for horses, and prizes for the best female equestrianism. Hunting, as practised in England, with horse and hound, scarcely exists out of Virginia, where English customs are best preserved, but there is no lack of game or sportsmen. Racing is a custom of the middle States and the larger cities. There are fine courses near New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, and in many places in Tennessee and Kentucky. In New England and most of the North, horse-racing is supposed to have been prohibited in the decalogue, and the races are not very reputably attended. Circuses traverse the country and diffuse a taste for gymnastics, and

there is no lack of menageries of wild beasts, performing ponies, and monkeys.

There are a few cricket-clubs, mostly made up of "British residents," but the American game of baseball is played by hundreds of clubs. There are bowling-alleys in every village, and in the larger towns some are kept expressly for ladies, who also play with gentlemen at the watering-places. There are a few yacht-clubs, and boat-clubs are more numerous. Almost all Americans ride well, and are fond of driving. Morphy made chess fashionable. The Germans excel in gymnastics, and hold Turner festivals wherever they are numerous, with abundance of waltzing, and more abundant *lager bier*, which Americans are also learning to drink instead of whisky.

New York has an opera-house larger, I think, and certainly more splendid, than any in London, and eight or ten handsome theatres. There are theatres also in every considerable town. There are plenty of wandering stars, but scarcely any strolling companies.

America may, however, boast of some novelties in the way of amusements never seen in Europe—floating theatres and circuses, propelled by steam, going from town to town on the great western rivers, and carrying not only stage, auditorium, scenery, &c., but lodgings and accommodations for the company, and, in the case of circuses, stabling and forage for the horses. The bills are posted weeks in advance. On the appointed day the floating theatre comes in sight, flags flying, band playing, or a steam-organ filling the whole region with its obstreperous harmonies.

The huge floating monster steams round, with its head up stream, moors to the bank and throws out its gangways. A crowd of idlers, black and white, gathers on the shore to stare at it, and get glimpses of the actors and actresses, or riders and tumblers, low comedy-man or clown, as the case may be. The hour of performance arrives at last, and a procession of gaily-dressed people issues from the broad streets of the town, and boards the floating show, which has been "floating down the river, the O-hi-o," and the Mississippi, Missouri, Red River, and Arkansas, as well as their tributaries. They fill the boxes and parquette, while every negro within five miles, who can raise the indispensable shilling, is packed into the gallery. Orchestra strikes up, curtain rises, tragic sensations, screaming farces, roars of laughter, rounds of applause, and under all the great current of the Mississippi sweeping onward to the Gulf.

Since my remembrance, nearly every dramatic or operatic star of any magnitude has made the American tour, which extends from Boston and New York along the Atlantic coast to Charleston and Savannah, then west to Mobile and New Orleans, sometimes by way of Havana, in Cuba, then up the Mississippi and back by the Lakes—a tour of four or five thousand miles. We have had singers from Malibran to Patti, both of whom, by the way, made their first successes in New York; actors from the elder Kean and Kemble to the younger Kean and Mathews; actresses, from Fanny Kemble to the latest star; Celeste, Fanny Ellsler—how can I remember all the dancers? We had a visit

from Rachel—not yet, I believe, from her great rival, Ristori. Then we have had stars of our own—Booth, Hackett, Forrest, Miss Cushman, Miss Heron, Miss Avonia Jones, Miss Bateman, and many more whose names may not have been heard of across the Atlantic.

For many years all our actors and actresses were from England. In the first companies I knew, scarcely any were born in America. Now, probably two-thirds are Americans. Still, our best actors have been, and perhaps still are, English. Some have preferred Booth to Kean, and Forrest to Macready, but I do not think we ever had American actors like Dowton, who delighted us when past seventy. It seems impossible that America should ever produce such a low, such a *very* low comedian as Jack Reeve—scarcely such a comedian as Power. We have done better in tragedy and eccentric drama. It should be observed that many reputed American actors are of English birth, and have taken their first lessons on the English stage. Nearly all the American actors in London were born in England or Ireland.

Music is more cultivated in America than in any country in the world, except Germany. I am sure there are ten pianofortes in every American town or village to one in England. Singing is taught in the public schools, and the number of bands and amateurs is very great. As to a national music, I can say little. The negro melodies are nearly all we have to boast of. These have a charm that has made them popular everywhere. Are they really negro? Yes, in their origin, undoubtedly. The negroes have plaintive,

simple airs, which they sing to the rude accompaniment of the banjo. The instrument is native African; so, in its rudiments, is the music; but both have been improved upon. The negro melodies are the product of a cross between African Paganism and American Methodism. Then the airs, as composed by the negroes, have been refined by white performers, and others have been composed in the same spirit. These last constitute the greater number.

Some of these airs have a very singular character. There is "Dixie's Land," for example. I do not know its origin, but am inclined to believe its germ, at least, was negro, and that it came from the South. When it was first played in St. Louis, the effect was very remarkable. It was at the theatre. The leader of the orchestra had got hold of it and arranged it. It was played as an interlude between the acts, but not with the usual effect. The whole house listened with breathless silence, and without giving the usual applause, suddenly burst into one simultaneous yell of delight and astonishment, and then made the band play it over eleven times before they would be satisfied. It was one of the last tunes I heard in America, and the first I heard in London; the next, I believe, was also an Africo-American air, the "Prairie Flower."

There are American composers of operatic music, but they have the same difficulties in obtaining recognition as American authors. Why should a manager risk the production of an American opera, and pay for it, when the *chefs d'œuvres* of Mozart and Rossini, Verdi and Meyerbeer, are ready to his hand? There

are not many original dramatists or composers in England; it is a wonder that there should be any in America.

In art we are a little better. There are several clever American sculptors, and more painters. I see no better English landscapes than I have seen in America. Church, Kensett, and Cropsey of the younger, and Cole and Durand of the older landscape artists, may place their works by the side of any in the Royal Academy.

American summer resorts ought to be reckoned among their recreations and amusements. Once, thousands of Southerners, planters and merchants, used to come North in the summer-time. True, the more patriotic came no farther than the Virginia Springs, but the more fashionable were seen at Saratoga and Niagara, Atlantic City and Newport. The New Yorkers leave town by the 4th of July. They scatter along the sea-coast or make the tour of Lake Champlain, Montreal, and Niagara.

One of the finest summer resorts I have ever seen is the Cattskill Mountain House. Take the day-boat at New York, one of those magnificent twenty-knot steamers, that move off to the tinkle of a bell, in silent majesty, and glide past the palisades and through the grand highlands, until the Cattskills rise like a cloud before you. At three o'clock, P.M., you land at a sleepy village, and get into a stage-coach, which, after a picturesque ride of two hours, sets you down at a great hotel, standing on the brow of an overhanging precipice, two thousand feet high, while the peaks of

the mountains rise a thousand or fifteen hundred feet more. You dine, and then take a chair out on the naked rock, as close to the edge of the cliff as you like, and have a view over an expanse of three thousand square miles—a view bounded only by the mountains on the horizon. The Hudson, from twelve to thirty miles away, is like a thread of silver at your feet. Next morning, you go back to the Catskill Falls; the day after, you ascend the mountain peaks—that is, if you like the roughest sort of climbing.

The next place to do is Saratoga. It is a nice village of white houses with green blinds, wide streets, shaded by the American elms, those broad, stately, and graceful trees, that throw out their branches like the pillars of a Gothic cathedral, and hotels—hotels which accommodate, in the aggregate, five or six thousand people. As we go to Saratoga for health, we rise early, go to the bubbling springs, and drink from six to twelve tumblers of Congress water—it tastes like Glauber salts, and produces a similar effect. Then breakfast; then a drive to the lake, or the bowling-alley, or billiards, or mere lounging, with the necessary mint-juleps or sherry-cobblers, until an early dinner, when we eat as if we had taken the whole dozen tumblers of Congress water in the morning, and intended to drink a similar quantity the morning following. After dinner, the band plays under the trees, and you saunter or lounge. An American gets all possible chairs, and makes himself comfortable. Then tea; and after tea a dance—a hop they call it—just a little gentle exercise, such as the Schottische, the waltz, and the polka can

give, and so, with more or less of flirtations, ice-creams, mint-juleps, or other cooling beverages, the day gets through. The next is the same, ditto repeated, and so on, *ad libitum ad infinitum*.

I think I will not describe Niagara. No one describes it; they only tell how they felt when they saw it. The tailor's exclamation—"Gods! what a place to sponge a coat!"—is as good as another. So the painters have tried to give an idea of it. The pictures of Cropsey and Church remind you of Niagara, if you have seen it. They give little idea otherwise. It is too big a thing to put into words or on canvas.

But when you go to Niagara, dine once, if never more, at the International Hotel. It is on a scale to match Niagara. The drawing-room is a gorgeous immensity of plate-glass, gilding, and upholstery. You walk over a prairie of carpeting. But the dining-room gives the best idea of infinite space, infinite eating, infinite clatter. A vast regiment of negro waiters parade, march, counter-march, and go through a series of distracting evolutions, to the music of a full band playing in an alcove. There is a march for them to enter; a three-four movement for soup; a *piscicato* passage for fish; the covers come off to a crash of trombones, cymbals, and gongs; and so the whole dinner goes off to appropriate music, with an accompaniment of champagne corks like the firing of skirmishers. Altogether, it is a tremendous affair, even to an American, used to taking his dinner with a few hundred people about him. I can imagine what it must be to an Englishman. The expense of such a

dinner, with a bill of fare that would fill four of my pages, is three, or perhaps four, shillings—but the wines are extra. An American, who means to do the thing handsomely, takes champagne. No other wine is worth his drinking. An English lady, wishing to give an idea of an American she met in Montreal, described him as “the *sort* of man who would take champagne with his soup!”

Newport is the nicest of seaside and bathing places, but Atlantic City is, perhaps, the most popular. At each there is a beautiful sea-beach, with the Atlantic surf rolling upon it, and with no shingles to cut the feet. Americans have no bathing machines, but long ranges of dressing-rooms on shore. Ladies and gentlemen put on their bathing-dresses in these rooms, and then go into the surf together, let the waves roll over them, if they cannot swim—if they can, they plunge through and swim outside. Many of the ladies are excellent swimmers. The Newport season begins after the Saratoga season has ended. A grand ball closes each.

We talk in America of our great, our enlightened, our free, and, above all, our happy country! I never thought America *was* a happy country—only that it ought to be. In all the years of peace and plenty we were not happy. In no country are the faces of the people furrowed with harder lines of care. In no country that I know of is there so much hard, toilsome, unremitting labour; in none so little of recreation and enjoyment of life. Work and worry eat out

the hearts of the people, and they die before their time. It is a hard story, but it is a true one.

The scarcity and high price of labour compel the smaller proprietors, called farmers, to do their own work. They raise large crops with heavy and continuous labour. The owner of a hundred acres is a slave to his land, a slave to his cattle, a slave to the necessities of his position. His family must live as well and dress as well as their neighbours. The harvests press upon the reapers.

It is seldom that an American retires from business to enjoy his fortune in comfort. Money-making becomes a habit. He works because he always has worked, and knows no other way. Of the few who retire, many become hypochondriacs, and some commit suicide. An American millionaire, Astor or Girard, on being congratulated on his immense possessions, said—"Would you take care of all my property for your board and clothes?"

"No—certainly not!" was the answer.

"Well," said the Yankee Cæsus, "that is all I get."

It is all that most wealthy Americans get. Whatever the amount of their fortunes, they get board and clothes—no better, often not so good, as others.

Then why the universal and everlasting struggle for wealth? Because it is the one thing needful; the only secure power, the only real distinction. Americans speak of a man being *worth* so many thousands or millions. Nowhere is money sought so eagerly; nowhere is it so much valued; and in no civilized country does it bring so little to its possessor.

The real work of America is to make money for the sake of making it. It is an end, and not a means. The value of a dollar consists in its power to make dollars. "Get money, honestly if you can, but get it." It is an almost universal maxim. To the preacher, "a loud call" means the offer of a larger salary. To the politician, a good office is one which offers the highest pay or the richest perquisites. In politics and business, and I am afraid in many other matters, money is the great object, and scruples are thrown to the winds.

Certain conventional notions of morality are regarded. There are few men of position in America who would like to have it known that they had made their money by gambling at cards, but they would have no scruple against the most odious cheating, the most gigantic frauds on the Stock Exchange. One may be a "bull," or a "bear," in Wall-street; but it would not do to keep a faro bank in Broadway. Nearly all Americans trade and speculate. They are ready to swap horses, swap watches, swap farms; and to buy and sell anything. Talleyrand said America was a detestable country, where a man was ready to sell a favourite dog. I think the habit of fixing a price to everything may have misled the diplomatist. A man might be very unwilling to sell his dog; but he would be very likely to describe him as worth so many dollars. A mocking-bird that fills a house with the songs of a hundred birds, besides the barkings of dogs, the mewings of cats, the filings of saws, and the noises of the knife-grinder, is declared, in addi-

tion to all his accomplishments, to have cost twenty-five dollars. Everything, whether for sale or not, has a money value. Money is the habitual measure of all things. I believe the American husband unconsciously values his wife in the Federal currency; and a fine child is associated with some such idea as a thousand dollars.

The pursuit of riches—that is, of money and money's worth—without the enjoyment of wealth, is a bar to happiness and a cause of misery. The prizes of wealth, either in business or the lottery, bear a small proportion to the blanks. The few who get rich are disappointed because they never enjoy their riches. The many who strive in vain to get rich are disappointed in their object, and so unhappy.

The first element of happiness, or the enjoyment of life, is content. There is no such thing in America as being contented with one's position or condition. The poor struggle to be rich, the rich to be richer. Everyone is tugging, trying, scheming to advance—to get ahead. It is a great scramble, in which all are troubled and none are satisfied. In Europe, the poor man, as a rule, knows that he must remain poor, and he submits to his lot, and tries to make the best of it. In England the peasant does not expect to become a noble. Most men live and die in the position to which they are born. The exceptions are too rare to excite much effort or discontent. Not so in America. Every little ragged boy dreams of being President or a John Jacob Astor. The dream may be a pleasant one while it lasts, but what of the disappointing

reality? What of the excited, restless, feverish life spent in the pursuit of phantoms?

The chief source of human happiness is the enjoyment of the domestic affections. In the countries of the Old World, the loves of parents and children for each other—the family affections—make up a large portion of the enjoyment of life. America is strangely destitute of these affections. Whatever may be the causes, there is no doubt about the fact. Travellers have observed, and natives have deplored it. It would be too much to say that Americans were without natural affection; but it is strange how little they appear to have.

Our Puritan ancestors had much to do with it. The settlers of New England were a cold, hard race. They conscientiously suppressed their natural affections until they starved them out. A faculty unused is lost. The Puritans lost the power of loving, as the fish in the dark river of the Mammoth cave have lost the power to see. The blue laws of Connecticut punished a man for kissing his wife or child on the Sabbath day. What was forbidden on Sunday was considered a mark of human frailty on all other days.

Then the grim Pilgrims were Calvinists of the most rigid type. I do not wish to enter upon the thorny paths of religious controversy, but few can doubt the tendency of a belief in the doctrine of eternal reprobation to harden the heart. Why should the father or mother love the child possibly doomed to endless perdition. I am certain that the early creed of New

England made the people hard, harsh, and inhuman. The effect has lasted beyond the cause.

The stoicism bred of Calvinism is seen to-day in the manner in which the Northern people have borne the losses of the war. There are portions of the North in which almost every family has lost one or more by the war, yet how little do we hear of mourning or sorrow. It is not so in the South. There hearts are warm and family affections ardent and demonstrative. There Rachel weeps for her children, and will not be comforted. The South is filled with an agony of grief. They give fathers, husbands, children for their country, but they feel their loss. The South mourns as England mourned her dead in the Crimea. In the South, I have seen a grandfather of sixty tenderly kiss his mother of eighty when he met her in the street; I have seen his grown-up and married sons and daughters, as well as his grandchildren, come and kiss him before sitting down to breakfast in the morning: I never saw such a thing in New England or the North.

In the Northern States also, more than in the South, the ties of family are so often broken that they are loosely held. New England, for a hundred years, has been the hive that poured its swarms of emigrants over the new regions of the West. Families are scattered far and wide. One son settles in Wisconsin, another goes to Texas, a third to Oregon. One daughter marries an Alabamian, another settles in California. This separation of families, the infrequent and excep-

tional hardship of the slaves, is the habitual lot of the Northern people.

Whatever the causes, the fact of an absence of family affection must lessen the sum of human enjoyment. The more people are isolated, the less they have to love, the less are their sources of earthly happiness. They tend more to the Ishmaelism of competition and the fierce struggle for gain.

Socialism, in America, in its various forms, has been a protest and reaction against Mammonism and a growing and almost universal egoism or selfishness. As families were scattered, as society scarcely pretended to exist, as politics became more and more debased and despicable, as wealth failed to satisfy and could not purchase what was not in the market for sale, men naturally inquired if there were not some other form of social life less exhausting and more satisfying. A few tried Owenism and Fourierism. The former was generally repugnant, because the Americans, holding to equality in theory, all the more resolutely reject it in practice. Fourierism they could not understand, and, at the period of its introduction, were unprepared for. Fourierism has a religion and morality of its own, and Americans twenty years ago were far from ready to abandon the religion and morals which they all professed, if they did not all practise.

Instead, therefore, of rushing into communities and Phalansteries, they emigrated. As fast as they were disgusted with the older communities they founded

new ones. There were far-spreading lands of promise in the West. There were the broad prairies ready for the plough. Great States were building up beyond the Mississippi. The lawyer who could not get clients in New York could be a Member of Congress from Minnesota. I knew a little red-headed infidel spouter in New York who became a United States senator from Oregon. Men seemed to expand as they increased their distance from the older States, as balloons grow larger when rising into the rarer heights of the atmosphere. Sometimes, in the one case as in the other, they burst and collapsed in the process. America is a great country; it has been and may still be a prosperous country; it cannot yet be truly called a happy one.

END OF VOL. 1.

56

FORTY YEARS
OF
AMERICAN LIFE

BY
DR. THOMAS L. NICHOLS

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II



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FORTY YEARS
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TRAVELLING AND HOTEL LIFE IN AMERICA.

A locomotive population.—American steamboats.—An Ohio steamboat.—American railways.—Sleeping cars and luggage arrangements.—Hotels.—Tables and cooks.—English and American tastes and habits.—Equality.—Deference to ladies.—A vile custom.

ENGLISH tourists in America become better acquainted with the life of hotels, railways, and steamboats—the life of the floating and voyaging population of America—than any other. Most of them do not seem to like it. From first to last they have done little but find fault. It is all different from, or, as the English say, different to, what they have known at home. Being different, an Englishman naturally thinks it is worse. I do not altogether agree with this opinion. In certain respects I undoubtedly prefer the American hotel, railway, and steamboat to the English.

More Americans travel, and Americans travel more than the people of any other nation. In England

there are certain classes who make a business of travelling. In America there are very few who do not make journeys more or less long and frequent. Shopkeepers — merchants or storekeepers they are called in America ; a shop meaning there the working place of a mechanic, as a blacksmith's shop, carpenter's shop, &c.—travel hundreds of miles, twice a year, from the remotest villages to the large cities of the seaboard, to buy their stocks of merchandize. Of these there are hundreds of thousands, who gather every spring and autumn into the great centres of commerce. Then planters, and the great farmers of the West, make an excuse to go to Charleston, New Orleans, New York, or Baltimore to sell their crops of rice, cotton, hemp, tobacco, wheat, beef, pork, and buy supplies for their homes and plantations. These excursions give a variety to their lives. Then, in the times of the Union, the rich Southern planters brought their families north to spend the summer season. They filled the shops of Broadway, the boxes of the opera or theatres, and the gay saloons of Saratoga, Newport, and Niagara. Their money, by millions, also filled the pockets of the Northerners. In the winter, also, thousands went from the North to the fair and sunny cities of the South for business, pleasure, and health. Then the whole western country is filled with emigrants from the east, who take journeys of a thousand miles to see the old folks at home, and all their brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, at Christmas or thanksgiving. Young men return to the East, and come ten

thousand miles from California and Oregon to marry the girls they left behind them.

In these various ways there was kept up a constant intercourse between the different portions of the country, and, but for the growth of a wretched fanaticism in the North, this intercourse and a thousand bonds of mutual interest would have cemented the whole country into a real and therefore indissoluble union.

It was necessary to provide accommodations for this vast number of travellers. Hence, lines of magnificent steamboats on all the great rivers, sheltered bays, and lakes; hence, thirty thousand miles of railway; hence, hotels large and numerous enough to accommodate this vast multitude.

As Americans invented steamboats, and use more of them in internal navigation than all the world besides, they have made them just as splendid, and just as convenient as they thought necessary. They are really floating palaces, with gilding, pictures, great mirrors, stained glass, rich carpets, grand pianofortes, elegant furniture, and everything which can attract and please. I really think a first-class steamer on Long Island Sound, the River Hudson, the great Lakes, the Ohio, or Mississippi, one of the finest of human inventions. A first-class Hudson River-boat, for example, is four hundred feet long. Its paddle-wheels are sixty feet in diameter. It draws only four feet water, and it glides along the waters of one of the finest rivers in the world, and through scenery of ever-varying beauty and grandeur, at the rate of twenty-

four miles an hour. There are a thousand passengers, lounging in the great saloons, or reading under the awnings on deck, but no crowd. When the dinner-bell rings they all find seats at the long ranges of tables in the great cabin. They are served with every luxury of the season, from the soup and fish to the fruit and ice-cream. And the trip of one hundred and sixty miles, including the sumptuous dinner, has cost seven shillings. I have known it to be as low as five—less than the cost of a very poor meal at a very poor English hotel.

But the finest boat, all things considered, that I ever saw on the American waters, was on the river Ohio, one of the mail packets between Cincinnati and Louisville, named after her owner, Jacob Strader, a worthy citizen of Cincinnati, who had the ambition to build the finest steamboat in the world; and of her kind, a high-pressure western boat, I have nowhere seen her equal.

These western boats have striking peculiarities. They are broad of beam and almost flat-bottomed. The rivers which drain the vast basin between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, some of them navigable four thousand miles from their common mouth on the Mexican Gulf, vary greatly in their depth. The lower Mississippi is one hundred and fifty feet deep. The Ohio and upper Missouri may be thirty or forty feet deep at one season of the year, and scarcely as many inches at another. There are times when the *Great Eastern*, if past the bars at the mouths of the Mississippi, could steam up to Pittsburg among

the Alleghanies, or to the foot of the Rocky Mountains; and there are others, when the boys at Cincinnati can wade across the Ohio, and a steamboat drawing but twenty inches may stick fast on a sand-bar at the mouths of the Cumberland or Tennessee.

The *Jacob Strader*, like nearly all the western river-boats, is high-pressure, because the grit of the water would rapidly wear out the more costly and complicated low-pressure engines. She has two powerful inclined engines, not working together upon one shaft, but upon each side wheel separately. This is for the convenience of turning quickly in the sharp bends of a narrow channel. Such a boat, with the wheels going in different directions, can turn upon her centre, can be steered without a rudder, and rounds to, to make her landings, as she invariably does, with her head up stream, with the greatest facility.

As I stood upon the river's brink, and looked up at this boat, I was greatly struck by her size and appearance. She is not, I judge, more than three hundred feet in length, but rises in a light and graceful style of architecture, of which no example can be found in Europe, to a height of five storeys, or decks. On the first deck are the boilers, engines, fuel, and light freight, horses, carriages, and deck passengers. You mount a broad staircase and come to the spacious drinking saloon, barber's shop, and luggage-room. From this landing two fine staircases bring you to the captain's office, where passengers are booked and their state-rooms assigned them. This is an ante-room to the great saloon, which is broad, high, well-lighted, and

furnished with marble tables, glass chandeliers, mirrors, sofas, &c., and reaches to the stern of the boat, perhaps two hundred feet. On each side are state-rooms of a large size, and furnished with every convenience. The panels of the great saloon are painted in oil with landscapes of American scenery, and no cost has been spared in upholstery. The whole boat is lighted with gas, and hot and cold-baths can be had at a moment's notice. The capacity of the kitchen and force of waiters is sufficient to provide a sumptuous dinner, with printed bills of fare, for six hundred passengers. Beneath the ladies' saloon is a large saloon fitted up expressly for children and their nurses.

Over the great saloon and its double range of state-rooms, is the promenade deck, on which are built the state-rooms of the officers and pilots. The deck above this is called the hurricane-deck, and above this rises the pilot-house; which, with its large windows on all sides, made comfortable by a stove in winter, commanding an unimpeded view, and communicating by signal-bells and speaking-tubes with the engineers, and by chains from the wheel to the rudder, gives the pilots, as the steersmen of these boats are called, complete command of the boat in its often difficult navigation. The pilot, his mate, and two assistants, are very important personages. They have the entire charge and responsibility of navigation. The captain indicates the points at which he wishes to land, and gives the signal for departure, but seldom interferes further with the course of the boat. The pilots are

paid two hundred or three hundred dollars a month and "found." Imagine yourself so favoured as to be invited by the pilot to take a seat in his glazed turret, forty feet above the water, and commanding a full panorama of the river valley through which you are gliding. Villages, farms, and forests seem to sweep past you. You meet steamers and pass flat boats, going lazily down with the current, carrying coal perhaps from the carboniferous banks of the Monongahela, where it crops out in great seams in the river-bank, to Memphis or New Orleans. In its way, it is the poetry of travelling. The rail is more rapid, but in comfort there is no comparison.

None—for here is a bar where you can have your choice of every possible drink. Here is a *table d'hôte*, with its bill of fare of fifty dishes. You may lounge on a sofa, promenade on the deck, play poker forward, chess amidships, or the pianoforte aft. It is your own fault if you do not, so being inclined, get up a discussion or a flirtation.

At night the *Jacob Strader*, dashing along the starlit river, all her windows blazing with lights, her furnace fires throwing their red glare forward, the black smoke, filled with sparks of fire, pouring from her tall smoke stacks, steam roaring from her escape pipes, perhaps a band playing, and a gay party dancing on her lofty promenade deck, is altogether a strange and curious picture. The polite Pasha of Egypt, when asked by the Empress Eugenie if he was not surprised at the splendours of Paris, replied—

"No, Madame, I had read the *Arabian Nights*."

These tales of Oriental and magical splendour would not give him the least idea of an Ohio steamboat.

Let us return, however, to our imaginary trip up the Hudson and across the Empire State. At Albany, we take the New York Central railroad for Niagara. It is some three hundred miles, and the fare twenty or twenty-five shillings. In some of the States the highest fare is three-halfpence a mile. The carriages are much lighter, and to my taste handsomer in appearance than the English. There is no lack of paint, gilding, upholstery, and ornament. The seats are cushioned and backed with plush. There are stoves in winter, and ice-water in summer. In these cars, as these long carriages—seating fifty or sixty persons—are called, are small retiring rooms for both sexes. The doors open upon platforms at the ends of the cars, and you can walk from one end of a train to another while it is in motion. The conductor walks from end to end inspecting tickets. There is no danger of robbery, murder, or other outrage, as in the small, locked, and inaccessible compartments of European roads. Not only does the conductor walk through to examine the tickets, see that all is right, and answer inquiries, but the newsboy comes along loaded with daily and weekly papers; then he comes with books—all the newest publications, and then with oranges and confectionary. Overhead through every car runs a cord, in reach of every passenger, a pull at which will signal the engineer or driver to stop, in case of accident or other necessity. This cord also enables the conductor to control the train in any part of it. I

never heard of any fear that passengers would needlessly meddle with it.

You travel all night, perhaps, or on a long journey, two or three nights in succession. There are sleeping-cars, where, for a shilling extra, you can have a berth made up, and lie very comfortably under your blanket all night without disturbance. There is a wash-room in the corner of this car for your morning ablutions.

These railway-cars, day and night, are not always as well ventilated as they should be. There are some which are supplied with warm air in winter, and artificially cooled air in summer, in which the ventilation is perfect. There are various contrivances for changing the air and excluding dust, which answer a good purpose. Free competition and demand and supply, it may be presumed, will in time make them universal.

The arrangement about luggage is convenient. On taking a train for a journey of a thousand miles, perhaps through five or six sovereign states, and over as many different lines of continuous road, I hand over my portmanteau, and receive a small metal numbered check, a duplicate of which is attached to my luggage. I receive as many checks as I have packages. There is no more trouble. At the end of the route I produce my checks—hand them to the omnibus agent, or hotel porter—and find my luggage at the hotel when I arrive, or a few moments after.

If, for any reason, luggage is not claimed, it is stored for a year, advertised, and then, if unclaimed, sold at auction.

And now for the hotel. As a steamboat is a floating hotel, the hotel is a stationary steamboat. It covers a square of several hundred feet. It is built of granite, brown sandstone, or white marble, seven storeys high. It has bed-rooms for a thousand or twelve hundred guests, and dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, reading-room, public parlours, bar-room, barber's-shop, baths; everything on the same scale. There is a kitchen capable of furnishing four meals a day for a thousand people. There is a steam laundry, in which your trunk full of soiled linen will be washed, dried, starched, ironed, and returned to your room in a couple of hours. There is a corps of Irish chambermaids, not selected for their beauty, but to scrub, clean, and do up a mile or two of corridors and a thousand bed-chambers. There is a corps of table-waiters, who are Irish or negroes, who manage with more or less dexterity to feed a thousand guests.

The Irish waiters blunder a little, but they are invincibly good-natured, and have the merit of good intentions, plenty of mother wit, and an ever-amusing faculty of blarney. The free negro, in the North, is sometimes sullen, as if smarting under a sense of inferiority. In the South the negro waiters, bond or free, are models of their class: they are attentive, complaisant, and do everything to gain your approbation. The race has, as phrenologists would say, small self-esteem and large approbateness. Negro-children learn to wait at table as soon as they are tall enough to look over it, and they become wonderfully adroit in their duties.

“Breakfast from seven to eleven.” This notice means that, by going into the dining-room—a large and lofty saloon fit for a concert or ball, and sometimes used for them—you will find waiters ready to take your order. You take your seat and morning-paper. The waiter hands you the bill of fare: Coffee, tea, chocolate, all kinds of bread, toast, rolls, biscuit; buckwheat, Indian corn, rice, flour, griddle-cakes; beefsteak, porksteak, ham, eggs, mutton-chop, sausages, fish, broiled chicken, oysters stewed, fried, broiled; potatoes, and so on. It is all the same price; you may eat of every dish, or one, or none; you pay six, eight, or ten shillings a day, according to the class of the house. These were the prices before the war, and include board and lodging.

There are in the large cities two dinners each day: one for business men, or persons leaving in early trains, at two o'clock; the other at four or five o'clock, for a more fashionable class of travellers and the regular boarders at the hotel. They are substantially the same, but the first being for men in a hurry is somewhat less ceremonious. At Niagara the waiters have an almost military drill, and a band of music plays in an adjoining saloon. At Saratoga the music comes after dinner.

The *carte*, or bill of fare, is long, full, and I must say, in spite of the bad luck or bad humour of Mr. Anthony Trollope, generally well cooked. Why not? No markets in the world are better supplied than those of the large American cities. I know that Englishmen have a superstition about the excellence of their beef and mutton; but they have the same

breeds in America, and the same mode of feeding. The game is not to be surpassed.

And then for cooks. I have not supposed the English super-eminent in this respect. Every great American hotel has its chief cook, usually a Frenchman. A hundred hotels are in competition. What is to hinder good cookery, with all the appliances and a lavish expenditure? I am sorry for Mr. Trollope. I agree that there is much bad cooking in America, and especially in the West; but it is also certain that if there is no good, there is none anywhere. Americans travel all over the world. They are always ready to adopt improvements. The keepers of American hotels, who consider themselves on an equality with senators, and who not unfrequently become senators, take pride in entertaining their guests. They sit at the head of the table, and invite the President, the Governor of the State, or distinguished foreigners, to take wine with them. They have the manners, not of a head-waiter, but of a gentleman of fortune dispensing the hospitalities of his mansion. The hotel-keeper pays a rent of five to ten thousand pounds a year. He makes twenty thousand a year; keeps his carriage, has his box at the opera, and his country villa. He could retire with a fortune, but he likes his business too well. Is it credible that such a man will not have a good cook?

There is tea at six or seven, and a substantial supper for those who require one at eleven o'clock.

Now for the expense. Lodging, attendance, and

four meals a day cost, as I have said, from six to ten shillings, according to the class of hotel. The usual price formerly was eight shillings a day. Wines, malt liquors, &c., are extra. The price list is on the bill of fare. But there are no fees for waiters, chambermaids, or any service but boots and porter, commonly the same personage. The laundry-work of course is extra. The barber's shop, though in the house, is an independent affair. There is no doubt about the bill; you know to a shilling what it will be for a day or ten days. And that, to one who has had a few of the surprises with which English innkeepers indulge their customers, is certainly a comfort.

There are in New York, and several of the larger towns, hotels kept on what is called the European plan. Not much English, however. You take a room at two, three, or more shillings a day. You eat in a refectory attached to the house, have meals brought to your room, or eat at a restaurant. Your only bill is the price of the room, and there are no fees or extras.

National habits, tastes, and feelings differ, and Americans, in several particulars, are unlike their English relatives. The Englishman is shy and private. He builds a high wall around his house and garden to keep out the eyes of the public. The American builds a fine house and lays out a handsome garden, that others may see and enjoy them as well as himself. Shut in and hidden, they would lose half their value. He builds near the road, to be the better seen by the passers by; and his only fence is

a low paling, as light and open as possible. The Englishman likes to eat and drink in private—shut up in his room or a close little box. The American prefers a large, gay dining-room and the presence of many guests. What has he to be ashamed of? He wishes to see and be seen. He suns himself in the public gaze. He enjoys society, and enters into the life around him. The more the merrier. The larger the hotel, the bigger the steamboat, the more people eating and drinking about him, the greater his enjoyment. So in travelling, an Englishman's ideal is to be shut up alone, or, at the most, with his little private party. He has taken the carriage with two seats as the model of his railway conveyance, where half the passengers must ride backward. The American prefers his spacious and handsome car with forty or fifty passengers. He likes to walk through the train and find some one he knows. He is not afraid of intrusion, and knows how to protect himself. He is gregarious and social—ready to discuss trade or politics with a stranger, without buttoning up his pockets. He is not afraid that some person below his rank will claim his acquaintance. He shakes hands with the President, and discusses the coming election with the blacksmith or shoemaker. He calculates to treat every well-behaved man like a gentleman, and every woman is to him a lady, to whom he is courteous, respectful, and, if need be, protective.

Perhaps the most repulsive thing an English traveller meets with in America is the want of dis-

inction in classes. On the railroad there is but one class and one price. The best cars are, indeed, reserved for ladies and those who accompany them; but all pay the same fare. The rudest American understands that a lady, a woman, has a prescriptive right to the front seat at the show, to the head of the table at dinner, to the best cabins and state-rooms on the steamer, and the best cars in the railway train. She may be rich or poor, mistress or maid, these are her prescriptive rights as a woman. There is not a steamboat running on the wildest western river where a male passenger ever takes his seat at table until every woman is seated at her own place of honour. A hundred hungry men, with a hot dinner smoking before them, will patiently wait until some young miss has fixed her last curl, and taken her seat near the head of the table. And a lone woman, old or young, pretty or ugly, may travel from one end of America to the other, finding kindness, civility, and help from every man she meets.

There are then, in price and privilege, no first-class, second-class, or third-class passengers. But there are on steamboats deck-passengers, generally immigrants going West, or up the Mississippi; and immigrant trains, at very low rates, are run upon some of the principal lines of railway. It is very seldom, however, that an American can be found on these trains. He puts on his Sunday clothes, pays full fare—as high as the highest—and holds himself as good as the best.

Not that he always is. He may be rude and un-

cleanly. Not as I have seen men in England, whom one could not approach within several feet without holding one's breath—never, I believe, so bad as that. But they chew tobacco a great deal, and they are not nice about disposing of the superfluous saliva. I admit that it is very disgusting. There are smoking-cars on every large railway train, and there ought to be chewing-cars as well. I have no excuse for people who have no delicacy themselves, and no regard for the feelings of others. Spitting is the vice of America, pervading and all but universal. The judge chews and spits upon the bench, the lawyer at the bar, the doctor at the bedside of his patient, and the minister in the pulpit. The senator removes his quid to make a speech in Congress, and pauses in the midst of his most eloquent period to look for the spittoon. I do not mean that all do this. There are thousands who never touch tobacco, and are as refined in their manners as any society demands; but still, what I have said is true. In the still pauses of an impassioned oration, I have heard a pattering shower upon the floor from the mouths, not the eyes, of the audience. It was in a rude frontier town. I have sneezed from tobacco dust, raised by the applause—stamping of feet—in a fashionable theatre. I have seen courts of law carpeted an inch deep with sawdust, and so converted into one big, universal spittoon. English tourists, in this matter, I confess with shame and sorrow, have not exaggerated.

CHAPTER II.

REFORMS AND REFORMERS.

The law of progress.—Phrenology.—Animal magnetism.—Vegetarianism.—Hydropathy.—Woman's rights.—Bloomerism.—Land reforms.—“Vote yourself a farm.”—Legal reform.—The no-money reformers.—Evils and remedies.

FREEDOM from prejudice, disregard of precedents, a lack of that “prehensibility of tail” which Mr. Emerson considers a striking characteristic of Englishmen, a love of novelty, a striving after progress, make the Americans ready listeners to every new doctrine, pretended science, or would-be philosophy, so that it promises the reformation of society and the increase of human happiness.

The country itself is a new world, newly peopled by its present inhabitants. Its political institutions are novel and experimental. The fusion of various nationalities is making a new race. The people of the various states every few years revise their constitutions, and new laws are continually made by thirty-odd legislatures. New sects in religion are springing up, new systems of ethics and metaphysics, new ideas of society.

In England, an old house, an old business firm, an

old sign, almost everything old, is held in high esteem. A business established a century ago is on a very firm foundation. In America, on the contrary, it is newness that gives success. People believe in progress and improvement; why should they not prefer the new hotel, steamboat, machine, or establishment of whatever kind, to the old? It is not to be wondered at that they should imagine that morals and religion may be subject to the law of progress, and that the last-invented creed may be an improvement upon the one promulgated two centuries or two decades of centuries ago.

When Dr. Spurzheim, the associate of Gall in the elaboration of the system of phrenology, came to America, about 1834, he was received with enthusiasm. Phrenology became the rage. Plaster casts of heads, and lithographs marked with the organs, were sold by thousands. There was a universal feeling of heads. Lecturers went from town to town, explaining the new science, and giving public and private examinations. Periodicals were published to promulgate the new philosophy, and a library of books was rapidly published. I have no doubt that in five years after the advent of Dr. Spurzheim, there were more phrenologists, or believers of phrenology, in the United States than in all the world beside.

Animal magnetism trod closely on the heels of phrenology. I cannot tell what delayed it so long. Perhaps it was the fact that Dr. Franklin, who was invited to take part in an investigation of the claims of Mesmer, made by a commission of the French

Academy in Paris, had not reported favourably. However that may have been, mesmerism, or animal magnetism, found at length an apostle. Monsieur Poyen, a French Creole, from one of the West India Islands, came to Boston, and introduced the new science to the American public. He was listened to with eager curiosity. I chanced to be present at one of Dr. Poyen's first lectures. His health was too feeble, as he said, to allow him to operate; but after the lecture, and in presence of a portion of the audience, a young man who volunteered to try the experiment, succeeded in putting one of his companions to sleep. A few days afterwards he accompanied some physicians to a city hospital, and magnetized a patient selected for the experiment so thoroughly that she remained asleep forty-eight hours, though suffering from an acute disease of the heart that usually deprived her of rest. During the mesmeric sleep or trance, she appeared placid and free from pain, but it was found impossible to awaken her by ordinary means. At the end of the forty-eight hours, she awoke herself, and seemed much refreshed, and said she was better than she had been for months. The publication of this and a few similar cases, of course set the whole people to mesmerising each other. There were medical mesmerists and clairvoyants everywhere. Distinguished surgeons performed operations on patients who were insensible to pain during the magnetic sleep. Clairvoyants professed to inspect the internal organs of patients, describe their diseases, and prescribe remedies, which were not more varied or dan-

gerous than those given by the regular and irregular faculty.

Then came psychometrists, who could tell the lives, characters, fortunes, and diseases of people they had never seen, by holding a sealed letter, scrap of writing, lock of hair, or other connecting relic, in their hands. There was one who, when a fossil of some remote geological period was placed in contact with her forehead, would give an animated description of the appearance of the planet at that period, which she professed to see in a kind of vision. This lady, I believe, is still living, and might perhaps throw some light upon the flint hatchets and other supposed relics of the pre-Adamite man, and settle the Huxleyan and Darwinian controversies.

Mesmerism vulgarly culminated in an exhibition of what was called, absurdly enough, "psychology," or "biology," a process of hallucination by which a number of susceptible persons, selected by a lecturer from his audience, were made to believe and do the most ridiculous things—to fancy they were swimming, or flying, or drinking, at the will of the operator.

That persons having a certain nervous impressibility were put to sleep, or reduced to insensibility to pain, and that certain faculties were strangely excited by the mesmeric process, there seems to be abundant evidence. There is no lack of evidence—of testimony, if that were all, for much more; but a large amount of humbug may reasonably be presumed where such pretensions are made for purposes of gain. The scientific anthropologist cannot lose sight of the real pheno-

mena of mesmerism, and even its wildest pretensions may deserve a more careful investigation than men of established scientific reputations have seemed inclined to give them.

The vegetarian system of dietetics was not original in, nor peculiar to America, but it was taken up there with great zeal, and promulgated with singular ability by Sylvester Graham and other sanitary reformers. The English talk a good deal about roast beef, but there are ten persons in England who do not taste flesh meat of any kind oftener than once a week to one in America. The Irish emigrants, who, perhaps, never ate meat a dozen times a year at home, think they must eat it three times a day in America. There is little doubt that a great deal too much flesh is eaten by all classes—more by the poor than the rich. The vegetarian reform was, therefore, to a certain extent, a reaction against excesses and abuses. But some thousands of Americans abandoned the use of flesh entirely, and many never returned to it. These, of course, believe that most of the diseases and evils of life are caused by eating flesh, and that with its disuse would come health, purity, and happiness.

The spread of hydropathy was another example of the readiness of Americans to accept anything new. The system of Priessnitz had scarcely been heard of before several large water-cure establishments were opened in America, five or six water-cure journals were published, two medical schools of hydropathy opened, and in a few years a hundred or more practitioners, male and female, of course, were dispensing

packs and douches with much desirable cleanliness, and, it is probable, much sanitary improvement also, to the American public.

The theory of woman's rights is not peculiar to America. It has had its advocates in England, Germany, and Belgium. Mary Wolstonecraft was an Englishwoman, and had she been born half a century later, would have met with an enthusiastic welcome in America. Frances Wright was an Englishwoman, who lectured thirty years ago in America, on politics, socialism, and deism, with no inconsiderable success. This success, however, did not outlast the novelty. She died a few years ago, in Cincinnati, Ohio, almost alone, and neglected by the thousands who had once admired her. Mrs. Rose, at present the most eloquent female advocate of woman's rights and the philosophy of Thomas Paine, is a native of Poland. Miss Dr. Blackwell, who studied medicine in the hospitals and schools of Paris, and has received a diploma of Doctor of Medicine, is an Englishwoman. But there are an abundance of American women who have aspired to places in the learned professions of law, physic, and divinity. Women have studied law, but I am not aware that one has yet been admitted to the bar. Women have been settled as preachers, and this is scarcely a novelty, since female preachers have long been common in the sect of Friends or Quakers, and women have founded several denominations. As to female physicians, there is a considerable number in several schools of medical practice.

There is less of popular prejudice to hinder women

from finding their proper work and doing it in America than in most countries. There is little probability that they will take an active part in politics, there or elsewhere. They are not likely, under ordinary circumstances, to command fleets or armies. They will not become lawyers. We may expect them to find their proper function in the Church, but scarcely in the ministrations of the pulpit or the altar. But it seems probable that educated women will rightfully assume certain departments of medicine; they may take charge of hospitals, of reformatories, and even of prisons. They have a large work as educators. Nothing hinders them from becoming painters, sculptors, musicians. They are prolific and delightful authors, successfully competing with men in certain departments of literature.

The attempt on the part of certain American women to assume masculine or semi-masculine habiliments—a movement which received the name of Bloomerism from one of its prominent American advocates—was a bold and energetic one, but not successful. Some thousands of American women, and many in high positions, assumed the dress. They were brave to heroism, and persevering to fanaticism; but the attempted reform was a failure. America could rebel against a foreign Government, she may revolutionize her own, but America was not strong enough to war upon the fashions of civilization. A woman in New York may make a political speech to three or four thousand people, but to wear a Bloomer dress down Broadway is another affair, and a far greater

difficulty would be to get others to follow her example. There were ladies in the rural districts, and some of wealth and position, who engaged in this movement, assumed the dress, and advocated its use. Mrs. Cady Stanton, the wife of a New York member of Congress, and a married daughter of Mr. Gerrit Smith—a wealthy philanthropist, who gave thousands of acres of land to free negroes in New York, which he could never get them to cultivate—were conspicuous in the dress reform; but their influence and example were powerless against fashion and crinoline. Women believe almost universally that it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion. When Bloomerism is the fashion, they will all rush into short petticoats and trowsers—not before. In the meantime, a few of them get out of the world by means of crinoline.

The land reformers were at one period a pretty formidable organization, and had some influence on local and even on national politics. That the earth is the property of its inhabitants; that the land of every country belongs to the people of that country; that no individual can have a right to monopolize great tracts of country, and compel others to pay him rent or starve, many Americans believe. In a country where wild land is abundant and cheap, and landlords or large proprietors are scarcely known, it is not very strange that even the right of property in land, or at least in large quantities of land, should be questioned. Land, said the land reformers, should be free as air or water. Land is a necessary of life, and all men have an equal right to life and what is necessary to pre-

serve it. A man cannot bottle up the atmosphere. Why claim exclusive possession of square leagues of territory? Who gives any man an exclusive right to earth and sunshine, and the food they produce? Land for the landless! No land monopoly! Vote yourself a farm!

Of course, in a state where there is universal suffrage, and the people make the laws, it would require only the votes of a majority to confiscate all the lands—to divide them equally among the people, or to hold them as common property. Unfortunately for this plan, a majority of the voters in every state, up to this time, are owners of land which they mean to keep. They also wish to buy more, and to hold it in secure possession. Several states went so far, however, as to secure to every man a homestead, consisting of a house, barn, and a few acres of land, which cannot be taken for debt. This is as far as the land reformers have got; but they have made strong efforts to have the national domain—the wild lands of the West—given free of cost to actual settlers. But it will all be swallowed up in railroad grants and soldiers' bounties.

In the new states great tracts of land have been purchased as permanent investments, by men who wish to leave something to their posterity. In all the states property accumulates. The thrifty swallow up the property of the thriftless; and the time may come when the land reformers will find a majority of landless men ready to vote for a new division. Then those who have property will need a strong

government, and a government made by and for the rich, to give their property adequate protection. What would universal suffrage do with the great estates of England? Their title-deeds would not be worth the parchment on which they are written.

Another crotchet of American reformers was the abolition of all laws for the collection of debts and enforcement of contracts—a sort of universal bankrupt law, which would entirely dispense with courts of civil jurisdiction, make every debt a “debt of honour,” and leave men to deal entirely on the cash system, or trust to the consciences of their debtors. Credit, it was contended, would be of real value in the absence of law, and rest on character, and not on a man’s supposed property. An honourable man would have all the credit he required, while scamps would not be trusted. All the expenses of the courts of law and equity would be saved to the public, and mercantile transactions would have a more solid foundation. As men notoriously pay their bets and gambling debts, because there is no means of enforcing payment, there would actually be more security than under the present system.

The abolition of imprisonment for debt, the exemption of homesteads, tools, libraries, and a certain amount of furniture, and liberal bankrupt laws, have been steps in legislation in this direction; but there are too many lawyers in every state legislature to allow us to expect that the whole system can be carried without a strong effort.

Next to no-law we may rank the no-money reformers.

The attempt to get along without money has had some earnest advocates, and even a few who have for a time carried the anti-money system into practical operation. Money, they said, was the root of all evil; it was an engine of oppression; it enabled the rich to accumulate riches by the robbery of the poor. It made men slaves in the payment of interest on capital. It was money that gave one idle man the power to absorb a large portion of the labour of hundreds or thousands of his industrious fellow-men, without the shadow of any right to do so—without rendering any real equivalent. What is money, gold or paper? Power. The power of making some one labour for my benefit. It is an instrument of slavery, an engine of despotism. Down with money! away with it, rather. Let men exchange things of real value. Let them give labour for that which labour produced; but away with this curse of curses, by means of which whole nations are bound under burthens of debt and taxation. Abolish money, and all despotisms would cease. There could be no war. Property would be equitably divided, and the reign of justice—the millennium—would dawn upon a liberated race!

The political institutions of America—liberty, equality, fraternity, the government of the people by universal suffrage—were supposed at first to be a panacea for all evils. Civil and religious liberty, however, did not quite remove the evils of life. Toil, poverty, vice, crime, and misery existed even in a model republic. We bear with the inevitable when we have come to believe that it is so. “What *can't*

be cured must be endured ;” but Americans are sanguine enough to believe that no evil is without a remedy, if they could only find it, and they see no good reason why they should not try to find remedies for all the evils of life.

CHAPTER III.

SOCIAL THEORIES AND EXPERIMENTS.

The religious element in social reform.—Rappites and Mormons.—The Shakers.—Modern Times.—System of Josiah Warren.—Stephen Pearl Andrews.—Robert Owen and Communism at New Harmony.—Cost the limit of price.—The sovereignty of the individual.—Fourierism in America.—Anti-marriage doctrine.—The “Come-outers.”—Ultimations of democracy.

It is a remarkable thing that no social experiment in America has had any permanence, or any considerable success, that has not been based upon the religious sentiment. The Rappites, who founded large communities and gathered wealth by industry, were the followers of a religious zealot, who yielded implicit obedience to his commands. They had the element of faith, and faith made them obedient to authority.

The Mormons are a living example of the vivifying power of the religious element. I do not speak of truth of doctrines, but of faith and zeal. The Mormons earnestly believe and zealously practise their religion. In our memory they have grown from one man, Joseph Smith, to be a nation. Their missionaries traverse the world. Converts flock to them from England, Wales, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, and

the American States. Whatever may be thought of Brigham Young and his fellow apostles, there is no question about the earnestness, the zeal, the fanaticism of their followers. They triumphed over persecution, marched into the wilderness, and have laid the foundations of an empire which appears to be full of vitality.

In all my travels I have never seen a more remarkable people than the American Shakers, or, as they are sometimes called, Shaking Quakers.

It was a few years after the American Revolution, when religious excitement had taken the place of political in New England, that Mother Ann Lee, an emigrant from Lancashire, England, declared herself to be the second Incarnation, or the female Messiah. As always happens to enthusiasts, she found followers and believers, earnest in proportion to the wildness and absurdity of her mystical revelations.

She thought that in her was the second coming. The church she formed was the millennial church. It was to come out from the world and be separate. She abolished marriage, and established celibacy as the unvarying rule for every member of her society. She revived, moreover, the apostolic rule of a community of worldly goods. Her society grew and flourished—not rapidly, indeed, but with a slow and steady progress—until there are now scattered over the American States some twelve or fifteen Shaker villages or communities of the disciples, followers, and worshippers of Mother Ann Lee.

Spending a few days, some years ago, in the city of

Cincinnati, Ohio, I one day came into contact with a Shaking Quaker. He was dressed in the extreme fashion of the Society of Friends—a broad-brimmed hat, a shad-bellied coat of a bluish-gray homespun cloth, his hair cropped short before and falling into the neck behind. His conversation was simple and formal, with the scripture quaintness of “yea” and “nay.” He conversed freely on the doctrines and polity of the society, and gave me a cordial invitation to pay them a visit at the Shaker village of Lebanon, only twenty miles distant. I need not say that I eagerly accepted the invitation.

The wisdom of the ruling elders could scarcely have selected a finer spot for the domain of a community. The land in this portion of the Western States is of a wonderful fertility. In the valley of the Great and Little Miami there are lands where the same crops have grown for fifty successive years without an ounce of manure, where the stalks of Indian corn grow twenty feet high, and the ears cannot be reached without a step-ladder.

I drove, after leaving the railway, through a rich and well-cultivated country; still the domain of the Shakers, from its utmost boundary, was marked by striking peculiarities. The fences were higher and stronger than those on the adjacent farms, though these showed the benefit of a good example. The woods were cleared of underbrush; the tillage was of extraordinary neatness; the horses, cattle, and sheep were of the best breeds, and gave evidence of intelligence and care on the part of their breeders.

I soon came in sight of the buildings which form the Shaker village. There are no taverns or shops, but large, plainly-built dwelling-houses, barns, workshops, and an edifice for meetings or religious exercises. Simple utility is the only rule of architecture. There is not, in the whole village, one line of ornament. The brown paint is used only to protect the woodwork of the buildings. I did not see so much as an ornamental shrub or flower in the whole domain.

One house in the village is set apart for the entertainment of strangers, who receive attention, food, and lodging as long as they choose to remain. The brethren and sisters in charge, who are appointed to fulfil the duties of hospitality, neither demand nor refuse payment.

The women, old and young, ugly and pretty, dress in the same quaint and most unfashionable attire. There are no bright colours; no ruffles or flounces or frills; no embroidery or laces; no ribbons or ornaments of any kind. The hair is combed smoothly back under a plain cap; a three-cornered kerchief of sober brown covers the bosom, and the narrow gored skirt has no room for crinoline beneath it.

The rooms and furniture are as plain and homely as the external architecture. There is not a moulding or coloured paper; not a picture or print adorns the walls, nor is there a vase or statue. The only books are a few of their own religious treatises, collections of hymns, and works of education, science, and utility.

But there is everywhere the perfection of order and neatness. The floors shine like mirrors. Every visible

thing is bright and clean. There is a place for everything, and everything is in its place. This order and neatness is carried out in the workshops, the farmyards, and even the pigsties.

A community of two or three hundred persons, all devoted to an ordinary industry, and engaged in agriculture and profitable manufactures, with no rents, light taxes, and producing for themselves all the necessaries of life, cannot fail to grow rich. I found this community living in comfort and abundance, surrounded with a great wealth of houses and lands, flocks and herds, and, as I was told, with large sums invested in the best securities. Men, women, and children all work. There are no idlers, and no time is lost. As the honesty of the Shakers is proverbial, they have the command of the best markets for their wooden wares, agricultural implements, brooms, garden seeds, preserved fruits and vegetables, and the surplus of their cloth, leather, &c. There is nothing, therefore, to hinder them from accumulating property to an immense extent.

As there is no marriage—as all the men and women live together like brothers and sisters—their only increase is by the accession of new members from the world, or by taking orphan and destitute children. People with whom the world has dealt hardly, widows or deserted wives, with families of children, often go to the Shakers. They are never turned away. So long as they choose to remain, and comply with the rules of the society, they have the full enjoyment of all its material and spiritual goods. So the Shakers

slowly increase, and new domains are purchased, and brought under cultivation.

Curiously enough, while everything like art and beauty is ignored in the secular life of the Shaker, music and dancing make a part of their religious observances. But their singing is of the rudest character, and without any instrumental accompaniment. They have no musical instruments—not even a fife, or drum, or jew's-harp. Their pious songs in praise of their Divine Mother, who makes for them a fourth person in the godhead, are sung in rude choruses, which have little melody and no attempt at harmony. The dancing is as rude as the singing: it is merely a violent exercise, wholly destitute of corporeal grace, whatever may be its spiritual influences.

In this strange community I was received with a simple and hearty kindness; my questions were frankly answered; even my objections to the religious doctrines and social practices of the community were replied to in a kindly spirit. I found the dispensers of Shaker hospitalities, male and female, well up in their Scripture, and as ready as other sectarians to secure a convert to their faith.

At dinner-time I was served at a private table with a homely but most substantial repast. Everything was of the best quality. The bread was of the whitest, the butter of the sweetest, the fruit of the finest, the honey delicious. One might travel far in any country to get so good a meal.

The community eat at common tables, but each sex has its own. They enter the large dining-rooms in

à certain order, and kneel down by the table while asking a blessing; then rise and eat in silence. A similar order pervades all their movements.

They made upon my mind the impression of great honesty and earnestness in their religious views; and from all I saw or could learn of them I have no reason to believe that there is any frequent violation of the ascetic rule of the society. They are fanatical: I saw no evidence of hypocrisy. In a few instances, persons have proved unfaithful to pecuniary trusts; and I have heard of one or two cases in which male and female Shakers have left the society together to get married. I have no reason to believe that any of them live in the community while violating its rule of life, which is that of entire chastity.

The history of the Shakers is full of suggestions to the social reformer. It is certain that they have made an industrial community a material success. They show us a whole society living in peace, plenty, and worldly prosperity. But how far are their religious system and ascetic life necessary to this success? Might not the Shakers change their faith, enjoy the sweets of domestic life, have music, pictures, and flowers, and still carry on their works of useful industry, and increase and enjoy their stores of worldly wealth? This is a question which we will leave to sociologists to answer.

Forty miles east of the city of New York, on the great central plain of Long Island, was, and is if it still exist, the village of MODERN TIMES, founded by Stephen Pearl Andrews and Josiah Warren.

Long Island, which is separated from the mainland of New York by the narrow strait called East River, is a long and narrow island, one hundred and twenty miles long, and from five to twenty wide. There is a backbone of low hills along the northern shore, from which it slopes down regularly, a great plain, to the sea, as if the land had gradually risen, or the ocean had as gradually retired. The island has a belt of farms and villages around the coast, but the centre has been kept as an uncultivated common, covered with pitch-pine and scrub-oak, the resort of sportsmen and charcoal-burners.

A railway runs through the centre of this region. It is not needed, and has never paid; but it was considered an easy place to make one, and it was made. The inducement was to make it a direct and rapid route from New York to Boston; but other lines on the mainland soon spoiled this speculation. But the railway made half a million acres of land accessible. A committee of the Farmers' Club made an excursion into this region, examined the soil, and declared that it could be converted into fertile farms and gardens. It is a very light, sandy loam, costly to clear of its scrub-oak, but easy to work afterward. It would produce nothing without manure, but made quick returns for whatever was expended upon it. It was close to a market. The Farmers' Club held that it was better to buy land here for a pound an acre than to go to Iowa or Minnesota. They found few people to agree with them. There is abundance of wild land and of good land in the Atlantic States of America which has

been left by the great torrents of emigration, because there were more fertile and desirable lands in the Mississippi valley. When the wave of population reaches the Rocky Mountains it will be thrown back upon these neglected forests in Pennsylvania and Virginia.

Country people flock to cities as if drawn by some strong attraction. My father used to say that the meanest people in any country were those who lived within thirty or forty miles of a large town. In the first place, all the brightest and most enterprising people were drawn into the town. The more dull and stolid that were left were intent upon making the most of the market. If they killed an animal, they took the four quarters to town, and lived, themselves, upon the head and pluck.

I think there was truth in his observation; but while country people flock to cities in search of fortune, the dream of those born in towns is to get into the country. Town people get out of town for a holiday, and country people come to town for the same purpose. The artisans of New York invest their earnings in small villages, where they can carry on their trades, or from which they can come to town by rail or steamboat. Several such villages have been built upon the line of the Long Island Railway.

Modern Times, however, was of a different character. Mr. Andrews, who secured the land on which it was built, and laid the foundations of what he hoped would become the centre of a new and higher civilization, was a pupil of Josiah Warren, who had been a pupil of Robert Owen, but had seceded from New

Harmony, and invented a social system of his own.

New Harmony, the experiment of Robert Owen, Frances Wright, and their coadjutors in Indiana, failed, from an attempt at combination without the element of order. It was communism, pure and simple: communism based upon equality. It was the attempt to have a body without a head. It was democracy in its ultimatum, which is chaos come again. Mr. Owen was a benevolent despot, but his theories compelled him to abdicate authority, and leave all government to the popular will, or the decision of the majority. But to arrive at this decision it was necessary to have freedom of discussion; and while the people of New Harmony were discussing, day after day, with interminable speeches, how they should cultivate their fertile lands, seed-time had passed, and they had no harvest. The discussions went on, and the time came when there was nothing to eat. The leaders, or those who ought to have been leaders, but who had abdicated in favour of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," were profoundly disappointed to find that a mob would be a mob, and that a body needed a head. As to the members of this acephalous agglomeration, they scattered, fled from the noise of their own discordance—fled, frightened at their own chaotic proceedings—and fled, also, from the hunger brooding over their uncultured fields.

Among the deserters from this army without a commander, and consequently without order, or dis-

cipline, or the first element of success, was Josiah Warren, an ingenious, thoughtful little man, and a thorough Yankee. He could turn his hand to many things. He was a bit of a musician. He invented a method of stereotyping, and a printing press. Finally, pondering over the failure of the system of Owen, he invented a new theory of society.

The failure of communism, he held, had come from combination. Combinations required government. Government was opposed to liberty. Now, liberty was the very thing that was most wanted; and every system of combined society must be the death of liberty, because in every combined body there must be order, and the only possible elements of order in a combined society are authority and obedience.

His theory of society, therefore, was one of individualism—his doctrine, “the sovereignty of the individual.” That he held to be more important than any society or government. There was no sufficient compensation for its abandonment. He wanted no government, no laws, no police. Persons, who chose to do so, might unite for mutual defence and protection, under an individual leader; but such combinations must be voluntary, and abandoned at pleasure. Whatever of this kind was necessary would come naturally by the law of demand and supply. One man would undertake to protect and defend the public by contract; another to carry the mails; and others to supply water or gas. No government but this voluntary, spontaneous, free-trade kind was necessary or to be tolerated.

Of course, Mr. Warren, in carrying out his theory of individual sovereignty, could admit of no laws or regulations respecting religion or morals. Worship must be voluntary; marriage existed or was dissolved at the choice of the parties. There could be no taxes. Every man paid for what he had; and could not be obliged either to have or pay for more than he required. As far as possible every person must be independent of every other. Combination is the grave of liberty. Self-protection is the first right of nature.

Freedom has but one proper limitation. It must not infringe upon the rights of others. Every one may do what he likes so long as he does it at his own cost—so long as he does not inflict the consequences of his acts upon others. But how men are to be prevented from injuring others in the exercise of their own freedom, I do not think Mr. Warren has very clearly explained.

The politico-economical doctrines of Mr. Warren, and of his pupil Mr. Andrews, were very simple. They had but one axiom—COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE. A thing is worth not what it will fetch but what it has cost to produce. This is the actual value of every article of commerce, and the sole rule of exchange. The price of a hat is the labour it has taken to produce it—to place it in the hands of the wearer; and it is to be paid for by an equivalent amount of labour, thought, repugnance, &c., ultimated in some other article. Profit and interest are excluded from this system. Profit is the taking of something without giving an equivalent; interest is mere plunder;

Wealth is an organized system of robbery, enabling a series of persons for generations to live in idleness upon the labour of hundreds and thousands who get no corresponding advantages.

All this system of civilized iniquity, supported by the tyranny of governments and laws, Mr. Warren proposed to sweep away by his axiom—*Cost the limit of price*, or a system of just and equal exchanges of labour for labour. He tried to introduce the principle by opening a cost grocery in Cincinnati, where every article was charged its exact cost, including the time spent in selling it. If customers were difficult they had to pay a higher price. A wooden clock ticked off the minutes, and Mr. Warren's customers did not stand to gossip until they had made their purchases. The stock was renewed as fast as sold, and the trader was paid fair wages for his work in weighing and measuring.

But so small an experiment did not satisfy Mr. Warren. Modern Times was founded to carry out the system as far as it could be done in one little village. Disciples came from New York and even from Boston. They bought lots of one to four acres at cost; they built houses of lime and gravel at cost; they exchanged labour and goods, grubbed up the scrub-oaks, and made the desert blossom with abundance of roses. The air was pure; the water found at a depth of thirty feet in the gravel, soft and delicious. There were no churches, no magistrates. Every one did what was right in his own eyes. The women wore bloomers, or donned the entire male

costume, as they found most convenient. As the sovereignty of the individual was opposed to all artificial, social, or legal restraints, marriages were abolished, and families arranged themselves according to the law of attraction. Those lived together who chose to do so, and people parted without giving any trouble to the courts of common pleas. The right of the law either to unite or separate was denied, and free love was placed in the same category with all other freedom. A man might have one wife, or ten, or more if he could take upon himself the proper cost or burthen; and the same freedom was asserted to women.

It seemed very odd to find one's self, by two hours' travel, in a community which had deliberately discarded the common restraints and regulations of society, and where the leading spirits—the persons most admired and respected—were those who had the most completely acted upon their theories. But it was evident that Modern Times was a failure. It was wanting in the basis of wealth; the land was poor; there were no facilities for manufactures. The mere enjoyment of freedom, or the utmost realization of the sovereignty of the individual, was not enough to bring or hold people together. They went where their interests called them. One most enthusiastic advocate of the principles of Warren and Andrews got an appointment in the New York police force, and became a humble instrument of the power he had long denounced. Others were attracted away by the chance of profit, or the hope of wealth. It was very well to teach that profit was plunder, and that to be rich

only gave the power to rob others with impunity, that marriage was legalized adultery, and families petty despotisms. There were few who could resist the temptation to live upon the labour of others, and to preside over a despotism that society has stamped with respectability and power.

No theory of social reorganization has had so many followers in America as the system of association invented by Charles Fourier. Many hasty, crude, imperfect, and necessarily abortive efforts were also made to carry the system into practical realization. I do not say that any efforts would have succeeded, but every system has a right to a full and fair experimental trial, if to any. Americans were enraptured with association, attractive industry, and the economics of the large scale. Albert Brisbane, a personal pupil of Fourier, lectured, wrote, and translated, and made many converts. Horace Greeley advocated the system, as far as he was able to understand it, in the *Tribune*. George Ripley, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charles A. Dana, and other literary men in New England, formed an association at Brook Farm, near Boston, which Mr. Hawthorne rather alludes to and romances about, than describes, in his *Blythedale Romance*. It soon came to grief, and several of its founders were taken upon the staff of the *Tribune*. A larger society made a more persistent effort on an estate in New Jersey, near New York, in which Mr. Greeley was a stockholder, but this also came to an end. I think there were a dozen so-called Phalansteries in various parts of the West; rude and hopeless gatherings of disorderly

reformers who could not live *in* civilization and had a still worse chance *out* of it. The truth was that very few understood the doctrines or the system of Fourier or what it required, and those who comprehended it were not prepared for so thorough a revolution in morals and social organization. It is a form of life that may exist on some other planet, but can scarcely be expected to take root on ours; yet no one can read Fourier without being fascinated with its beauty, splendour, and apparent practicability.

It is scarcely known, I believe, in England, to what extent the anti-marriage theory has been maintained in the Northern States of America. I do not speak of the divorce laws of several States, under which married people could be released from their bonds for almost any reason—for desertion, or alleged incompatibility of temper—to marry again and be again divorced when the caprice should seize them; but the very prevalent doctrine that the relations of the sexes were matters with which the State, the Government, and the laws had no proper business. Every one, it was said, should be free to enter upon such relations without the interference of the civil magistrate. If marriage was held to be a sacrament, as among Roman Catholics, then it was an affair of religion, with which American governments had nothing to do. Religious liberty required that people should be left in freedom to follow the dictates of their own consciences. The right of private judgment in matters of the affections was sturdily maintained. So far as the State or the community was concerned

a man might have no wife, or one, or a dozen, either at one time or successively. The only ground of interference was the right of society to protect itself from burthens that might be thrown upon it. Beyond this all legislation was a needless and unwarrantable infringement of the liberty of the citizen, or, as some chose to phrase it, the sovereignty of the individual. Consequently, marriage by a magistrate was a superfluous formality, divorce a common right that need not be questioned—no one's business but that of the parties concerned; while a prosecution for bigamy was an outrage on private rights. What should be done was simply to abolish all laws upon the subject and pass one, if found necessary, to define and protect the rights of children.

The most advanced and intellectual portion of the "Party of Progress," chiefly residing in the New England States, but extending across the North on the same parallel, united most of the ideas of reform that I have mentioned, and went, perhaps, a little beyond them. These ultras, who were anti-everything, were called, and perhaps called themselves, COME-OUTERS. They were for coming out of the old and entering into the new in everything. They were opposed to government and refused to pay taxes, do military duty, or serve on juries. They were opposed to the Church, Sabbath, and religious ceremonials of all kinds. They were opposed to marriage, the family, and all the arbitrary and conventional institutions of society. Property they denounced as plunder; trade and commerce were legalized theft;

and law a system of oppression. Some went so far in their fight with civilization as not only to renounce property, and the use of money, but, in the warm season, to go without clothes, which they declared to be a social bondage unworthy of freemen and philosophers. It is true that this fancy did not spread far or last long; and many of these Come-outers, after a practical experience of the difficulties in carrying out their theories in the present state of the world, concluded to postpone them to a more convenient season and higher state of progress, and conforming, outwardly at least, to the regulations of a crude and imperfect society, became lawyers, editors, politicians, and poets, and now occupy distinguished positions in the world they vainly tried to turn topsy-turvy.

Democracy in America points to some, perhaps to all these ultimations. Grant these reformers their premises, and it is not easy to escape the conclusions they press upon you with relentless logic. If all men are equal in respect to political rights—if they have the natural right of self-government—if all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed—if the only source of power is the will of the people expressed by the votes of a majority, what are the institutions that may not be overthrown?—what are the institutions that may not be established? The whole people own the whole property; what shall hinder them from dividing it as they think best, or rather as they may choose to divide it? So the people are above their institutions, and may modify, abolish, or frame them according to their sovereign

will and pleasure. Right is a matter of opinion, and to be determined by a majority. Justice is what that majority chooses. The apparent expediency is the only rule of conduct. The rights of man, as stated by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, are "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Liberty of conscience settles duties.

Political and social reforms are postponed in America until the restoration of the Union. The eloquent advocates of the rights of man and the rights of woman are forced into the army by conscription, and sent to enforce union with the cannon and extend brotherhood by the bayonet.

"Fraternité, ou la mort!"

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE PHENOMENA KNOWN AS SPIRITUALISM.

Extent and influence of spiritualism in America.—Religious and philosophical opinions.—The fate of investigators.—The “Fox girls.”—Various manifestations.—A séance with rappings.—A table-tipping séance.—Theories and explanations.—Speaking mediums.—Absurdities of spiritualism.—Effects of spiritualism in America.

It is impossible to give a truthful account of the moral and social condition of America for the past ten years without some description of the rise and progress of spiritualism, since it has affected the religion, philosophy, and, more or less, the morals and life of millions of the American people.

On this curious subject I have no theory to maintain and no philosophy to propound. But it seems proper that I should, in this as in other matters, give the facts which I have had the opportunity of observing; but even these, I find many persons unaccountably averse to. They seem to think or feel that there is danger in knowing anything about what they have no doubt is a great, absurd, or deplorable delusion.

But a philosopher would like to know what kind of a delusion can have led astray some millions of “the most intelligent people on the earth,” as the Americans

consider themselves ; and as they pretty nearly are, if the diffusion of rudimentary education and the circulation of cheap books and newspapers be taken as the test of intelligence. If so many people, from senators, governors, and judges, down to the great mass of ordinary observers—men of every creed and profession—have been deceived, befooled, and humbugged—one might wish to understand what had deceived them.

There can be no question about the marked effect of Spiritualism upon American thought, feeling, and character. Nothing within my memory has had so great an influence. It has broken up hundreds of churches ; it has changed the religious belief of hundreds of thousands ; it has influenced, more or less, the most important actions and relations of vast multitudes. Immense numbers of those who, a few years ago, professed a belief in some form of Christianity, or were members of religious organizations, have, under the influence of Spiritualism, modified or renounced such beliefs. Greater numbers, perhaps, who doubted or denied a future state of existence, have found, as they think, in the phenomena of Spiritualism, incontrovertible proofs of its reality.

What are the phenomena which have led to these extraordinary results ? Few and simple. Absurd, ridiculous, and impossible they doubtless appear to the vast majority of English readers. But no one—certainly no philosopher—no man of science in whom the public has implicit confidence, has thought them of sufficient importance to give them a careful investigation, and account for them to the satisfaction of the

public. Professor Faraday has offered, indeed, a plausible explanation of one or two facts. Professor Brewster has done no more—and even that little not very satisfactorily.

The whole English people, with inconsiderable exceptions, divide into two classes—the philosophers of the school of Hume, who declare that the laws of nature are never suspended, and its ordinary routine never violated, and that what is called the supernatural or miraculous is absurd and impossible, and not to be believed on any amount of evidence, nor, according to a writer in *Cornhill*, upon the evidence of one's own senses; and the religious classes of the Protestant faith, who hold, with Middleton, that though there were miracles and supernatural events for some thousands of years after the creation, there have been none since the days of the Apostles. These two classes include almost the whole English nation. I need not say how very ridiculous all the stories of so-called spiritual manifestations must seem to both of them.

In America, people are not so settled in their convictions. Professor Hare, a distinguished chemist and electrician, and a thorough materialist and sceptic, commenced to investigate spiritualism in the expectation of being able to explain it on accepted scientific principles; but he failed, by becoming converted to a belief in the verity of the manifestations, and by the same means lost his credibility as a witness. Judge Edmonds, a distinguished jurist of New York, failed in like manner. Governor Talmadge, of

Wisconsin, met a similar fate. Professor Mapes, of New Jersey, and Judge Tilton, of Ohio, from investigators became converts. Indeed, a great number of persons, from whom the public expected enlightenment, became unfitted even to give evidence on the subject, from the fact of their becoming believers. Those who denied the reality of the phenomena called loudly for investigation; but, as those who investigated were converted, nothing was gained. The very testimony called for by the disbelieving public was naturally rejected, when its fairness, impartiality, and consequent credibility had been destroyed. The unbelieving public could not take the testimony of believers. Of course, they would not believe in the truthfulness of those who testified to the very facts they wanted overthrown.

Whoever writes on this subject to the great mass of the British public has the same difficulties. If he asserts the facts, he destroys the credit of his testimony. If he denies them, how can he account for the belief of thousands of, perhaps, as intelligent witnesses as himself? The only *safe* course is to deny the facts, reject all testimony, and disbelieve the evidence of your own senses.

As I cannot very well ignore the subject, I have but one honest course to take, which is to write what I believe to be true, giving my testimony as I would to any other facts of my own observation or experience.

About 1850, there began to appear in the newspapers accounts of strange phenomena in the Fox

family, in Western New York. There were a mother and three daughters, fifteen to twenty years old; persons of moderate intelligence and decent position, getting their livelihood by their needles. The manifestations consisted of loud rappings on floors, furniture, on the walls, doors, &c.; violent opening and shutting of doors and drawers, and the movement or throwing about of furniture and smaller articles, as if the house had been possessed by the spirits of mischief.

The women, according to their own statements, were first frightened, then annoyed, and then so overwhelmed by the natural curiosity of the public, that they locked their doors. This could not last. People would be admitted, and they were compelled to gratify their desire to penetrate the mystery.

What makes the noises? What moves the furniture? were natural questions. One, bolder than the rest, asked these questions and got answers, not very intelligible at first, but they led to an understanding. Their "who?" or "what?" was answered by raps. Finally some one suggested the use of the alphabet, and the raps, by indicating letters, as they were called over, spelled out words and sentences. It was but a short time before there were in various places, hundreds of miles apart, scores and hundreds of so-called mediums, and a variety of manifestations.

With many there were raps or knocks, answering questions or spelling out messages. In other cases, tables, rising up on two legs, pounded on the floor their revelations. Dials were made with moveable

hands, which pointed out letters and answered questions without apparent human aid. The hands of mediums acting convulsively, and, as they averred, without their volition, wrote things apparently beyond their knowledge, in documents purporting to be signed by departed spirits. These writings were sometimes made upside down, or reversed so as only to be read through the paper or in a mirror. Some mediums wrote, with both hands at a time, different messages, without, as they said, being conscious of either. There were speaking mediums, who declared themselves to be the merely passive instruments of the spirits. Some represented most faithfully, it was said, the actions, voices, and appearance of persons long dead, and unknown to the mediums. There were drawing mediums, who, blindfolded, drew portraits said to be likenesses of deceased persons, whom they had never seen. To draw a portrait blindfolded would be no easy matter; but these were done with marvellous rapidity—the ordinary work of hours being done in a few minutes. Sometimes the names of deceased persons and short messages appeared in raised red lines upon the skin of the medium. Ponderous bodies, as heavy dining-tables and pianofortes, were raised from the floor, falling again with a crash and jar. Tables, on which several persons were seated, were in like manner raised into the air by some invisible force, contrary to the supposed laws of gravitation. Mediums are said to have been raised into the air, and floated about above the heads of the spectators. Writings and pictures were produced without

visible hands. Persons were touched by invisible and sometimes by visible hands. Various musical instruments were played upon, without visible agency. Strange feats of legerdemain, as the untying of complicated rope knottings in an incredibly short time, astonished many. Voices were heard, which purported to be those of spirits. In a word, over a vast extent of country, from east to west, these phenomena existed, or were said to exist, in hundreds of places, and were witnessed by many thousands of people—numbers of whom were of the highest credibility, and the mass of them persons whose testimony no one would think of impeaching in a trial of life and death.

So far I have given only the public and notorious facts, published in the newspapers, and known—by repute at least—to everybody. But it seems proper that I should also give some account of my own observations. They were neither numerous nor extensive. I had little interest or curiosity on the subject. I had no doubts of immortality to be removed. I believed there were spirits somewhere, and saw no reasons why they should not manifest themselves if they chose, or were permitted to do so. As to this question of power or permission on the part of spirits or beings usually invisible to manifest themselves, I had subscribed to no theory on the subject. In my younger days I heard plenty of stories of witchcraft. The old people in New England had had terrible experiences of that sort. There were also many houses reputed to be haunted. I had never seen a witch or a ghost to know it, and had, really, very

little curiosity on the subject, and consequently saw only what fell in my way of the so-called spiritual manifestations, without any special seeking.

I went, one evening, with a party of friends, to see one of the "Fox girls." We sat around a long dining-table in a well-lighted room in New York. I chanced to sit next the medium, a fair, plump, and pleasant lady, who was suffering from a swollen face, which her spirit-friends had neglected to cure. She conversed easily about the weather, the opera, or whatever happened to be the topic, and appeared to pay very little attention to the manifestations. While they were going on, and persons were asking questions and receiving answers, she was giving me an animated and amusing description of the early experiences of herself and her family, some of which I have already mentioned.

The raps were loud, percussive poundings, or explosions, which appeared to be upon or within the table. I looked upon and under it. I listened to them carefully. I watched every person present: I am certain the raps were not made by the lady beside me. As long as there were one, two, or three raps, she kept on talking. If there were five, she interrupted our conversation to call over the alphabet, which she did very rapidly until letters enough had been selected to spell out a sentence. The person interested took it down. She did not seem to mind what it was.

The raps, I observed, varied. Each professed spirit had its own characteristic rap. Some were more loud

and energetic than others. The raps which purported to come from the spirits of children were slight and infantile. The messages were, I believe, of the usual character. They seemed intended only to satisfy the inquirers of the identity of the spirits and their good wishes. They appeared to satisfy the circle of inquiring friends.

After we had risen from the table, and I was still talking with and watching carefully the medium, she said the rapping often came upon the doors when she stood near them; and, approaching a door, but still standing at a few feet distance, I heard loud knocks as of a person striking with a heavy mallet. I opened the door, so that I could see both sides of it at once. The thumps continued. I felt the vibrations of the invisible blows, percussions, or explosions. It is very certain that the lady did not make them by any visible method, and that I cannot tell who did. I failed to detect the slightest sign of deception, collusion, machinery, sleight of hand, or anything of the sort; and, truly, the metaphysical manifestations—communications to fifteen or twenty persons, strangers to the medium and to each other, from what purported to be their departed friends, with satisfactory evidences to each of the identity of the communicating spirit—were, if possible, more difficult to account for than the physical phenomena.

In the case of a Mr. Conklin, a New York medium, I had, perhaps, a still better opportunity of making a careful examination. I invited him to come to my house, where a small party assembled, expressly

to test his powers, or gifts, or whatever the mediumship may be called. He seemed to be a simple, earnest, illiterate man, neither ambitious nor mercenary. He had been a sailor, and, in his religious belief, a Methodist. Assuredly he was the last person I should have selected either for an impostor or a magician.

In our company were two distinguished lawyers; one of them a brother of Major Anderson, "the hero of Fort Sumter;" the other, a gentleman from Michigan, and one of the sharpest and ablest lawyers practising in the Supreme Court of the United States. I brought into the drawing-room a heavy walnut table, and placed it in the centre of the room. The medium sat down on one side of it, and the sharp Michigan lawyer, who was a stranger to us and the medium, on the other. The medium placed his fingers lightly upon the table. It tilted up under them; the two legs nearest him rising several inches. The lawyer examined the table, and tried to give it a similar movement, but without success. There was a force and a consequent movement he could not account for. There was no other person near the table—there was no perceptible muscular movement, and no way in which it could be applied to produce the effect.

When there was no more doubt on this point, the lawyer, at the suggestion of the medium, wrote on five small bits of paper—rolling each up like a pea as he wrote, and concealing his hand with care—the names of five deceased persons whom he had known. Then he rolled them about until he could not tell one from

the other. Then, pointing to them successively, the tipping table selected one, which the gentleman, without opening, put in his vest pocket. Of course, neither he nor any other person could have known, in any ordinary way, which one it was. It was one chance in five for the man who had written them to guess the name upon the selected paper—not one in five millions for a stranger.

The next step was to write the ages of these five persons at their death, on as many bits of paper, which were folded with the same care. One of these was selected, and again, without being opened, deposited in the lawyer's pocket, which now contained a name and a number indicating age. What was the chance of guesswork now?

With the same precautions the lawyer then wrote the places where these persons died, the diseases of which they died, and the dates of their decease. He had then in his pocket five little balls of paper, each selected by a movement of the table, for which no one could account. Did they correspond to each other, and were they altogether true?

At this moment the hand of the medium seized a pencil, and with singular rapidity dashed off a few lines, addressed to the lawyer as from a near relative, and signed with a name, which the medium very certainly had never heard of.

The lawyer, very much startled, took from his pocket the five paper balls, and unrolled them. Then he spread them before him on the table, and read the same name as the one in the written message, with

his proper age, place and time of death, and the disease of which he had died. They all corresponded with each other, and with the message. No person had approached the table, and neither lawyer nor medium had moved. It was in my own house, under a full gas-light, and so far as I could see, or can see now, no deception was possible.

The written communication, which purported to come from a deceased relative of the gentleman, only expressed, in affectionate terms, happiness at being able to give him this evidence of immortality.

Now I flatter myself that I am as shrewd as my neighbours, and as learned as most of them; and I frankly confess, that, absurd as it seems to a nineteenth century philosopher, I can offer no reasonable explanation of the facts I have stated. I cannot tell what made the heavy thumps or percussions in the case of the Fox lady, and I can no more tell what moved the table in the case of Conklin. In each case there was force, and volition, and physical manifestation—atmospheric vibrations. There was also an intelligence accompanying these manifestations, of a very remarkable character. One might safely challenge all England, or the world, to do what I have described with the bits of paper. Yet it was done, in connexion with this Conklin, ten thousand times perhaps; and also with hundreds of other so-called mediums. I ought to say of Conklin that he received no pay on this occasion, and that his rooms in New York were open free to all comers for months, perhaps years.

A movement, sound, or motion, indicates force. A

movement that gives information, true or false—and the messages were often false—indicates intelligence acting by force. Question this invisible intelligence, which moves tables or pounds upon them, and it declares itself to be the spirit of your grandfather, your friend, or acquaintance. You cannot easily credit this; but it is the only testimony you have upon the subject. To satisfy you of its identity, it submits to a cross-examination, and tells you things known only to you and the pretended spirit. It tells you also things you have forgotten or never knew. It is really a pretty strong case, especially as you have no evidence to offer to the contrary. Is it very strange that thousands, and even millions, as it is claimed, became Spiritualists?

But, the reader may ask, were there no attempts to explain these phenomena? Yes, many. They were attributed to sleight of hand, collusion, imposture. The answer to this was, that in ten years, with every opportunity, imposture had not been detected as to the great mass of the phenomena. No doubt there were and are impostors—but there is as little doubt that a great many mediums, and the most remarkable, were persons whose character and position removed them from any suspicion of dishonesty.

When people with a smattering of science meet with any difficulty, they try to account for it by attributing it to something else, of which they are quite as ignorant. Electricity was the favourite theory of the ignorant. Of course, no person with any knowledge of the subject will contend that elec-

tricity produces raps, tips tables, answers mental questions, or pretends to be one's grandmother. Clairvoyance, if admitted as a faculty of certain organizations, would account for certain phenomena, but would not give the least explanation of others. Clairvoyance, if it actually exists, so as to enable persons to read the thoughts and memories of those about them, will not account for revelations of things unknown, and does nothing towards giving an explanation of physical phenomena.

Hallucination has been offered as a possible explanation. The manifestations, it is said, did not really occur—but people were made to believe that they saw, heard, or felt them. I think this theory does not diminish the difficulty. By what known process can hundreds and thousands of people, of all classes, and under all circumstances, be so hallucinated, that they would testify under oath to things that never happened? Of what value is any amount of human testimony, to any fact whatever, if such hallucination is possible? Finally, how, and by what means, are people hallucinated?

I have heard several so-called speaking mediums, who were supposed to speak in a "circle" or to address public assemblies, either in a state of trance or under spiritual influence. I heard a cadaverous-looking personage with long hair spout poetry, or something in rhyme and metre, in Memphis. In Springfield, Illinois, the home of President Lincoln, I listened an hour to a speech of what Americans call "highfalutin" eloquence, froth and rainbows. I heard Miss Hardinge,

once an English actress, deliver a very imposing oration to more than a thousand persons, in a splendid lecture-room at St. Louis. I have heard the pretty, doll-like Mrs. Cora Hatch in New York. In none of these cases did I see the least evidence of spiritual or supernatural influence. The speakers shut their eyes, but anyone can do that. They may have looked inspired—but I did not see it. The improvisatore was a clever one, if honest; but improvisatori are not necessarily supernatural; and if spirits spoke through Miss Hardinge or Mrs. Cora Hatch, they either came direct from the father of lies, or were absurdly ignorant of the commonest facts of history. It is fair to say that I heard a plain-looking middle-aged Quaker woman in Cincinnati talking metaphysics for two hours, as if she had been possessed by the spirits of Hegel or Herbart; and I have also, in one or two instances, heard so-called mediums, in private discoursing of matters of which in their usual state they appeared to have no knowledge. But where we are to draw the line between what is called the inspiration of the poet, and a supernatural obsession, or possession, or illumination, may be somewhat difficult to determine.

The arguments against the existence of spiritual phenomena are abundant; but then, it must be confessed that one well-established fact is worth a great many arguments. If we say the things alleged to be done are *impossible*, we are told that they are *true*. After all, it is very difficult to say what is or is not possible. Life and the universe are mysteries.

Newton was too modest to attempt to explain the cause or nature of what he called gravitation.

If you say Spiritualism is absurd, I agree with you. What can be more absurd than for departed spirits—those whose memories are sacred to us—amusing a gaping circle by thumping on furniture, tipping tables, throwing things about, and spelling out unimportant messages? What more absurd than for the spirits of Shakespeare or Bacon, Napoleon or Wellington, Washington or Franklin, answering the questions of every rude and vulgar person who chooses to call for them? And the answers and communications of these alleged spirits are commonly absurdly different from what we expect from them. Furthermore, these pretended spirits often lie. Messages are received, purporting to come from departed persons, and giving the particulars of their decease, who prove on inquiry to be still alive. I have known this in several instances. Of course this does not disprove a communicating intelligence. It may, in certain cases, be an evidence of the honesty of the medium, as he would not be likely to invent such a deception as must soon be exposed.

If we admit the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, and concede that communications or revelations are really made by beings ordinarily invisible to us mortals, we are still surrounded with difficulties. What assurance can we have in any case of the identity of a spirit? A bad or mischievous spirit may, for aught we know, personate our friends, penetrate our secrets, and deceive us with false

representations. Where is the proof of identity? When an ignorant boy in Massachusetts, acting as a medium, calls upon the spirit of Washington to manifest his presence by rapping with the hilt of his sword, though I hear metallic raps, and cannot in any way account for them, I am not obliged to believe that they were made by the "Father of his country," who, in this life, was a gentleman of singular dignity of character. When a medium, apparently possessed for the moment by the spirit of Hahnemann, gives me an explanation of the philosophy of homœopathy—if I have reason to believe that it was not invented by the medium, I have still no absolute proof that it came from the departed inventor of infinitesimals.

The spirits of physicians often prescribe for mediums and those who consult them; but it is remarkable that doctors continue to disagree in the other world, just as they always have done in this. Hahnemann gives high dilutions—Abernethy and Rush stick to their gallipots, and Preissnitz wraps in the wet sheet or deluges with the douche.

Religious people were naturally shocked with almost everything about the matter. Good spirits, they thought, would not come from heaven to engage in such absurdities, and bad ones would scarcely be allowed to leave the other place for such a purpose. Those who could not deny the existence of the manifestations, attributed them to the devil. The spirits gave an account of their residence and condition, which was very little in accordance with the teachings of the popular theology. But others said—heaven is

a state or condition—not a place; and what do we really know of the state of spirits who have left the body? The man who has left his bodily existence, but still lives, may not be much wiser or better than he was. The future life may be one of progress, &c. &c.

But what, the reader will ask, has been the real influence of spiritualism in America? I will try to answer the question truly.

It has, as I have said, separated many thousands of persons from the religious creeds in which they were educated, and the religious societies to which they belonged—turning them adrift, and leaving them to find, if they can, new associations; while spiritualism itself seems to have no bond of union, but to act as a segregating and scattering force. I shall not attempt to decide whether this effect will be good or evil in its final result.

It has, as I have also intimated, convinced many thousands of unbelievers—materialists and sceptics—of a continued existence, or the immortality of the soul. The reader may make his own estimate of the value of this conviction.

There can be no question that an undoubting faith in the genuineness of communications from deceased friends has been to vast numbers a source of consolation and happiness.

There is as little doubt that spiritualism has either produced or developed a tendency to insanity in a great number of instances. I think no careful observer can mingle with considerable numbers of spiritualists,

without noticing symptoms of insanity, probably similar to those which attend religious revivals, and, perhaps, all great excitements and intellectual revolutions. There is no portion of the world so subject to insanity as New England and the Northern States—which it has mainly peopled. The Southern States have very little insanity, and the Southern people have given themselves very little trouble about spiritualism, or any of the many “isms” that have agitated their northern neighbours.

The influence of spiritualism upon morality is not very easy to estimate. It is claimed that the influence and admonitions of spirits and the belief in immortality have reformed many drunkards and profligates. On the other hand, it is known that numbers of spiritualists have taught and acted upon ideas of the largest liberty in social relations. They have adopted individualistic and “free-love” doctrines. Husbands have abandoned wives, and wives their husbands, to find more congenial partners, or those for whom they had stronger spiritual affinities. All spiritualists, it is true, do not accept the free-love doctrines: but it is also true that some of the most noted spiritualistic mediums, speakers and writers, have both taught and practised them, and that they have had numerous followers, to the great scandal and disgust of those who hold to old-fashioned morality.

Without wishing to give an uncharitable judgment, I think it may be conceded that spiritualism has been revolutionary, chaotic, disorderly, tending, for the present at least, to produce moral and social evils.

That it may be Providential, and tend to good in the future, few will be rash enough to deny.

It is said by some, that a matter of so much importance should be investigated by the Government, or by learned societies. And what then? In America, half the members of Congress and the State Legislatures are spiritualists. Would their decision satisfy unbelievers? Half the scientific and literary men are also believers. This fact destroys their testimony. There seems no way but that every one who has any interest in the matter should make his own investigation. On such a subject men will not be satisfied with any amount of testimony. They must see for themselves.

It has been credibly reported that Mr. Lincoln and some members of his Cabinet at Washington are believers in spiritualism, and that they have been guided by what purported to be spiritual manifestations in the war waged for the subjugation of the Seceded States. I have no reason to doubt it. The greater part of Mr. Lincoln's personal friends are spiritualists. There are many indications that he has been subjected to some such influences; there are very few that they are likely to lead him to any good.

CHAPTER V.

THE FOREIGN ELEMENTS IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Irish and German immigration.—Germans, Catholic and Protestant.—Irish labour.—Whisky and politics.—Irish servants, their generosity and other virtues.—Wages and extravagance.—Sanitary condition.—Political fraternizations.—Influence of bishops and clergy.—The Irish on the negro question.—Politics of the Germans.—Prolific races.—British residents.—Foreigners in North and South.

THE foreign element in American society is a large and important one. True, we were all foreigners once; but there is a difference between the descendants of those who emigrated to America two hundred years ago and those who went there last year, or those whose parents were born in Europe.

Two countries have supplied America with the great mass of its recent immigrants—Ireland and Germany. An enthusiastic Irishman claims that not less than ten millions of the American people are of Irish birth or Irish descent. A careful estimate gives six millions of Germans. These calculations go back to the early settlement of the country. I judge that there are three or four millions of people of Irish blood, without counting more than three generations. And there are nearly or quite as many Germans of

recent emigration, or children of Germans born upon the soil. There are portions of New York, and of nearly every large city, where the population is as thoroughly Irish as in Dublin or Cork. There are also large tracts of these cities crowded with Germans. The Germans have gone farther west, and scattered themselves more widely in the rural districts. There are large bodies of Germans, for example, in Wisconsin, Missouri, and Texas. Crowds of emigrants land at New York, and go west by rail. Thousands also in past years have gone out in cotton ships to New Orleans, and ascended the Mississippi. There is a German quarter and an Irish quarter, as well as French and American quarters in New Orleans. I found many of both races at Galveston, Texas. Nearly half of Cincinnati is German; and crossing a canal that divides the northern part of the city from the southern is popularly termed "going over the Rhine." It is much the same at Chicago and St. Louis. At Milwaukee, the Germans appeared to me to occupy nearly or quite a third of the city.

The Germans of recent immigration or birth in the United States are, I suppose, about equally divided in religion between Roman Catholics and Protestants, though a large portion of the latter class belong to the school of Rationalism, and can scarcely be said to have any religion. They are, to a great extent, ultra Red Republicans, and in America have also become what is called Black Republicans. They gave a large vote to Mr. Lincoln, and have also contributed a great many regiments of soldiers to the war, and several

generals—as Gen. Siegel, Gen. Carl Shurz, Gen. Blenker, &c. Blenker was relieved of his command for carrying out the confiscation doctrine too energetically, or for permitting his soldiers to steal for themselves rather than for the Government.

The Roman Catholic Germans are of a more conservative character, and mostly democrats.

The Irish population of the United States is Roman Catholic in about the same proportion as in Ireland. They are scattered over the Northern States, and to some extent in the larger commercial cities of the South. They have dug the canals, built the railways, and done the rough work of the cities of the North and West. They are settled in hundreds of cities and villages, on those great works of internal improvement, and wherever they have gone of course their priests have accompanied or followed them. They have had good wages, and are always liberal and open-handed, especially for anything connected with their religion. The result is that there are everywhere Catholic churches, convents, schools, and colleges.

The Irish in America have been a source of wealth and strength. One can hardly see how the heavy work of the country could have been done without them. They are not as prudent and thrifty as the Germans; but great numbers of them have accumulated property, and with wages at from four to ten shillings a day, and provisions one half or one third the price in this country, they could not fail to live and prosper.

The fact that whisky, of a very fiery and destruc-

tive quality, has been as cheap in proportion as corn and potatoes, has been against them. But their bishops and clergy have done much to keep them in habits of temperance. Politics, also, have been of little benefit to them. Doubtless it is very fine, five years after landing, to become a citizen of the great republic, a voter at elections, and eligible to every office but that of President. Patrick loves excitement—he loves to be of consequence, and he loves a row. By a kind of instinct the Irish have attached themselves almost universally to the democratic party. They got the idea that it was the party of popular rights, the anti-aristocratic party, the liberal party. They at least knew their friends. The democrats always welcomed, and guarded the rights of the foreigner. The Federal-whig-republican party always hated foreigners, and wished to restrict their rights of citizenship. A few years ago, the Irish, French, and Germans in America, nearly all belonged to the Democratic party. A portion of the Germans have left it on account of their Abolition sympathies.

If Irishmen have been a great help to America in supplying the demand for rough and heavy work on canals, railways, &c., vast numbers of Irish girls have also found employment as servants in families. They are not in all respects the best, but they were the only ones to be had in sufficient numbers. And they have their virtues. They are reasonably honest, and almost invariably chaste. Their kindness and generosity to their relations also appeal to our best sympathies. Thousands—hundreds of

thousands of poor Irish girls, working in American kitchens, have sent home the money to maintain their families, or enable them also to emigrate. Millions of dollars have been sent by poor servant girls in America to the land of their birth.

The great hotels of American cities, some of which have accommodations for more than a thousand persons, are obliged to employ a large number of servants, in the kitchen, as waiters, and as chambermaids. In New York, a floating population which may at times be estimated at a hundred thousand—merchants who come to buy goods, and travellers for business or pleasure—live at these hotels, while nearly as many residents of New York prefer living in the hotels or large boarding-houses to the trouble of housekeeping. The necessity of having reliable servants, under these circumstances, is apparent. One can see what these great hotels might become were it otherwise. The fact that Irishmen and Irishwomen are almost the only ones employed in these establishments, is one very creditable to them. And it is very rare that there is any cause for complaint against them. A New York hotel keeper, whatever his own religious belief, knows from experience that if his servants are Roman Catholics, and attend regularly to the duties prescribed by their religion, he has the best security he can have for the good order of his establishment.

The wages of men, with board, are from thirty-five to fifty pounds a year; those of girls from twenty to forty pounds. Servant girls in families often have presents of clothing, so that they are able to save, or

send "home," almost their entire wages. I have often been asked, when the month's wages were due, or those of several months had been allowed to accumulate, to get a bill of exchange on some branch of the Bank of Ireland, to enable some hard pressed father to pay his rent, or assist in bringing out a brother or sister to America.

When these helpful young ladies from the Emerald Isle have done their duty to their relations, they are free to indulge in their own tastes, which are apt, I must say, to be a little extravagant. I have been amused, on a Sunday morning, to see two Irish girls walk out of my basement door, dressed in rich *moire antique*, with everything to correspond, from elegant bonnets and parasols to gloves and gaiter-boots—an outfit that would not disgrace the neatest carriage in Hyde Park. These girls had been brought up in a floorless mud-cabin, covered with thatch, and gone to mass without shoes or stockings very likely, and now enjoyed all the more their unaccustomed luxuries. Who will blame them? They had better have saved their money, perhaps, but saving money is not, generally speaking, an Irish virtue.

There is another matter which may interest sanitary reformers. The great mass of the Irish people, of the class that emigrates to America, live in Ireland chiefly on potatoes, oatmeal, buttermilk—on a simple, and an almost entirely vegetable diet. They have not the means, if they had the inclination, to drink much whisky, or use much tobacco. They land in America

with clear, rosy complexions, bright eyes, good teeth, and good health generally. They are as strong as horses. They find themselves in a land of good wages, cheap provisions, cheap whisky and tobacco. Flesh meat they have been accustomed to consider the luxury of the rich, and they go in for it accordingly. They eat meat three times a day, rudely cooked, and in large quantities. Whisky of an execrable quality, is plentiful and cheap, so is tobacco, and they drink, smoke, and chew abundantly. They grow sallow, dyspeptic, and lose health, strength, and spirits. They attribute it to the climate. Out of malarious regions, the climate has very little to do with it. It is the change in their habits of living—excessive eating of flesh, and the whisky and tobacco—much more than change of climate that fills them with disease, and carries so many to an early grave.

The political influence of the foreign population, Irish or German, is due to the fact that they have votes, and that it is the interest of each political party to endeavour to secure them. For this they are flattered and wheedled, and, as far as possible, corrupted by aspiring demagogues and an unscrupulous press. Irish emigrants have little love for England. It is no exaggeration to say that they hate the British Government. It is quite natural that Americans should find their own ancient hatred, which might otherwise have died out, reviving under this strong influence of political interest. The party in America which can make itself appear to be most intensely

Anti-British, must appeal most powerfully to the sympathies of the great body of Irish Americans.

Now, in the early formation of parties, the Federalists favoured the British, while the Democrats sympathized with the French. Adams, Hamilton, and Jay were friendly to England, though they had fought for independence. They wished to make the English government, laws, and institutions the model of their own. Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe and the Democratic party, denounced the English system as aristocratic, and adopted the principles of "Liberty, equality, and fraternity," of the French revolutionists. The Irish of that day sided with those who took the part of the French against the English, and those who have followed them to America have naturally joined the party to which they found the great body of their countrymen adhering.

Mr. Seward, by favouring the views of Archbishop Hughes, of New York, by flattering the Irish, and professing sentiments of ultra-hostility to England, has transferred a certain portion of the Irish Catholic votes to himself and his party; but this is a matter of personal influence, and is not likely to last. The Archbishop of New York, and all the clergy, if they went with him, which they do not always, could affect, only to a very moderate extent, the Catholic vote; for Roman Catholics in America, whatever they be elsewhere, are very jealous of any attempt of their clergy to influence or control them out of their own special province. The more they obey them in

spiritual matters, the more they repel interference in temporal affairs. I knew an instance in which a popular priest, having a large congregation, tried to induce his flock to vote *one* way, with the result that all but two of them voted the *other*. To this jealousy of priestly influence in secular affairs may be attributed the curious fact that while nine-tenths of the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy have been opposed to the war upon the South from its outbreak, and while the greater part of them sympathize warmly with the South, or hold the war of coercion to be unconstitutional and wrong, great numbers of Irish have enlisted in the Federal army—Repealers fighting for the Union, rebels fighting to put down a rebellion, Irishmen fighting against Irishmen—a spectacle for the world to gaze at with wonder.

But if the Irish fight in the war on both sides, in proportion to their numbers, it cannot be said that they sympathize with what some Englishmen imagine to be its objects. They are not Abolitionists. They have no sympathy with the negro. They care very little about his emancipation, and wish him as far as possible away from their vicinity. Their antipathy to the negro, which seems genuine and instinctive, and which manifests itself as soon as they come in contact with him, is more marked than that of the Northern Americans generally. The Irish at home are Abolitionists, like the English. They may not be so fond of living with negroes, or marrying them, but they appear to participate in the general feeling of the British people respecting slavery. It is not so in

America. It is very rare to find an Irish Abolitionist. Irishmen fight for the country, the flag, the government, or because they love to fight, or were forced to enlist—for anything but to free the negroes. It is the Irish vote in Illinois that forbids even a free negro to enter that state. It is the Irish vote that calls for a similar law in New Jersey. The Irish-American sentiment is pro-slavery. It is, at least, for leaving the negroes to the South. The clergy and people are alike in this matter. I never knew of but one Roman Catholic priest in America who was, in the Northern American or English sense, an Abolitionist. Probably the best written defence of slavery extant, was that made by the Irish Roman Catholic Bishop England, a native, I believe, of Cork or Waterford, but a resident for many years, and Bishop, of Charleston, South Carolina, where he was respected and beloved by people of every religious faith.*

The Germans, like the Irish, have in past years nearly all voted with the Democratic party; but they appear to have less instinctive antipathy to the negroes, and large numbers of them, generally of the Protestant or rationalist class, have joined the Republican party, from a sympathy with its Abolition and ultra views, led by Mr. Greeley and their own Socialist or Red Republican leaders. Germans of this stamp have filled up the armies of the North-west.

* The anti-conscription and anti-negro riots in New York, in which the Irish took a chief part, have occurred since the above was written, and confirm its truth.

The more conservative portion have been against the war; believing, as one of the leaders said, that it was "the same old thing over again. In Europe it was fight for the King: in America, fight for the Government." He could see no difference, and refused to fight for either.

There is one characteristic of the foreign population of the United States which deserves to be considered with reference to the future. There is a continuous influx of immigration, larger at some periods than at others, but always a stream of immense magnitude. Ireland, Germany, and Belgium pour out their surplus or poverty-stricken populations. These people, transplanted to a new soil, and surrounded with unwonted plenty, are wonderfully prolific. The Irish and Germans in America increase with much greater rapidity than the Americans of an older stock. So remarkably is this the case, that there must, in a few years, be an Irish majority even in such old states as Massachusetts and Rhode Island. By a natural process and without counting on conversions, there must also be Roman Catholic majorities in several states. The nativist party, with its secret organization, was a futile effort to meet this danger, by attempting to extend the period during which foreigners must reside in the country before exercising the right of suffrage. It failed, because neither of the great parties could afford to lose the foreign vote. It is now too late for such constitutional changes. The foreign element is too strong and too conscious of its power.

Besides, distinctions of birth are essentially un-American. Why should the foreigners of yesterday proscribe the foreigners of to-day?

It should be noted that Englishmen, when, in rare cases, they become naturalized, usually vote with the once aristocratic party, and seldom if ever on the same side with the Irish. However, few Englishmen residing in America renounce their allegiance to their own Government. They are patriotic John Bulls. They take British papers, frequent British beer-houses, drink British ale, and are proud and happy to call themselves "British residents."

When New York celebrates the Fourth of July with a military procession, there are German regiments, Irish regiments, a Scottish regiment, a French regiment, an Italian regiment, including Poles and Hungarians; but who ever saw even an English company marching under the stars and stripes? That phenomenon has yet to be witnessed.

Why Irishmen, Germans, Scotchmen, &c., are so much more assimilable than Englishmen, I cannot pretend to say. It may be that Englishmen, born in America, are different — are Americans. This is curiously true of Irishmen. In the second generation they are more American than the Americans. Germans have the difficulties of language to overcome, but the children of German parents, where they attend American schools, and mingle with American children, can hardly be induced to speak German at all, and if spoken to in that language, are apt to answer in English. Germans learn enough English to trade

with very rapidly; but you must not expect them to be able to converse on other subjects. They can neither understand you nor express themselves, except on matters of business.

Germans, Irish, Norwegians, and other foreigners of recent immigration and their children form from thirty to fifty per cent. of the population of several of the North-western States. From ten to twenty per cent. would be a large estimate of a similar population in the Southern States, where the white population is English in a large proportion, and of a more remote European origin.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA.

The American colonies mostly Protestant.—Necessity of religious liberty.—Catholic statistics.—Roman Catholic conversions.—Mixed marriages.—Colleges and convents.—Spiritualism and miracles.—No-popery riots, and “Know-nothing” societies.—Catholics and the war.—The Irish element.—Bishops, priests, and religious.—The Jesuits.

THE progress, position, and probable future of the Roman Catholic Church in America cannot but excite the interest of every intelligent observer. Its progress has been so rapid, its position is already so influential, and its future is looked forward to with so much of hope by one party, and of dread by another, that there are few more interesting subjects for observation or speculation.

What we call America—the United States—was in its origin mostly Protestant. Canada was settled by French Roman Catholics; the Mississippi and Ohio were explored by Catholic missionaries; and Louisiana and Florida, as well as New Mexico and California, were first settled by French and Spanish adherents of the Church of Rome. There was also, in the very centre of the thirteen American colonies, one small settlement

of Roman Catholics, the colony planted by Lord Baltimore in Maryland, which, feeling the need of religious liberty, was the first to grant it. But the English settlers of New England and Virginia; and the Dutch founders of New Amsterdam, were Protestants.

The Puritan settlers of New England would have banished or hanged any Popish priest who came into their dominions. They destroyed a Jesuit mission to a tribe of Indians in Maine. The Southern cavaliers, though they might not have proceeded to the same extremities, were far from tolerant. But the fathers of the Revolution were also, by the necessities of their position, if not otherwise, the advocates of religious liberty.

When the colonies had taken up arms against the Government of England, they wished to gain the cooperation of the Roman Catholics in Canada, and sent a delegation to them, with a Catholic priest from Maryland at its head, promising them the fullest protection in their religious faith. The Canadian prelates, protected by the British Government, were too prudent to trust to two uncertainties—the success of the rebellion, and the fidelity of the Protestant colonists to their engagements.

When the colonies appealed to a Catholic nation for aid, they could no longer refuse toleration to that nation's faith. French fleets and armies were sent to America, and they brought, of course, their chaplains, who performed the ceremonies of their worship. Then was seen the strange spectacle of Puritan troops form-

ing a portion of the escort of Roman Catholic processions.

Under these circumstances, there was no other course to take but that of guaranteeing the absolute freedom of every form of religious faith and worship. A prominent Maryland Catholic, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and his brother, a Jesuit priest, was the first American bishop of that faith. The annexation of Louisiana added a large Catholic population, French and Spanish creoles, who also had in the treaty of purchase solemn guarantees of the freedom of their religion.

The Maryland Catholics spread themselves westward through Kentucky, Southern Ohio, and Missouri, where their descendants are found in considerable numbers. Every large city has its share of foreign merchants, French, German, Spanish, Italian—most of whom are Catholics. But the great mass of Catholic population has come from the immigration of the last half century. They are Irish, Germans, or their descendants, chiefly of the first and second generations.

The great bulk of foreign immigration to America is of recent date. The full tide had not set in fifty years ago. In 1808 the Roman Catholic Church in the United States had but 1 diocess, 2 bishops, 68 priests, 80 churches, and 2 ecclesiastical educational institutions. In 1861 there were 7 provinces, 48 diocesses, 45 archbishops and bishops, 2317 priests, 2517 churches, 1278 stations and chapels, and 48 ecclesiastical educational institutions.

There are only approximating estimates of the Catholic population, which place it at from three to four millions. But some idea may be formed of the energy with which the work of extending the Papal influence in that country is carried on, from the number of educational and other institutions which has been established, chiefly by the various religious orders. Of these there were in 1861, 96 academies and colleges for young men, 212 female academies, 28 hospitals, 102 orphan asylums, 100 other benevolent and charitable institutions, 100 monasteries and religious houses for male religious orders, and 173 convents of nuns and female religious.

These are additional to a vast number of primary schools established by the Catholics for the education of their own children, while they are also obliged to contribute to the taxes for the support of the common schools of the country. This heavy burden will be borne, however, only until the Catholics in any State have numbers and political power sufficient to compel a division of the school fund, and the devotion of a fair proportion to their separate use, as is the practice in Great Britain and several Continental States. That day, in several States, cannot be very distant, and is looked forward to with dread by many Protestant Americans.

The number of converts from Protestantism to Catholicity in America is not so large as might be expected; still it is considerable. Three or more bishops, and a proportional number of priests, are converts. An obscure, but particularly energetic

priest in Ohio, labouring in a rude backwoods district, told me he had received one hundred and fifty converts. An eminent missionary priest in New Orleans, belonging to the order of Redemptorists, in conversing on this subject, mentioned to me that he had received eight hundred converts in his various missions. It is probable that every priest of any experience has received more or less, as I have heard them spoken of in nearly every place I have visited.

As a rule or principle, Catholic priests discourage mixed marriages—that is, the marriages of Catholics to Protestants. But they do not try much to hinder them, because, in the first place, it would be of no use, and in the second place, such marriages generally lead to the conversion of the Protestant party to the Catholic faith. The reason for this is, that the Protestant who proposes to marry a Catholic is generally indifferent to any religion. Catholics are commonly more in earnest. The Catholic insists on being married by the priest, holding marriage to be a sacrament. The Protestant cares little whether the ceremony is performed by priest, parson, or magistrate. The priest requires a promise that the children shall be baptized and educated in the Catholic faith. In nine cases in ten where a practical Catholic—that is, one who attends to the duties of religion—marries a non-Catholic, it results in the conversion, or as some call it, perversion of the latter to the Roman Catholic communion.

It is true that many Roman Catholics in America stray away, become very bad Catholics or infidels, but

it is also true that very few of these are converted to any system of Protestantism. If they ever have any religion, it is that in which they were born and educated.

The whole number of converts bears a very small proportion to the Roman Catholics of foreign birth, the Irish, Germans, French, Spanish, and their descendants, who are spoken of as born Catholics. But it will strike every thoughtful person that the means taken by the Roman Church to lay the foundation for a preponderating influence in America have been wise and far-seeing. They have founded colleges, especially in the west and south-west, in which not only Catholic youth, but the *élite* of the Protestants, have been educated. There are Jesuit colleges in Massachusetts, New York, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Mobile; and the reputation of this order for thoroughness of education has caused large numbers of the Southern youth to be entrusted to its care; and whatever may be the demerits of its members, they seldom fail to gain the confidence and love of their pupils, who, as the Southerners say, can read their diplomas.

This process of educating Protestants, if not in the Catholic faith, yet out of their prejudices against it, has been carried on still more widely and successfully in the convent schools of various orders for the education of young ladies. Teachers, often ladies of rank, members of religious orders, from France, Belgium, Germany, England and Ireland, have engaged in this work, and have brought to it character, man-

ners, and accomplishments not easy to be found elsewhere in a new country. Devoted to their work with religious fervour, they supplied a means of female education of which the wealthy classes in America, who were not very bigoted, were glad to take advantage. And as these ladies, wise in their generation, or under wise direction, scrupulously refrained from direct efforts at proselyting, they gained more and more the confidence of the public. The result has been that everywhere in America, in the best society, the most accomplished and influential ladies have been educated in convents, and though they may never go over to Rome, they love and respect their teachers, and defend them from the attacks commonly made against them; all the more that these attacks, generally made by very bigoted and equally ignorant persons, are usually of an absurd, and often of a very atrocious character.

There could not be a better preparation for the work of conversion, which the American hierarchy fully hopes to accomplish. The sturdiness of the German element, the vigour and enthusiasm of the Irish, the prolific character of both populations, will do much. Education is removing ancient prejudices, and the chaotic condition of the Protestant community, divided into warring sects, increases the power of a church whose characteristic is unity, and whose claim is infallibility.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in America, the daughter of the Church of England, though highly respectable and aristocratic in its character, is not

popular, is weak, and is divided. It has no Government to sustain it. Its High Church section tends more strongly to Rome, perhaps, than the same section of the Church of England, while its Low Church portion leans more to Evangelicism and sectarian Protestantism.

Strange as it may seem, the spread of and belief in Spiritualism in America appears to favour the progress of the Roman Catholic faith. The Lives of the Saints are full of spiritual manifestations. The Church claims the same power of working miracles to-day as in the times of the Apostles, and who so likely as Spiritualists to give credence to such pretensions? And the Church, in America as elsewhere, has no lack of well-authenticated miracles. Without having made any special research into the matter, I can remember one very striking one at Baltimore; another, of the most extraordinary character, testified to under oath by credible witnesses, and known to great numbers of persons, in Washington; another at Cincinnati, and one in Michigan—an account of which was published a few years ago in many of the American newspapers. This last was the alleged appearance of a cross of brilliant light in the air, over a crowd assembled at a Catholic mission, and said to have been seen by hundreds of persons—Catholics, Protestants, and infidels. So, in a church at Brooklyn, a suburb of New York, during a Passionist mission, a few years ago, there were, as reported in the papers of the day, miracles of healing, so numerous and so convincing as to cause the immediate conversion of numbers of

Protestants who were present. Those who have no faith in such manifestations will attribute them to vivid imaginations, and the strong credensiveness of the American character.

But the progress and success of the Roman Catholic Church in America, as shown in the statistics I have given, have not been won without serious, violent, and at times a bloody opposition. In 1835, or thereabout, Rev. Dr. Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, inventor of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a Calvinistic divine of the old Puritan type, who held that the Pope is Antichrist, and Rome the scarlet lady of Babylon, the many-horned beast, and I know not what beside, preached a course of no-popery lectures in the Boston Park-street Church, popularly known as "Brimstone Corner." At the conclusion of his lectures a mob of Boston rowdies went over to Charlestown and plundered and burnt the Ursuline convent of Mount Benedict, driving the poor nuns and their pupils out into the night, to find refuge where they might, and violating even the graves of the departed sisterhood, who never, that I have heard, did any harm; but spent their lives in saying their prayers, and teaching young ladies useful learning and polite accomplishments.

Not long after this, the spirit of anti-popery riot broke out in Philadelphia, where churches, schools, and whole blocks of houses, occupied chiefly by Irish Roman Catholics, were burnt to the ground, and several persons were murdered. A similar riot, in

Louisville, Kentucky, resulted in another conflagration, and a more serious loss of life. Anti-Catholic secret societies were organized over a large portion of the country, and a political Protestant party formed, which had local successes in several States; but its spread was resisted by the Democratic party, which had most of the Catholic vote, and notably by Governor Wise, in Virginia, who gallantly upheld the principles of Jefferson, and became the champion of religious liberty. The conspiracy of nativism or know-nothingism, with its machinery of oath-bound secret societies, failed, because neither of the existing political parties could hope to succeed without the Catholic vote. The Democrats were pledged to toleration by all their former acts and declarations. The Republicans, well enough disposed to no-popery and nativism, found that they had no chance unless they could secure a portion at least of the foreign vote. These necessities destroyed nativism and the political Anti-Catholic party. When the war arose between the North and South, it seemed a point of honour for the foreign-born citizens of each section to manifest their loyalty to their adopted country. The small foreign population of the South flew to arms for the defence of the Confederacy of their adopted States. So did the Irish and Germans of the North and West. The Roman Catholic bishops and clergy were in an embarrassing position. In the South, they were the earnest defenders of Southern rights. In the North, they almost to a man sympathized with the South, and were opposed to the war. The Catholic clergy

never participated in the abolition fanaticism that burned in Protestant pulpits. They never disowned, excommunicated, and anathematized the slave-holding Catholics of the South ; or treated them as the Northern Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists did *their* Southern brethren. They prayed for peace. Some of them boldly denounced the war.

But to denounce the war came to be considered treason. The Catholics claim not to be behind any in loyalty ; the men enlisted, and their clergy held their peace. Archbishop Hughes, of New York, was opposed to abolitionism and to the war ; and yet his influence was used, by adroit management, to fill the ranks of the Federal army. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, at first denounced the war ; but when his Irish flock became largely represented in the army, and the brother of his coadjutor bishop, the Catholic General Rosencranz, an important leader, he appears to have looked rather to the possible benefit that might come to Irishmen, and perhaps to Ireland, than to the merits of the actual contest. Catholics fought on both sides. General Beauregard, a Catholic creole of Louisiana, caused mass to be said on the morning of the first battle of Manassas, popularly known as Bull Run, and, with hundreds of his officers and men, knelt to receive the Sacrament of the Altar. Whole regiments from Louisiana, and many from Mobile, South Carolina, &c., were also Roman Catholics.

How largely the Roman Catholic Church in America is Irish may be seen from the fact that

twenty of its prelates are either Irish or of Irish descent, while more than eight hundred priests have names unmistakably Irish; two hundred beginning with O' or Mc, while the Bradys, Carrolls, Kelleys, Quinns, Ryans and Walshs, are strongly represented. The prelates not of Irish birth or descent are German, French, Belgian or American. Each prelate has done his utmost to get priests from his own country; and such a missionary field, to the devoted young ecclesiastic, though one of severe labour, and sometimes of privation, is very enticing. If the clergy are not aided by the Government, neither are they hampered or corrupted as in Cuba and Mexico. Their energies expand in the contest in which they must engage. Few in numbers, and with a support which gives them the bare necessities of life, they have constant toils. In the large towns they are overwhelmed with the care of the poor and the sick. In the country their flocks are scattered over large districts. I have known a priest to return late in a winter's night from a sick call twelve miles away, only to find an urgent message which hurried him as far through a lonely forest in the opposite direction. In sickly seasons, or epidemics, their labours are almost superhuman.

In my travels in America, North and South, I have sometimes accepted the genial hospitalities of the Roman Catholic prelates and clergy; and though the fare was sometimes rude enough, I always found a hearty welcome and gentlemanly companionship. I

have sweetened my tea at a bishop's table with brown sugar, stirred with a pewter spoon, when he was expending thousands a year on schools, asylums and hospitals. This bishop was up at five o'clock in the morning, and seldom went to bed before twelve at night. He said mass every day, preached three times every Sunday, visited the sick, and attended to an amount of business, secular and religious, such as few men could have undertaken.

The impression made upon me by Roman Catholic priests, and members of male and female religious orders, is a very peculiar one. The simplicity and hilarity of a party of priests, dining together, or taking a social glass, as they sometimes do, though always, so far as I have seen, with a becoming moderation, in their stories, jokes and laughter, is like that of a party of merry, good schoolboys. They have no air of shrewdness or worldliness, or constraint of any kind about them. As for the nuns, wherever I have seen them, they appeared to overflow with a simple merriment. In their schools they are big children among the little ones, real "mothers" and "sisters," as they are called, to those committed to their charge. They have doubtless much less cultivation of the intellect than Protestants of the same class, but seem to have more culture of the heart.

The confession, I know, will shock the worthy Mr. Whalley, and that estimable "old Fogey," Mr. Newdegate, but it has happened to me to make the acquaintance of a number of Jesuits. Those gentle-

men have a vague idea that all Popish priests, and a good many laymen, belong to that terrible society of Ignatius de Loyola. It is a slight mistake of theirs. Jesuits are not very numerous. The sort of men who choose or can undergo the fourteen years of training necessary to make a Jesuit are not numerous anywhere. In America, I think there are about a hundred, French, Belgian, German, and a few English or Irish.

The Jesuit is the special, refined, concentrated "bugaboo" of all good Protestants—yet we must speak of men as we find them; and I have found the Jesuits of various nationalities in New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Mobile, and New Orleans, everywhere the same refined, delicate, gentle, highly educated, polished men, devoted to their calling, devoted to the poor, and, to all appearance, earnest and sincere Christians. How they can believe all they profess to believe, it is not for me to say. It has been the faith of many ages and countless millions. Protestantism, so far, is in a very small and rather discordant minority. The reader, no doubt, is quite satisfied with his own cult and creed. To that I have nothing to say; but I have to say, that after all the Jesuits I have seen, and after all I have seen of Jesuits, I am only the more profoundly astonished at the things said about them in Protestant pulpits, and written about them in popular books.

If there is one thing the American Catholic clergy take less trouble about than any other, it is politics.

They never run for office, they never make political speeches, and very rarely do they seek to exercise any influence upon elections, unless some matter is pending connected with education or their religious rights. And the Jesuits, from whom so much mischief is apprehended, seemed to me, more than all others, entirely absorbed in their scholastic and ecclesiastical duties.

I venture no predictions in respect to the future ; but it is easy to see that the Roman Catholic Church is gaining ground in Protestant countries, and that Protestants are doing little or nothing to convert Roman Catholics, even in Ireland, to any form of Protestantism.

CHAPTER VII.

CONVENTS AND RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Ursuline convent in New Orleans.—Orphan asylums of the Sisters of Charity.—Convent of the Visitation at Mobile.—Ladies of the Sacred Heart.—New House at Havannah.—Postulants and novices.—A convent in Ohio.—A rough journey and a hospitable reception.—A concert and a comedy.—Teachers and pupils.—Morals of convents.—A stroll in Indiana.—A college in the woods.—The novitiates.—A noisy dinner.—Benediction.—Sisters of Charity.—Heroism and devotion.—Protestant sisterhoods.

It may be thought that I have given more than sufficient space to the Church of Rome and its religious and educational establishments in the United States ; but there is a very respectable, if not a very large class of English readers, who may wish to know more of their extent and operations. There is also a kind of mystery about religious orders, which makes them more or less attractive to the general reader.

The oldest convent in the United States, I think, must be the Ursuline convent in New Orleans. More than a hundred years ago, a party of Ursuline nuns went from France to that city, to nurse the sick in the Charity Hospital, to which all sick strangers and

poor were taken, and especially those attacked with yellow fever. Honour to the courage and devotion of those noble women! They were received, as we may suppose, with demonstrations of joy and gratitude by the whole population. They were ladies of birth and education, who had come four thousand miles across the ocean, when such a voyage was much more of an enterprise than it is now, to nurse the dying, and to die themselves, many of them, as they well knew, of a pestilence sure to decimate, at least, those unacclimatized volunteers of charity.

In time, a fine convent was built for them, in what is now the heart of the old French portion of the city of New Orleans. The Sisters of Charity came, and took their place in the Charity Hospital, which they have had charge of ever since, and the Ursulines attended to their usual work of educating young girls. Four generations of the ladies of New Orleans and of Louisiana, before and since its annexation to the United States, have been educated by the Ursuline nuns. When their old convent had become surrounded by the city, and too confined for their needs, they built the spacious and beautiful one they now occupy, on a large estate which was given them in the suburbs. The old convent is now the episcopal palace of his Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop of New Orleans. The new one fronts on the Mississippi, is surrounded by gardens and groves of orange trees, and is a delightful home for the hundreds of Southern belles who pass their early years in that sunny and fragrant paradise.

There are five or six other convents of various orders in New Orleans, and the Sisters of Charity have the management of a large Orphan Asylum, or system of Asylums, which are conducted with admirable economy, order, and success. There is, first, a Baby House, or nursery for infants. The yellow fever which carries off adults, spares their children, and the white-bonneted sisters gather them under their wings. At a certain age they pass into the School Asylum, where they are educated according to the abilities they develop, but always with a tender and motherly care. Lastly, there is the Industrial School, in which they learn domestic economy, needle-work, and some trade by which they can gain their livelihood. Here they graduate, and pass into the world. There is no lack of good places for girls who have had so excellent a training. There is a similar school for boys under the charge of a male brotherhood.

A short distance above New Orleans, on the left bank of the Mississippi, is a large convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, a more recent order than the Ursulines, and said to closely resemble the Jesuits. They educate the daughters of the rich in the most elegant and fashionable manner; but they also keep free schools for the poor, which is the rule with most of the religious orders.

In the suburbs of Mobile there is a large and beautifully-situated Convent of the Visitation, another aristocratic order, devoted to education, in which the belles of Alabama are educated in a quiet retreat, and

by the kindest as well as the most accomplished teachers. I visited this convent, as I did the neighbouring Jesuit College at Spring Hill, and was introduced to the oldest nun in the community, a venerable lady, more than eighty years of age, whose story was a very singular one. At the age of forty she was the wife of an episcopal clergyman in Connecticut. He was an earnest and zealous clergyman, with, I presume, high church proclivities, and not well satisfied with the rather low church tendencies of Connecticut churchmen at that period, who were disposed to fraternize with their Presbyterian or other evangelical neighbours. The immediate cause of his conversion, however, was the reading of a life of St. Francis Xavier, the celebrated Jesuit missionary to the Indies. He "went over to Rome" with his wife, a son, and three daughters. He was ordained a priest, his wife became a nun of the Order of the Visitation, the son is a Jesuit Father in Maryland, one daughter was with her mother, a nun in the convent I visited, and the two others were Ursulines.

There are convents in Galveston, and at one or two places besides in Texas. At Memphis there is a pretty convent of Dominican nuns, with a large boarding-school. The young ladies here, as in many other cases, are mostly Protestants. At St. Louis, and in Missouri, where there is a large and influential Catholic population, there are many spacious convents. Among these are the Convents of the Sacred Heart, Visitation, Ursulines, and Sisters of the Good Shepherd. The new Convent of the Visita-

tion at St. Louis is one of the largest and finest in the country. All its arrangements are in the most admirable order. There are also large convents at Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, and in nearly every city of any size in the West. But these pious and enterprising ladies do not confine themselves to the limits of civilization. Like the Jesuits, and, I presume, the members of all religious orders, they are ready to go wherever they are sent, and there are convents, or little groups of religious women in the far-off wilds of Nebraska and Dacotah, among the Indian tribes that roam the Rocky Mountains and hunt among the sources of the Missouri.

In the older cities of the East, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, there are, of course, plenty of convents and nuns. The ladies of the Sacred Heart have a grand old mansion on one of the finest eminences of the upper part of New York, and a large school in 17th Street. The ladies who are troubled about woman's rights and woman's sphere, would be delighted with Madame Hardy, the superior of this institution, and, if I mistake not, of the whole order in America. She is certainly a lady of extraordinary ability, tact, and energy; equal, I should think, to the duties of any department of State; and one who would be the right woman in the right place, as the governor of an important colony.

The ladies of the Sacred Heart are always to be found in the neighbourhood of the Jesuits, who are their spiritual directors, as the Lazarists are those

of the Sisters of Charity. A few years ago, Madame Hardy was invited to establish a house of her order in Havannah, where it was greatly needed. Her two or three hundred young ladies, educated in the New York house, were largely from the Southern States, the West Indies, and Mexico. The ladies were most generously welcomed in Cuba by the authorities and people. Among other presents, the Governor-General selected from a recently landed cargo of slaves, brought fresh from Dahomey by a New York slave ship, five or six negro girls, to be trained as servants and Christians by the ladies. A nice time they had with these savage maidens! The first difficulty was to keep enough clothes on them for the decencies of a convent. Every little while they would be missing. After a long search, their clothes would be found in a garret, just as they had been dropped, and then, out on the hot roof, under the hot sun of Cuba, the sable maids of Dahomey would be found, like so many nude and shining statues of bronze—God's image in polished ebony—fast asleep, enjoying a negro's paradise.

There are over thirty different female orders in the United States, something like two hundred convents, and between two and three thousand nuns, or female religious.

Convents and nuns, as we read about them in romances, and those which exist among the hard, rough work of education and charity in America, have few features in common. I could not see that there was any anxiety to induce young ladies to take

the veil. For one that is accepted many are rejected. The probation is long and severe. The candidate must remain a postulant for a year. If, at the end of this period, she still wishes to join the order, and they are willing to receive her, she is allowed to take the white veil of the novice. At the end of two years more, if her wish remains the same, and her director is satisfied that she has a genuine vocation, she takes her final vows, with impressive solemnities, dies to the world, and assumes the black veil of the order. She is still free, however, as any person can be. No key is turned upon her; she can go and come as she pleases. Nothing binds her but her own sense of duty. Should it appear that she had mistaken her vocation, she can be dispensed from her vows by the bishop, or proper ecclesiastical authority.

It happened to me, at one time, to reside for several months very near a large Ursuline Convent, in one of the wildest regions of Ohio, and some account of it and its inmates, as they appeared to me, may not be uninteresting, nor, perhaps, wholly un-instructive. My first visit to look at a pretty house which had been recommended to me as a retired and healthy residence, was made in company with a venerable archbishop and two bishops, who were going on a little pious pleasure excursion to the convent. His Grace was an Irishman, with the most striking virtues, and some of the faults of the Irish character; one of their lordships was an American convert from Presbyterianism, the other a recently consecrated Belgian. We went forty miles by rail-

way, then six miles by the very worst waggon road I ever saw, even in America. The railway took us many miles into the primitive forest—the road also lay through it. It was a ravine of mud. The poor horses sank to their knees, the wheels to their axles. Sometimes the driver would pull out of the track and find his way among the trees, over roots and stumps, and into quagmires. The best part of the way was where he drove nearly a mile in the rocky bed of a river, with the water close to the body of the waggon. The horses, after their wallow in the mud, appeared to enjoy it. Night came on, and the woods made it very dark. Suddenly we came into a clearing, like an island in the ocean, with lights in the distance.

The Ursulines had here a domain of three hundred acres, half cleared and cultivated—half a magnificent forest. On the centre of this estate was the convent, a plain, substantial brick building, about two hundred feet in length; and at a short distance were two or three cottages for the farm-labourers, a priest's house, and a chapel built of logs for the Irish, German, and Belgian settlers in the vicinity. All this, of course, I saw afterward.

Arriving at the front door of the convent, I followed their Most Reverend and Right Reverend Lordships into a large, neatly furnished, and well-lighted parlour. They were received by four ladies in the black robes and veils of the nuns of St. Ursula. As each one knelt, kissed the episcopal ring, and received the blessing of each of the three bishops, it was a

rather formidable ceremony, but was rapidly and gracefully performed.

Let me try to give an idea of these four ladies. The Reverend Mother Superior was an English lady of, say, forty-five, who had been sent to France for her education, and had, to the great scandal and grief of her English Church relations, become a convert and a nun. The second in authority, "*Ma Mère Stanislaus*," may have been forty years old. It is not easy to tell a lady's age, especially when all you see of her is two-thirds of a calm and passionless face. But how beautiful she was! Of noble French birth, she was grace and elegance to the tips of her fingers. She wore her coarse serge habit and sombre veil, the leathern strap around her waist and wooden crucifix, as if they were the robes and ornaments of a princess. The third was a Belgian of five-and-twenty, pretty, smiling, busy, with a great talent for affairs, and an equally wonderful power of diffusing sunshine. She was Sister Xavier, and a merrier spirit never hid herself under a black veil, and then away in the deep, dark woods. How shall I describe the fourth? This rosy blossom, Sister Alphonse, was an American, and scarcely twenty, the pet of a fond father, whom she loved most tenderly.

The table was laid, and we had an excellent dinner. If the order has any dietetic asceticism, it does not extend to its guests. The food was various and abundant, and the wine, as usual in religious houses, pure and good. The Mother Superior and her assistant sat near the table, conversing with the bishops;

the others, assisted by two white-veiled novices, waited upon the guests.

When the dinner was over, we were invited into a large saloon, and entertained with a musical concert by some of the more advanced pupils. A pretty stage had been prepared, on which were a grand pianoforte and two harps. The playing and singing were better than I expected—some of it, indeed, surprisingly good. Several of the nuns were accomplished musicians, and when they found talent in their pupils, spared no pains to give it proper development. They had consequently produced some brilliant players and tasteful singers. Perhaps the most effective performance was a duet on the harp and pianoforte by two little girls of ten and twelve, of the most delicate and exquisite type of American beauty—two of three orphan girls, who had found a home in the convent in their infancy, when both their parents had died of cholera.

When the concert was over, I wondered what was next in store for us. The nuns were demure enough, but the faces of the young misses were full of some kind of jolly anticipation. The curtain rose upon the screaming farce of "The Irish Lion," played by a bevy of young girls, with the part Mr. Tim Moore, the poetical tailor, by a rollicking young lady from the Emerald Isle, whose brogue and fun seemed equally natural and delightful.

When the fun was over, and genuine good fun it was, the Archbishop thanked them for their entertainment, and then all went to the convent chapel, where

he officiated in one of the most impressive offices of Catholic devotion, while the nuns in the choir sang their *Ave Sanctissima*.

I was taken to the priest's house to sleep. The hospitalities of female convents have their limits. Two French priests had charge of the spiritual and material affairs of the community. An old man of seventy, gentle and venerable, was the spiritual director. A small, dark, wiry, energetic man of thirty-five superintended the farming, and was pastor of the out-door flock. His English was very droll. It had been picked up among Irish labourers and rough western people, and had a good deal more slang than grammar.

I think there could hardly have been a happier school. In the months that followed, I often looked away from my books to the little parties of twenty or thirty girls, taking their recreations in the woods or meadows, under the charge of the black or white-veiled sisters—picking flowers by the brook-side, or filling the forest with their musical laughter. The nuns themselves laughed and played like the children in their own hours of recreation. I judged that about one-third of the young misses were children of Protestant parents. They conformed, to a certain degree, to the outward ceremonial of daily worship. They were all in their seats in the chapel, Sunday morning and evening, but the Mother Superior, who doubtless knew what was most effectual, was careful that no effort at proselyting should be made, except by the silent influence of example—an influence so powerful on the

impressible spirit, that arguments only disturb and hinder its operation.

I have read *Six Months in a Convent*, and other works of a similar character. In some, religious communities are described as gloomy and ascetic; in others, as grossly immoral and licentious. I never could see any reason why nuns should be less virtuous than other old maids of my acquaintance. So far as I could judge, I never saw a more cheerful community than this one in the woods of Ohio, and I never heard a breath of scandal in regard to them, nor to any convent in America, out of the very stupid and nasty books, which were made to sell, and were all the worse for their wretched pretence of pious motives. The pretended author of *Six Months in a Convent* lived a prostitute in New York, and died, a wretched out-cast, in the alms-house hospital, while the miserable scamps and impostors, pretending to be clergymen, who published the book, were living upon its proceeds.

But these nuns, the reader may say, were lost to the world—lost to society. They might have been good wives and mothers. Perhaps. It is not the lot of all. There are a few hundred thousand women in the British Islands who certainly cannot be wives, because there are no men to match them. They are a surplus female population. Can they do better than to perform maternal duties as far as they are able; and if it suits them to live in communities, pray, teach, and take care of the poor and sick, why not? I do not see that they can do much better, and I can see that they might do a great deal worse..

A few years ago, on my way to Chicago, I stopped for a day on the banks of the St. Joseph's River, in Northern Indiana, close upon the line of Michigan. Civilization was struggling with nature, and I watched with interest the rough encounter. The railway, after running twenty miles through a grand primeval forest, dashes suddenly into a city. Leaving my luggage at a great brick hotel, I struck out northward, across a fine, rapid river, into a rich rolling country, where each farm of one to three hundred acres was cut out of the forest, and where the stumps had not rotted out of the fields; while in many of them the great trees, all dry and leafless, girdled by chop-pings of the axe to destroy their vitality, were still standing in the fields of growing corn. Stacks of wheat-straw were around the log-houses of the lords of the soil. Great cribs of Indian corn in the ear were proofs of the land's fertility; herds of swine and flocks of cattle were browsing in the forest. It was a scene rough and uncouth in the present, but full of hope for the future.

Tired with my morning ramble, I sat down in the shade of a beautiful tulip-tree by the river-side, and thought of the three phases of life which a single generation would have experienced. A few years before, the wild Indian fought and hunted through these forests, and the smoke of his wigwam rose from the banks of this lonely river: the transition phase was now in progress: a few years more, and the whole country would be covered with the triumphs of civilization.

As I mused upon the scene and its associations, music filled the air; it came down out of the blue summer sky; it swept through the arches of the ancient woods. The birds sat mute upon the branches to hear it; the squirrels stopped their gambols. Even a bright little striped snake, which had been gliding through the grass near my feet, paused, erected his head, and poised it on one side, as if the better to hear the sweet melody that filled the air. It was a chime of bells, playing the music of a French religious hymn—a rich, melodious chime of twenty-four bells. But how came they in the depths of a forest in Northern Indiana? I rose from my mossy seat, while the little snake lowered his tiny head, and glided away, and the pretty squirrels hid themselves in the foliage, and went in the direction from which the music had seemed to come.

It was a longer walk in the woods than I expected; but with a slight turn in the road I emerged suddenly from the dark forest into the glowing sunshine, and a scene that filled me with surprise and admiration. It was a clearing of three or four square miles, walled round on three sides by the forest, and bounded on the fourth by a noble sweep of the river. In the centre was a pretty Gothic church, with two spires, in whose towers were the chime of bells. Near it was a cluster of buildings, the central one long, massive, and having a collegiate aspect. At the left were two bright lakelets, glittering in the sun; and between them nestled a small peninsula, shaded with trees, ornamented with shrubbery, and cultivated as a garden

and vineyard. In the midst of these gardens were two pretty chapels, one in the Grecian style, the other Gothic. Across the lake there was a small steam-mill and a brickyard, and contiguous to the college buildings were several workshops, and a large playground, with gymnastic apparatus. Around were fields and orchards, flocks of sheep and small herds of cattle. A mile away to the left, in a beautiful nook by the river, I saw another group of buildings, including a small chapel. In less time than I have taken to write these lines, my glass had swept over all this beautiful domain, cut out of the heart of a great American forest. I saw a crowd of boys at play in the college-grounds; a group of them was bathing on a secluded shore of one of the lakes, watched by a man in a long black robe. The black robes were also seen as they went in and out of the principal edifice. Groups of men were working in the fields. In the distance my glass showed me girls walking on the banks of the river, near the further cluster of buildings.

As an enterprising tourist I did not long hesitate about the means of gratifying my excited curiosity. I walked towards the centre of the domain, and passing through a vineyard, where the grapes gave promise of many a cask of good wine, I addressed myself to a withered old man, who seemed to have them under his fatherly care.

“The vines are growing well, father,” said I.

“Yaas!” was the strong German answer, when the well-browned pipe had been deliberately taken from his lips. “Dey grows goot.”

“And the wine—how is that?”

“Ah! ze vine izt pretty goot.”

“Shall I be allowed to visit the place?” I asked.

“Oh, yaas, yaas! I shall take you to ze Fater Superior;” and he put his pipe to his lips again, and led the way to the principal edifice, where I was presented to a tall, sallow, black-eyed French priest, who might have been a general, if he had not been the superior of a religious community. Nothing could be more cordial than my reception, nothing more considerate than the manner in which he made me feel that I was welcome, and satisfied my curiosity. The land of his community had been given to one of the Indian missionaries; his flock had been scattered by the progress of civilization, and the domain was bestowed upon a French religious order. He and a few others, who had come from France, had been joined by Germans, Irish, and several American converts; and they had established a college, with the charter of a university for the future, while a female branch of the order had a flourishing academy a mile away. There was also an industrial school for boys, and another for girls. The lay-brothers and sisters carried on the operations of agriculture, the workshops, the laundry, baking and cooking for so large a community, with its three or four hundred pupils, while priests, lay professors, and nuns attended to the work of education. The Father Superior, with a little excusable vanity, showed me the handsome church, whose gorgeous high-altar, and fine organ, and noble chime of bells, with the clockwork and

machinery which filled the whole region with music at intervals, day and night, had been sent them as presents from far off, never forgotten, generous France.

Then we walked over a little causeway between the two pretty lakes, and visited the islands, as they were called, but really a double peninsula, composed of two hillocks, each of several acres. In these solitary retreats were the nurseries of the order. One was the novitiate of priests, the other of the lay-brothers, where they went through the studies and religious exercises which were to prepare them for the solemn vows which would for ever separate them from the world, and devote their energies and lives to the work of their order. I saw novices of both classes, some walking in the groves with their books, some kneeling in their curious little chapels, which were enriched with holy relics and pious gifts.

While we remained, the hour of recreation sounded on the bell. Then study and devotion, and work everywhere, were alike laid aside in these retreats, and the whole community of priests and nuns, lay-brothers and lay-sisters, far enough apart however, students and apprentices, enjoyed their hour of innocent, and sometimes boisterous mirth. As a rule, priests and nuns have the manners of children. Even the sisters of charity, whose life-work is in hospitals, and who nurse the sick and dying, are full of light-hearted mirth.

Our next visit was to the not far distant but still separate and secluded domain of the female community. We were received with a gracious dignity in the elegant parlour, by the young Mother Superior, an

American lady of singular beauty, who had found a sphere for her energies in the education of a hundred or more Western American girls, the care of an industrial school, the extension of her order, the establishment of new branches, and the opening of new avenues of feminine ambition or devotion.

When we had looked at the schoolrooms, the gardens, and the romantic prospect from the river bluff, an excellent luncheon awaited us, and we returned to the masculine department, the Mother Superior kneeling to the Father Superior, as on our arrival, to kiss his hand, and receive his blessing. During our walk home, this priest, who seemed to enter with entire zeal into his religious functions, conversed like a thorough man of the world on education, politics, and society. It was evident that he read the newspapers as well as his breviary, and that he had a sharp eye to business, as well as to the propagation of the faith. He even told me, with a curiously quiet consciousness of power in his tone and manner, how he had put down some bigotry in the neighbourhood, which had at one time threatened them, by exercising the political influence given him by the votes of his community. "It is not necessary for us to vote," said he; "we have not that trouble; but the fact that we can do so whenever we choose, and defeat either party, is quite enough to make both treat us with a respectful consideration."

I dined in the great *salle à manger* of the university. The Father Superior, by whom I sat, and the professors dined at a central table; the students of various classes at others. The fare was plain and substantial.

There was perfect order and silence. At a signal, the Father Superior said a short grace, and the eating began, while one of the boys commenced, in a loud monotonous voice, to read from Abbé Huc's interesting journey in China; but he had not proceeded far before a touch of the Superior's bell suddenly silenced his tongue, and at the same time let loose a hundred. What with knives and forks, and chatter and clatter, it was a perfect babel. The suspension of the rules was in honour of their guest, and a lesson in hospitality. As the fun was growing fast and furious, another touch on the bell reduced the room to a sudden silence; there was a brief thanksgiving, and the well-ordered boys, rough as many were in appearance, filed out of the room; and we soon heard their glad hurrahs in the playgrounds, while the Superior and several priestly and lay professors gathered under a shady piazza, to enjoy the leisure after-dinner hour. On going to the "bishop's room," which had been assigned me, I found two bottles of wine, of their own vintage, which the Father Superior wished me to taste. One was a red wine, resembling the clarets of Hungary; the other, a choice bottle of Catawba, made from an American grape of peculiar flavour, but resembling the Rhine wines. They were light, palatable, and pure without any question. At the twilight hour, after a glorious sunset, such as the traveller sees upon the borders of the great lakes of America oftener than in any region I have visited, the church bell rang, and the whole community assembled for that most picturesque of Catholic devotions, "the Benediction of the Blessed

Sacrament." The high altar was covered with lights and flowers. The beautiful hymns of this service were sung by a choir of boys belonging to the college. Protestants and Catholics sang in harmony; and the best voice, perhaps, was the fine tenor of a handsome young Israelite. As he was a volunteer, and did not sing for pay, how he reconciled it with his conscience, I cannot imagine. The music swelled, the incense rose and filled the edifice; twenty-four little boys in white surplices came into the sanctuary in procession, and knelt before the altar. The priests and novices in surplices were ranged on either side. Then came a soft jingling of silvery bells and the moment of benediction. The kneeling congregation bowed their heads in a silence most profound; the white-robed boys fell prostrate before the altar; the great bells in the church towers rang out a solemn peal; and the gorgeous and impressive ceremonial was ended.

I slept in the bishop's room and in the bishop's bed, after paying my respects, as I presume a bishop might have done, to one of the bottles still standing on my table. My last look from the window was at the dark forest wall which enclosed this curious community in the wilds of America; and the last sounds I heard as I sank to rest were the melodies of the chimes in the neighbouring church towers.

There is one Roman Catholic order which most Protestants, both in England and America, have come to tolerate and respect; I mean the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. For more than two

centuries, the hospitals, the battle-fields, and the abodes of the poor have been the scenes of their charitable and heroic deeds. In every quarter of the world they have performed the labours which England has honoured when performed by one of her own gentlewomen. In justice it should be remembered that for whole centuries before we had heard the honoured name of Florence Nightingale, long before we had heard of a Howard or a Mrs. Fry, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul were known to the prisons and hospitals of both hemispheres.

There are some peculiarities about this religious order of charity with which few of our writers appear to be acquainted. They are not considered nuns, as they are never cloistered, and are always in the world, engaged in active duties. They are not under perpetual vows, but take their obligations only from year to year, and can leave the order or be left out of it, at the close of each year. They are never allowed to ask for charity. They are often ladies of rank, and always gentlewomen—their rule excluding any person who has ever been employed in a menial occupation. For such persons there are other and appropriate orders. The order of Sisters of Charity, therefore, as constituted by St. Vincent de Paul, and whose deeds are known to the whole world, may be considered an aristocratic or chivalric female army of volunteers of charity, bound to short terms of service, but generally renewing their vows, and performing prodigies of usefulness. I met their antique and almost grotesque but cherished and unalterable flaring white bonnets in

the streets of Detroit. I saw them in the yellow-fever hospitals and orphan asylums of New Orleans and Mobile. The sisters who serve the New Orleans hospitals, and have served them for many years, through all the epidemics of cholera and yellow fever, since they came to replace the Ursulines, are regularly drafted for this service from their mother house in Maryland. Well are they known along the route, and no railway or steamboat takes money for their passage. Drafted, I said; yes, drafted and expended; for three years on an average is the period of service. They die regularly at the end of that period, and others step into their places to die in turn. The best constitutions cannot long bear the constant absorption and inhalations of disease in such a climate. And this, strange as it may seem, is the very service they most desire.

Why, it may be asked, are these sisters not relieved by others before they become hopelessly diseased, and sent to recuperate themselves in healthier conditions? I asked the same question, and here is the answer—It would be bad economy. A certain number die of yellow fever in the process of acclimatization. If those who have safely passed this ordeal were taken away, this number would be increased. Then, those who serve in the fever hospitals inhale or absorb the seeds of disease, so that they soon die even if removed. They prefer to die at their posts rather than live a few years uselessly and at the expense of others. I think they are right, but I also think that medical science ought to do more than it has done to protect them.

Efforts are making to organize similar sisterhoods, or orders of religion and charity, among Protestants. It seems very strange that for three centuries they have been scarcely thought of. There is no reason why they should not succeed as well as the Roman Catholic orders, unless there be some radical difference or some element in the Catholic system of order, subordination, devotion, and persistency, not to be found in Protestantism. Catholic orders are planted, grow and flourish in England and America, surrounded by Protestant institutions and populations. Converts from Protestantism become devoted and prominent members of these orders. There are several convents in America, whose superiors are English or American converts, or, as some of our religious papers prefer to say, "perverts to the Romish faith." The Catholics assert that religious orders cannot exist among Protestants—that Protestantism, in fact, or the exercise of the right of private judgment, as it destroys authority and obedience, the elements of order, makes their continuance impossible. Time alone—say a century or two—can solve the difficult problem.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

Equal rights.—Self-government.—Universal suffrage.—State constitutions.—My native state.—Fundamental principles.—State rights.—Who shall vote?—Neutralizing suffrages.—A rural community.—Town meeting.—Selling paupers.—Political parties.—President Monroe and the Monroe doctrine.—Suffrage in England and America.

NOTHING can be finer in theory than American politics. Begin with that “glittering generality” of Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence—the “self-evident truth” that “all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness,” and all the rest follows easily enough. All men being created equal, and having the right of self-government, may, of course, choose the form of that government, and appoint the manner in which it shall be administered. Where all are alike free, they must be politically equal. There can be no right of one man to control another. Every kind of privilege is a violation of justice. The organization of society, and the establishment of government are matters of contract. A government

imposed by the strong upon the weak is a despotism. "All government," according to the "immortal document" from which I have just quoted, "derives its power from the consent of the governed." Men also have no right to bind their posterity.

In these principles Americans are nurtured. They believe in the supreme right of revolution, asserted, not only in the Declaration of Independence, but in all, or nearly all, the State Constitutions. Political power is not vested in one man, or in a class of men, but belongs to the whole people. Its expression is universal suffrage—with a few exceptions. Indians are not citizens, and have no civil rights. Negroes in most of the States are in the same condition. Both races are, as a rule, considered in a state of perpetual minority. Suffrage appertains to the free white male citizen, and the citizen must be twenty-one years old and *compos mentis*, or not declared to be otherwise.

These citizens organized the State by electing delegates to a Convention, and forming a written Constitution. A majority, or plurality of votes, in each town or district, elected the delegates, and a majority of the delegates adopted the Constitution, which, being submitted to a popular vote, was accepted by a majority, and became the supreme law in accordance with which all other laws must be made. An act of the State legislature is no law, if contrary to any provision of the Constitution. This is supposed to be a protection of the minority against the possible tyranny of the majority—but as the majority makes the Constitution, and can annul or change it, the

security is only an appeal to the judiciary against hasty acts of legislation.

Two or three hundred townships grouped into ten counties formed my native State. This State, at the close of the revolutionary war, became, by the recognition of his Majesty George III., sovereign and independent. Each of the thirteen colonies was separately recognised by name, for the Federal Union did not yet exist. The colonies having become independent States, each with its own Constitution, Government, and laws, afterwards formed the Federal Union.

But my little State of New Hampshire, in my early days, had no idea of resigning her sovereignty. She had delegated certain powers to a Federal government, but the exercise of these was jealously watched. We believed in the right of self-government, and that all government derives its power from the consent of the governed. Every fourth of July, we heard the sonorous sentences of the Declaration of Independence; and when it told us that "whenever any form of government becomes destructive of its proper ends, it is the right of the people to alter and abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations in such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness"—it received our hearty amen. Little did I think I should ever see New Hampshire regiments marching hundreds of miles from the old granite State to put down the practical carrying out of this very doctrine with the bayonet.

This doctrine was not only read from the Declaration

of Independence, it was incorporated in the Constitution of the State, which declares that "the people of this State have the sole right of governing themselves as a free, sovereign, and independent State," and that when the ends of government are perverted, "the people may, and of right ought to reform the old, or establish a new government." Similar declarations, in many more strongly worded, are incorporated into the Constitutions of nearly every State. In fact, the power of the sovereign people, incorporated into a State, and the supreme right of revolution, are the fundamental principles of American politics.

New Hampshire, thus free, sovereign, and independent, had no more direct connexion with Vermont or Massachusetts than with Canada. The people, gathered in town meetings, elected a governor and members of the State legislature. The legislature made the laws; the governor saw that they were executed. He, and he alone, could pardon the offender. Neither the President, nor the Congress of the United States, could interfere with the powers of the governor of a State. When John Brown was hanged in Virginia, there was one man who could legally have saved his life by commutation or pardon. That man was the Governor of Virginia. The President, Congress, the Supreme Court of the United States, were as powerless as the Emperor of China.

The Governor of New Hampshire, elected by the popular vote, with a salary of about one hundred and fifty pounds a year, the commander of the military force of the State, and holding power of life and

death, is taken from a lawyer's office, from the plough-tail, or the blacksmith's shop. But he is a man of age, prudence, and dignity. In an agricultural State, a respectable farmer is a popular candidate.

State, county, and town officers, are all elected in the town meetings, where every free white male citizen has a right to vote. And why not? In the rural townships I have described there is no apparent reason. A property qualification would shut out so few that it would not be worth insisting upon. So all vote. A crazy man, or one decided to be *non compos mentis* might be challenged, and his vote denied. So of one who had been convicted of a felony, unless his civil rights had been restored by a pardon from the governor, and it was a common thing for governors to grant such pardons a few days before the expiration of the sentence of imprisonment, for the very purpose of enabling a man to vote and exercise other rights of citizenship.

Of late years many have been in favour of extending the elective franchise to women, as being as well qualified for the duties of citizenship as men. Some ladies, widows and spinsters, have refused to pay taxes, or paid them under protest, upon the principle of "no taxation without representation." To this claim it has been answered that most women are married, or ought to be, and that for a married woman to vote would be the same as allowing her husband two votes, or depriving him of any. If she voted with him, he would have two; if against him, his vote would be neutralized and he would practically have none. The

answer to this objection would be that a man who could not govern his wife did not deserve to have any voice in the government of his country. Or, one might say that when a man and his wife could not agree and pull together they must take the natural consequences of pulling in different directions. In the days of which I am writing, however, these questions had not come up for discussion.

But this matter of neutralizing suffrages was obvious enough. The able lawyer, the learned judge, the pious minister would walk up the broad aisle of the meeting-house in which the town meeting was held and put in his vote. Any idle rogue, or pardoned thief, or profane scamp, by voting on the opposite side could kill his vote and make it as if it had not been given. In a town in which the virtuous and intelligent were equally divided on a question of public policy, or the choice of a ruler, one vote, and that of the most drunken vagabond in the town, might decide the question. In America, a single vote, given by a drunken loafer, brought staggering from a gutter, may elect the Governor of a State or the President of the Federation.

But the people of my native State were as well qualified, perhaps, as any in the world for the exercise of the right of self-government. The rudiments of education were universal. A man who could not read was spoken of with wonder. Nearly all were owners of real estate. With the exception of some cases of hard drinking here and there, it was a moral community. Breaches of the peace were of rare occurrence. We had

no police, and needed none. Our people boasted of being free and equal—and few communities have ever come nearer making that boast a reality.

When the public business, relating to taxes, roads, and schools had been discussed, and State, county, and town officers duly elected, from governor to pound-master and hogreeve, which latter office was unanimously bestowed upon all the men who had been married since the last election, the paupers were disposed of. They were too few to require a poor-house. They consisted of five or six old, crippled, or half-witted persons, unable to take care of themselves; and these, oddly enough, were put up, one by one, at auction, and sold for the year to the trustworthy person who would agree to maintain them at the least expense to the township, taking into account the labour they were able to do. This made the expense very light. Still, this public sale of unfortunate people never seemed pleasant to me. Negroes are sold in the same way. There is the same obligation of maintenance, only as the negro can earn more than the cost of his keeping, he is sold to the highest instead of the lowest bidder. The two operations, however, are of a very similar character, and it is difficult to see that the pauper had much advantage over the slave.

In the elections, I observed very early that not only did the votes of individuals neutralize each other, but those of majorities in towns, counties, and States; and for this I could never see a sufficient reason.

For example, the town in which I lived gave a

Democratic majority of from fifteen to twenty-five votes. But the next town, made up of a similar population with identical interests, gave a similar majority to the other party. So two counties in the same State, both agricultural, would give year after year one seven hundred majority to one party or candidate, while the other would give eight hundred to another. In the same way New Hampshire for thirty or forty years could always be relied upon to give a Democratic majority of eight or ten thousand, while Vermont, lying by her side, having a similar population, and the same interests, gave as large majorities to the other party.

Why? Who can tell? Some bias was given at an early day by real, if not recognised, leaders of opinion, and people went on voting as their fathers had voted, until some great agitation or revolution changed the current of popular opinion. There must have been in New Hampshire a few men in the days of Jefferson who gave the State its Democratic bias, which it retained until Abolition carried it over to the Republican party. Massachusetts, in the same way, was Federalist, and always in opposition to the Democratic party, because its opinions were dominated by such men as John Adams, Harrison Gray Otis, Josiah Quincy, and other leading Federalists of the period which succeeded the Revolution. Vermont, I believe, was run off the Democratic track by the great anti-masonic excitement, an excitement which also changed the political complexion of Western New York and

Northern Ohio, and one of whose consequences was to make Wm. H. Seward Secretary of State, and Abraham Lincoln President.

I have given a hasty sketch of early American politics as I remember them. There was but little party spirit in the days of my childhood. James Monroe, the fourth President which the State of Virginia had given to the Union, was elected to succeed Madison with very little opposition, and re-elected to his second term with scarcely any. He was not a great man, but a pure and good one, and a very useful chief magistrate. He was a thorough Democrat of the school of Jefferson, who said of him, "If his soul could be turned inside out, not a spot would be found upon it;" and so far as political honesty and purity are concerned, I think it was true. He was a State rights man, and opposed the ratification of the Federal Constitution in the Virginia Convention, because he feared it would at some time be made a means of oppressing and coercing the States. He little thought that time would come so quickly. President Monroe was the promulgator of the Monroe doctrine, or the declaration that no European power could be permitted to interfere in the affairs of the American continent. The Emperor of the French has very coolly set aside that doctrine in the matter of Mexico, by doing what the Americans ought to have done when General Scott had taken the capital. But this was not the American policy. They did not desire a strong and stable Government in Mexico, but a weak and vacillating

one, which would allow them to annex province after province to the Federal Union, as they annexed Texas, New Mexico, and California.

Mr. Monroe—Colonel Monroe as his fellow-soldiers of the Revolution delighted to call him—after he retired from his second term of service in the highest office in the gift of the American people, which is also, in their opinion, by far the highest position in the world, showed how simple and thorough a Democrat he was by filling the office of justice of the peace in Virginia and other similar offices. His house and purse were open, moreover, with a too profuse hospitality and generosity. He spent his whole fortune, and was obliged even to sell his library, and took refuge with his son-in-law in New York, where he died in 1831, and, for a marvel, on the 4th of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—as Adams and Jefferson, his predecessors, had died—making three Presidents who died on that anniversary. The administration of Mr. Monroe was called the “Era of Good Feeling.” The Missouri compromise had settled the difficulty about the extension of slavery, the State rights party was triumphant; the Federal Constitution was dreaded no longer—all was prosperity and harmony.

In England a government of the people has never existed, nor even been admitted in theory. There is a certain extension of the governing power, but the great mass of the people have no more to do with it than the women and children of other countries. In Ireland, for example, out of a population of six

millions, there are about one hundred thousand men who can vote for members of parliament. In England the proportion is a little larger. In no sense can this be called a government of the people.

The power, even of those who are permitted to vote is of a very limited and unequal character. Towns with small populations and few voters, may have one or two members of Parliament, while large populations have no representative. Trinity College, Dublin, sends two members, and the city of Dublin, with a population of nearly half a million, sends the same number. As a matter of fact, one-tenth of the people of these islands can elect a House of Commons against the wishes of the other nine-tenths, and of those who have the right or privilege of voting, it is certain that a small minority elect a large majority of the members. There is not, therefore, even the pretence of a popular government, in the portion of it which is of an elective character. Thousands of ten-pound householders are neutralized or overborne by a few fellows of a university or the votes of a rural borough.

In speaking of those who elect members of the so-called popular branch of the legislative body, I have spoken of them as being permitted to vote, and as exercising the right or privilege. Let us pause for a moment, and make the inquiry, Who permits them to vote, who grants the privilege, or who defines the right? The people of England have nothing to say about it. They have no votes by which they can extend suffrage or contract it. They were never con-

sulted upon the subject in any way. Two of the powers in the State, the Sovereign and the House of Peers, they have nothing at all to do with, except to respect and obey them, and the House of Commons appears to have been created by sovereigns as a means of getting money to carry on the Government. Right of suffrage, therefore, is not admitted on the one hand, and scarcely claimed on the other. The privilege is graciously extended to those who may be expected to make a proper use of it, and who are least likely to abuse it. The permission to vote comes from those who have of right, or in fact, the power to grant it.

The extension of the suffrage in England, it will be seen, is a question of simple expediency. It is for those who now exercise it, and those who hold power by hereditary right, to say whether it is best to admit more persons into the governing copartnership. If the extension of suffrage would make the Government stronger and more satisfactory to those who can decide the question, it would be wiser to extend it. If the extension already granted were found to be dangerous, doubtless it would be withdrawn. It is not now considered politic or safe that Great Britain should have a popular Government. It can scarcely be pretended that the great mass of the people even desire to participate in legislative action. They are satisfied, prosperous, and happy with the political institutions that have come down to them from the past, and have been modified from time to time, as occasion required.

The British system—or constitution, as it is called

—however lame in theory, is eminently successful in practice. Doubtless it is illogical—but it fulfils its requirements. It may be absurd to have so few electors, or so many, or any at all, but it works tolerably well notwithstanding. No doubt it would be easy to prove that such a system is so unequal, unjust, and tyrannical that it could not last; but the fact remains that it has lasted, does last, and is likely to last.

If we grant that any people has the right of self-government; that the great mass of the people have a right to make their own laws, and elect their own rulers, we must logically admit universal suffrage, or the nearest practical approach to it. Men may vote for women while they are dependents and parasites. Adults must vote for children while they are under their control. Criminals lose their rights, and the insane or idiotic cannot properly exercise theirs. Can we go further than this? Poverty may not be a fault, and wealth is not a qualification for the exercise of political power. If men have the right to govern themselves, how can we justly deprive any sane free man of that right. Admit the premises, and there is no escaping the conclusion. England has never admitted the premises—she has never acknowledged the right of man to govern himself, but always asserted the right of a few men to govern the remainder. Monarchy and aristocracy mean that some have the right and duty to govern, and ought to be obeyed.

America, in the formation of her State sovereignties, asserted popular political rights—the right of self-government, the very right a portion of her people

are now fighting to destroy. The State constitutions assert the right of every people, not only to form their governments and to govern themselves, but to change them whenever they shall consider it proper to do so—whenever it shall be, in their opinion, for their interest and happiness to do so. The general declaration of the right of the thirteen colonies to become independent States, bases that right upon the same doctrine of popular sovereignty. It declares that it is the right of every people to choose its own form of Government. This right can only be exercised by a majority, and a majority can only be determined by universal suffrage.

According to the American system no law could be justly made, and no officer elected, but by a majority of the suffrages of the whole population recognised as citizens of the State. According to the same system, each State was sovereign and independent, and its people had the right at any time to change its Government and political relations. Consequently, the fathers of the Republic, the framers of the constitution, and those who formed the Union, declared at the same time that it could never be maintained by force, or against the wishes of those who freely entered into it, and who were equally free to leave it at their sovereign will and pleasure.

It has been said that republican institutions are on their trial in America. This is too broad an assertion. They have been often tried. America is not the first of republics. The trial of the present war has come from the denial of popular rights by a central Government. The right to separate from the

Union is a popular right. Any people might claim it, and any Government might deny it. If the people of Ireland were to attempt to separate from England by a popular vote, the English Government would deny the right of such a separation—deny the right of the people to vote at all. They exercise no such right. They never joined themselves to England by their votes. They cannot take what they never gave, and never had to give.

But in America this is a conceded and constitutional right, and the South is fighting for Republican principles, and the North against them. The Americans separated from England on this principle, and no other ; and the Southern States separated from the Northern, simply because a majority of their people wished and determined to do so. All that can be said then of the trial of the principles of a popular government in America is that a large portion of the people, and the Congress and Government at Washington, have abandoned and are fighting against the very principles on which their Government was founded. The working of a machine is not on trial when some one smashes it in pieces, but we may admit the partial failure of a democracy which has become a despotism.

Here, it may be, we find the greatest peril of a popular Government, in this liability of sudden transformation. The despotism of a monarch may be overthrown, but who can resist the despotism of an overwhelming majority? What Brutus shall assassinate a mob? What power can give protection to a minority? For a democracy to be safe it must be intelligent, it

must be just. If we cannot trust men individually, how can we do so collectively? Men, acting in masses, intensify their characteristics. A popular Government may not be, but it is always liable to be, a great mob.

In the rural districts of America, and the small country towns, filled with an intelligent and moral population, but little fault can be found with the working of this system. Whether the voting is done by many or few probably makes little difference. But it is in the large towns and cities of the Union—in New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Chicago, and the hundred similar centres of trade and manufactures, where Republican, or more properly, Democratic institutions are on their trial. This trial has been going on for years, and the existing civil war is, perhaps, but one of its incidents.

In a careful survey of the working of the American political system, chiefly in the Northern and Western States, there are many things calculated to "give us pause," and to make Englishmen carefully consider their own reform movements. And these democratic experiences, in any case, are worthy of serious attention, whether as warnings or examples.

CHAPTER IX.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION IN AMERICA.

Causes of political corruption.—Improvements in the Confederate constitution.—Effects of universal suffrage.—Despotism of majorities.—Election by bribery.—Payment of Legislators.—Wholesale corruption.—Testimony of American newspapers.—Southern politics and politicians.

No American can deny that great corruptions have come into American politics. It is a matter of world-wide notoriety that during the past ten years whole legislatures have been bribed; that the State and national treasuries have been despoiled of millions; that members of Congress have sold their votes in open market to the highest bidder. Nor will it be disputed that nominations to offices, legislative, executive, and judicial, are bought with money, and elections to the most responsible positions carried by the same influence.

The principle of rotation in office, and the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils of the vanquished," have filled America with greedy and unscrupulous partisans. The governors of States have hundreds of offices to bestow; the President has many thousands. Every office-holder is a partisan, that he

may keep his place. Every office-seeker is a partisan that he may get one. The country is thus divided into two great hostile camps, the ins and the outs, with the annual and quadrennial struggles between them. What could we expect from the constant recurrence of such contests, where selfishness takes the place of patriotism, and no means are spared by needy and unscrupulous adventurers to secure their ends, but that all decent, honest, and respectable men should retire in disgust from the field, leaving it to bullies and blacklegs, rowdies and thieves?

With a laudable desire to diminish the patronage of the State Governments, and so remove the sources of corruption, many States have made their judges, sheriffs, and nearly every officer elective. But it has unfortunately happened, that in the large cities, this has proved a cause of still deeper corruption. The judges of the criminal courts, for example, are nominated in political caucusses and conventions. These are controlled by the most violent and reckless of the population—in a large degree, by the very men whom the judges, when elected, will be called upon to try, and perhaps to condemn. He can secure a nomination who will pay the highest price before, and grant the most important favours after, the election.

Hired gangs of rowdies, fighting men by profession, have long been the most active and influential politicians in the large American cities. They live upon plunder. No man can be nominated or elected to the lowest office without paying them. When a man who depends upon his office for bread pays more for a

nomination than the entire salary of his office, it is easy to see that he must reimburse himself by some kind of corruption or robbery of the public.

The people of the Confederate States, in adopting the Federal constitution as the basis of their own government, made some important modifications in that instrument. One of these was to lengthen the term of the office of President, and declare him ineligible for a second term. The other was to make nearly every appointment to office during good behaviour, and to prohibit removals for political reasons. By these wise alterations they have cut off two potent sources of political corruption. The President has no temptation to use his patronage and power to secure a re-election, while the vast amount of official patronage which exists under the Federal system, has no place in the Confederacy. Office is permanent; the government will be carried on by experienced officials; and the executive departments are shorn of a power liable to great abuse, and saved from the worst annoyances of office in a democratic country.

It may be that the people of the Northern States, encouraged by this example of a wise reform, will amend their State and national constitutions, and find the means to stem or turn aside the tide of corruption that threatens to overwhelm them in ruin. They must either do this, or submit to military despotisms, after a season of anarchy and blood.

The lesson to England should not be lost. It is open for her reading. Its solemn warning is written in characters of light. Universal suffrage can only be

safe for an intelligent and virtuous people—too wise to be deceived, too honest to be bribed, too patriotic to seek any other than their country's good.

Can this be said truly of the great mass of any people? Can any one pretend that the millions of the labouring classes of Great Britain and Ireland do, at this day, so understand the interests and policy, the constitution and laws, and all the institutions and relations of the British empire, as to become the proper electors of her legislators, and the safe depositaries of political power?

These are questions which wise men need not be in a hurry to answer.

To understand American politics and society, we must not lose sight of their fundamental principles.

All men are created equal.

All government derives its power from the consent of the governed.

The people are sovereign.

Power resides with the majority.

Legislative and executive officers are the agents of the popular will.

Right of private judgment in matters of faith.

What could there be but universal suffrage, and the government of the majority in politics, and absolute freedom in matters of religion, consistent with these principles? The right of private judgment includes not only the right of interpreting creeds and revelations, but of rejecting them. A religious education, or education in religious doctrines and practices, is a violation of this right of private judgment, in that it

seeks to prejudice the susceptible mind of a child ; and therefore, with logical consistency, such education has come to be widely neglected. It is hard to say why a parent, teacher, or minister, should usurp powers denied to a church, a council, or a pope. The doctrine of the right of private judgment tends to dissolve all churches, abolish all creeds, makes preaching an impertinence, and reduces man to a simple individualism, in which every one is his own teacher, his own priest, his own revelation !

If, in politics, the people—that is, the majority—govern, there is the necessity of universal suffrage. Those who are deprived of votes do not govern themselves. No more do those who have the misfortune to be in a minority. But here is a practical difficulty not to be easily got over.

It may be that a majority of rogues would elect an honest man as their leader ; but the extreme democratic doctrine makes the legislator, the governor, the judge, only an agent to carry out the will of the people. The laws must be made, administered, and executed, as they shall dictate. It may be assumed that the masses of men commonly want peace, order, security, and justice. But it is no less certain that there are times when all these are forgotten. A popular excitement in a State may change its laws at any time. Even the constitutions, or fundamental laws, can be altered whenever the people choose.

For example, the legislatures of several States, elected by popular majorities, have passed laws making it a misdemeanor to sell intoxicating liquors.

One cannot well conceive of a greater violation of personal liberty, and right of private judgment, or despotism over a minority than such a law. It was evaded, even by large numbers of the majority by whose procurement it was passed; a majority constituted of persons, who, for the moment, acceded to the demands of a fanatical party. Such a law soon becomes a dead letter, and the contempt with which it is set aside tends to destroy respect for laws in general.

Then there are thirty-five States, each having its own local, and, for all local purposes, supreme legislature. A lawful act in one State is a crime in another—across an imaginary boundary. A man may have a house built upon the line of boundary between two States, so that an act would be a felony in one room, and no crime in another. Adultery is a felony in Massachusetts, in other States it is not legally even a misdemeanor.

The rule of the majority in a State may be a grievous despotism to a large minority. The people of the eastern end of a State may have one interest, and those of its western portion one quite different and opposite, but they have no power to control legislation. They have simply to submit to a power as arbitrary and relentless as was ever exercised by a despot. So, in the Federal Union, three or four populous States engaged in manufactures have been able to lay heavy protective and even prohibitory duties on foreign imports, in spite of the votes of a dozen less populous agricultural States, whose interests are in favour of

free trade. The ukase of a czar could not be more oppressive than such a rule of the majority.

It was believed that where the people made their own laws, or elected their own legislators, they would choose wisely, and that such a Government would be free from corruption. What has been the fact? That never, since the empire of the world was sold to the highest bidder, have there been such scenes of profligacy and corruption as in the municipal, State, and Federal Governments of the United States. The man who wants a law passed by which he can benefit—a charter, monopoly, patent extension, or subsidy—by a city council, a State legislature, or Congress, must bribe right and left. There are lobby agents, brokers in corruption, at Albany, at Harrisburg, and at Washington, who fatten on a percentage of the bribes they give to members of the State and Federal legislatures. Poor men get elected, and after a few years have large fortunes. Members of Congress have received as handsome a bribe as a house and lot in Washington, for a single vote. A few of the most notorious of these corrupt members who have made a scandal, have been expelled—not one in a hundred of those who deserved to be.

The payment of members of Congress and of the State legislatures was at an early period a necessity. Many of the best men in the community were dependent upon professional or other labours for the support of their families. And why should the legislator serve his country without pay, any more than the soldier, the judge, or the diplomatist? It is said

that the pay has induced a low class of men to aspire to office, who have yielded to corrupt practices, where men of fortune and position would have preserved their integrity. The truth is, that with corrupt politicians the pay has been the smallest consideration, while the lack of pay would have been a ready excuse for jobbings and peculations. Englishmen may spend twenty or fifty thousand pounds to secure a seat in Parliament for the mere honour of serving their country. I do not think there are many Americans ready to make such sacrifices. When Mr. Cameron offered twenty thousand dollars for a single vote to elect him to the senate, he considered it a good investment.

It is but a few years since the governor, lieutenant-governor, and nearly the whole legislature of the State of Wisconsin were proved to have taken bribes of a railway company. The case of Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War under Mr. Lincoln, and afterward minister to Russia, who was judicially accused of attempting to bribe a member of the Pennsylvania legislature to vote for him as senator in the Federal Congress, surprised no one acquainted with American politics or the career of Mr. Cameron.

I am not speaking of idle rumours or party slanders. Every person who has been intimately acquainted with American politics for the last ten years, knows how public, notorious, and unquestionable these matters have become. Money is paid for nominations even to important judicial offices. The very thieves of New York are bribed to nominate the judges who are to try and sentence them. Money is paid for

votes, and in certain States the man or the party that can pay the most money can make sure of carrying an election. Money is paid to secure the passage of legislative enactments for charities, appropriations, contracts, and monopolies.

I do not choose to let a matter of this kind go upon my statement only. I have chanced to keep by me a few extracts from American papers, which will throw a further light upon the condition of American politics.

Thus the *New York Herald*, which should be a good authority in such matters, says :—

“ What is the cause of this rowdyism assuming so bold and defiant an attitude, domineering over law and order, and keeping respectable and virtuous citizens in continual fear? We answer that politics—party politics, and the corrupt practices connected with them, are the fruitful source of the anarchy which is a foul disgrace to our free institutions, and a cause of prejudice against democracy throughout the civilized world. The political wire-pullers and managers of elections have for many years subsidized a class of men who have cheated the State prison and the gallows of their due, to do their dirty work and to commit every sort of violence. The result of this system will be that the rowdies will virtually rule the country. And to such an alarming extent has this anomaly already grown that the peaceable and orderly portion of the citizens are beginning to consider whether the community would not fare better—whether there would not be more security for property and life and limb—under a

government like that of France or Russia, than under the best and freest government ever devised by the wisdom of man."

May there not be found here a reason why the people of the Northern States have so meekly submitted to the unconstitutional and despotic acts of the Lincoln administration? France and Russia, it is also to be observed, are the favourite models.

The *Baltimore Sun* has the following:—

"The history of the past few years has been truly appalling. It is a record of violence, bloodshed, and terrorism such as no man could ever have deemed possible to occur under the institutions we profess. Organizations of the vilest, lowest, and most profligate outcasts of society have been maintained and used for the sole purpose of overawing, disfranchising, insulting and degrading respectable citizenship. And offices have been obtained and occupied, through such dishonourable means alone, by men who have doubtless ventured upon the absurd belief that they could at the same time maintain their social and political status unimpaired."

The *New York World* says:—"The fact is indisputable that defalcations, embezzlements, breaches of trust in all forms, jobbing and bribery in public affairs, swindling and over-reaching in private affairs, were never so rife in this country as they have been during the last few years. Fraud and corruption have acquired a power they never before possessed."

The *New York Mercury*, in the following editorial, mentions a notorious fact to which I have already alluded. It says:—

“Have not all our troubles fallen upon us as the climax of an era of corruption? What can we expect, when members of the national Congress and State legislatures go into the open market of politics and buy nominations with cash and promises of patronage or pay; buy votes to elect themselves; buy off rival candidates who may put their election in peril, and then go to the capital of the State or nation, as ready to sell their votes to the highest bidder as they were to buy the votes of their constituents?”

“Thousands of dollars have been paid to the members of our legislatures for votes which have helped to plunder the people whose interests they are sworn to protect. Millions have been paid to members of Congress, stolen from the national treasury by their connivance. We have known of a member of Congress receiving an elegant house in Washington city, as the price of a single vote. And this is so far from being a solitary instance, that there are men in Washington who could tell how many millions of dollars have been distributed in this way for the past ten years, and could give a list of the members to whom they have been paid. A country so governed is in perpetual danger. It is always sold by traitors—always plundered by thieves. Are there not honest people enough to unite together and elect honest representatives?”

The *New York Tribune*, as honest a paper, no doubt, as an American political paper can be, living in and by the system it denounces, says:—“The vulgar knavery of theft has become the peculiar vice of our public men. To influence an election by the purchase

of votes ; to buy a representative by the award of a contract ; to secure the success of some particular policy by falsehood and treachery ; and to cover up all under some dainty form of hypocritical speech ;—in political corruptions of this sort, we rival all, and perhaps surpass, the venal men and measures of other times and other countries. But we excel especially in larceny. Contracts with Government are taken that the public may be made a prey ; contracts are given that the opportunity of robbery may be afforded ; villany stalks abroad with brazen front. In the Federal Government, in State legislatures, in municipal affairs, hardly any man is supposed to enter with honest intentions. The best character that can be given to any candidate is, that he is so rich that he does not need to steal ; the worst qualification is, that he is so poor that he cannot afford to run. The President authorizes the use of money, paid out professedly for public service, to be used in elections ; members of Congress are bribed directly with money thus obtained to carry or defeat a party measure ; legislatures and State Governments are bought at wholesale or by retail—at wholesale prices, as in Wisconsin, or retail, as in New York.”

These accusations, made by one of the leading newspapers, and probably the most powerful political organ in America, are not directed against any particular party. In which party, it may be asked, was this utter demoralization and corruption most conspicuous ? I will allow the *New York Journal of Commerce*, an independent journal of the highest character, to answer

that question. Commenting upon an article in the *Independent*, a religio-political weekly paper, edited by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, it says:—

“ Nearly or quite all the ‘ rascalities ’ alluded to by the *Independent*, have occurred in that portion of the country where the Higher-Law doctrines have been persistently preached and promulgated through the press ; whereas, in that section where there is no higher law than the Bible, defalcations, &c. are almost unknown. Look at Maine, where a higher-law clergyman, who had been appointed State treasurer, defaulted to the amount of over 100,000 dollars, if we recollect right. Look at Massachusetts, where the State grog-seller defrauded the State out of 20,000 or 30,000 dollars. It is the same State where, among many other outcroppings of higher-lawism, a faithful public officer, Mr. Batchelder, was shot down and murdered, while aiding in the execution of the laws of the land. Look at Ohio, the State of Giddings, Chase, Wade and Co., and the scene of the Oberlin rescue riots. How many hundred thousand dollars did the financial officers of that State steal of the public money of the State ? Look at Wisconsin, where a few years ago, nearly all the State officers and members of the legislature were found to have taken bribes of stock in companies they had chartered. Look at Albany, and see the monstrous frauds perpetrated there by the higher-law legislature at its last session.”

By higher-law party, the writer of the above means the Republican party of Seward, Chase, Lincoln, and Greeley. In all the States named above, this

party had large majorities. The members of Congress expelled for corruption were of the same party, and representatives of districts having heavy republican majorities. It is perfectly true that these scandals of bribery and corruption of the most shameful character, have been almost entirely confined to the Northern States; and though the democratic party of the North has been by no means free from dishonest and corrupt officials and legislators, it is certainly true that the republicans have had the larger number.

In view of the facts stated above, and of volumes of such that might be given, is it strange that the States of the South determined at any cost to separate themselves from such political associations? Is it strange that they should be willing to see battle-fields covered with their dead, and their cities given to rapine and conflagration, rather than submit to the rule, or even the companionship, of such politicians?

Since the Northern and Southern States of the American Union were constituted upon the same principles, and have almost identical constitutions and laws, what should hinder Southern politics and politicians becoming as corrupt and demoralized as the Northern?

This is a pregnant question. Let us see if the facts of the case will answer it.

The Southern States, like the Northern, have republican constitutions with equality of political rights and universal suffrage. But there is this difference. Four millions of the labouring population of the South are negroes and slaves. They are not recognised as

citizens, have no votes, and are not eligible to office. Is it not possible, that if the black population of the South had votes, and could be elected to office, like the labouring population of the North, they might offer temptations to demagogueism and corruption which do not now exist?

The rich planters of the South form a higher class; a recognised, though untitled aristocracy, and have a powerful, and naturally a conservative influence. They are united by a common interest. They are looked up to as the leaders of the people. From them are selected senators and legislators.

In the South are very few large cities, few centres of manufacturing industry, few immigrants from abroad. The population is mostly rural, agricultural, and homogeneous. There are no great bodies of operatives, foreign-born, and therefore inexperienced citizens, or needy and corrupt constituencies.

The social, reformatory, and political movements, agitations, and excitements of the North have scarcely reached the South. They have never had lectures on Communism or Fourierism—have never founded phalansteries, or free-love associations, and know very little about woman's rights or the doctrines of individual sovereignty. They are, in fact, woefully benighted respecting many of the movements of progress and civilization.

There is another point of difference which may not be without its influence. Political caucusses and nominating conventions are almost unknown in the Southern States. A candidate for office either comes

forward himself, or is put up by his friends. In either case he is expected to take the stump, canvass his district, address the people, with others, similarly nominated candidates of his own or the opposite party, and give those who are to vote an opportunity of knowing something of his principles and qualifications. There is very little of the secret manœuvring and wire-pulling which govern the Northern nominations and elections. If a Southern man wishes to go to Congress he frankly says so, and publishes the fact in the newspapers, asks people to vote for him, and tries to give them a reason for doing so. If he gets elected and satisfies his constituents, he is sure to be re-elected.

This frank and open way of political management suits the temper of the Southern people. They detest cunning and underhand measures as unworthy of white men and freemen. It is thought by many that they are more choice of the dignity of freedom, because surrounded with slaves.

It is also to be borne in mind, that when the Southern States formed a constitution, they abolished the corrupting practice of giving offices as a reward for partisan services, by making appointments to all but a few of the higher offices during good behaviour, and providing that office holders should not be removed for merely political reasons.

Whatever the causes, the fact is patent to the world that the official characters of the South have been superior, as a whole, to those of the North. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Calhoun, Clay,

were Southern men and slaveholders. The Adamses, Van Buren, and Webster were Northern men. Compare to-day Jefferson Davis with Abraham Lincoln, or Generals Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, and Jackson with those of the North. The fidelity of the Southern officers of the United States army and navy, to the section and States to which they belonged, was admirable. Citizens of States united in a voluntary confederacy, when their States withdrew from it, they resigned their commissions—resigned position, emoluments, and they knew not what of the future, and cast their lot with their own country and people. Had ten or twelve of the Northern States, from a conscientious horror of slavery, or any cause they deemed sufficient, seceded from the Federal Union, I wonder how many of their officers would have resigned their commissions in the Federal army and navy. Without judging of the right or the wisdom of secession, I say the conduct of these officers, from General Lee at Washington, to the youngest lieutenant or midshipman, was noble and heroic. And when the mists of prejudice shall have passed away, and the history of this war can be truly written and truly read, the conduct of the Southern senators, representatives, State officers, and soldiers and people, will be considered as grand as that of any people of whose deeds we have historic record.

I am a Northern man by birth, education, and long residence—nevertheless, I record here my deliberate conviction in this matter.

CHAPTER X.

A GROUP OF AMERICAN POLITICIANS.

A New York fireman who became a senator.—A diplomatist, statesman, and major-general.—A police magistrate.—A subterranean congressman.—Sketch of Captain Rynders.—Moral.

IN the earlier years of my residence in New York I had occasion to go one day into a porter-house, or grog shop, in one of the then up town, but not aristocratic wards of the city. Behind the bar was a strong, thick-lipped, muscular, determined-looking fellow, dealing out liquors to a set of very rough customers, in coarse trousers and red flannel shirts. They were not sparing in oaths, blackguardism, or tobacco juice. They were members of one of the volunteer fire companies, and the man behind the bar, who kept the house, an American of Irish parentage, was the foreman of the company.

His position as foreman of a company of perhaps a hundred rough and ready young men was not without its influence. They all had votes; they were able perhaps to vote more than once; and, what was still more important, they could shout, fight, vote and

keep others from voting at the primary meetings, or caucusses, at which party nominations were made.

The party, for example, to which this man and his company belonged had a majority of votes in the ward, and the legislative and congressional district. Any man who could get nominated as the candidate of the party was sure of being elected. As legislators in every department are paid, and have a hundred ways of making money besides, in giving contracts in which they share, passing bills in which they are interested, &c., they can afford to pay for a nomination; and a thousand dollars given to the foreman of an engine company, or the chief of a political club, might ensure such a nomination. I can remember when the charge of bribery and corruption would damn any office seeker in America. I have lived to see even judicial offices sold to the highest bidder.

The grog-shop keeper and foreman of the engine company was not long satisfied with procuring the nomination and election of other men to office. He was ambitious to have office himself. He went to the State legislature without difficulty. Anybody who had a moderate amount of influence or money could do that. He wished to go to Congress—but there were others quite as ambitious and with greater means. Defeated at New York by a combination he could not hope to overcome, he emigrated to California, where he used his experience of political intrigue with so much success as to secure a majority in the State legislature, and get elected by that body to the senate of the United States, the highest office in

the Republic, next to that of President, and by many preferred to that position. He came to Washington a senator. During his term he visited New York, where he held a public reception in the Governor's Room of the City Hall, and shook hands with his old friends of the fire department, and the rowdies and strikers of the political party of which he was an ornament.

At the end of his term in the senate he became a candidate for re-election. His opponent was a judge of one of the courts of the Golden State. In the course of the canvass, the senator made charges of gross corruption against the judge. The judge challenged him—they fought with rifles, and the senator fell mortally wounded.

It was, I think, in 1843 that I became acquainted with a smart, pushing young lawyer in New York, who was then just of age. He made speeches at political meetings, and joined a friend in publishing and editing a political paper. When the subscriptions to this sheet had come in to the amount of a thousand or twelve hundred dollars, he put the money in his pocket and went off to a fashionable watering-place, where he spent it, robbing his partner at the same time of the paper, and whatever political and pecuniary capital might have accrued from it.

The next I knew of his career he had quartered himself upon a noted courtesan, in whose behalf he robbed dealers in silks and jewellery, and whose money, on the other hand, he spent in securing a nomination to the State legislature, which he scan-

dalized to an unusual degree, not only by the boldness of his corrupt operations, but by introducing his mistress at the table of the hotel at which he boarded, and upon the floor of the assembly.

After some years, and adventures in which I need not follow him, but which, with a less accomplished *chevalier d'industrie* might have ended in penal servitude, he married a beautiful and accomplished girl, and managed to secure a nomination to Congress, went to Washington to make money, and lived while there at an expense three times greater than his salary as member. There can be little doubt that he paid well for his nomination, and as it was a close district—one where parties were nearly balanced—for his election. This money need not have come out of his own pocket. There are plenty of men in New York who want an adroit and unscrupulous tool at Washington. It is not improbable that a few such men advanced the money necessary to secure his election.

When the session commenced he took his pretty young wife to Washington. It was not her first visit. There had been scandal about the use made of her influence. It was whispered that she had procured for him the post of Secretary of Legation on a foreign embassy. The scandal increased. It became so public at last, that this gallant man shot a gentleman holding an official position, with whom her intimacy had become too notorious—deliberately killed him in open day in one of the streets of Washington—shot him dead—a faulty man, but one infinitely better than his murderer. He was tried for the murder and

acquitted, and then condoned the offence of his wife and took her back to his bosom. After this honourable and eventful career he was appointed a Brigadier-General in the army by President Lincoln. There were signs of mutiny, officers and regiments refused to serve under him, one German colonel saying in the roughest fashion of a rough soldier, "I'll be d—d if I will be brigaded by a man who kept a —— in Washington, and killed his best customer."

When my work was on newspapers in the vicinity of Nassau and Ann streets—where they cluster as certain trades do in every city—a smart, or as Englishmen would say, a clever young man, kept a cheap eating and coffee-house in the neighbourhood, to which trade he had been brought up by his father, who had done a larger business in the same line, but, for some reason, had failed and died poor. The son had had, like most American boys, a tolerable education at the common schools. But he was not above his business; put on his apron, and served out coffee at three-halfpence a cup, and plates of meat, vegetables, bread-and-butter at threepence a plate. At these eating-houses, not only working men, but students, clerks, lawyers, and editors breakfast very well for fourpence halfpenny, and dine sumptuously for six or sevenpence.

Keeping a cheap eating-house did not hinder my young friend from engaging in ward politics, and he was scarcely of age before he was making speeches at political meetings, and serving as a delegate at ward conventions. The ambitious club together and serve each other by a process called log-rolling. You help

me roll my logs, and I will help you roll yours. Go for my nomination to such an office, and I will vote for you for some other. Then all join influence and purses, and with the help of party discipline, "principles not men," and a few other little matters, all get elected. It was not long before my coffee-shop friend was up for office, and he got elected. To what post does the reader imagine? To that of Police Justice, an office which he still holds with great dignity, and some profit, I doubt not, to this hour, as I saw his name among those of the magistrates who were committing prisoners to take their trials for murders, robberies, and arsons, in the anti-conscription and anti-negro riots of July, 1863.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, Mike Walsh was the leader of an association of very ultra Democrats called the Spartan Club. They were also called Subterraneans, either because they held their meetings in a cellar, or because most of them lived in cellars or garrets. The newspaper organ of the club, edited by Mike, was also called *The Subterranean*. The members were of the class of rowdy young New Yorkers who run with Forty and kill for Keyzer; Forty being a large and powerful fire-engine company, famous for its fights with other companies—street battles fought with paving stones and brickbats, to the terror of all quiet citizens, and Keyzer being a noted butcher who gave employment to a large number of muscular Christians in his extensive slaughter-houses.

With butchery for a regular employment, and bloody fights with rival companies at every alarm of

fire by way of amusement, these noble Spartans and precious Subterraneans were worthy of their leader, who aspired to be their Danton or their Mirabeau. If fires were too infrequent, and they were "spoiling for a fight," they did not hesitate to get up a false alarm, or even to throw a lighted match into some convenient joiner's shop.

Mike, their philosopher, orator, and chief, the son of an Irish immigrant, was a lithographic printer by trade. Bad associations made him a politician. He had an audacious eloquence, a coarse mother wit and energy, that made him a leader among his rough and rowdy associates.

These men, rude, ignorant, and brutal as they may have been, had votes, and as much power individually, as the richest, the worthiest, or the most refined. Five hundred of them, banded together under an enterprising leader, and willing to vote as he directed and as often as he required, and who were ready to fight as well as vote, to control or overawe nominating conventions, and drive quiet citizens from the polls if they presumed to vote against their candidates, had more power than ten times their number of decent and respectable people.

When Mike had exerted his influence for a time, to nominate and elect other men to office, he thought he might as well use his power to help himself. Accordingly he got elected a member of the State legislature, and afterwards to the Federal Congress, where his rude manners, eccentricities, and audacities of speech made him a sort of lion. But the Subterranean or

Spartan leader was not entirely free from human infirmities. Among other things he acquired an appetite for strong drink, and was found dead one day from having staggered into an area. Poor Mike! Many an American politician has had a similar, though less striking career, and many also have met a similar fate. Many supposed him to be as honest as he was rude and lawless. Few will pretend that he was a proper representative for the first city in America.

I ought not to end this brief sketch of political notabilities without adverting to the career of Captain Rynders. This remarkable political leader received his title of Captain not in the usual way of having had a commission in the Militia, but because he had once, in his youthful days, commanded a sloop on the Hudson river, carrying produce and merchandize between New York and one of the many flourishing villages on that noble stream.

The Captain, when I first saw him, was a lithe, dark, handsome man of medium size and sinewy form, with a prominent nose, and piercing black eyes—a knowing smile, and a sharp look altogether. He was cool and enterprising in his manners, and fluent and audacious in his speech. He had the reputation of being a member of the sporting fraternity, and one need not have been surprised to see him dealing at a faro table, or presiding at one of those suppers of oysters, canvas-back ducks, and champagne with which the gamblers of New York nightly regale their friends and customers. I cannot say that he ever did this, and if he did, he was no worse than his neighbours.

Captain Rynders, in the election campaign of 1844, was the leader of a political association of fast men and fighting men, called the Empire Club. It was a powerful Democratic organization, and held its own against similar clubs of the opposite party, which was trying to elect Mr. Clay.

Of course the club and its leader were maligned by the Whig-Republican press. I chanced to hear the captain reply one day to some of these vile aspersions. "I don't deny that we have a good many sporting men and fighting men in our club," said he, "but that is the worst you can say of us. If you want thieves and downright ruffians you must go to the Union Club." This was the name of the leading club of Mr. Clay's party. The captain said he could point out dozens of thieves well known to the police in its ranks, in the Whig processions. It is very likely. One could find more than that number among those elected to the Legislature or Congress.

The night before the election, Captain Rynders, mounted on a white charger, headed the Empire Club, one thousand strong, and this club headed a torchlight procession of twenty thousand New York Democrats, with twenty bands of music, and thousands of torches, Roman candles, rockets, and transparencies, with never ending hurrahs for Polk and Dallas, Texas, Oregon, Fifty-four-forty-or-fight! A torchlight procession of twenty thousand men, pouring like a vast river of flame through the streets of a great city—broad streets which stretch away for miles in straight lines, with abundant music and the

shouts of an excited multitude—enthusiastic, yet orderly in its enthusiasm, is a grand spectacle. The next day New York and the nation gave a majority for Polk, Dallas, Democracy, Texas, Oregon, war with Mexico, and war with England if necessary, which happily it was not. We conquered Mexico—not much to boast of; and then purchased New Mexico and California—all we wanted then, or could conveniently take care of, and waited for more fruit to ripen and fall in due season, little thinking that another might gather it.

When the election was over, Captain Rynders accepted a modest office, in the Custom House I think it was, and a large number of the members of the club were also appointed to serve their country in the Revenue Department. The Captain was now an established leader in the party—a rough and ready, active, out-door leader, it is true, but a very important one notwithstanding. He was temperate, prudent, and sagacious. The Whigs elected General Taylor; but the Captain bided his time. He aided to elect Pierce, and after him Buchanan, when his important party services were rewarded by the post of United States Marshal for the southern district of New York; one of the most important executive offices under the Government.

The Captain was and is an ardent, uncompromising Democrat. He lost his office when Lincoln came into power. He would have scorned to keep it. He was a States Rights, Anti-war Democrat. He has been far more consistent than many leaders of higher pre-

tensions, who have sacrificed every principle of democracy, and made war speeches, to urge on the horrible fratricidal war commenced by Lincoln, Seward, and their mad and misguided followers.

I remember one official act of Marshal Rynders, very characteristic of the man and the Democrat. A pirate, who had committed murder on the high seas, near New York, had been convicted in the United States Court, and was sentenced to death. Had the murder been committed on shore, or within a marine league thereof, the man, Hicks, would have been tried by the State authorities, and hanged, if hanged, by the sheriff, or under his direction, in the close yard of the city prison. But the crime being out of the jurisdiction of any State, came within that of the general government.

Being convicted and sentenced the man was hanged, not in New York, but on an island ceded to the Federal Government for a fortress, in New York harbour. The Federal Government, observe, has not the right even to hang a man within the territory of a sovereign state without express permission. So, when the day arrived, Marshal Rynders took his prisoner down to Bedloe's Island, where a great crowd had collected by the shore, on steamers and vessels of every size. There was even, as I remember, the little schooner on which the murder had been committed, for which the murderer was now to suffer.

It was expected that the culprit, before being hanged, might wish to make a speech. Americans are always ready to hear, and almost always to make

speeches ; but poor Hicks, who had been attended in prison by some Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, and who was now more intent upon joining in the prayers of the priest than talking to the crowd, told the Marshal he had nothing to say. He had confessed his crime, and was ready to suffer its penalty.

Marshal Rynders then stepped forward with his usual impressive dignity, and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my duty to inform you that our friend Mr. Hicks declines to address his fellow-citizens on this occasion." Of course there was nothing to do with a man who declined to make a speech but to hang him ; and, when he had finished his prayers, he was reverently and politely hanged by Marshal Rynders accordingly.

Captain Rynders, I am happy to add, has been true to his Democratic principles. He has opposed the war from the beginning, defied the Government, and been one of the bravest leaders in the movement for peace, and is therefore infinitely more to be respected for honesty, consistency, and wisdom, than Seward, Greeley, Everett, and hundreds more who have sacrificed their principles to the clamour of the hour.

I wish it to be observed that I have no feeling but respect for a man who rises from an humble position to power and distinction, by his talent, energy of character, and honourable means. The worst man of those I have sketched above, was the one that had the most advantages in education and social position. A coffee shop may or may not be a good school for

a magistrate, but the one I have mentioned is, I believe, an intelligent and respectable functionary. The lesson is that, under a system of universal suffrage, an energetic and unscrupulous bad man is often more likely to rise to the high places of power than the wise and honest. After a time, these withdraw mournfully from the struggle, and corruption and iniquity rule and ruin.

CHAPTER XI.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

GEN. ANDREW JACKSON.—Birth and education.—“Old Hickory.”
 —Battle of New Orleans.—Elected president.—Hero and
 sage.—MARTIN VAN BUREN.—A stormy administration.—
 GEN. HARRISON.—Log cabins and hard cider.—“Tippecanoe
 and Tyler too.”—Office hunting.—JOHN TYLER and his cabinet.
 —A tragedy.—JAMES K. POLK.—Oregon, Texas, and Mexico.
 —The Mexican war.—GEN. TAYLOR, hero of Buena Vista.—
 MILLARD FILLMORE.—FRANK PIERCE.—COL. FREMONT.—
 JAMES BUCHANAN.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—The contest of
 1860, and its consequences.

THE first American President whom I remember much about was General Andrew Jackson. He was the son of a Scotch-Irish emigrant, and born in South Carolina. His father died, and his pious Presbyterian mother wanted to make Andrew a minister. But he was in the revolutionary army when a mere boy, and acquired some tastes incompatible with that profession—for cards, horse-racing, and cock-fighting, for example; for whisky and hard words, which uncharitable people call profane swearing.

As long as there was any fighting to be done, Jackson preferred being a soldier to anything else;

but in peaceful times, he thought the next best thing would be to become a lawyer. In three years he was appointed State Solicitor for the Western District, which afterward became the State of Tennessee. But there were frequent fights with the Indians in those then frontier settlements, and the fighting impulse was so strong that the young lawyer volunteered and served as a private, and by his prowess acquired from the poetical Indians the complimentary designations of "Sharp Knife" and "Pointed Arrow."

It is a great advantage for an able, energetic, and ambitious man to assist in the organization of a new State. Jackson was a prominent member of the convention which formed the constitution of Tennessee. He was by his position at the head of the bar, and had the renown of a brave soldier, and within a few years he became Representative, Senator, Judge of the Supreme Court, and Major-General of the State Militia. At the outbreak of the war of 1812 he raised a force of volunteers and defeated the Creek Indians. When his little army was short of supplies, they found their commander sitting under a hickory tree making his dinner upon the nuts. After this his popular name was "Old Hickory," and the hickory tree became in after years the symbol of his party.

Jackson's success against the Indians caused him to be appointed a Major-General in the regular army of the United States. He took Pensacola, and was sent in 1814 to defend New Orleans, threatened by the British General Packenham with an army of

12,000 men, and a formidable naval force. New Orleans was defenceless. Jackson found it in a panic. He called for volunteers, and four or five thousand riflemen from Tennessee and Kentucky flocked to his standard. He secured the aid of about a hundred Baratavia pirates, who were his only artillerists. He placed New Orleans under martial law, imprisoned a judge who attempted to resist him, and when the affair was over went into court and paid a fine of a thousand dollars for his act of contempt.

Ranging his five thousand riflemen behind a ditch and embankment, on the bank of the Mississippi, a few miles below the city, with a few small pieces of artillery, manned by the pirates, with his marksmen resting their rifles across cotton bales, he awaited the approach of the British, who, as at Bunker Hill, marched up to the assault, only to receive a fire, which, like a sharp scythe, moved down their ranks, while sharpshooters picked off their gallant, but certainly not skilful officers. The British rallied again and again, to meet the same fate—the same sheet of fire in which not a bullet was wasted. It was not a fight, but a *battue*—a massacre. After the third attempt, the British forces retired from the field; retired to their shipping, and went and took Mobile. The war was over—peace had been made in Europe months before the bloody fight at New Orleans. The British troops, sacrificed there with such a strange foolhardiness, had fought under Wellington in the Peninsula, and those who survived conquered under him again on the field of Waterloo. Jackson garnered

a full crop of glory, and "Old Hickory" became, on the 8th of January, 1815, the Hero of New Orleans.

" But Jackson he was wide awake,
And was not scared at trifles;
For well he knew what aim we take
With our Kentucky rifles."

It was said, that when the British marched against New Orleans the countersign was "Booty and Beauty," and this story, told in every account of the defence of the city, has added to American hatred to England. I do not know whether the story has any real foundation.

Every year the battle of New Orleans is celebrated in that city by a military procession, a service at the cathedral, orations, public dinners, balls, &c. On my last visit to New Orleans, General Scott and General Twiggs took part in the procession. Both had been officers in the war of 1812. General Scott, when the South seceded, though a Virginian, remained with the North. General Twiggs went with the South. Both were past service. Scott was Lieutenant-General, and under the President, Commander-in-Chief of the army. He protested against the war, broke down at Bull Run, and retired. In the procession was the remnant of a corps of free negroes who fought under Jackson—one of them a drummer, beating the same drum he had beaten behind the cotton bales. The negroes of the South, slave or free, were loyal to the society in which they lived, as a rule, in the revolution, in the war of 1812, and in the war of Secession. And why not? They are vain and affectionate.

Doubtless there is a savageism underneath which may be aroused, as at St. Domingo, and excited to unutterable horrors. But the black race in America has shown as much fidelity as the white.

Three years after the victory of New Orleans, General Jackson was sent against the Seminoles, in Florida. Here he took the responsibility, captured the Spanish forts, and very summarily hanged two Englishmen, supposed to have been engaged in exciting and aiding the Indians. The victorious General, on the acquisition of Florida from Spain, was made governor of the territory—then Senator from Tennessee—and, in 1824, was Democratic candidate for President. There were four candidates, and neither had a majority. So the election went to the House of Representatives at Washington. Mr. Clay, one of the candidates, threw his vote for John Quincy Adams, to the great disgust of the Democratic party, in which he had been a popular and distinguished leader. He became Secretary of State under Mr. Adams, whose election he had secured, and the charge of treachery bribery and corruption, followed him to his death. Corruption had not then become so common as to be tolerated in a prominent politician.

When the four years of Mr. Adams were over, General Jackson was elected President. I remember well the excitement of the contest. The Adams, Federalist, or National Republican party, as it was called, charged General Jackson with every crime, including half-a-dozen murders. They issued handbills, ornamented with coffins, called "coffin hand-

bills," which related the stories of the hanging of the two Englishmen in Florida, and several other persons. The Jackson, or Democratic party, took the bull by the horns, and multiplied the handbills, to show how their candidate was abused. It was found that hanging a couple of Englishmen was not an element of unpopularity. He had killed some hundreds at New Orleans. As the canvass went on, his popularity increased. Hickory trees were raised in every village—the land rang with the Hunters of Kentucky. The Federalist, or what would here be the High-Tory antecedents of Adams, the son of John Adams, second President, and father of Mr. Lincoln's ambassador to England, were against him—so was the "bribery and corruption" story. Jackson was elected by a triumphant majority. The party of Jefferson and Madison was restored to power; a clean sweep was made in nearly all offices under Government, from cabinet ministers to village post-masters and tide-waiters.

At the end of four years an attempt was made to elect Mr. Clay, but Jackson was too popular. He was re-elected in 1832 by an increased majority.

Jackson was a type of the Southern American. Brave to rashness, generous to prodigality, a firm and trusting friend, a relentless foe, he had the qualities which make a popular leader. He had the magnetism of command, a powerful will, and indomitable firmness. No American leader ever had more devoted partisans. Seldom has the chief of a party won to so great a degree the respect and admiration

of his opponents. Living on a plantation—The Hermitage—near Nashville, Tennessee, he was beloved by his neighbours and almost adored by his slaves, who looked up to him as to a superior being. He married a lady who had been separated from her husband, and loved her to her death with a chivalric devotion. He did not hesitate to challenge and kill the man who spoke slightly of his wife. After she died, her picture was beside his pillow. There was a fierce tenderness in his love. Like Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, three preceding Presidents, he left no son to bear his name. Jefferson had a daughter, and a numerous posterity. Jackson had no children.

The Presbyterian training of his youth had its influence upon him in his old age, when he became deeply, and I doubt not sincerely religious. He had been passionate, revengeful perhaps, a free liver, a partaker of the customary sports of the society of his time. He swore "by the Eternal," he fought several duels. Certainly, he had his faults; but he was a brave, courteous, generous, honest, true-hearted, kind-hearted gentleman.

To Andrew Jackson succeeded Mr. Van Buren. He was a New-Yorker of Dutch descent—Dutch and Yankee—an adroit lawyer, a diplomatist, a politician. He was called by his opponents the fox of Kinderhook. As men like their opposites, he became a favourite of Jackson, as he had become, partly by his talents and partly by skilful management, the favourite son of New York. He was sent minister to

England, and later raised to a seat in the Cabinet. He had been Governor of New York and Senator. The influence of Jackson, more than any popularity of his own, made him a candidate for the Presidency, and secured his election in 1836. He had a stormy administration, and, though firm in carrying out the policy of his party, he had not the strength of the old chieftain. The Bank of the United States, killed by Jackson, had been revived as a State institution, and deranged the finances of the country in an unsuccessful struggle to perpetuate its power. The great financial crisis of 1837 was attributed to the independent treasury scheme and specie paying policy of Mr. Van Buren. The party in favour of a high tariff and protection to American industry, led by Mr. Clay, gathered strength by combining the cotton interests of New England with the coal and iron interests of Pennsylvania. The Democrats who, in the war of 1812, had raised the cry of "free trade and sailor's rights," meant by it chiefly the freedom of the seas, and had little objection to revenue duties which put money in their pockets. The free-traders of the South and West compromised, and consented to be taxed in duties rather than endure political defeat, or submit to direct taxation.

There was a strong combination against Mr. Van Buren; but the opposition was not strong enough to venture to nominate Mr. Clay, its actual leader. Jackson had been elected as "Old Hickory" and the Hero of New Orleans. The Whigs, as the Anti-

Democratic party called itself, determined to try the same game. They found, in Ohio, an estimable old gentleman of moderate abilities and little experience in public life, who had defeated some Indians in the battle of Tippecanoe, in the war of 1812. They named him "Old Tippecanoe," or, familiarly, "Old Tip." He had lived, at one period, like most people on the frontier, in a log cabin. He had shot 'coons. He was said to be fond—perhaps too fond—of hard cider. This available candidate, with so many elements of popularity, was General Harrison.

Henry Clay, the great and eloquent leader of the Anti-Democratic party, which now claimed to be more democratic than the democrats—which placed the name of Jefferson on its handbills—Clay was laid aside, broken-hearted at the ingratitude of republics, and all the elements of opposition—the bank-men, the paper-money men, the tariff-men or protectionists, the office-seekers, and all who wanted a change, united on "Old Tip" the "Log Cabin and Hard Cider Candidate" to defeat Mr. Van Buren.

The way they did it! They built log cabins in every village in the old settled parts of the country where they had not been seen for generations. In every cabin there was a barrel of cider on tap, free to all comers, and this was often reinforced by a keg of whisky. Outside the cabin was a 'coon fastened by a chain. Immense meetings were held—bands of minstrels were formed to sing songs in honour of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too"—John Tyler, a hitherto

obscure Virginian politician, vain and ambitious enough to accept a nomination for Vice-President. And they sang:—

“What has caused this great commotion—motion—motion
 The country through?
 It is the ball a rolling on,
 For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
 For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
 And with them we will beat little Van—Van—Van—
 Van is a used-up man—
 And with them we will beat little Van,”

meaning Mr. Van Buren.

The party of Mr. Van Buren found the glorifications of Old Hickory and the Hero of New Orleans turned upon them, and they had no remedy. Mr. Van Buren was a gentleman. He had never fought even an Indian. He had never, perhaps, entered a log cabin. He had never killed or captured a 'coon. He was more likely to drink port-wine or Madeira, hock or Burgundy, than hard cider or harder whisky. The very polish of his manners, his refinement, taste, and elegance, were against him.

There was an effort to do something for the failing cause by nominating Colonel Johnson as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. He had fought the Indians, and, it was said, had actually killed their great war-chief, Tecumseh, with his own hand, while Harrison had never killed anything but a 'coon. But Colonel Johnson had done some other things which did not help him with the pious and moral northern people. He lived with a black or mulatto woman as his wife, and had given his two mulatto daughters the education of ladies. This, perhaps, a few years later,

when Abolitionists were more plentiful, might have helped him. At that time, I am afraid it went far to neutralize the glory of having killed Tecumseh.

The democrats fought a gallant fight;—I know, for I was in the thick of it. We met songs by solid arguments. We appealed to principles and reason—but log cabins and hard cider were more potent, and they carried the day. Old Tippecanoe, an honest, worthy man, capable of making a respectable vestryman, was elected President. Mr. Van Buren retired to his home at Kinderhook. I saw fifty thousand of the citizens of New York go down to the Battery to welcome him in defeat, as if it had been a triumph. They were defeated, but not humiliated, which was more than could be said of the triumphant party—the party of William H. Seward, Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, and Abraham Lincoln.

There was, it must be confessed, something more than a vague military glory, log cabins, hard cider, songs, and 'coon-skins which defeated Mr. Van Buren. It was more than the great army of the outs combined to defeat the ins and drive them from the tens of thousands of rills flowing from the treasury. Wild-cat financiers, who wished no check on paper issues, bankers who wanted the profit on the national deposits, manufacturers plotting for a Morrill tariff, were aided by another influence, more potent than has been generally imagined.

The Canadian Rebellion of 1837-8 excited the sympathies, and received the aid of a large portion of the people of the Northern States. The State arsenals

furnished the artillery and ammunition, and State militia four-fifths of the forces gathered along the St. Lawrence and the lakes, ostensibly to aid the Canadian patriots—really to invade and conquer Canada, with a view to future annexation. Mr. Van Buren's government energetically put a stop to those lawless operations. The secret societies, or Hunters' lodges, probably one thousand in number, composed of sworn conspirators against the British power in Canada, were arrayed against Mr. Van Buren for the part he had taken in defeating their schemes of conquest. This influence alone might have been enough to defeat him.

It is sometimes said in England that the South has manifested a greater animosity to England than the North. But during the Canadian rebellion of 1837-8, the American sympathies with that rebellion were in those States which have given the largest majorities to Mr. Lincoln, while Mr. Van Buren's administration, supported by the South, took strong measures to support the neutrality of the country. Had Canada been on the Southern, instead of the Northern border, the case might have been different. Many of those who favoured the acquisition of Canada opposed the annexation of Texas.

“To the victors belong the spoils of the vanquished.” This maxim in American politics, with its practical operation in the system of rotation in office and partisan appointments, has been the source of three-fourths of the corruption in American politics. With the accession of General Harrison to

the Presidency came such a rush of office-seekers to Washington as had never been seen under any former President. John Quincy Adams made but few removals: Jackson therefore found few to remove for political causes, though he made many changes, and appointed his friends. The friends of Jackson were those of Van Buren, who could not have made many changes. But now the opposition had got hold of the Government for the first time, really and effectively, since the days of the elder Adams. There were a vast number of offices to fill—embassies, consulates, marshals, deputy-marshals, and officers of the Customs and Post-Office. And every man who had helped to build a log cabin, who had swilled hard cider to the glory of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, who had made a speech or sang a song, claimed an office, and the greater part of these posted to Washington. Poor old General Harrison soon sunk under the infliction. After a few weeks of such worry as few mortals have ever endured, he died, and John Tyler, of Virginia, elected Vice-President, became President of the Republic.

A terrible panic seized upon the Log Cabin party. John Tyler, a Virginia Democrat, had been put upon the ticket to strengthen it in the South. It was feared that he would go back to his old party predilections. The fear was well grounded. He was vain and ambitious; but he was not the less wilful and opiniated. The Whig National Republicans—the Log Cabin party, wished to overturn the policy of Jackson and Van Buren. They attempted to establish a National Bank and adopt a protective system. Mr. Tyler

vetoed the bills, and they could not command the majority of two-thirds necessary to pass them over his vetoes. Then there was a crisis, a revulsion, almost a revolution. Several members of the Cabinet resigned—all, I believe, but Mr. Webster, who loved money and power too much to resign either under any circumstances.

Mr. Tyler found a new Cabinet without much difficulty. Mr. Upsher, of Virginia, and Mr. Legare, of South Carolina, men better known as scholars than as politicians, came to his aid, and gave his administration a strong Southern and Democratic bias. And Democratic, let it be noted, had come, by this time, to mean in America Conservative and Constitutional. The Democratic party was always the party of State rights, and of a strict construction of the powers granted by the Federal Constitution to the General Government. The powers of the States, this party held, were limited only by the functions they had delegated to the Federal Government. The powers of the Federal Government were defined and limited by its Constitution. All powers not expressly delegated to the central government were retained by the States.

Up to a certain point, the Democratic party had been the party of progress; beyond that it became the party of conservation.

Conspicuous among the Northern members of Mr. Tyler's Cabinet was John C. Spencer, of New York—a man of whom I can never think without a feeling of sadness, for his life was borne down by a great

sorrow. His son, a midshipman in the navy, had been hanged at sea by the captain and officers of the U.S. brig *Somers*, on suspicion of a conspiracy to seize the brig, and convert her into a pirate. He was hanged without necessity, and, as I thought and still think, without proof even of the intention of guilt.

When President Tyler—His Accidency, as he was called—visited Boston, with his Cabinet, to celebrate the completion of the Bunker Hill monument, I was invited to accompany the party on a visit to the beautiful rural cemetery of Mount Auburn. Mr. Spencer, who was one of the party, and in intellect and character he was probably its chief, stood a moment before the monument of a young officer, just the age of his son, who, a few months before, had been hanged on the *Somers*. The officer had been lost at sea. Mr. Spencer read the inscription and fell fainting upon the ground, and was borne to his carriage and driven away. The iron politician had the heart of a father, and this tragical sorrow soon sent him to his grave.

The captain who hung young Spencer was killed a few years afterward by a fall from his horse, and the brig *Somers* went down in a white squall in the Gulf of Mexico, carrying with her fifty gallant officers and brave seamen. It was difficult to man her while she was afloat, and few were sorry to see the last of her.

The question of the annexation of Texas came up during Mr. Tyler's administration, and was favoured

of course by the Southern interest, and opposed by the Northern; by the party, at least, which had elected Harrison and Tyler. The treaty of annexation was at first rejected, but it passed at the next session, and a territory as large as France, the greater portion of which is very fertile, was added to the Union.

Mr. Tyler had the vanity to believe that his administration was so popular that he could be re-elected. The mongrel party which had gathered about him and filled the offices of trust and profit, wished to perpetuate their lease of power. But the Whig and Democratic parties made their nominations without much regard to Mr. Tyler or his small party of office-holders. The Whigs nominated their leader, Henry Clay, whom they had shelved four years before for a military and hard cider availability. Mr. Clay might have been elected then. It was his only chance. He never forgave the meanness which robbed him of the object of a life-long ambition. He was nominated in 1844, while the Democratic party selected James K. Polk, of Tennessee.

Mr. Polk had been Governor of Tennessee, and Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington. He was, like most American politicians, a lawyer, but one of no eminence. He was a man of moderate abilities, but of singular firmness of character; a sound, straightforward party man, who could be trusted. He had a miniature resemblance to General Jackson, with whom he had been a favourite, and was nicknamed "Young Hickory." The candidate for the Vice-Presidency was George M. Dallas,

a Philadelphia lawyer, who has been minister to England.

Mr. Polk was scarcely known out of his own State when nominated for President. He was more obscure, if possible, than Abraham Lincoln. It is said that at a town on the Ohio, when a steamboat came in, bringing news from the nominating convention, an ardent Democratic politician on shore called out to a friend on the boat—

“Hullo! Smith, who is nominated for President?”

“James K. Polk, of Tennessee!”

“Bunkum! First rate! What did you say his name was?”

“James K. Polk, of Tennessee.”

“All right! Three cheers, boys, for James K. Polk, of Tennessee, the next President of these United States!”

“Hooray!”

In a week, the name so little known was displayed in large capitals at the head of the editorial columns of two thousand newspapers. Hickory poles began to rise; the banners of “Young Hickory” were displayed, and the Democrats, not to be outdone by their opponents, began to sing songs, of which I can remember but one chorus:

“O! poor Cooney Clay,
Alas! poor Cooney Clay,
He never can be President,
While Polk is in the way.”

The popular elements were on the side of Mr. Polk. The Whigs had opposed the annexation of Texas.

The Democrats adopted and defended it at every cost, and were ready for the impending war with Mexico. Webster, according to the popular belief, had, through cowardice or corruption, given up a portion of the State of Maine, in the settlement of the north-eastern boundary with Lord Ashburnham. He was known to be poor, extravagant, and unscrupulous about money; always ready to beg, borrow, or take all he could get, and never expecting to repay it. It was believed that if the British Government wished to buy any territory which might be necessary or convenient to them, this great expounder of the Constitution was the man to sell it, and put the price in his pocket.

Now another boundary question was up. England put in a claim to the Oregon territory on the Pacific coast. The party which elected Mr. Polk claimed the whole country up to $54^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude, which included Vancouver's island, and the best part of British Columbia. "Fifty-four, forty, or fight" was the party cry. The defence of territory, the acquisition of territory, and a fight with England, were all popular elements. The United States Bank, and a high protective tariff, Mr. Clay's favourite measures, appealed to special interests, but were not popular. Polk and Dallas were triumphantly elected. The Mexican war followed. General Taylor defeated Santa Anna at Buena Vista. General Scott marched in triumph into the city of Mexico, and dictated terms of peace, adding New Mexico and California to the territories of the United States.

The Northern States sent twenty-one thousand

volunteers to the war with Mexico. The Southern States, with half their population, sent twenty-two thousand. They were nearer, and more interested in the cause of the war.

I have always thought that when General Scott had conquered Mexico, and was established at the capital, he should have stayed there. I do not know why he did not. Probably the secret archives of English or French diplomacy might afford a reason. The Americans said—we will take a good slice now, and the rest as we require it. Having no doubt of coming into possession of the whole Continent, as fast as they could settle and organize it into States, they were the more contented with the terms of peace.

The Mexican war gave the country two Presidents, General Taylor, who beat Santa Anna at Buena Vista, and General Frank Pierce. At Buena Vista was also distinguished the commander of the Mississippi Rifles, Jefferson Davis, a son-in-law of General Taylor, Secretary of War under President Pierce, and first President of the Confederate States.

By the nomination of General Taylor, in an outburst of popular enthusiasm, which the Whig party adroitly turned to its own account, Mr. Clay was again defrauded of a nomination. The Taylor ticket was strengthened by putting upon it Millard Fillmore of New York, a Whig "Know-nothing," or member of the Native American, anti-foreigner, or, more properly, no-popery party, which had at this time an extensive and powerful secret organization. The hero of Buena Vista was elected over General Cass,

an able man, but with few elements of popularity. Another terrific rush of famishing partisans to Washington—another outrageous scramble for the spoils of the victory, and “Old Rough and Ready,” as General Taylor was called, succumbed like General Harrison. The change from the rough life of a frontier campaigner, and the easy life of a Mississippi planter, to the murderous crowds of rapacious politicians at Washington, was more than the old soldier could bear. We had another Accident of a mild and milk-and-water type, in the person of Mr. Fillmore, a Buffalo lawyer, prudent, sleek, crafty, and just the man to glide into a place he had no ability to fill.

The Democrats at the next election, after a great struggle for a choice, compromised upon Frank Pierce of New Hampshire, a handsome, good-natured lawyer, who had served as Brigadier-General in Mexico. The audacity of the thing was in running him against General Scott, who had been the Commander-in-Chief, and who had crowned the victories of the war by leading his army into the city of Mexico. But General Scott, as a politician, was never popular. As some Irishman must have said, he never opened his mouth on politics, but he put his foot in it. He had been compromised with the Nativists, the Old Whigs, and I know not what unpopular factions and opinions. He was a martinet in discipline, vain and ostentatious, and got the name among the volunteers of “Old Fuss and Feathers.” Pierce, on the other hand, was but little known, and those who knew him liked him. He was a New Hampshire Democrat;

his father had been a soldier before him; he had served with courage, if with no special distinction, in Mexico, and it was time for the Democratic party to come into power again, whoever was the candidate. He was elected, and proved a weak, good-natured, inefficient President; but he had the sense to choose a strong Cabinet, and matters went on with a regular progress toward the events which have since occurred.

Four years after, the Whig Republican party, which had now grown more Abolitionised, or had entered into a closer alliance with the Anti-slavery party, and come more under the control of the Greeley or ultra section, nominated Fremont for the Presidency. He was too young and too wanting in political character to succeed. He had been an officer in the army, had run away with and married a daughter of Colonel Benton, the distinguished senator from Missouri, and had shown considerable enterprise in explorations on the Western side of the American continent. He was nominated for the Presidency as the Pathfinder, though he appears to have lost his path, before and since, oftener than he found it.

The Democrats nominated James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, an old politician and diplomatist, who had filled some of the highest offices in the Republic. The Abolition, Free Soil, and Kansas interest went strongly for Fremont under the banner of "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Press, and Free Men," but the whole South went against him and his pretentious platform. Pennsylvania gave her vote for Buchanan, and he was elected. Had the choice fallen upon

Fremont, there is little doubt that the secession of the Southern States would have followed.

In 1860, little was said of Fremont. He had been tried and found wanting in availability or success. Mr. Seward was the chosen candidate of the more moderate portion of the Republican party; but Mr. Greeley had private griefs, and the Abolition wing of the party would not trust him. Mr. Seward could say fine things about the "higher law," and an "irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery," but they would not trust him too far. He was friendly with Southerners, he was politic—he was never honest, earnest, or sincere. Mr. Greeley and his friends determined that he should not be President; so they went to the Chicago Convention and nominated Abraham Lincoln, who happened to have just the kind of local popularity in the West to make him a strong candidate.

Abraham Lincoln was a small lawyer, and rough political stump speaker, living in the village of Springfield, Illinois. He was six feet four inches in height, angular and ungainly in his appearance, with immense hands and feet. He was born in Kentucky, grew up without schooling, and helped his father to cultivate a rough farm in Indiana, where the family, which was a very poor one, removed in his boyhood, and later into Illinois. Here, as he grew up, he became a famous rail-splitter—noted for his strength and dexterity in splitting trees into rails for fences. He also made one or two trips to New Orleans on flat boats loaded with produce; gliding down the current

a thousand miles, as barges glide up and down the Thames with every tide. The boats that went to New Orleans, before the days of steam, never returned, but were sold with the cargo, and broken up, and the navigators got home by land across the country.

But Lincoln had an ambition above rail-splitting or flat-boat navigation. He picked up at odd times a little learning, and began to study law. But little study was required in those days, in a new country, to make a lawyer. A young lawyer who could talk, if only to tell droll stories, was pretty sure to be elected to the legislature. Lincoln also went to Congress, but did not distinguish himself at Washington. He was scarcely known, until he took the stump against Mr. Douglas, as a candidate for State senator. The senators are not elected by the people, but by the State legislatures—but the legislature was to be elected, and it was this election they wished to carry, and so both made speeches together in every district in the State. Mr. Douglas carried the legislature, but Mr. Lincoln had made strong partisans who were determined that he should have his turn. Douglas aspired to the Presidency, and received the nomination of one of the sections of the Democratic party. Mr. Lincoln became the Republican candidate.

The South would not accept of Mr. Douglas. They looked upon his doctrine of squatter sovereignty as dangerous to their rights in the Great Western territories of the United States. According to that doctrine, the Abolition societies of the North could hurry a host of free-soil emigrants into the

unorganized territories of the South-west and fix their status as Free States, long before they were entitled to form State constitutions. They believed the Democratic party of the North was becoming false to the principle of State rights. They nominated Mr. Breckenridge, with the very distinct understanding that the election of Mr. Lincoln, by a sectional vote, and upon a sectional issue, would be considered a sufficient ground for the secession of every Southern State from the Union.

The parties went to work with this understanding. It is true that Republican editors and speakers denied that there would be secession. It was only a political threat, they said, which would not be carried out. Many Democrats believed it, but not enough. The hunger for office joined with the fanaticism of the Kansas fights, and the John Brown raid into Virginia. The great army of unprincipled place-seekers, who try to be on the winning side, saw the Democracy divided, and threw their strength for Lincoln and the spoils. With these unscrupulous voters he was "Honest Old Abe," and they elected him. He had not a majority of votes. Every Southern State went against him. Majorities were given in several Northern States for Douglas and Brickenridge, but these majorities were divided. With a minority of votes, wanting a million to be equal to those against him, Lincoln was still elected President of the soon to be divided States of America.

Never, in my remembrance, had a political contest been so fiercely carried on. The Republicans all over

the North were organized into clubs, with a semi-military discipline. They carried, indeed, torches instead of rifles, and their uniforms consisted of a kind of oil cloth capes and caps; but they marched and manœuvred to military music, and the South looked upon these bands as of the most threatening character. Not a few of the leaders of these political organizations became officers in the Federal army.

As the time drew near when Mr. Lincoln, the President elect, must go to Washington to be inaugurated President, the country became more and more excited and alarmed at the prospect. Several of the Southern States had withdrawn from the Union. Mr. Buchanan held to the old Democratic doctrine, and found no constitutional power to compel them to remain in the Union, or to bring them back again. Mr. Lincoln made no declaration of his intentions, and seemed to have no idea of the situation, and no fitness to meet it. Alarmed at the rumour of the attempt to assassinate him at Baltimore, he went from Harrisburg to Washington in disguise, and, protected by a military force, took the usual oath to maintain the Constitution, which he proceeded to violate in its most important provisions.

The black Republicans and the Lincolnites of the West swarmed down upon Washington, seeking for office. Such a crowd had never been seen before, of rough backwoodsmen, crazed fanatics, and believers in "Honest Uncle Abe," who came for the reward of their efforts to elect him in offices of every grade, from a foreign mission, to the place of a village post-

master. The citizens of Washington were profoundly disgusted. The Presidents up to this time had been gentlemen, and former administrations had not been destitute of a certain degree of dignity and decency. Nothing could be more vulgar and repulsive than the new administration, and the crowd which greeted its incoming. Goths and Vandals thronged the capital.

CHAPTER XII.

HORACE GREELEY.

Birth and education.—Robinson Crusoe and Benjamin Franklin.—A printer's apprentice.—Comes to New York.—Starts the *New Yorker*.—Edits the *Jeffersonian*, and elects Seward governor.—Publishes the *Log Cabin*.—The *New York Tribune*.—Greeley's character and opinions.—Quarrel with Seward.—Defeats his nomination at Chicago.—Greeley on Secession.—“On to Richmond.”—A model philanthropist.—Letter to Wm. H. Seward.

IF I were asked to select a model Yankee, and at the same time a man of mark and influence, it would be a little difficult to choose, but I think that, on the whole, I should take HORACE GREELEY, the principal and responsible editor of the *New York Tribune*. I select him, therefore, as one of my illustrations of the social and political life of America.

Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, (my own native State), February 3, 1811. His father was a poor hard-working man, with little or no property; and all the school education Horace had was what he got at a common, or free primary school, before he was fourteen years old.

Two books in America have decided the careers of

thousands of boys. *Robinson Crusoe* has sent them to sea, and the *Life of Benjamin Franklin* has sent them into the printing-office. Franklin was a printer's apprentice. He became editor, author, statesman, and philosopher, and his portrait is on the American postage-stamps, with those of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. Why should not another printer's boy arrive at similar honours? Nine-tenths of the editors of American newspapers have been printer's apprentices, and I doubt if there is one of them, who freely chose his trade, who was not incited to do so by reading the life of Franklin. This, I presume, was the case with Horace Greeley.

At the age of fourteen then, in 1825, he entered a printing-office in Putney, Vermont, a State separated from New Hampshire by the Connecticut river. Here he remained, as nearly as I can learn, for five years, working hard as roller-boy, compositor, pressman, carrier, bill-poster, and in all the functions of a country newspaper and job printing-office.

In 1830, Greeley, senior, emigrated to Western New York, and Horace accompanied him, and, after helping to establish the family on a little, rough, backwoods farm, he found a situation in a printing-office at Erie, Pennsylvania, a small town on Lake Erie. He had not finished his apprenticeship, and his wages were only ten pounds a year, besides his board. Half of this sum sufficed to clothe him; the rest he gave to his father. No one can say that he was not at this time a good, self-sacrificing, conscientious boy.

He did not stay long in this situation. As soon as his time was up, which was in 1831, he went to New York. He was a tall, lanky, awkward, near-sighted boy, with a large head, white hair and eyebrows, a very white complexion, scarcely any beard, grotesquely dressed in a suit of blue cotton jeans, with two brown shirts, and one pound, his entire savings, in his pocket. But he knew his trade, and in a few days got a situation as a journeyman printer, where he worked for eighteen months, and in which he could earn two or three pounds a week.

The printing-office is not the worst of schools. Greeley had spent all his spare time in reading. I doubt if he ever played any boyish game. To this day in long journeys he reads perpetually, seldom taking a look at the finest scenery. He began to write very clear and forcible prose, and also much indifferent verse, which latter he has had the good sense to abandon. In 1834 he began, with a partner, to publish and edit a very respectable weekly literary and political paper, called *The New Yorker*. It was too heavy and ambitious to succeed. Nobody had time to read it. Everybody said it was a good paper, and that he meant to read it when he could get time, and then carefully put it aside, but never found the time to read it. It was not the thing for a fast country, and Mr. Greeley had to give it up. He had got married, he lived in lodgings, and was very poor.

About the year 1838 the Whig party, of which Mr. Greeley was a devoted member, wished to make a strong effort to carry the State of New York, which

had generally given a large Democratic majority. For this purpose a campaign weekly newspaper, published at a very low price, and having a large partisan circulation, was established at Albany, and Mr. Greeley was engaged to edit it. This paper, the better to catch Democratic votes, was called *The Jeffersonian*, about as appropriate a name as *The Wellingtonian* would be for a Liberal, or *The Palmerstonian* for a Tory paper in England. But the paper succeeded—the political campaign, at all events, was successful, and resulted in the election of Wm. H. Seward as Governor of New York, an event which was celebrated by his party with great rejoicings. Seward was at this time an obscure attorney at Auburn in New York, and chiefly known as agent of the Holland Land Company. But the strength of the Whigs lay with what was called the Anti-Masonic party, in the Western part of the State, and a small clique in that section gave him the nomination.

In 1840 came on the great Log Cabin and Hard Cider Tippecanoe and Tyler too presidential election, which resulted in the choice of General Harrison. Greeley published and edited in New York a cheap campaign weekly paper called *The Log Cabin*. It was a low-toned but very earnest appeal to the largest and most ignorant class of voters. It had an immense circulation. It contained short and telling editorials; vigorous speeches, plenty of songs, and coarse political caricatures. No doubt, the *Log Cabin* and Greeley's personal exertions did much to carry the election. His queer white head, and old white overcoat, boots

run down at the heel, and red for want of blacking, with one leg of his trousers tucked in and the other left out; jacket buttoned awry, and cravat tied under his ear—this extraordinary figure was seen trudging in processions, and making quaint, earnest, and telling speeches at mass meetings. It is certain that no man did more to elect first Seward and then Harrison, and he had a right to expect, and did expect, some acknowledgment for his services. But Republics, and especially Jeffersonian Whig Republicans, are ungrateful. Greeley wished to be Postmaster of New York, or Collector of the Port. He would have taken a foreign mission—he got nothing.

He got no office; but he did better, he got a good business-partner, one M'Elrath, and commenced the publication of the *New York Tribune*, April 10, 1841. His notoriety as editor of *The Jeffersonian* and *The Log Cabin* gave this paper a good start—especially its weekly edition, which went up steadily to more than a hundred thousand, while the daily has reached twenty or thirty thousand.

In the conduct of *The Tribune* Mr. Greeley has shown great ability, and as much honesty as one can reasonably expect of a political partisan. He has been an earnest and untiring advocate of a protective policy. No tariff of duties on importations was too high for him. He denounced the English free trade system as one of commercial selfishness. He was for home markets and home manufactures.

Of a simple, friendly, credulous, and eminently-humane character, Mr. Greeley was an earnest advocate

of temperance and the Maine Law. He believed that a majority had a right to compel a minority to be sober and virtuous. He laboured to prohibit the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating drinks, not on Sunday only, but all days. He would have shut up or banished every prostitute, and made every breach of the seventh commandment a State prison offence.

Singularly enough, he was one of the earliest American advocates of socialism on the plan of association—the system of Charles Fourier—and promoted the formation of several experimental phalansteries. They failed; and he probably came in time to see that Fourierism was utterly inconsistent with his ideas of morality. He was also an advocate of Woman's Rights, and the most zealous of Abolitionists. He opened his columns to the publication of the alleged facts respecting spiritualism. *The Tribune* was considered the organ of "all the isms."

It was ably edited for all that. Mr. George Ripley, an ex-Unitarian clergyman and Fourierist; Mr. Charles A. Dana, also a Fourierist of the Brookfarm Association; Mr. Bayard Taylor, the extensive traveller; Mr. Hildreth, author of a "History of the United States," and "The White Slave," a Benthamist, now Consul at Trieste, were among the editors. The paper itself became a sort of Fourierist Joint-Stock Association, in which editors, clerks, and printers were shareholders.

Mr. Seward, whom Mr. Greeley had done so much to make Governor, and who afterwards became Senator, not only did nothing to gratify the able editor's ambi-

tion, but opposed his nomination to the office of Governor. The fact was, Mr. Seward had an able editor of his own. Thurlow Weed, of *The Albany Evening Journal*, whom he trusted more than he did Greeley, for the reason, perhaps, that Mr. Weed preferred his own position as leading editor of the party, manager, and wire-puller, to any office in the gift of Government or people. Not so Mr. Greeley; he was restlessly ambitious. He never forgave Mr. Seward, who but for this might now have been President, instead of Abraham Lincoln. Seward's and Weed's excuse for not favouring Greeley's nomination for Governor was that he had made himself so unpopular by the advocacy of Fourierism, Abolitionism, Anti-rentism, Maine-Lawism, Spiritualism, &c. &c., that he could not have been elected. He was, however, elected to Congress in 1848 from one of the New York city districts, and managed to make himself very unpleasant there by trying to reform abuses, particularly some official plunder in the way of constructive mileage. Members of Congress, for example, who preferred to live in Washington, were paid for two journeys each session, of two or three thousand miles. It is easy to imagine that meddling with little customs of this kind, practised by both parties, would not be gratifying to either.

In 1851, Mr. Greeley came to Europe, where he was one of the jurors of the Exhibition. He went to Paris, where he had the adventure of being locked up in the *Cliché* prison, as a stockholder in some American bubble company with *un*-limited liabilities. On his return his letters were gathered into a volume of

“Glances of Europe;” he also published a volume of “Hints towards Reforms.”

For the past ten years Mr. Greeley has written and spoken chiefly in aid of the Republican or Free-soil movement, and a high tariff, or protection to American industry. He was deep in the fight for Kansas. He did not conceal his sympathy with John Brown in his effort to excite a negro insurrection in Virginia. He published the wildest speeches and writings of Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips. He did more than any other man to abolitionize the North, and prepare the hearts of the people of his party for the war. He procured the nomination and vehemently urged the election of Fremont in 1856. Defeated then by the election of Mr. Buchanan, he began the agitation for the next election.

When the Republican Convention met in 1860, Mr. Seward was far the most prominent candidate—scarcely any other man was thought of. The New York and Eastern delegations went for him unitedly. Mr. Greeley, failing to get a place on the New York delegation, got himself appointed to represent the far off Pacific state of Oregon. He went to the convention, determined that Mr. Seward should never be President. His own real or pretended choice was Mr. Blair, an ultra Abolitionist, now a member of the Cabinet. But the convention was held in Illinois. The great crowd around the convention was composed of citizens of that state. This outside pressure could be used for their own local leader, “Uncle Abe,” “Honest old Abe”—in a word, for Abraham Lincoln,

an obscure country lawyer, settled at Springfield, Illinois. Anybody but Seward. All who opposed him united on Lincoln, and he was nominated. The split in the Democratic party elected him.

And now, everybody said Greeley would be the great man—a Cabinet Minister at least. He had made the President. Why should not the President make him whatever he wished to be? But when Mr. Seward lost the nomination, it was feared that he might lose Mr. Lincoln the election. It was necessary to conciliate him—it was necessary to give him the first place in the Cabinet, and equally necessary to keep Greeley out. So he was, as Americans say, left in the cold, to his bitter mortification, I can well believe.

When secession came as the necessary consequence of the election of Lincoln, Mr. Greeley at first declared that the Southern States had a right to leave the Union if a majority of their people desired it. Whether he went mad at the taking of Fort Sumter with the rest, or whether some pressure of coercion was brought to bear upon his opinion and conscience, I cannot say, but he became one of the fiercest promoters of the war. He was for hanging all the Southern leaders as rebels and traitors. "Woe to him," he cried, "who ventures to speak of peace, or compromise, or mediation, or adjustment, until Treason shall have been effectually rebuked by the condign punishment of the Traitors." In a speech, made early in the war, he said, "As to compromise, he would say that every man in the Cabinet, the army, or the navy, who had

betrayed their trust, ought to be hung. (Loud cheers.) His compromise in this would be, to be content with hanging a reasonable number of the traitors."

Day after day this advocate of peace, this opponent of capital punishment, this philanthropist, through papers having an aggregate circulation of over two hundred thousand, and in articles copied everywhere, urged the North to a vindictive, bloody war of conquest and subjugation. He lashed on President and Cabinet—he clamoured at the delay of the army—he raised the cry "On to Richmond!" and kept it up until the Government compelled General Scott, against his judgment, to order McDowell forward, and the disaster of Bull Run was the consequence. The Northern army was hurled back on Washington. Greeley was struck down with a brain fever, and for weeks his life was despaired of. But, as soon as he was able, he renewed and has continued the cry—"On to Richmond!" On him, more than on any man in America, rests the terrible responsibility of this war, with all its bloodshed and horrors. He has done more than any or all others to prepare the way for it and to urge it on.

It is strange, perhaps unaccountable, except on the theory of insane perversion. Why should a peace man urge on the most barbarous of wars? Why should a man, who has always opposed the capital punishment, even of murderers, now urge a million of men to the slaughter of their brethren? How can a man, who has always professed to believe in the

rights of the peoples, and the right of revolution, who subscribed largely to aid Ireland in 1848, and was the friend of every European revolutionist—how can this man, who has sworn by the right of self-government, as defined in the declaration of independence, wage a war of subjugation or extermination against the South? Madness—political madness alone—can account for such anomalies in human conduct.

During the years in which the Republican party was in process of formation from the remnants of the Clay Whigs, the Nativists and Abolitionists, Greeley was unwearied in his efforts to gain over a portion of the foreign vote, which had always been instinctively, or for some better or worse reason, given to the Democratic party. He succeeded, to a considerable extent, with the Germans, especially the German Protestants, who were largely Red-republicans, Socialists, and Abolitionists; but very little with the Irish, though he bid high for their support. When the war came, however, they were into it—and dearly have they paid for their readiness to fight in a quarrel in which they had no business whatever to interfere, and into which they were seduced and betrayed.

They have paid the bitter penalty. Their leaders, too, who engaged in the war against their consciences, from ambition and vanity, have had their reward.

During the criminations and recriminations which followed the nomination of the Illinois rail-splitter, the following private letter from Horace Greeley to William H. Seward was made public in the news-

papers. I think it of sufficient interest in various ways, to give it as an appendix to what I have written:—

“New York, Saturday Evening, Nov. 11, 1854.

“GOVERNOR SEWARD.—The election is over, and its results sufficiently ascertained. It seems to me a fitting time to announce to you the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley, by the withdrawal of the junior partner—said withdrawal to take effect on the morning after the first Tuesday in February next. And, as it may seem a great presumption in me to assume that any such firm exists, especially since the public was advised, rather more than a year ago, by an editorial rescript in the *Evening Journal*, formally reading me out of the Whig party, that I was esteemed no longer either useful or ornamental in the concern, you will, I am sure, indulge me in some reminiscences which seem to befit the occasion.

“I was a poor young printer and editor of a literary Journal—a very active and bitter Whig in a small way, but not seeking to be known out of my own ward committee; when, after the great Political Revulsion of 1837, I was one day called to the City Hotel, where two strangers introduced themselves as Thurlow Weed and Lewis Benedict, of Albany. They told me that a cheap campaign paper, of a peculiar stamp, at Albany, had been resolved on, and that I had been selected to edit it. The announcement might well be deemed flattering by one who had never

even sought the notice of the great, and who was not known as a partisan writer, and I eagerly embraced their proposals. They asked me to fix my salary for the year; I named 1000 dollars (200*l.*), which they agreed to; and I did the work required to the best of my ability. It was work that made no figure and created no sensation; but I loved it, and did it well. When it was done, you were Governor, dispensing offices worth 3000 to 20,000 dollars per year to your friends and compatriots, and I returned to my garret and my crust, and my desperate battle with pecuniary obligations heaped upon me by bad partners in business and the disastrous events of 1837. I believe it did not then occur to me that some one of these abundant places might have been offered to me without injustice; I now think it should have occurred to you. If it did occur to me, I was not the man to ask you for it; I think that should not have been necessary. I only remember that no friend at Albany inquired as to my pecuniary circumstances; that your friend (but not mine), Robert C. Wetmore, was one of the chief dispensers of your patronage here; and that such devoted compatriots as A. H. Wells and John Hooks were lifted by you out of pauperism into independence, as I am glad I was not; and yet an inquiry from you as to my needs and means at that time would have been timely and held ever in grateful remembrance.

“In the Harrison campaign of 1840, I was again designated to edit a campaign paper. I published it

as well, and ought to have made something by it, in spite of its extremely low price. My extreme poverty was the main reason why I did not. It compelled me to hire press-work, mailing, &c., done by the job, and high charges for extra work nearly ate me up. At the close, I was still without property and in debt, but this paper had rather improved my position.

“Now came the great scramble of the swell-mob of coon minstrels and cider-suckers at Washington—I not being counted in. Several regiments of them went on from this city; but no one of the whole crowd—though I say it who should not—had done so much toward General Harrison’s nomination and election as yours respectfully. I asked nothing, expected nothing; but you, Governor Seward, ought to have asked that I be Postmaster of New York. Your asking would have been in vain; but it would have been an act of grace neither wasted nor undeserved.

“I soon after started the *Tribune*, because I was urged to do so by certain of your friends, and because such a paper was needed here. I was promised certain pecuniary aid in so doing: it might have been given me without cost or risk to any one. All I ever had was a loan by piecemeal of 1000 dollars from James Coggeshall, God bless his honoured memory! I did not ask for this, and I think it is the one sole case in which I ever received a pecuniary favour from a political associate. I am very thankful that he did not die till it was fully repaid.

“And let me here honour one grateful recollection.

When the Whig party under your rule had offices to give, my name was never thought of; but when, in '42-3, we were hopelessly out of power, I was honoured with the party nomination for State Printer. When we came again to have a State Printer to *elect* as well as nominate, the place went to Weed, as it ought. Yet it is worth something to know that there was once a time when it was not deemed too great a sacrifice to recognise me as belonging to your household. If a new office had not since been created on purpose to give its valuable patronage to H. J. Raymond, and enable St. John to show forth his *Times* as the organ of the Whig State Administration, I should have been still more grateful.

“In 1848 your star again rose, and my warmest hopes were realized in your election to the Senate. I was no longer needy, and had no more claim than desire to be recognised by General Taylor. I think I had some claim to forbearance from you. What I received thereupon was a most humiliating lecture in the shape of a decision in the libel case of Redfield and Pringle, and an obligation to publish it in my own and the other journal of our supposed firm. I thought and still think this lecture needlessly cruel and mortifying. The plaintiffs, after using my columns to the extent of their needs and desires, stopped writing and called on me for the name of their assailant. I proffered it to them—a thoroughly responsible name. They refused to accept it unless it should prove to be one of the four or five first men in Batavia!—when they had known from the first who

it was, and that it was neither of them. They would not accept that which they had demanded; they sued me instead for money, and money you were at liberty to give them to your heart's content. I do not think you *were* at liberty to humiliate me in the eyes of my own and your* public as you did. I think you exalted your own judicial sternness and fearlessness unduly at my expense. I think you had better occasion for the display of these qualities when Webb threw himself untimely upon you for a pardon which he had done all a man could do to demerit. (His paper is paying you for it now).

"I have publicly set forth my view of your and our duty with respect to Fusion, Nebraska, and party designations. I will not repeat any of that. I have referred also to Weed's reading me out of the Whig party—my crime being, in this as in some other things, that of doing to-day what more politic persons will not be ready to do till to-morrow.

"Let me speak of the late canvass. I was once sent to Congress for ninety days merely to enable Jim Brooks to secure a seat therein for four years. I think I never hinted to any human being that I would have liked to be put forward for any place. But James W. White (you hardly know how good and true a man he is) started my name for Congress, and Brooks' packed delegation thought I could help

* If I am not mistaken, this judgment is the only speech, letter, or document addressed to the public in which you ever recognised my existence. I hope I may not go down to posterity as embalmed therein.

him through ; so I was put on behind him. But this last Spring, after the Nebraska question had created a new state of things at the North, one or two personal friends, of no political consideration, suggested my name as a candidate for Governor, and I did not discourage them. Soon, the persons who were afterward mainly instrumental in nominating Clark come about me and ask if I could secure the Know-nothing vote. I told them I neither could nor would touch it ; on the contrary, I loathed and repelled it. Thereupon they turned upon Clark.

“ I said nothing, did nothing. A hundred people asked me who should be run for Governor. I sometimes indicated Patterson ; I never hinted at my own name. But by-and-bye Weed came down and called me to him, to tell me why he could not support me for Governor, (I had never asked or counted on his support).

“ I am sure Weed did not mean to humiliate me ; but he did it. The upshot of his discourse (very cautiously stated), was this :—If I were a candidate for Governor, I should beat not myself only but you. Perhaps that was true. But as I had in no manner solicited his or your support, I thought this might have been said to my friends rather than to me. I suspect it is true that I could not have been elected Governor as a Whig. But had he and you been favourable, there *would* have been a party in the State ere this which could and would have elected me to any post, without injuring itself or endangering your re-election.

“ It was in vain that I urged that I had in no manner

asked a nomination. At length I was nettled by his language—well intended, but *very* cutting, as addressed by him to me—to say, in substance, ‘Well, then, make Patterson Governor, and try my name for Lieutenant. To lose this place is a matter of no importance; and we can see whether I am really so odious.’

“I should have hated to serve as Lieutenant-Governor, but I should have gloried in running for the post. I want to have my enemies all upon me at once; I am tired of fighting them piecemeal. And, though I should have been beaten in the canvass, I know that my running would have helped the ticket, and helped my paper.

“It was thought best to let the matter take another course. No other name could have been put on the ticket so bitterly humbling to me as that which was selected. The nomination was given to Raymond; the fight left to me. And, Governor Seward, *I have made it*, though it be conceited in me to say so. What little fight there has been, I have stirred up. Even Weed has not been (I speak of his paper) hearty in this contest, while the journal of the Whig Lieutenant-Governor has taken care of its own interests and let the canvass take care of itself, as it early declared it would do. That journal has (because of its milk-and-water course) some twenty thousand subscribers in this city and suburbs, and of these twenty thousand I venture to say more voted for Ullmann and Scroggs than for Clark and Raymond; the *Tribune* (also because of its character) has but eight thousand subscribers within the same radius, and I venture to say

that of its habitual readers nine-tenths voted for Clark and Raymond—very few for Ullmann and Scroggs. I had to bear the brunt of the contest, and take a terrible responsibility in order to prevent the Whigs uniting upon James W. Barker in order to defeat Fernando Wood. Had Barker been elected here, neither you nor I could walk these streets without being hooted, and Know-Nothingism would have swept like a prairie fire. I stopped Barker's election at the cost of incurring the deadliest enmity of the defeated gang; and I have been rebuked for it by the Lieutenant-Governor's paper.

“At the critical moment, he came out against John Wheeler in favour of Charles H. Marshall (who would have been your deadliest enemy in the House), and even your Colonel-General's paper, which was even with me in insisting that Wheeler should be returned, wheeled about at the last moment and went in for Marshall—the *Tribune* alone clinging to Wheeler to the last. I rejoice that they who turned so suddenly were not able to turn all their readers.

“Governor Seward, I know that some of your most cherished friends think me a great obstacle to your advancement—that John Schoolcraft, for one, insists that you and Weed shall not be identified with me. I trust, after a time, you will not be. I trust I shall never be found in opposition to you; I have no farther wish but to glide out of the newspaper world as quietly and as speedily as possible, join my family in Europe, and, if possible, stay there quite a time—long enough to cool my fevered brain and renovate

my overtasked energies. All I ask is that we shall be counted even on the morning after the first Tuesday in February, as aforesaid, and that I may thereafter take such course as seems best without reference to the past.

“ You have done me acts of valued kindness in the line of your profession : let me close with the assurance that these will ever be gratefully remembered by

“ Yours,

“ HORACE GREELEY.

“ Hon. Wm. H. SEWARD.

CHAPTER XIII.

THURLOW WEED AND "MANHATTAN."

The boyhood of a leading political editor.—Life in the new settlements.—The anti-masonic excitement.—Who is "Manhattan?"—His early career.—Mercantile enterprise.—Tour in Europe.—Failure.—Private secretary to Mr. Calhoun.—An editor.—Lola Montez.—A comic paper.—Letters in the *London Herald*.

IN the sketch I have written of the life of HORACE GREELEY, editor of *The New York Tribune*, and in the letter of Mr. Greeley to Mr. Seward appended, mention is made of THURLOW WEED, editor of *The Albany Evening Journal*, and for many years manager of the Whig-Republican party in the State of New York. The following letter, written by Mr. Weed, gives a graphic and interesting account of his boyhood, and illustrates what I have elsewhere written of the life and customs of the early settlers of various portions of America, where the same process of emigration and colonization has been going on for two centuries ;—

THURLOW WEED'S BOYHOOD.

(From Goodwin's Pioneer History of Cortland County.)

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 30th of April has remained quite too long unanswered, partly

on account of severe illness in my family, but mainly because your kind and not unusual request embarrasses me. Several applications, similar in character, from book makers, I have simply declined, because, first, there is nothing in my life entitled to historic attention; and second, if any of its events were worthy such attention, it is neither proper nor becoming in me to furnish the materials. So strong are my convictions of propriety in this regard, that many years ago, after declining to furnish information relating to myself, asked for by the late Jabez D. Hammond, I declined, also, to read in manuscript what he had prepared. The consequence of that refusal is, that I go down to posterity—if Hammond's Political History outlives the present generation—as a '*drummer in the war of 1812.*' Now I am entitled to no such distinction, for I never learned, nor never could learn, a note or stave of music. I remember to have gone, when a boy, once or twice to an evening singing school, but after unavailing attempts at quavers and semi-quavers, the teacher snatched the gamut from my hand and turned me out of the class. I will, however, in this instance, depart so far from my usual practice as will allow me to furnish you the dates you desire, though in doing so, I feel as I suppose one should feel in robbing a henroost. I will now give you some 'reminiscences' connected with my early residence in Cortland county.

"In the winter of 1808, my father—an honest, hard-working man—whose industry, subject to the

various drawbacks of sickness and ill luck, which the poor only can understand, enabled him to furnish but a scanty support for his family, in the hope of 'bettering his condition,' removed to Cincinnatus, in Cortland county, where Nathan Weed, his youngest brother, resided. We were settled in a log house, upon a small clearing, about a mile from the Onondaga river—or, for the purpose of fixing our locality, I had better say about that distance from 'Brink's tavern.' Cincinnatus then, whatever may be its present condition, was in its almost wilderness state. I have not been there in half a century, and am told that there are no forests, or landmarks, or monuments, by which I could recall or identify the localities of which my mind retains familiar and distinct impressions. Inhabitants were then 'few and far between.' Our nearest neighbour was Mr. Gridley, a farmer, rather 'well-to-do in the world,' who would work hard through 'planting,' or 'hoeing,' or 'harvesting,' and then seek indemnity in a week or ten days' 'spree' on new, raw whisky. The most forehanded family in the neighbourhood was that of Captain Carley (one member of which, Alanson, then a boy of my own age, was some years since a respected member of the legislature), among whose luxuries, as I remember, was a young apple orchard, and the only bearing orchard within a circuit of several miles.

"My first employment was in attendance upon an ashery. The process of extracting lye from ashes, and of boiling the lye into black salts, was commonplace enough; but when the melting down into potash

came it was bustle and excitement. This labour was succeeded, when the spring had advanced far enough, by the duties of the sap bush. This is a season to which the farmers' sons and daughters looked with agreeable anticipations. In that employment toil is more than *sweetened*. The associations are healthful and beneficial. When your troughs are dug out (of basswood, for there were no buckets in those days), your trees tapped, your sap gathered, your wood cut, and your fires fed—there is leisure either for reading or 'sparking.' And what youthful denizens of the sap bush will ever forget while 'sugaring off,' their share in the transparent and delicious streaks of candy congealed and cooled in snow!

"Many a farmer's son has found the best opportunities for mental improvement in his intervals of leisure while 'tending sap-bush.' Such at any rate was my own experience. At night you had only to feed the kettles and keep up your fires, the sap having been gathered and the wood cut 'before dark.' During the day we would also lay in a good stock of 'fat pine,' by the light of which blazing bright before the sugar-house, in the posture the serpent was condemned to assume as a penalty for tempting our great first grandmother, I have passed many and many a delightful night in reading. I remember in this way to have read a history of the French revolution, and to have obtained from it a better and more enduring knowledge of its events and horrors, and of the actors in that great national tragedy, than I have received from all subsequent readings. I remember also how

happy I was in being able to borrow the book of a Mr. Keyes, after a two mile tramp through the snow, shoeless, my feet swaddled in remnants of a rag carpet.

“Though but a boy, I was large, healthy, strong, but not lazy, and therefore ambitious ‘to keep up my row’ in planting, hilling, and hoeing potatoes and corn. The principal employment of the farmers of Cincinnati, fifty years ago, was in clearing their land. Cattle during the winter, for the want of ‘fodder,’ were turned out to ‘browse’ in the ‘slashings.’ As the work of clearing the land was too heavy for men single-handed, chopping and logging ‘bees’ were modes resorted to for aggregating labour. These seasons of hard work were rendered exciting and festive by the indispensable gallon bottle of whisky. There were ‘bees,’ also, for log house raisings. After the loggings, and as the spring opened, came the burning of the log and brush heaps, and the gathering of ashes.

“But little wheat was grown there then, and that little was harvested with the sickle, the ground being too rough and stumpy for cradling.

“Our first acquisition, in the way of ‘live stock,’ was a rooster and four hens; and I remember with what a gush of gladness I was awakened at break of day the next morning by the loud, defiant voice of chanticleer; and when, several days after, I found a real hen’s nest in a brush heap, with eggs in it, I cackled almost as boisterously as the feathered mother, whom I had surprised in the feat of parturition.

“The settlers employed in clearing and ‘bettering’

their land, raised just enough to live on 'from hand to mouth.' Their principal, and indeed only, reliance for the purchase of necessaries from 'the store' was upon their 'black salts.' For these the merchant always paid 'the highest price in cash or goods.'

"I remember the stir which a 'new store,' established in Lisle (some seven or eight miles down the river), by the Rathbuns, from Oxford, created in our neighbourhood. It was 'all the talk' for several weeks, and until a party of housewives, by clubbing with their products, fitted out an expedition. Vehicles and horses were scarce; but it was finally arranged. A furnished a waggon, B a horse, C a mare, D a boy to drive. Six matrons, with a commodity of black salts, tow cloth, flax, and maple sugar, went their way rejoicing, and returned triumphantly at sunset with fragrant bohea for themselves, plug tobacco for their husbands, flashy calico for the children, gay ribbons for the girls, jack-knives for the boys, crockery for the cupboard, and snuff for 'Grannie.' This expedition was a theme for much gossip. The wonders of the 'new store' were described to staring eyes and open mouths. The merchant and his clerk were criticised in their deportment, manners, and dress. The former wore shiny boots with tassels—the latter, a ruffle shirt—and both smelt of pomatum! I do not believe that the word 'dandy' had then been invented, or it would have certainly come in play on that occasion. Thirty years afterward, I laughed over all this with my old friend, General Ransom Rathbun, the veritable proprietor of that 'new store.'

“The grinding for our neighbourhood was done at ‘Hunt’s mill,’ which, on one occasion, was disabled by some defect in the flume or dam, and then we were compelled to go on with our grist either to Homer, or to ‘Chenango Forks.’

“I recollect, on more than one occasion, to have seen boys riding with a bushel of corn (bare-back, with a tow halter) to the distillery: and returning with a gallon bottle of whisky, balanced by a stone in the other end of the bag.

“In the autumn following our removal to Cincinnati, I had ‘worked out,’ and earned leather (sole and upper) enough for a pair of shoes, which were to be made by a son of Crispin (Deacon Badger, if I remember rightly), who lived on the river a mile and a half away. The deacon, I doubt not, has gone to his rest, and I forgive him the fibs he told, and the dozen journeys I made barefooted over the frozen and ‘hubby’ road, in December, before the shoes were done.

“I attended one regimental review, or ‘general training,’ as it was called. It was an eminently primitive one. Among the officers were two chapeaux, to which Captain Carley, one of the two, added a sword and sash; four feathers standing erect upon felt hats; fifteen or twenty muskets; half-a-dozen rifles; two hoarse drums, and as many ‘spirit-stirring fifes.’ Of rank and file there were about two hundred and fifty. In the way of refreshments there was gingerbread, blackberry pies, and whisky. But there was neither ‘sweat-leather,’ ‘little jokers,’ or other

institutions of that character upon the ground. Having, before leaving Catskill, seen with my own eyes a live governor (Morgan Lewis) review a whole brigade, I regarded *that* training as a decided failure.

"There were no events at all startling during my residence at Cincinnatus;—no murders, no suicides, no drownings, no robberies, no 'babes lost in the woods,' no elopements, occurred to astonish the natives. A recruiting sergeant came along (it was in embargo times) and three or four idle fellows (Herrings and Wilders by name) 'listed' and marched off.

"There were neither churches nor 'stated preaching' in town. A Methodist minister came occasionally and held meetings in private houses, or at the school-house. In the winter there was a school on the river; and the master, who 'boarded round,' must have 'had a good time of it' on Johnny-cake for breakfast, lean salt pork for dinner, and samp and milk for supper.

"There were but few amusements in those days, and but little of leisure or disposition to indulge in them. Those that I remember as most pleasant and exciting, were 'huskings' and 'coon-hunts.' There was fun, too, in smoking 'woodchucks' out of their holes.

"During my residence there, Mr. Wattles moved into the neighbourhood. He came, I think, from what was called 'The Triangle,' somewhere in Chenango county, and was a sub land agent. They were, for that region, a rather 'stylish' people, and became

obnoxious to a good deal of remark. One thing that excited special indignation was, that persons going to the house were asked to clean their shoes at the door—a scraper having been fixed there for that purpose. A maiden lady (Miss Theodosia Wattles) rendered herself especially obnoxious to the spinster neighbours, by 'dressing up' week-day afternoons. They all agreed in saying she was a 'proud, stuck-up thing.' In those days 'go-to-meeting clothes' were reserved for Sundays.

" 'Leeks' were the bane of my life in Cincinnatus. They tainted everything, but especially the milk and butter. Such was my aversion to 'leeky' milk that to this day I cannot endure milk in any form.

"In the fall and winter, corn shelling furnished evening occupation. The ears were shelled either with a cob or the handle of a frying-pan. There have been improvements since in that as in the other departments of agriculture!

"Such are, in a crude form, some of my recollections of life in Cincinnatus half a century ago. That town, then very large, has since been subdivided into three or four towns. Upon the farm of my old friends, the Carleys, the large and flourishing village of Marathon has grown up. And then, too, a substantial bridge has taken the place of the 'dug out,' in which we used to cross the river. Of the sprinkling of inhabitants who had then just commenced subduing the forests, and insinuating scanty deposits of seed between the stumps and roots, but few, of course, survive. The settlers were industrious, honest, law-

abiding, and, with few exceptions, temperate citizens. The friendly neighbourhood, so necessary in a new country, existed there. All tried not only to take care of themselves, but to help their neighbours. Farming implements and household articles were pretty much enjoyed in common. Everybody 'lent' what they possessed, and 'borrowed' whatever they wanted.

"You must judge whether these hastily written recollections of Cincinnatus would at all interest the few old inhabitants remaining there; and having so judged, you are at liberty to put them into your book, or into the fire.

"Very truly yours,

"THURLOW WEED.

"H. C. GOODWIN, Esq."

Mr. Weed became a printer, then editor of the leading Whig paper in the State. He was engaged in the Anti-masonic Excitement, when one Morgan was said to have been spirited away, and, as many believe, murdered by the Freemasons, for having betrayed the secrets of the craft. A body was found in Lake Ontario, which some persons believed to be that of Morgan, who had been taken to Niagara Falls, had his throat cut from ear to ear, as provided in the Masonic obligations, and his body thrown into the roaring cataract. If I mistake not, several persons were arrested on suspicion of having been engaged in this horrible murder. It was said that Mr. Weed, on being asked by one of his political friends if it was really the body of Morgan that had been found, said

“it was a good enough Morgan until after the election.”

I remember well the tremendous excitement that spread over several States against the Freemasons. As it happened that most of the leading Masons were Democrats, the excitement against the order soon assumed a political character, and it changed the politics of at least two States. The small State of Vermont from that time forth gave first an Anti-masonic and then a Whig majority. Western New York, the scene of the supposed murder of Morgan, also became Anti-masonic, then Whig, and finally Abolitionist, or black Republican, so as often to overcome the large Democratic majority in the city of New York and the eastern counties of the State.

At the commencement of the war of Secession, Mr. Weed was moderate in his views. Like Mr. Seward and Mr. Greeley, he was in favour of peace, and, to his honour be it said, he did not change his opinion. For a time, indeed, he gave a moderate support to his old friend Mr. Seward and to the Government; but as the war went on, and he saw its hopeless character, he resigned his position as editor of the *Journal*, and solemnly protested against the action of the Government. Such were some of the events in the life of one of the most influential men of his time and country.

The readers of English newspapers during the American war of Secession have been amused, and sometimes, perhaps, a little astonished at the letters of “Manhattan,” published at first, under a sort of pro-

test, in one of the London daily newspapers. I recognised the writer in the first of these letters I saw, and knew him too well to be astonished at anything he has written. There could be no mistake about his identity, and his motives were sufficiently transparent.

"Manhattan"—the assumed name is the Indian designation of the Island on which New York city is built—is a model American. He was born, like Mr. Barnum, in the land of wooden clocks, wooden nutmegs, and steady habits—the State of Connecticut. In his youth he entered the counting-house of a New York firm of shipping merchants, and when scarcely of age, set up for himself, in company with another equally enterprising youth, in the same business. I never heard that they had any capital but their respective wits—but these were enough to give them a good start in business, and the firm of Manhattan and Co. soon had ships sailing to India, China, and the realms of the Imaum of Muscat. I believe "Manhattan" was, in fact, the first American to open a trade with that distinguished potentate.

While the affairs of this enterprising house were going on swimmingly, "Manhattan" made a business tour to Europe. He travelled in England, France, Holland, and Germany, opening up avenues for mercantile and financial speculations. Somewhere in the course of this tour, but where I do not remember, if I ever knew, though I think at Munich—"Manhattan" made the acquaintance of the celebrated Lola Montes, Countess of Landsfeldt. She took a decided interest in the enterprising young American, whom,

in the singular mutations of her after life, she never forgot.

This brilliant commercial tour would have had very important results, had it not been for the fact that in consequence of some mismanagement in his absence, or one of those commercial crises to which America is subject, the firm became bankrupt, and "Manhattan" was thrown upon the world to make his fortune in other pursuits. With less pride, he might have taken a clerkship, and worked his way into business again. But he had been a principal, and on too large a scale, to be willing to take a subordinate situation. He embarked in politics, helped to start a daily paper, which soon failed, went to Washington, became acquainted with John C. Calhoun, the great South Carolina statesman, was employed as his private secretary, became his devoted disciple, and remained with him until his death.

After this event he returned to New York. I do not know whether it was grief or disappointment that at this period brought him very low. He fell into bad habits, like one of his pet heroes, General Hooker. The readers of Manhattan's letters will remember that he based his confidence in Hooker chiefly upon the fact that he had been a drunkard, and was supposed to have reformed. There is a kind of superstition that drunkards are the ablest men, or that it is the ablest men who become drunkards. There is a certain basis for this belief; but, in consequence, drunken blockheads have often got the credit of genius. "Manhattan," however, had enough in him to come

through, and reform. He married a relative of Mr. Calhoun, which appears to have given a permanence to his reformation. But this is a little in advance of my story.

Returning to New York, after a considerable absence, in 1852, and walking down Broadway, I encountered Manhattan, whom I had last seen in the office of the Secretary of State at Washington. He greeted me cordially, and invited me to call with him at a house in the lower part of Broadway. In a first floor drawing-room I found a monkey, three dogs, a parrot, a mocking-bird, a Polish Prince, a Hungarian Count, a bundle of cigarettes, a box of cigars, a decanter of brandy, and Lola Montes, Countess of Landsfeldt, to whom Manhattan politely presented me, and who, between the puffs of her cigarette, conversed with her visitors in three or four languages, caressed her dogs, scolded her monkey, and was as lively, sparkling, amiable, and rattle-headed as she knew how to be. She was fulfilling an engagement at the Broadway theatre, where, though but a novice as an actress, and an indifferent danseuse, she was brilliant and entertaining and fascinating. Manhattan seemed to have charge of her business affairs; and he took pains to disabuse my mind of any prejudices I might have acquired respecting the lady's character; assuring me that though liberal in her sentiments, and erratic in her manners, she was an admirable as well as a charming personage. My own impression of her, from half an hour's observation and conversation was, that she had a streak of insanity—that her influence

over others was intellectual rather than sensual ; but that, clever as she was, her career must always be a failure. She was full of political intrigues, and surrounded by revolutionary refugees. The only observation she made that I remember, was a political prophecy. Pointing to a portrait of Mr. Pierce, she said, with her dark eyes flashing, " *There* is the man who is going to be elected President, and then we shall have Cuba, and I have selected my residence there." The first part of her prediction was accomplished.

Poor Lola ! After a tour to California, and one or two more marriages, she returned to New York, lectured with some success, became a spiritualist, and very religious, was taken with palsy, and died under very painful though consoling circumstances.

To return to Manhattan. After settling down as a married man, he turned his attention to literature. He edited a sort of rough-and-ready, rowdy kind of comic paper called *The Pic*,—short for Picayune, the name of the smallest silver coin in New Orleans. When tired of this, he commenced in one of the weeklies a series of sketches of Old Merchants of New York. This is always a popular kind of literature, and Manhattan had peculiar facilities, from a large acquaintance and a good memory. These sketches have been published in a volume, and appear to have had a good sale.

Manhattan's letters on the war have been very curious. He is Northern by birth and in feeling, but Southern in his principles and associations. Friend and disciple of Calhoun, he could not be other than

a States' rights man and Secessionist. He knows, and cannot help despising, the Northern politicians, and Northern military leaders; but he lives in New York, in sight of Fort Lafayette; hence his occasional spasmodic Unionism, and extravagant reflection of the prevalent feeling around him. Whenever it has appeared to be safe, as on the election of Seymour as Governor of New York, his Southern and secession feelings burst out, and he wrote his real sentiments; but when the Northern democracy shrunk, cowed and cowardly, before a new outburst of Union fanaticism, and Manhattan saw that Seymour could not or would not protect him, his letters became more violently and extravagantly Union than ever; still there is scarcely one which does not contain open or covert sarcasms on the Northern leaders. Manhattan, with his jokes and extravagances, takes some of the liberties that used to be accorded to the Court Jester, and was not unaptly called a "foolometer" in a London weekly, and while he exaggerates facts and feelings, expands hundreds into thousands, and thousands into millions, he still manages to speak his mind, and to injure the cause he pretends to support.

There are indications that he is prospering. Doubtless he gets well paid for his letters, and when exchange is high he knows enough to make the most of it. He also holds a snug little office under the Common Council of New York, whose members, whatever they may think of secession, have little sympathy with Mr. Lincoln or the Republican party.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEGRO.

Negrophobia.—The free negro in New York.—A genuine counterfeit.—Treatment of negroes North and South.—Anti-negro riots.—The why and wherefore.—Vital statistics of the mixed race.—Condition, intelligence, and morals of free negroes in the North.—Striking exceptions.

I HAVE written somewhat of certain foreign elements in American Society, Irish, German, French, Spanish, &c., but have said but little of the African negro and his descendants of pure or mixed blood, who constitute nearly one-sixth of the entire population—four millions—who at the commencement of the war of secession were held in slavery, and a few hundred thousands of free negroes and people of colour.

I have seen much of negroes, bond and free, and of people of colour of all shades, from the Ethiop, shining black, to the faintly-bronzed Octoroon, in whom a tinge of the white of the eye, or a finger nail, is the only perceptible mark of the warm blood of Africa. I know something of the condition of the negro in Ashantee and Dahomey, in Cuba and Brazil, in the British West Indies and in Hayti ;

but it is my business to describe his condition as I have seen it, North and South, in freedom and slavery, in the American States.

No one has satisfactorily accounted for the horror of the negro which exists in the free States of America. It is not a question of colour, for the shade makes little difference. The prejudice exists almost equally against the lightest mulatto and the blackest negro. And it does not exist against other coloured races. Some of the Americans themselves are very dark and swarthy—darker than the mulattoes they despise. They have no feeling against a dark Spaniard, an East Indian, a Moor, or one of their own aborigines, as such. There are many Americans with an intermixture of Indian blood, who show it in their coarse and straight black hair, high cheek bones, and coppery tinge of the complexion; and they are rather proud of the savage alliance. It is no discredit to them with their fellow citizens. The first families of Virginia are proud of their descent from the Indian Princess, Pocahontas.

But let it be known that there is even one infinitesimal drop of the blood of Central Africa flowing in the veins of an American, and it were better for that man that he had never been born. Why? I will not construct a theory. It is better to give the facts. I will present a few, mostly from personal observation.

In some of the Northern States of the American Republic, a few negroes are allowed to vote. It is the only evidence of their citizenship; almost the

only one of a popular recognition of their humanity. Who ever saw a coloured man on a jury; or elected to the lowest office; or until the exigencies of civil war made it necessary, "training" in a military company? In New York, the negro, of late years, has been admitted to ride on some of the street railways. He never gets into an omnibus. It must be a low grog-shop into which he dares to enter, even with the money in his hand, to get a sherry-cobbler or a gin-cocktail. Dressed in all the splendour of apparel in which he loves to indulge, he would be unceremoniously kicked out of any respectable oyster-house he might choose to enter, even if it were kept by one of his coloured brethren. There are a hundred hotels in New York which can accommodate from fifty to a thousand guests, but there is not one of these at which a man of African blood could find a bed or a meal. His only place in any of these establishments is that of cook or waiter. He may cook every meal; he cannot eat one out of the kitchen. He may stand behind the chair; he must not sit at the table.

Ten years ago, all the theatres of New York had boxes, pit, third tier and gallery. The negro, though he might come to the theatre in his private carriage, and have money enough in bank to buy the theatre, could not get admission to boxes, or pit, nor even to the third tier, set apart for fallen women. His only place was the gallery, and in many cases he was railed off, even in this, from the lowest class of the white population. To-day, most of the American

theatres have but two places and prices, and there is no admission whatever for the negro. I have never seen one in any fashionable place of amusement in the Northern States, except as a menial, or with a marked separation from the respectable, and sometimes even the disreputable portion of the audience.

The popular feeling of caste is marked in curious ways. In New York, a favourite amusement of the men is a march out of town, behind a band of music, to fire at a target. These target excursions are not confined to military companies. Every company of firemen has its annual excursion, and the workmen of large manufacturing establishments, at least once a year, shoulder their muskets, borrowed for the occasion, and with a military band, often as numerous as themselves, march up or down Broadway, toward some convenient shooting-ground. After every company is carried the target they are expected to riddle with musket or rifle balls; and this target is invariably carried by the biggest, and blackest, and best-looking negro who can be hired for the occasion. So, in a military funeral procession, the horse of the defunct hero is always led through the streets by a negro groom.

Notwithstanding the progress of abolition sentiment in the Northern States, the great majority of Americans shrink, as if by instinct, from personal contact, or social intercourse, with any person of the African race, or tinged with African blood. It is only within a few years that negroes have been permitted to sit in the common pews of Northern churches, and

even now there are but few where they would dare take a conspicuous seat. It was, a few years ago, the universal custom in the New England churches, to confine the coloured people to pews set apart for them, called the "nigger pews," in a far corner of the gallery, where "Ethiopia" might "stretch forth her hands to God" without disgusting her sensitive Anglo-Saxon neighbours. The first church in which I ever saw black and white kneeling side by side as equals before God, was the old Roman Catholic Cathedral in New Orleans.

In New York, some years ago, I chanced to see a curious instance of negro, not colour, phobia. It was a little comedy in which the noted, not to say notorious, Mr. P. T. Barnum was manager and chief performer. It was in the early part of his remarkable career. He had made money by the exhibition of a white boy, who danced in the negro fashion, with his face well blackened, and a woolly wig. But when Master Diamond, the name he was known by to the public, found that he was making a heap of money for his manager, he concluded that he might as well make some for himself, and so he danced away into the infinite distance.

Barnum, with the enterprise that has distinguished his whole career, on exploring the dance-houses of the Five Points, found a boy who could dance a better break-down than Master Diamond. It was easy to hire him; but he was a genuine negro, and not a counterfeit one, and there was not an audience in America that would not have resented, in a very

energetic fashion, the insult of being asked to look at the dancing of a real negro.

To any man but the originator of Joyce Heth, the venerable negro nurse of Washington, and the manufacturer of the Fiji Mermaid, this would have been an insuperable obstacle. Barnum was equal to the occasion. Son of the State of White Oak Cheese and Wooden Nutmegs, he did not disgrace his lineage. He greased the little "nigger's" face and rubbed it over with a new blacking of burnt cork, painted his thick lips with vermilion, put on a woolly wig over his tight curled locks, and brought him out as the champion nigger-dancer of the world. Had it been suspected that the seeming counterfeit was the genuine article, the New York Vauxhall would have blazed with indignation.

Whatever may be the nature of this feeling — whatever its causes, it certainly exists, and was a few years ago almost universal in the Northern States. By great effort the more earnest and consistent Abolitionists have brought themselves to tolerate the negro in some positions of social equality ; but I much doubt if there are a dozen Abolitionists in America who could contemplate the idea of having a son-in-law with negro blood in his veins, without an emotion of horror.

Coloured persons in Northern cities, suffering continually from this proscription of race, sometimes make efforts to evade it. I have often met in Wall Street, New York, a large speculator in stocks, who, by means of a well-made wig, passed himself off as a West Indian

creole of Spanish descent. He even married a white American wife—I presume, by the same false pretence. He was, however, a genuine mulatto, and the fact could not be concealed from careful observers. I have seen five or six persons who have resorted more or less successfully to similar expedients.

It is notorious that the shrinking antipathy of the white to the black race does not exist in the same degree in the slave as in the free States. If there is a natural instinct, as some believe, intended to keep the two races from intermingling, it has been broken down at the South by early and continual associations. When the white boy is born he is received into the arms of a black nurse, who, in many cases, becomes his foster-mother. Negro children are the playmates of his childhood. Negro servants attend to his hourly wants, and nurse him in sickness. He is born, and lives and dies among them, and often his most faithful and cherished friend is a negro. If a natural antipathy can be supposed to exist, it dies out under these circumstances. The result is that not only the slaves but the free negroes are better treated in the South than in the North. They occupy positions in the Southern States, which the North, largely abolitionized as it has been in some portions, has not yet learned to tolerate.

For example, there was a corps of free negroes in New Orleans, who joined in the public procession on the 8th of January, to celebrate the defence of the city by General Jackson, in which they took part, in 1815. At Mobile, Alabama, the free coloured young

men formed a favourite company of the Volunteer Fire Brigade, which celebrated its anniversary with great ceremony. Such a Fire Company, officers and men of negro blood, would not be tolerated in any Northern city. In the same beautiful town I was present at an exhibition of an excellent school of young misses of colour, of the lighter shades indeed, and mixed with the Creole, French, and Spanish blood—such a school as could not be found in the whole Northern States. They formed a part of a charming procession through several broad shaded streets, and seemed to enjoy the patronage of the best portion of the citizens.

These prejudices or antipathies of race which exist in the Northern States, wherever slavery does not exist, have broken out again and again into riot and bloodshed. The negroes, clustered in poverty and filth into such places as "Nigger Hill," in Boston, the "Five Points," in New York, and similarly odorous localities in other towns, have been mobbed, outraged, and sometimes assassinated. There were negro riots—that is, riots against negroes, in the early days of anti-slavery agitation. The war has intensified the hatred of race into a terrible ferocity, so that negroes have been mobbed in Cincinnati, massacred in Detroit; while in New York their dwellings were fired, their schools and asylums burnt, and they murdered by scores, hung to lamp-posts in the public streets, and their bodies burnt to ashes.

How shall we account for this strange antipathy—this savage ferocity toward an unfortunate race? It is useless to say that such a feeling is absurd, or that

it is wicked. The people who have it are as good and charitable in many respects as others. The Irish in America have as strong an antipathy to the negro as the Americans, perhaps even a stronger. And it is only free negroes, and free negroes in the North, who are so treated. And why should this feeling exist in Boston and New York, and not in Liverpool and London? In England negroes are soon married to decent seeming white women. Negroes may be met escorting fashionably dressed ladies. White women walk in the streets with their mulatto children. There is scarcely a town in America where such things could be done without exciting violent manifestations of public indignation. The mulattoes in America are the children of black mothers—not otherwise in one case in ten thousand. I never heard of an instance in the South, and of only one or two in the North. The last and vilest thing that can be charged upon the lowest and most abandoned white woman would be having such relations with negroes. There are Abolitionists who advocate amalgamation—who talk of the benefits of mingling the races. When they give their daughters to negroes I shall believe that they are in earnest. When I read that the daughter of Wendell Phillips or Theodore Tilton has a negro for her husband, I shall believe that they are sincere.

There is some reason, good or bad, for this negro-phobia, this antipathy of races. It exists more in the North than in the South, probably for the reasons I have given. It is stronger in women than in men, as shown in the fact that all mulattoes, almost without

exception, have white fathers and black mothers ; and the fact that ninety-nine hundredths of such offspring of whites and blacks are illegitimate, proves also that the antipathy is most readily overcome in the least moral and scrupulous portion of the white population.

It is a question for the physiologist and ethnologist whether this antipathy, so marked and energetic, has not some special use—whether it is not implanted by nature for some wise purpose. There are facts which would seem to point to some such conclusion.

For example, the pure blooded negro enjoys the greatest longevity of any race in America. There are more negroes over a hundred years old than of any other people.

The mulattoes are, on the contrary, the shortest lived race in America.

Up to the age of twenty-five there is little difference in mortality between the white, black, and coloured races. From the age of twenty-five to forty, the deaths of mulattoes are ten to one of whites or blacks ; from forty to fifty-five, fifty to one ; from fifty-five to seventy, one hundred to one.

What are we to infer from these astounding statistics, which I cite from Dr. Nott, of Alabama, one of the most distinguished of American ethnologists ?

The mulattoes or coloured race in America would die out if not recruited from the black and white races. It is in the South, where the black race is almost purely negro, that it has increased since 1800

from a little more than half a million to four millions. On the other hand, all the fugitives who have gone to New England have scarcely kept up the numbers of the coloured population. In 1800 there were 17,317 in the New England States. In 1840 there were 22,633.

The mulatto women, as a rule are weak, and subject to disease. Their children are few and puny. In Boston, where there are more mulattoes, proportionally, than in any American city, their deaths are one in fifteen per annum. In Philadelphia, the deaths of coloured people are to those of the whites as 196 to 100. In the penitentiaries, the proportions are 316 coloured to 100 whites. The excess is among the coloured or mixed race.

It is for this reason that the planters of the South take so much pains to discourage amalgamation. This is why one sees whole fields of jet-black negroes, and a mulatto, out of the large towns, becomes a rare phenomenon. Accustomed to all the shades of amalgamated colour among the debased free coloured populations of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, nothing struck me with more surprise than the startling blackness, and almost uniform purity of negro blood, among the plantations of Alabama. I am aware that a different idea is prevalent in this country, and can be found in the writings of persons who draw upon their imaginations for their facts, but this is the simple truth, notwithstanding. If there were no higher motive, it is the interest of the planters to have a hardy, healthy, long-lived race of negroes, and not a puny,

weakly, short-lived race of a mongrel breed. Observation and experience have taught them to do all in their power to preserve the purity of the race. They try to engage reputable, and always prefer married, men for overseers.

I am positive that there are two mulattoes in New York to one in Alabama in the same negro population. In New Orleans, and other large Southern cities, where there are many free negroes, and a large floating population, there are many coloured persons of the mixed races.

It is to be observed also, that this mortality of the mixed race is greater in the North than in the South, and greater in freedom than in slavery. But this may be readily accounted for. The free person of colour has more opportunities for hurtful indulgence, and also suffers more from poverty and its unhealthy conditions. The slave is cared for and protected. He is saved alike from the pressure of want and the evils of vicious indulgence.

Some years ago the late General Cobb, of Georgia, I believe, wishing to ascertain the effects of negro emancipation upon the coloured population of the North, sent a circular to the governors and other leading men of several States, inquiring into the physical, intellectual, and moral condition of the free negroes in those States. I give the answers he received from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois, States having the largest numbers of free coloured population.

NEW JERSEY.—Their condition is debased; with

few exceptions very poor ; generally indolent, generally ignorant ; far below the whites in intelligence. Immoral ; vicious animal propensities ; drunkenness, theft, and promiscuous sexual intercourse quite common :

PENNSYLVANIA.—I deem the condition of the negro population of this State to be that of a degraded class, much deteriorated by freedom. They are not industrious, not educated. It is remarkable that almost all the decent and respectable negroes we have, have been household slaves in some Southern State. Immoral. I am satisfied, from forty years' attention to the subject, that the removal of the wholesome restraints of slavery, and the absence of the stimulus of coercion to labour in that condition, have materially affected their condition for the worse. They exhibit all the characteristics of an inferior race, to whose personal comfort, happiness, and morality, the supervision, restraint and coercion of a superior race seem absolutely necessary.

INDIANA.—They are not prosperous. We are sending them to Liberia, and intend to get rid of all we have, and not allow another to come into the State. Not educated ; in many instances very immoral.

ILLINOIS.—As a class they are thriftless and idle. Their condition is far inferior to that of the whites. About the towns and cities idle and dissolute, with exceptions. In the rural districts many are industrious and prosperous. Ignorant, thriftless, idle, ignorant, vicious. In towns and cities dissolute, with exceptions.

There is no person who is acquainted with the free negro populations of the Northern States, who can deny that these statements are mainly candid and true. I admit that there are many exceptions. Frederick Douglass is an able and eloquent mulatto, above the average white man in ability, and equal, perhaps, in some respects, to intellects of the first order. But he is half white, and was bred in slavery.

The negro most respected in New York was a slave in St. Domingo. When the revolt and massacre occurred on that island, he saved his mistress from the terrible fate of thousands of women, conveyed her on board a vessel, and brought her to New York, where, working as a hair-dresser, he supported her in the comfort to which she had been accustomed to the day of her death.

I was walking in Broadway one day with the poet Halleck, when he stopped, turned back, took off his hat to, and shook hands with, this negro, then a white-headed old man. After a few words with him, he rejoined me and told me his story. He was a modest, devout, respectable—yes, and venerable old man, who had been faithful to his duties, and who deserved, as he had, the respect and reverence of the noblest and best people in New York. When he died, they attended his funeral, a requiem high mass in the Roman Catholic cathedral. Here was a pure and noble soul under a sable skin, an exception to the slaves in St. Domingo, and no less an exception among the free negroes of New York.

There are many such exceptions to the general character of the free negroes in the Northern States, but they are still exceptions ; and the statements of the Governors of the four States, whose testimony I have cited above, is mainly and substantially true.

CHAPTER XV.

THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

British opinion.—Principle and interest.—Christian slavedealers.—West India Emancipation.—Recognition of property in slaves.—What is done with the liberated negroes.—Apprenticeship.—Illustration from natural history.—The question of forced labour.

I WAS educated in the horror of slavery which began, thirty or forty years ago, to prevail in New England. My opinions were modified by much observation of the condition of free negroes in the North, and of slaves in the South. I love liberty, but I see the necessity of authority and obedience. The slavery question in America is not, however, to be decided upon any abstract grounds, but with reference to the best interests of four millions of negroes and twice that number of the Caucasian race. Of all ways there is a best way, and that is the right way, if one could find it.

British opinion on the question of slavery is very decided, and one might say, somewhat intolerant; but I cannot forget that this opinion is of comparatively recent formation. I cannot forget that it was arrived

at after many years of agitation and effort. Fifty years ago it was not considered in England either immoral or unchristian to hold slaves, and to this day Englishmen have no scruple to buy and sell, eat and wear the products of slave labour, to become the partners in its profits, and, if it be guilty, the participators in its guilt. I cannot learn that Manchester ever bought one pound the less of cotton because it was cultivated by slaves, or that Englishmen were ever willing to pay a higher price for free labour cotton, rice, sugar, or tobacco, than for the same articles grown by slaves.

England was a Christian nation when her merchants were the largest slavedealers in the world, and her Government shared the profits of the slave trade by a direct partnership, or sale of monopolies, as it did from the days of Elizabeth to those of the third George. England was a Christian nation when a large portion of the capital of Liverpool and Bristol was invested in the slave trade; when negroes were bought and sold, assorted and branded on her own soil, and then shipped off to the Spanish, Portuguese, and her own American colonies. The English Government, capital, and commercial policy, planted slavery in America, and English manufactures and commerce have been almost the sole cause of its expansion and growth, because England has afforded the greatest market for the products of slavery.

After an agitation of twenty years England abandoned and prohibited, so far as she could, the slave-trade. She ceased to encourage and protect it; she condemned

what had enriched her own Government and merchants for two centuries, as piracy, and sent a fleet to the Coast of Africa to prevent a trade in which she had herself, only a few years before, been engaged. "As no roads are so rough as those which have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those who have just become saints." It was natural, perhaps, that thousands of Englishmen living on fortunes accumulated in the slave trade, or still making fortunes on the produce of slavery, should denounce slaveholders as thieves, robbers, and pirates—men out of the pale of Christian fellowship or human sympathy; but one cannot help thinking that a tardy and half-way repentance should be accompanied by some small measure of charity.

And when, at last, the English Parliament and nation resolved to abolish slavery in the West India colonies, and paid twenty millions of pounds sterling to the owners of the slaves, what did they really do? They solemnly acknowledged the right of property in man by paying compensation. They did just as they do in taking a man's land for a railway or other public improvement. If the planters of the West Indies were man-stealers, and had no right to hold property in man, why were they paid twenty millions—wrung from the hard labour of free and honest Englishmen? Is it usual to pay thieves for the surrender of stolen property?

Even this measure of questionable justice, and, as some think, of questionable utility, is not carried out in all the provinces of the British empire. There are,

I believe, not less than a million of chattel slaves in British India, with whose condition no one proposes to interfere. There may soon be extensive British provinces in China, where men have been held in slavery from time immemorial.

I am positive that not one Englishman in a hundred knows what becomes of the negroes British philanthropy rescues from the slave-traders on the Coast of Africa. I have asked many "intelligent Englishmen" in after-dinner conversations and elsewhere, but have never found one who could answer me. It is possible that the following extract from a letter, dated Jamestown, St. Helena, Nov. 26, 1860, may help to inform them :—

"On the 8th instant, the barque *Lyra*, said to be American and of New York, arrived at this port in charge of Lieut. Dales, of the British Navy, and had on board on arrival 835 slaves. This vessel was captured by H.B.M. steam gunboat *Ranger*, on the 29th of October last, off the River Congo, and had on board when captured 890 Africans, several of whom, from the crowded state of the vessel, perished on the voyage. The negroes have all been landed at the depôt at Rupert's, described to you in a former letter, and appear to be in a tolerably healthy condition. There were about 200 Africans already in the depôt when the *Lyra* arrived, remains of other captures. About 250 adults will be shipped off to one of the British West India islands by the barque *Clarendon*, now lying at this port, and chartered by the Government for that purpose. The remainder will continue

at the depôt until opportunities occur for their being sent away."

This document bears every mark of authenticity. What is its story? Why, this? The British Government keeps a squadron on the Coast of Africa to capture slavers. But what is done with the slaves? Are they set at liberty? Not at all. Instead of being landed on the African coast near which they are captured, they are sent to St. Helena, once the prison and tomb of Napoleon, and now a depôt of negroes rescued from slavery by British philanthropy. Well, when they are taken to the depôt, what then? They are shipped to the British West Indies, and not sold as slaves, but bound out as apprentices to the planters for a term of years, and then, if alive or identified, or in a condition to claim their rights, set at liberty.

Are these negroes consulted about their destination? Do they consent to their apprenticeship? And in what does this apprenticeship differ from slavery while it lasts? And in what respect is the negro better off than the slave, if he dies before its termination? Is there not even a temptation for the master to get all he can out of his apprentices? Except in the matter of time, are the rights of the negro any more regarded than if he were taken to Cuba or Brazil and sold into slavery?

There is an eagle who hovers over the lakes, watching the fish-hawk, as he in turn watches the fish. The hawk pounces upon a fish, and flies off with it in his claws. The eagle pounces upon the hawk, and makes him drop the fish which the eagle seizes with

a downward swoop, and then sails off to his nest on the crag, and devours. Will the British reader ever pardon me for saying that his war steamers on the Coast of Africa seem to me to play the part of the predatory and piratical eagle, and that it makes very little difference to the poor fish who eats him?

The slavedealer buys his cargo of negroes from the King of Dahomey, who otherwise would cut their heads off in honour of his ancestors. The British take them from the slave-trader, and make prize of his ship and cargo. Then comes the really difficult question of what to do with the poor negroes. To set them ashore would be to ensure their falling again into slavery. The colonies of emancipated Africans on the coast cannot perhaps receive them. They are a horde of savages—lazy, ignorant paupers or thieves in any civilized community. Is there anything better to do than to keep them as they were, and were intended to be, slaves? You keep them so for twenty-one years. Is it sure that at the end of this period their freedom is the best thing for them, and for the community in which you have placed them? And is it sure that the people, or the Parliament, of England are those best qualified to answer that question? The question of slavery really involves the whole great question of the relations of poverty to wealth, labour to land, industry to capital. It is the question of the rich and the poor—Dives and Lazarus, St. Giles and St. James—the aristocracy and the democracy; a question apparently as old as the world, and not likely to be settled to-day or to-morrow.

In a recent session of the British Parliament, that august assemblage of the collective wisdom of the most advanced empire in this world, and possibly in any world, there came up an inquiry into forced labour in Egypt. Certain Fellahs had been made to work. I can well believe that Englishmen were horrified at the mention of such an atrocity, even in the north-west corner of Africa—Englishmen who are never forced to work—who always do as they please—who can be idle as often and as long as they like, and have never felt the compulsion to labour.

In England no one is obliged to work. Slavery is unknown. If a man is likely to starve there stands the poorhouse. He may be invited to break stones or pick oakum—but forced labour! Oh, no! The farm labourer works when it pleases him, and takes a day's holiday when he likes. The operative can always leave his looms to take care of themselves while he goes on a pleasure excursion. The soldier takes a month's furlough, and goes shooting grouse. When the sailor gets tired of the sea, he has nothing to do but walk ashore.

Mr. Trollope informs us that the negro in Jamaica has come into the same happy condition. He squats on the planter's land, eats his yams, breadfruit, and bananas, and works half a day when he takes a fancy to have a shilling. People who paid twenty millions of pounds sterling to place the West India negro in this blessed estate of tropical loafersdom have some right, one would say, to denounce forced labour all over the world.

Compulsion to labour, in any way, by any means, or under any system is a violation of human freedom, the birthright of every Briton, of course, and one which every Briton naturally and philanthropically extends to the rest of mankind. The man who is compelled to work is a slave, so far as slavery consists in the compulsion to labour.

Ought there to be anywhere, and in any manner, such compulsion? Yea or nay?

Mr. Carlyle says the difference between free labour and slave labour is, that one is hired by the day, month, or year, or, as in the case of the apprentice or soldier, for seven or twenty-one years, while the other is hired for life.

Mr. Carlyle declines to tell us how we are to get rid of forced labour.

Can the reader tell how much of the world's work is truly voluntary and unforced? A military conscription is forced labour. Manning ships by the press-gangs, which has been done all round the coasts of England within our memory, and is still legal, and would be resorted to to-morrow if necessary, is about the roughest kind of forced labour. What is taxation but taking the proceeds of labour by force? Even the income tax comes to that, for it falls upon labour at last. Is there any labour, from that of the First Lord of the Treasury to the pauper sitting by his heap of stone, that is not forced, more or less, from the brains or muscles of humanity? The poor Fellahs of Egypt are not alone in the world, by any means, and but for that terrible bugbear, the Suez Canal, would probably

never have been made the subjects of a parliamentary inquiry. It is certain that a military conscription would not have been noticed—but that is the difference between swords and spades, wheelbarrows and artillery.

The compulsion to labour, as a fact, is not objected to, except by Fourierists, who hope to make industry attractive. The only question is about the means. Free labour means work or starve. Slave labour means work or be flogged—hunger or the lash. Freedom certainly has a wider range of choice than slavery. The free man can work, steal, or starve—the poor negro has no such choice; he *must* work, he cannot steal, and he has not the liberty to starve.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMERICAN NEGRO SLAVERY.

The slave-trade.—Increase of slave population.—Slavery in the British West Indies.—Fugitive slave law.—Constitutional compromises.—State rights and responsibilities.—Difficulties of emancipation.—Mutual relations of master and slave.—A case of conscience.—Physical and moral condition of the slave population.

THE history of negro slavery in America has never been fairly written, and is not well understood. The export of negroes to the West Indies was begun by the Spanish Government in 1501. Fifteen years later the trade was carried on by a company of Genoese merchants. In 1562, Sir John Hawkins, an Englishman, having made a successful venture in carrying a cargo of negroes to the West Indies, was joined by Queen Elizabeth, who became a partner in the profits of his subsequent voyages. In 1618 James I. granted a charter to Sir Robert Rich and others, giving them a monopoly of the trade. Another charter was granted by Charles I., 1631, and in 1662 a third company was organized, the Duke of York at its head, which engaged to furnish to the colonies 3000 slaves per annum. In 1672 a fourth company was

organized, the king being one of the shareholders. From 1731 to 1746 this company received £10,000 per annum from Parliament, as a compensation for the losses occasioned by the extension of free trade to this branch of commerce. In 1713 Queen Anne entered into a treaty with the King of Spain to furnish all his colonies with negroes for thirty years, engaging, during that time, to send him at least 144,000. The speech from the throne boasted that her Majesty had secured to Englishmen a new market for slaves. Large numbers of negroes were at this time brought to England, and, in accordance with the precedents of Saxon times, they wore collars marked with the names of their owners. This was during the eighteenth century, when England considered herself an enlightened and eminently Christian nation.

The American colonies up to the period of the revolution had received 300,000 slaves; the States imported some 50,000 more before the final expiration of the slave trade in the United States in 1805; but several of the Southern States abolished it before that period. England passed her "Act for the Abolition of the Slave Trade" after a long agitation, in 1807.

At the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789, Massachusetts was the only one of the original States free from slavery; her negroes had been sold into the other States. On the other hand, Massachusetts fitted out the first slave ship ever sent from America, and it was at her demand that the slave trade continued until 1808. Most of the Middle and Eastern States had a few slaves as late as 1840.

The total numbers of negro slaves in the United States and territories were—

| | |
|-------------------|------------|
| In 1790 | 679,697. |
| „ 1800 | 893,041. |
| „ 1810 | 1,191,364. |
| „ 1820 | 1,538,038. |
| „ 1830 | 2,009,043. |
| „ 1840 | 2,487,455. |
| „ 1840 | 2,487,455. |
| „ 1850 | 3,204,313. |
| „ 1860 | 3,953,587. |

In round numbers there were, at the outbreak of the war of 1861, four millions of slaves.

The number of slaves in the British West Indies, made free in 1834 by Act of Parliament, on the payment of £20,000,000, was 660,000. There had been imported into these islands 1,700,000, and these were all that remained of them and their descendants. Is it not evident from the above table of the increase of the numbers of slaves in America, that slavery in that country is a very different thing from slavery in the British West Indies? It may also be observed that while the slaves in the Southern States of America have increased in this remarkable manner, the free negroes in the Northern States have very little increased, and in some places diminished in numbers.

Slavery in the American Colonies existed under British rule and British law. Slaves were property in England and all her colonies. When the thirteen colonies were acknowledged by George III., each by

its name, as sovereign and independent States, they retained their own domestic institutions, and generally the laws under which they had lived. Each State regulated its own internal affairs.

When the Federal Constitution was framed, every State but one of the original thirteen still held slaves, and the legality of slavery was not called in question. Washington, Jefferson, Madison — nearly all the founders of the Federal Union—were slaveholders. Many of them considered slavery an evil, but they did not see how it could be abolished. Washington was an eminently just and good man, but he could not see the benefit of turning his negroes out upon the road to beg or starve—to find work where they could, or become paupers when they could not get work or were sick or disabled. He was not, to this extent, a philanthropist. There is little doubt that both Washington and Jefferson, from their well-known sentiments upon the subject, would both have manumitted their slaves, if they had seen any way to do it, so as to improve their condition. Some less wise have tried the experiment, and always with disastrous consequences.

From a common interest, the clause of the Constitution which provides for the return of fugitives from one State to another, was adopted by common consent. It applies to apprentices and all persons held to service, as well as slaves. The fugitive slave law, so freely denounced in England, was considered by the framers of the constitution as only a measure of simple

justice and comity between neighbouring States, and existed in New England before the revolution.

In fixing upon population as the basis of congressional representation, the Northern States, in which there were but few slaves, wished to exclude them from the census. The Southerners insisted that, though not entitled to vote, slaves should still be reckoned as a part of the population, and be represented in Congress. Put Northern free white citizens on the same footing as negro slaves? Never! With such a disagreement, it was necessary to make a compromise, and it was agreed that five negroes should count as three citizens. By this arrangement the Southern States, which wished their slaves to be counted as men, lost a portion of their claim to equal representation, while the Northern, which wished to reckon them only as chattels, gained in political power. By the compromise, each negro was held to be three-fifths of a man, and was represented in Congress accordingly.

It should be borne in mind that the people of the state of South Carolina never had any power over the laws or institutions of the state of New Hampshire; nor had New Hampshire any right to settle the social condition of the people of South Carolina. Each State has its own Constitution, Governor, Legislature, and the entire control of its own internal affairs, even to the power of trial and execution for high treason against its own Government—in a word, all the attributes of sovereignty. When the Federal Government was established, certain of these functions, as intercourse

with foreign powers, common defence, coinage of money, the carrying of mails, and regulation of commerce, were delegated to the Federal Congress. But Congress never had the power to interfere with the institution of slavery in any State of the Union. It cannot suspend or over-ride the law of any State. The President has no power, under the constitution, to interfere with the operation of any constitutional State law. He cannot pardon a criminal condemned by the laws of a State. His duties are clearly defined, and if, under any pretext, he passes beyond them, he becomes a usurper.

If slavery existed in but one out of the thirty-four States, and that the smallest of the number, it would not be the right, nor constitutionally in the power, of all the other States, nor of the Federal Congress, to interfere with it in that State. The other States are in no way responsible for it, any more than they would be for the passage of a law of divorce, or one authorizing polygamy, or the licensing of lotteries, or any State law whatever. Each State passes its own laws, and what is a crime in one may be, legally, no crime whatever in another. Illinois and Indiana may banish free negroes from their territories, Texas may reduce them to slavery. No other state can interfere, any more than England can interfere with the internal regulations of Austria or Turkey. And Congress cannot exercise any powers but those which the States possessed, and could delegate to the Federal Government.

If England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were four

sovereign and independent kingdoms, each with its own monarch, parliament, and laws, but united, like the States of the German Federation, with a Federal Congress to provide for the common defence, England could not interfere with the religion or social institutions of one of the other powers.

Whatever the character of the institution of slavery, then, it is certain that its entire responsibility rests upon the individual States that maintain it. The Federal Government, the Union, and the non-slaveholding States, have no more responsibility about it than England has for the institutions of countries with which she holds alliance, or to which she is bound by treaty stipulations.

The State of Massachusetts could introduce slavery into that State to-morrow, if a majority of the people willed it, in spite of all the other states, and of the Federal Government.

So much in justice to the Federal Government, and the people of the Northern States, who have been condemned for upholding slavery. This institution being established, and having come down as an inheritance for two centuries from our British ancestors, there are, it must be admitted, some difficulties in the way of its removal. If the British method of compensation, which admits the right or the fact of property in the slave as much as the laws of Alabama admit it, were adopted the cost would be overwhelming. Four millions of slaves, at the average price of £100 each, would come to £400,000,000. Who is to pay this vast sum? With what justice could it be

levied upon the people of States who never had any connexion with slavery? And how could the measure be forced upon the people of States who had no wish for it? It would be a violation of every principle of the Federal and State constitutions. The Republican party never pretended to the advocacy of such a measure. Even Mr. Lincoln has never pretended that it could be forced upon the States. And suppose it could be done, and were done; what then? The day it took effect there would be four millions of paupers to provide for. Mr. Lincoln wishes to ship them off to Africa, to the dominions of the King of Dahomey, or to Central America, where he can find no power willing to receive them. Ten thousand large ships would carry them, at a cost of twenty millions of pounds sterling; but wherever they were carried they must be supported. The scheme is huge and impracticable.

But keep them where they are, it is said. Let them work for wages. What if they will not work? Then make them work. That is merely a return to slavery. If made to work they must have overseers, and these must have the power to compel obedience, which is just what they have at present.

And what would the philanthropist do with the aged, the sick, the incorrigibly lazy, and the vicious? Workhouses and prisons. The people of the South manage to get along with very few of either. I cannot see that the system which emancipation would introduce would be, on the whole, much better for either

the negro or the white, than the one which has grown out of the necessities of both.

The negro is made to work, but not more, as a rule, than is good for him. English labourers work more hours and much harder. The regular increase of the slave population proves that they have not been very hardly treated. Most of their work is light and pleasant. The hardest and most dangerous work in the south-west is performed by Irish and German labourers, who are hired to save the negroes. The dykes are built, and the ditches dug by Irishmen, while the negroes are picking cotton.

A planter wished a negro to saw off the limb of a high tree, which seemed in danger of falling. "'Pose, massa, you hire Irishman to do dat 'ere job.'" "Why so, Pete? Why should I hire an Irishman when you can do it?" "Why, massa, if dis nigger falls and breaks his neck, you lose fifteen hundred dollars; but you give Irishman a dollar, and if he break his neck 'taint nothin' to nobody."

That is the negro logic. The slave has cost a certain sum of money to bring up from infancy. The master has either been at this expense, or he has paid some one who has—paying a certain cost and assuming certain obligations. For his labour the negro receives this care in infancy, care in sickness, food, clothing, the comforts he requires, the enjoyments of which he is capable, and the assurance of a provision for his old age—not in a poor-house—but among his friends and companions.

The master—the owner of the negro—is probably a better guardian and overseer to him, and takes better care of him, than any indifferent person might be expected to, whom the Government should appoint. The master has been born and brought up among his slaves. Slaves nursed him in his infancy, slaves were the playmates of his childhood. He knows them thoroughly, and they know him. He has none of that colour-phobia, that horror of a black man because he is black, which prevails in the Northern States. He has eaten and drunk with his negroes, and lives with them in well-defined relations, which, as a rule, are satisfactory to both. The negro has a pride and dignity in belonging to a wealthy and honoured master. It is much the same pride that used to belong to the retainers of a noble house. Does any one doubt that the slaves of Washington, or their descendants, who now belong to General Lee, were and are proud of their position?

The relations of master and slave are far more intimate and mutual than are usually those of employer and employed. They do not end when the work is done and the wages are paid. The slave belongs to his master; but the master also belongs to the slave. The master is really owned by his negroes, who have not only a customary, but a legal claim upon him and his property to the last dollar. He cannot rid himself of these obligations. He cannot throw them off. An employer, when work is slack, can discharge his hands, to find work elsewhere, or go to the

poor-house or starve. Not so the Southern master. He must provide food and shelter for his negroes, if he has to mortgage his last acre to do it. But he can sell them? Yes, if he must bear so great a calamity; as an Englishman, hopelessly involved, must sell his estate. But what is that sale, in either case, but the transfer of his obligations to some other person, who steps into his place, and enters into similar relations?

I have no wish to maintain that the four millions of negroes in the Southern States of America are in the best possible condition. I will not assert that human ingenuity might not provide a better one than Providence for the present seems to have appointed. But I seriously doubt whether any change yet proposed for them might not be for the worse. I am "free to confess" that if I had even a hundred negroes thrown suddenly upon my hands, on a Southern plantation, I should hesitate to make any rash change in their condition.

What could I do? Their claims upon me are clear and definite. I am responsible for their industry, their morals, and their support, not for a year, but as long as they live. They have cost, and represent, twenty thousand pounds capital. If I sell them, I only shirk and transfer my responsibilities. If I set them free—if I say, "go and shift for yourselves," I do much the same as to turn a shop-full of canaries loose in Regent's Park. I very certainly manufacture a certain number of paupers, vagrants, and thieves. Say, I send them North. I have seen too much of

the condition of free negroes there, and the manner in which they are treated, to believe I should be doing them a kindness. I have little faith in Liberia, or any negro colony.

Wise and good men in the Southern States have thought of all these things—as conscientious and Christian men; and many of them have tried experiments. The result of all has been, that the negro is a pupil of civilization, not very far advanced. He is vastly superior to the condition of brutal and disgusting savagism in Africa from which he has been rescued. He has been to a certain extent civilized and Christianized. This process is going on, on an immense scale, over a large surface, and under favourable conditions—perhaps not the most favourable that could be, but certainly the most favourable that have been or are.

Taking the native of Africa, in Dahomey or Ashantee, or the regions described by M. Du Chaillu, let us see to what condition he has come in the Southern American States. It is just possible that we may discover providential uses in what Englishmen a few years ago found a very profitable trade, and in the products of which they continue to profit without any agonizing scruples.

What is the actual condition of the four millions of negro slaves in America? It is claimed by those who know it best, that it is superior in physical comfort, and freedom from anxiety and suffering, to that of any four millions of labouring population in

the world. That they have sufficient food, clothing, and shelter,—enough and even an abundance of the necessaries of life, can hardly be questioned. They are, on an average, better off in these respects than the agricultural labourers of Great Britain. Their cottages, or quarters, are neat and comfortable; their ordinary clothing sufficient, their holiday apparel often gay and even extravagant; their daily rations of bread and meat abundant, which are supplemented by vegetables from their master's garden, or their own, and by eggs, poultry, and game. House servants live as well as their masters and mistresses, and field hands have gardens which they can cultivate. They have money to save or spend. The negro seldom works too hard through the day to enjoy a dance at night, unless he prefers to attend a prayer-meeting.

The Southern people are eminently religious, and their negroes follow their example. I doubt if there are half as many church members, or communicants, of all religious denominations, among the labouring people of England, as among the same number of negro slaves in America. The Protestant missions of the past century over the whole world cannot count a quarter as many converts as the slave church members of the Southern States of America. They are chiefly Baptists and Methodists, though there are also considerable numbers of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics.

I cannot give the religious statistics of the Southern

States, but the last return of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to which I have access, gives the following figures :—

| | White members. | Coloured members. |
|------------------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| Mississippi | 15,591 | 12,684 |
| Louisiana | 7,761 | 5,834 |
| South Carolina | 34,351 | 42,469 |
| Georgia | 46,652 | 22,339 |
| Alabama | 36,985 | 21,856 |
| Florida | 8,745 | 6,589 |

Here are six States, and not the largest, which give an aggregate of over 111,000 negro church members of one religious denomination. Allowing proportional numbers in other States, and to other denominations, and the aggregate will be very large, reaching to at least half a million, and will show that there must be a powerful and pervading religious influence over the whole negro population.

The Northern Abolitionist churches have withdrawn Christian fellowship from the churches of the South, and entered zealously into a crusade for the extermination of the Southern people. English Abolitionists, whose incomes are derived from the Slave Trade or from slavery, are inclined to deny that American slaveholders can be Christians; but the character of the late General "Stonewall" Jackson was by no means a rare one in the Southern army or among the Southern people. Nearly all the Southern leaders, as Davis, Lee, Beauregard, General Bishop Polk, and many others, are men of a deeply religious character. A day of fasting and prayer in the South

is not the gay holiday that it is in New York. The Southerners are a conscientious, religious, praying people. They have more activity of feeling and sentiment than of intellect, more faith than philosophy. They are generous, brave, impulsive, affectionate, earnest, zealous, and have the virtues as well as the faults of such a character.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW SOUTHERNERS DEFEND SLAVERY.

Change in Southern opinion.—Slavery and the Bible.—Evils and wrongs. — Liberty. — Education. — Compulsory labour. — Abuses of power.—Separation of families.—Breeding negroes for profit.—Selling one's own offspring into slavery.—Lynch law.—Treating human beings like cattle.

THIRTY or forty years ago it was common for Southerners to speak of slavery as an evil and a wrong to the negro race. Southerners formed Emancipation and Colonization Societies. They have almost universally changed their opinions in this respect, and have come to view slavery as a providential institution, not free from evils, needing reforms, but producing essentially the best practicable condition for both races. They believe that the negroes were brought from Africa that they might be civilized and Christianized, and that they might also cultivate the inter-tropical regions. They do not concern themselves about the ultimate destiny of the negro race in America; but they are satisfied that a condition of servitude, compulsory industry, and moral restraint, is necessary to make the best of his actual condition. They see no

way in which he could receive the necessary care and oversight so economically, and so effectually, as by the present system of individual ownership, which is, in fact, the same system as that adopted by the British Government in its own colonies, though nominally only for a limited period.

The British public was shocked, a few months ago, by learning that the bishops of the Episcopal Church in the Confederate States defended slavery on Scriptural grounds. Englishmen, who are old enough, can remember that it was defended in the same manner from the bench of bishops in the House of Lords.

I have not read the defence of the Southern bishops, but the argument of Southerners, who believe the Bible in a literal and old-fashioned way, is simple enough. They may not be very adroit theologians, but I have no doubt that they are honest ones.

When the Southern slaveholder reads some Northern or English sermon, tract, or newspaper article, calling him a man-stealer, a thief, and condemning him for the sin of slavery, he naturally goes to the only authority he recognises besides the laws of his country—the Holy Scriptures. He has never read the writings of Thomas Paine, or of Bishop Colenso, and takes the Bible, Old Testament and New, to be the Word of God. Opening at Genesis, which he supposes to have been written by Moses, he reads:—

“Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.”

“And Abram had sheep, and oxen, and he-asses,

and man-servants, and maid-servants, and she-asses, and camels."

"And when Abram heard that his brother was taken captive, he armed his trained servants, born in his own house, three hundred and eighteen, and pursued them unto Dan."

The Southerner never calls his negroes slaves, but servants, or people. He reads that Abram's servants, reckoned in between the he-asses and she-asses, were born in his house, or bought with his money, like his own. As to the return of fugitive slaves, he finds the first case on record to be that in which the angel of the Lord sent back Hagar, the slave of Sarai, Abram's wife, to her mistress, saying:—

"Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hand."

"And Abraham took Ishmael his son, and all that were born in his house, and all that were bought with his money . . . bought with money of the stranger."

"And Abimelech took sheep and oxen, and men-servants and maid-servants, and gave them unto Abraham."

"And the LORD hath blessed my master [Abraham] greatly, and hath given him flocks and herds and silver and gold, and men-servants and maid-servants, and camels and asses."

"For he [Isaac] had possession of flocks, and possession of herds, and great store of servants; and the Philistines envied him."

In his mind, the Southerner makes a slight erratum, and for *Philistines* reads *Yankees*.

So, reading devoutly through the Book of Genesis, he finds that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, patriarchs of the chosen people were by the blessing of God slaveholders like himself, and envied by the Philistines.

Then he comes to Exodus, which he reads without a multiplication table, and knowing how men-servants and maid-servants increase and multiply. He reads :

“ But every man’s servant that is bought for money, when thou hast circumcised him then shall he eat thereof [the Passover]. A foreigner and a hired servant shall not eat thereof.”

And he fancies that his converted and baptized slave may be better off than the hired labourers and foreigners, Irish and Germans, of the Yankee States.

“ Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s wife, nor his manservant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour’s.”

Here he thinks he finds the highest sanction given to the undisturbed possession of his property, and wonders if Abolitionists ever read the Bible, or have any regard to the Ten Commandments, and rather thinks they have not. So he goes on to the next chapter, and reads :

“ And if the servant [refusing to be emancipated] shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children ; I will not go out free. Then his master shall take him unto the judges ; he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door-post ; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl ; and he shall serve him for ever.”

“ And if a man smite his servant or his maid with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall surely be punished. Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two he shall not be punished, for he is his money.”

The loss of which, in such a case, was considered a sufficient punishment—a scriptural sanction to the theory that the interest of the master is generally a protection to the slave. So he reads on to Leviticus, chapter xxv. where he finds more express regulations of this very ancient institution :

“ And the Lord spake unto Moses in Mount Sinai, saying Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about ye ; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land ; and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession ; **THEY SHALL BE YOUR BONDMEN FOR EVER.**”

This seems very clear and distinct to him, coming out from the thunders of Sinai. Who are the heathen round about but these poor benighted Africans—so wretched in Dahomey, liable to have their heads chopped off any day at the caprice of a despotic and superstitious king, but now, by God’s Providence, shouting and singing and praying at Methodist camp-meetings, raising cotton for Manchester, well cared for, and in a fair way to get to heaven at last? Do

those stupid Abolitionists ever read their Bibles? He has heard that they are all infidels, and he begins to think it must be true.

So he reads his Bible devoutly, the Old Testament and the New, in which latter he reads :

“Servants obey your masters.”

“Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear ; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward.”

“Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed.”

This he understands to be good scripture and sound doctrine ; he wonders that anybody who professes to be a Christian can see it otherwise, and he is glad that St. Paul sent Onesimus back to his master.

The actual evils and the wrongs of slavery are as apparent to the slaveholder as they are to the Abolitionist. He hopes to remedy them. He comforts himself with the idea that all human institutions are imperfect, and that there are evils in every state of society. He admits that two wrongs do not make a right ; but he says, “Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone.”

Poverty is an evil. Pauperism is an evil. It is hard that the land of a country should be held by a few proprietors, while millions of people are dependent upon the chance of work and wages, or poor-law relief. It was hard that thousands of people in Ireland should die of starvation, and millions be driven into exile. It is hard for 18,000,000 of the people of the British

Islands to live on an average of three shillings per head per week, while a million are in the receipt of public charity, and while these lower millions pay taxes to the amount of twenty millions of pounds sterling; and when their labour, in fact, pays all incomes and all taxes.

“But liberty, my dear sir, the glorious boon of freedom?” says the free-born Briton, willing to argue the matter.

“Very good for those who know how to use without abusing it,” replies the planter. “Liberty to the great mass of the negroes, in their present state of mental and moral development, would be liberty to be lazy, to get drunk, to become thieves and prostitutes. They are better off without it. We do not want to fill our country with prisons and poor-houses. Good masters and overseers, plenty of work and good treatment are better.”

“But you should educate them for freedom in the future.”

“Perhaps we do. We train them to habits of industry, temperance, and religion. Every house and every plantation is a school. Our servants pick up lots of information around their master’s tables from conversation, and in attending political meetings. Then they have a heap of preaching. I’d like to make a small bet that my boys know as much of politics and Scripture as an average lot of English agricultural labourers.”

“But still they are slaves. They work from com-

pulsion. They cannot choose their place or employment, and are liable to severe punishments."

"True. But are not the poor compelled to labour everywhere? Have they a much better choice, or is such a choice necessarily best for them? What freedom is there for a soldier or a sailor? Are not both liable to be flogged? and are they not sometimes flogged with great cruelty? I am told that in England and the North men sometimes beat their wives, children, and apprentices. How much freedom have these?"

"But you will acknowledge that arbitrary and irresponsible power is always likely to be abused."

"Yes. The power of the husband over the wife, the parent over the child, the master over the apprentice, the officer over the soldier, the shipmaster over the sailor; yes, all may abuse their power, and so may the master abuse his power over his negro. And there are the same remedies, the law, public opinion, interest, and conscience. True, there may be cases where none of these are effectual. A man who abuses his negroes, or stints them in their food, may be punished by law. He is despised by all his neighbours. It is against his interest, for they will get sulky and run away perhaps; and if he is a decent man he wont do it. And as a matter of fact, if I can believe what I read in the newspapers, there are more wives beaten and killed by their husbands in New York or London, more children cruelly ill treated by their parents, more sailors knocked about, abused, and flogged at sea, and soldiers more cruelly beaten, than

negroes treated with cruelty in the whole Southern States."

"But how can you justify the separation of husbands from wives and parents from children, and selling human creatures like cattle?"

"Such separations are very rare, and in most of the States are forbidden by law. A Southerner never sells a negro if he can help it. Every one wants to own as many as he can. Wives and husbands are separated more or less everywhere. The divorce courts are full of business, and I see frequent cases of elopement and desertion. In England, I am told, husbands and wives are not allowed to live together, if they are too poor to get their living, and their children are put out as apprentices, which is a limited servitude. When negroes, from the death of their masters, or some misfortune, are obliged to be sold, they are always sold in families, unless separated at their own request. The fact is that we have done a good deal to civilize and Christianize our servants, but they have not acquired the same respect for the marriage institution that exists among the whites. But it is for our interest that they should be married, and live together like Christians. They are more easily governed, and have more children. It is our interest that they should be healthy, temperate, moral, and religious, and that they should increase and multiply—interest and duty go hand in hand."

"But do you think it right to breed negroes to sell and make a profit on them?"

“ No ; and I never heard of a man mean enough to do it, unless it were some Yankee. The Southern States have laws, prohibiting negroes from being brought into them for purposes of sale. They can only be brought by their masters, who come to settle. The negroes increase regularly and naturally, and a man who sells a slave is blamed if he could help it, and pitied if he couldn't. If a house servant misbehaves himself, he is sometimes sold to work on a plantation. A person who takes a slave into Louisiana with intent to sell, or hire him out, is liable to a fine of one thousand dollars and forfeiture of the slave ; and there are similar laws in the other States.”

“ But it is charged that men have sold their own offspring into slavery.”

“ I will not swear that such a thing never happened—even to a beautiful white girl in England ; but every Southerner knows that we like the pure African breed best ; and that a white man, known to have children by his negroes, would not stand very well with his neighbours. Such things, if they occur at all, are like the crimes and scandals of every society I ever heard of. I knew a man in Mississippi that lived with one of his negro women and had a family of children by her ; but he did not treat them as servants, nor sell them. After a while he wanted to get married to a white woman, and he bought his mulatto family a farm in Ohio, and sent them there, well provided, and with free papers, to live upon it. It was a hard case,

but I suppose he did the best he could under the circumstances."

"Negroes have been burnt alive. You cannot justify such a horror."

"No. There is no law for such a proceeding, except Lynch law, and in the few cases in which it has been done, it was to punish a negro for an outrage upon a white woman—the same punishment that was formerly inflicted in England upon heretics and witches. I do not justify it in any case. It has always been the work of a lawless mob, excited by some terrible outrage. It is a cruel punishment; but one that hundreds of poor white women have brought upon themselves by no worse offence than wearing crinoline!"

"But how can you, in any case, justify buying and selling human beings like cattle?"

"Well, I might say that the Almighty had commanded, or if you please, permitted it to His chosen people, and that he could not have authorized a practice essentially sinful or immoral. I might ask you to point out to me where it had ever been forbidden. I might say that you English, Government and people, had bought and sold negroes and held them as slaves for two centuries, when you were, perhaps, just as good Christians as you are to-day. The fact is, however, that slavery does not involve any property in the body or the soul of a man, but only a certain claim to his service or labour; and it is not the human being that is sold, but this claim which is transferred, with all the responsibilities of a mutual

relation, which is of great antiquity and of high authority. These relations, a few years ago, were universal. They still exist, more or less modified, in all societies. The sale of an English estate carries with it in fact, if not in law, the transfer of tenants and labourers. The capitalist who buys a cotton-mill, enters by that purchase into certain relations to the families of the operatives clustered around it."

What can be done for men who reason in this way—men who quote Scripture in justification of slavery, and bring up the evils and wrongs of freedom, as an excuse for an institution which Northern and British philanthropists have got rid of, and therefore have a right to condemn?

CHAPTER XVIII.

SLAVERY AS I HAVE SEEN IT.

The bright and dark sides.—A negro bookseller.—Confidential clerk.—A trusty servant.—Negro children.—Exceptions.—Household servants.—Plantation negroes.—Northern converts to slavery.—Slaves of small proprietors.—Slavery in towns.—Police regulations.—Interests of masters.—Stories of abuses and cruelties.

It is time, perhaps, that I should give some further personal testimony in respect to slavery. Hitherto I have dealt mostly in generalities. The Northerner, or European traveller, who visits the South, may be expected to see only the bright side. Those who have never been to the South at all, on the other hand, give us plenty of imaginary pictures of the dark side. I will try to do justice to both. I have seen slavery in cities and on plantations, and have had, I think, more than passing glimpses.

In New Orleans I made the acquaintance of a bookseller, whose principal assistant was his slave. He knew all the current literature, and was one of the most active and polite of "assistants." A bit of a dandy too. There was a diamond ring on his black

finger, and gold studs in his faultless shirt-front. It was delightful to see him wait upon the ladies; so pleasant, so attentive, and so respectful. He never, for an instant, seemed to forget his position. I never knew him to deserve or receive a harsh word from any one, or saw any sign of discontent with his condition. On Sunday morning he took his promenade on the shady side of Canal-street, with a young coloured lady, in a gorgeous changeable silk dress, blue bonnet, and pink parasol. In the evening he had his stall at the Opera, in the portion of the house devoted to ladies and gentlemen of colour, and into which no common white trash was allowed to intrude.

One morning, as I was sitting in the editorial office of the New Orleans *Picayune*, conversing with Mr. Kendall, the editor, a tall, fine-looking young negro of about five-and-twenty came in, very neatly dressed, and very smart in his appearance. He spoke a few moments to the editor, and went away.

"That man," said Mr. Kendall, "is a slave, and the head clerk and confidential business man of one of the largest cotton houses in New Orleans."

"He must be very valuable to them," I said.

"They would not take ten thousand dollars for him—for that matter, no money would buy him. Of course such a fellow as that could get his liberty any time he chose to take it; but he knows when he is well off. He could not have the same position in New York, nor be half so much respected as here. There, he might be a barber, or a whitewasher, or keep an oyster cellar. Here, he is in a first-rate

mercantile position, lives in a pretty cottage, has a wife and family, and everything he can desire."

Perhaps not everything—but few of us have.

In Memphis I knew a negro slave who was entrusted to open and close, and have the chief care of his master's jewellery store, with a stock of some 15,000*l.* value. He worked in the garden and about the house during the day, and slept in the "store" at night—a solid, good, religious negro, who needed no overseer and was trusted with untold gold. He could have escaped at any time, with enough diamonds in his pocket to have made him comfortable for life; but he knew also when he was well off.

Visiting at a country villa near the same pretty town one day, two little children, who were learning the duties of house servants, were called in at night-fall by their mistress to say their prayers. They knelt down on the carpet before her, with their droll black faces and white eyeballs—and a fair little girl with blue eyes and golden hair came and knelt down between them, and said the Creed, the Our Father, and their other evening devotions.

But these, the reader will say, were exceptional cases. Undoubtedly; and most of the really well off and happy people I have seen in this world were also exceptional cases. The great mass of the four millions of slaves in America are like the great mass of the working population in all countries. The Southerners boast that they are, on the whole, the best fed, best cared for, and the happiest. What they may come to in the future, is very hard to predict. We can only

compare their actual condition with that of the negro race in Africa, and with that of the free negroes in the Northern States, Canada, and the West Indies. They are, so far as I can learn, worse off in Canada than in the Northern United States, on account of the severity of the climate. According to the testimony of Mr. Anthony Trollope, their condition in the West Indies does not promise much for progress and civilization.

The actual condition of the slave population of the Southern States in America can best be understood by a brief analysis. They may be divided into four classes. Household servants, plantation hands, servants of small proprietors, and artisans, &c., in towns.

The condition of household servants, working as cooks, chambermaids, waiters, laundresses, coachmen, gardeners, &c., differs but little from that of persons hired in the same capacities; only that they cannot give notice to quit, nor be discharged. Their condition partakes of that of children, dependants, and servants. They live as well as their masters and mistresses, and generally dress better. They are proud of belonging to old, wealthy, and distinguished families. They have more of a property in the families they serve than hired servants can have. "Do you belong to the Wades?" some one asked of a negro cook. "Yes, sar," was the answer; "I belongs to them and they belongs to me." The ownership is mutual.

As a rule, house servants are much oftener injured by indulgence than hurt by cruelty. Their work is light; they have many holidays; their comforts, present and future, are assured. What is to hinder

their gaiety and enjoyment. In thousands of cases they have their own way, and really govern the establishment. An old confidential negro servant gives his advice to his master more freely than a hired man would ever think of doing. If his master is old, they played as boys together. If young, the negro carried his master as a baby in his arms. It is certain that the tenderest relations may and do exist between a white family and the negro servants, "born in the house." If there is a birth or a wedding, all rejoice together; in a funeral, all mourn.

The house servants pick up an education. Many of them can read and write. Their imitative faculties are strong, and their manners are a slight exaggeration of those of their masters and mistresses.

The negroes on a large plantation, engaged in cultivating cotton, rice, sugar, or tobacco, work harder, of course, than domestic servants. There are seasons when the work is heavy, and they must work long hours. There is of necessity something of the order and discipline of military service. But there is also the stimulus of combined movement. "Many hands make light work." In the cotton field there will be a dozen mule-teams ploughing. One woman holds the plough, and another drives. The men do the heavier work of the hoe, in gangs of twelve or twenty. The work is not very hard, songs lighten the labour, and they are not too tired for a dance at night. When the cotton comes up, it is weeded with plough and hoe. By midsummer the picking begins. Women and men walk between the rows with bags hanging

to their necks, picking right and left. The overseer, mounted on his horse or mule, rides from field to field, directing the labour. He has a whip, but I never saw him do more than crack it. Fifty or a hundred negroes have also whips or hoes. I leave the reader to judge what would be the consequence if an overseer rode over a plantation, flogging the negroes right and left without rhyme or reason.

A large plantation has its hospital for the sick; there is light work for the old; a physician on the place, or in the neighbourhood, has the direction of sanitary conditions, and two or three planters often unite to hire a chaplain for their estates, whose ministrations are attended by both whites and negroes. The last time I went down the Mississippi, one of my fellow-passengers was an episcopal clergyman from the North, who was going to fill such a post in Mississippi, while his daughter was to take the place of governess on one of the plantations. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Northern clergymen and Northern ladies filling such situations in the Southern States. The ladies generally marry at the South, and, so far as I have known, find no difficulty in becoming thoroughly reconciled to its institutions. Indeed, the Englishman or the Northerner, who has heard or read the abuse of the South for years, unless he is irrevocably committed to a theory, or has some special interest in its advocacy, is so strongly impressed with the falsity and injustice of his former notions, that he is liable to go to the other extreme; and as the new convert who has

just "gone over to Rome" is liable to become "more catholic than the Pope," so the Northern or English convert to Southern principles is very likely to go farther in defence of Southern institutions than the Southerners themselves, who are very frank in admitting the existence of evils, and very willing, when not pressed too insultingly from without, to look for remedies.

The slaves of small proprietors, planters making a beginning, having but one, two, or three negroes, probably fare the hardest, and do the most work; but, on the other hand, they have certain advantages. They live with the family upon more equal terms. Master and man work together. They fare alike. They deaden timber, cut wood, plant corn and cotton, fish, and hunt in company. When they have raised cotton enough to buy another hand, he is company for the rest. Then they work on raising more cotton to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton, to buy more negroes, and so on, until there is a large plantation.

In the towns, negroes are employed in various handicrafts. In Richmond they work, or did work before the war, by hundreds in the tobacco factories, assorting, curing, and packing tobacco. In one of these, visited by Mr. Bryant, of the *New York Evening Post*, they were nearly all church members, who made the building resound with singing religious hymns. Slaves are employed in mines and factories. In New Orleans they work in cotton presses, and in lading and unlading ships and steamers. Often, walking

along the levee, have I heard the roaring negro chorus as they lowered hogsheads of sugar or bales of cotton into the vessels. These town negroes are the most independent of all. Many of them hire their time—that is, pay their masters so much a month, and live on the overplus of their wages. Their masters, however, are responsible for their good conduct, and for their support.

In a sparse population, with no military, no police, few magistrates, prisons, or poorhouses, it is necessary that each planter should be the military and civil chief and magistrate of his estate. His position is much like that of a Scottish chieftain, an Arab sheik, the captain of a ship, or the commander of a military expedition. It is his business to keep order and administer justice on his estate. In England, a man who steals is sent to prison, or penal servitude; the negro gets a few lashes.

It is the direct interest of every master that his negroes should be strong and healthy, and this interest, aside from all motives of humanity and religion, would lead him to provide them with the best sanitary conditions. It is his interest, also, that his negroes should be temperate, honest, moral, and religious. Say that he had no higher motive than the love of money, simple self-interest, and was regardless of the opinions of the society around him, he would still, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, attend to the physical and moral well-being of his negroes. That these low motives of self-interest generally prevail, is shown by the great increase of the slave

population. But I know that higher motives are not wanting, and that thousands of masters conscientiously do the best they can for those whom Providence, as they believe, has entrusted to their care.

I am by no means unmindful of what has been written on the wrongs and sufferings of slavery. I have read the greater part of it. I have no disposition to deny a word of it that is true. Still, I have given a truthful account of my own observations, and I believe that I can match every outrage truly attributed to slavery from the police reports and parliamentary commissions of the most humane and civilized of nations in the same period.

As an example of the sort of stories about American slavery the people of this country are expected to believe, I copy the following one from Notes to Hildreth's "White Slave," prepared by Frederick Rowland Young, Esq., and published in London by C. H. Clarke.

"The Rev. William Dickey, a man of undoubted veracity, who was well acquainted with the circumstances which he describes, thus writes:—'In the county of Livingston, Kentucky, near the mouth of the Cumberland, lived Lilburn Lewis, a sister's son of the venerable Jefferson. One of his negroes ran away, and afterwards broke a pitcher. The master collected all his slaves into the most roomy negro-house, and had a rousing fire made. The door was fastened. He called up George, the runaway, bound him with cords, and, with the assistance of his younger brother, laid him on a board, bench, or meat block. He

now proceeded to chop off George by the ankles! It was with the broad axe! In vain did the unhappy victim scream and roar! He was completely in his master's power. Not a hand amongst so many durst interfere. Casting the feet into the fire, he lectured them at some length. He chopped him off below the knees! George, roaring out, prayed his master to BEGIN AT THE OTHER END. He admonished them again, throwing the legs into the fire! Then above the knees, tossing the joints into the fire! He again lectured them at leisure. The next stroke severed the thighs from the body, and so cut off the arms, head and trunk, until all was in the fire! still protracting the intervals with lectures, and threatenings of like punishment in case of disobedience or running away, or disclosure of this tragedy. It took till two hours after midnight to consume the body, when a sudden and surprising shock of earthquake overthrew the back wall, which completely covered the fire and the remains of George.” “This,” says the Rev. Mr. Dickey, “put an end to the amusements of the evening.”

It is by the circulation of such stories as this, with pictures to match, that British Christians bear false witness against their neighbour. There is falsehood and absurdity in every line. Where are negro houses large enough for such an exhibition? Where the convenient meat blocks? Where the negro without arteries, who would refrain from bleeding to death with both his legs cut off with a broad axe, while his master lectured his fellow-slaves? Englishmen believe in the cruel master, the cowardly negroes, the arteries

that will not bleed, and the convenient earthquake which does not hurt the master, but only covers up the ashes of poor George.

The Reverend Professor Kingsley tells us of a certain country where "flap-doodle" grows wild, and the people sit under the trees with open mouths, ready to swallow what falls into them.

CHAPTER XIX.

SECESSION AND THE WAR.

The Democratic party.—The election of Mr. Lincoln a declaration of war.—Caleb Cushing at Charleston.—A striking prediction.
 —The right of secession.—Character of the Northern people.
 —Union and States' rights.—Character of the Southerners.
 —The Negroes.—Effects of the blockade.

I HAVE been, as the reader may have observed, an ardent and zealous politician of the Democratic party of American politics—the constitutional-state's rights, and, though not so called, the really Conservative party. That party has elected nine Presidents out of thirteen, four of whom were re-elected. In fact, after the days of John Adams, the anti-Democratic party, though it elected two Presidents, Gen. Harrison and Gen. Taylor, both of whom dying soon after their respective inaugurations, can scarcely be said to have been in power, until the great division of the Democratic party in 1860 enabled Mr. Lincoln, with a minority of votes—lacking more than a million of a majority—to be constitutionally elected.

This long and almost uninterrupted lease of power had drawn into the ranks of the Democratic party

great numbers who cared more for the honours and gains of office than for its principles. Office-seeking and office-holding had become the business of thousands—hundreds of thousands. Disgust at these corruptions drove the best men out of the field of politics. It was scarcely reputable to become a candidate for any official position.

When the Democratic party, which was the only hope of the Union, divided, and one convention nominated Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, for the Presidency, and the other Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, there was hope no longer. Mr. Lincoln was nominated at Chicago by a sectional—a Northern party—on a Northern platform. This nomination was a declaration of war against the South. It was certain that Mr. Lincoln would not have the vote of a single Southern State. The only chance was that two or three Northern States would be able to give a majority to one or the other Democratic candidates, and so defeat him and save the Union for four years longer. I had but little hope that this could be accomplished.

James Buchanan was President—an old Democratic politician, experienced in the Senate, in the Cabinet, and in diplomacy. He was not a great man, but an able, prudent, and safe one. Though a Northern man, had no sympathy with any Northern sectional party. He wished to preserve the Union, but he did not believe the Federal Government had a right to make war upon any State for that purpose.

Mr. Lincoln was elected in November, 1860. The Southern States declared that they would secede from

the Union in such an event ; not that they cared personally for Mr. Lincoln, but because he would be elected upon a "platform" or system of policy which, if carried out, as they had a right to believe it would be, would destroy their rights and security in the Union. The war which had been waged against the South in pulpit and press, in State legislatures and in Congress, in underground railways and John Brown raids, in a thousand forms of insult, injury, and outrage, culminated in the election of Abraham Lincoln and the triumph of the Black Republican party in the Northern States. The South could remain in the Union with all its disabilities as long as the Democratic party in the North was strong enough and united enough to stand by the rights of the State Sovereignties. When that party became demoralized and divided, and it had no hope of justice in the Union, no honourable course was left but to retire from the Federation.

Caleb Cushing, a Massachusetts Yankee, was the President of the Charleston Democratic Convention of 1860. Speaking of the Republican party, he said :—

"Opposed to us are those who labour to overthrow the Constitution, under the false and insidious pretence of supporting it ; those who are aiming to produce in this country a permanent sectional conspiracy—a traitorous sectional conspiracy of one-half the States of the Union against the other half ; those who, impelled by the stupid and half-insane spirit of faction and fanaticism, would hurry our land on to

revolution and civil war ; those, the banded enemies of the Constitution, it is the part, the high and noble part of the Democratic party of the Union, to withstand, to strike down, and conquer."

But they failed to do it ; and when they failed, the Union was lost. Half a million of lives might have been saved, sacrificed during the last two years, if the North could have seen it. There were many who did see it. *The New York Herald* of July 24, 1860, more than three months before the election of Mr. Lincoln, contained the following remarkable leader :—

"So far as we can see, the Breckenridge movement at the North will avail nothing. Lincoln will be the Northern President, and Breckenridge the Southern. The confusion into which our monetary affairs will be thrown cannot be described. Trade will receive a blow, compared to which the storm of 1837 was a mere flurry ; stocks will go down to within a fraction of nothing ; all kinds of property will depreciate in value, and the fortunes accumulated by years of toil will be swept away in a moment.

"We advise our readers to prepare for the coming crisis. Between this time and November something may be saved from the wreck. Merchants who have dealings with the Southern traders will do well to close up such affairs as soon as possible. Holders of Southern State railway or city stocks, or securities of the general government should realize upon them at once. Bankers at home and abroad should prepare themselves for the inevitable panic in financial affairs. The crisis is imminent. The dissolution of the Union is a

fact already determined upon. Let us be prepared to meet the doom which the trading politicians and crazy fanatics of the day have precipitated upon the Republic."

This emphatic warning, which goes far, I think, to justify my opinion of the sagacity of Mr. Bennett, of the *Herald*, was heeded by but few. The Republican leaders insultingly declared that the South could not be kicked out of the Union, so necessary was it to their safety.

The election took place in November, 1860. On the 20th of December, the State of South Carolina solemnly withdrew from the Union, recalled her senators and representatives from Washington, and sent commissioners to arrange a settlement of all matters connected with the late co-partnership. Ten other Southern States followed her example. As these States, by the action of their Legislatures, or the still more deliberate action of State Conventions, formally withdrew from the Federal Union, and resumed the powers they had delegated to the general government, their senators rose in the Senate, their representatives in the House of Representatives, and took a solemn and affecting leave of their personal friends and political companions. There were not in America purer public men, or men more patriotically devoted to the Union than they had been; but there was something worth more—the sovereignty of States and the liberty of the people.

Every act of the Lincoln Government and the Republican party has justified them in the course they

took. Disunion was inevitable—a civil war—a great struggle for independence was inevitable. They promptly, bravely, nobly met the destiny that awaited them.

As to the right of Secession, no American ought to question it. It is written in the Declaration of Independence. It is written in the constitutions of the separate States. It is an axiom of American politics that “all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed.” I never knew an American politician of any party who did not believe in the right of every people to choose their own form of government. No one has declared this supreme right of revolution more strongly than Mr. Lincoln himself on the floor of Congress.

The American States separated from Great Britain, and solemnly declared their right to do so. Texas, now one of the Confederate States, separated from Mexico, and was received into the Union. The Americans openly sympathized with Greece, Poland, Hungary, the Spanish-American States, Italy—with every country that has either accomplished or attempted a political revolution. When, a few years ago, there was a revolutionary movement in Ireland, public meetings were held in New York and other Northern cities, and large sums of money contributed in aid of Smith O’Brien and his fellow-patriots, including Brigadier-General Meagher, who has led a few thousands of his poor, misguided countrymen to death on Southern battle-fields, in an abortive effort to crush out Southern independence. When there was

an effort at Secession in Canada in 1837, the whole Northern frontier was filled with sympathy for the rebels, and arms, munitions, provisions, money and men were contributed in its aid. Four-fifths of the Northern people in America rejoiced at the Sepoy revolt in India, and wished it success. If there is one political doctrine about which Americans have been agreed, it has been this supreme right of revolution.

But in this case no revolution was needed. As sovereign and independent States, the members of the Federal Union had united for their mutual defence and welfare, as they had a right to do; and they had an equal right to bring that union to a termination. They adopted the Constitution as States, acting in State conventions. They were represented as States in the union. They withdrew from it in the same manner.

To understand the causes of the civil war which ensued, it is necessary to have a very thorough knowledge of the character of the American people, North and South. This knowledge no traveller in America, no mere visitor, ever seems to get. They do not appear to comprehend the broad and strongly-marked differences that exist between the Northern and Southern people.

If you could give the landed aristocracy of England the traditions and feelings of the Cavaliers, and the manufacturers, merchants, and shopkeepers those of the Puritans and Roundheads, you could form some idea of the feelings of the Southerners for the Yankees.

But it would be necessary that they should live in separate sections of the country. The Northern people are enterprising, confident, ingenious, intellectually active, industrious, pushing, speculating, fond of novelty, excitable, money-loving, unscrupulous, and pushing the exercise of the right of private judgment in all directions, and to all extremities. They believe that America is the greatest country in the world, and they the greatest people. On the map of the world the United States is the one bright spot, the area of enlightenment, and all the rest shades off into outer darkness. On the South, in their estimation, rests the shadow of ignorance and slavery. Europe is monarchical; and they cannot conceive that an intelligent and free people can live under a monarchy. They think of the millions of Europe as the ignorant, poverty-stricken, oppressed, and down-trodden millions. The greater part of them are also under the darkness and superstitions of Popery, and are consequently priest-ridden as well as ground under the heels of aristocratic and monarchical despotism. America is the one bright spot in the world's darkness; the only really-civilized, enlightened, great, free, and happy country in the world; the last hope of liberty for the nations, with the best government that God ever gave to man. The fanatics of the North look upon the cause of the Union as a sacred and holy cause, because the greatness of America is the chief hope of freedom for the world.

I do not in the least exaggerate this feeling, and those who have listened to or read the speeches of

Mr. Bright, will see that Americans are not alone in their estimate of the importance of the American Union.

The people of the South have not been blind to the advantages, the strength, and the glories of the Union; but they have preserved far more than the Northerners their traditions of State rights. Virginia and South Carolina are more to the people of those States than the Union. The State is first; the Union or the Confederacy is secondary, and valuable only as it promotes the interests of the State. Allegiance to his State is more to a Southerner than any duty he can owe to a Federal or Confederate Government. When the Federal iron-clad fleet steamed into Charleston Harbour to attack its fortresses, the flag of the State of South Carolina waved beside that of the Confederacy. This feeling is traditional, especially in the older States. It is stronger in them than in the Northern, because they have more of their original stock of population, and have been less broken up and overwhelmed by immigration and the influx of foreigners. No song could come home to the people of any Northern State with the thrilling effect of the Southern song, "My Maryland."

The religious character of the Southern people has had a powerful influence upon their unity, devotion, and strength. The character of "Stonewall" Jackson was not peculiar in this respect. He found an answering element in the whole Southern Army. President Davis, General Lee, and the Southern leaders generally manifest the same spirit of religious

faith. At the outbreak of the war, the whole Southern clergy, of all denominations, united with the people and became their leaders. The Roman Catholic Bishops, the Bishops of the Episcopal Church, and the clergy of every denomination, expressed but one sentiment. When the Federal troops occupied Southern towns, as at Nashville and New Orleans, they silenced the pulpits. One Southern Bishop, Bishop Polk, of the Episcopal Church of Louisiana, having had a military education before he entered the Church, was appointed Major-General. Many clergymen commanded regiments, and fought and prayed with equal fervour. The women joined with the clergy, and with what zeal, devotion, and sacrifices the women of the Southern States have sustained their cause, all readers are familiar. They have not only given their husbands, brothers, and sons, and sacrificed every worldly comfort—they have by their influence compelled every man in the South, able to fight, to take up arms for his country. Death on the field has been less terrible, even to cowards, than the scorn of the women of the South, who, when men fail, will themselves enter the ranks of the army.

The unity of feeling in the South was a grievous disappointment to the North. The slaveholders were known to be but few in number—not amounting in all the seceded States to 300,000 persons, out of a white population of 6,000,000. It was supposed that the large class of non-slaveholders, and the poor whites unable to own slaves, would have different feelings and interests from those of the planters and

slaveholders. Never was there a greater mistake. Never, in the world, perhaps, was a great population more thoroughly united. And, what may seem strange, it was found that Yankees and Northerners, who had resided in the South but a short time, Englishmen, Irishmen, and other foreigners, were all animated by the same feeling. There is no question that there may be found a hundred Northerners in the Southern army, and some in high command, for one Southerner in the armies of the North, if we leave out of the account the divided populations of certain border districts.

Even the great mass of the Southern negroes are with their masters. At the beginning of the war, the late Mrs. Browning, full of the poetry of Abolition, exclaimed, "Why do not the negroes rise?" Since that time every effort has been used by the Government of the North to excite insurrection, but without the least effect. The proclamation of freedom to all the slaves in the Rebel States on the 1st of January, 1863, fell dead. The negroes have attended their masters in the field, have dug in the trenches, have brought intelligence to their friends and deceived the invaders. They have worked on the plantations, with only women and old men to oversee them, and raised food for the Southern armies. Where they have fallen into the hands of the Northern troops they have been treated with such cruelty or such neglect, that the people of England have been called upon to contribute money to rescue them from starvation. Several of the Northern States exclude them by law; all consider them a nuisance; and the best President

Lincoln can propose is to make some food for powder, and export the rest to Central America or Africa. Why not send them, like the negroes rescued from slavers on the coast of Africa, to the British Colonies, and bind them out, for a consideration, as apprentices for twenty-one years? This would be better than turning them loose to waste away in pauperism, drunkenness, and disease.

It is not probable that any country was ever shut up by a blockade, whose inhabitants were so dependent upon commerce and foreign supply as the Confederate States of America. They produced an abundance of wheat, Indian corn, rice, sugar, beef, pork, and tobacco, great quantities of cotton, and some wool. But what a vast number of articles were brought from the North or from foreign countries! Clothing, from hats and bonnets to shoes, both inclusive, came from the North. Household furniture of every description was made in the North. Hardware, from an anchor to a cambric needle, was made in the Northern States or imported from England. Saddles, harness, carriages of all kinds, railway cars and locomotives, came from the North; tea and coffee of course; spices and condiments; books and stationery; drugs and medicines. And these last, at the beginning of the war, were declared contraband by the Northern Government. So were surgical instruments. The war, from its inception, was inhuman and devilish; a war upon the wounded and the sick—upon women and children, and feeble old age—a war of hatred and revenge against people who asked only for independence and peace.

It is wonderful to what an extent the Southern people habitually depended on commerce to supply their wants. It was not necessary in many cases, but it was convenient. It was easier to raise cotton, and buy everything they required. Raising immense quantities of cattle, they made no leather, and got their shoes from Massachusetts and Connecticut. I was amused to see at Mobile in Alabama great piles of flagstones imported from Liverpool, while their own rich quarries are unworked. It is easy to imagine the condition of such a country blockaded for two years. Even pins and needles rose to fabulous prices. Tea and coffee were long since exhausted. Indigenous herbs are used for tea, and rye or corn is the common substitute for coffee. French wines, which were largely used in the Southern cities, can only leak in in small quantities through the blockade.

There were a few cotton factories in the South before the beginning of the war, and the domestic manufacture of coarse cotton and woollen goods was pretty common. Every old spinning wheel has been brought into requisition, and thousands of hand looms put in motion. The women of the South went to work with a will to clothe the army. One reads, not without a moistened eye, of amateur concerts given in Southern cities to supply regiments with clothing, where a pair of soldier's socks was the price of admission. The war of Southern Independence has not only created a nation; it has developed its industry and resources. It has opened mines of coal and iron, and built up foundries, forges, and manu-

factories of a hundred kinds. The people of the South have shown an energy and a command of resources, as well as a heroism, which has astonished the Northern people, and won them the respect of the whole world.

CHAPTER XX.

STATE RIGHTS AND STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

The colonies independent of each other.—Their independence separately acknowledged.—Sovereign states before the constitution.—Virginia.—Declaration of rights.—The State constitutions.—Ratification of the Federal constitution.—Coercion.—Resolutions of '98.—Declarations of American statesmen.—Supreme right of revolution.—Secession of states, statesmen, and military and naval officers.—The true allegiance.

THE fact and doctrine of State Sovereignty, State Independence, and State Rights, by which the smallest State in the American Union was intended to be the equal of the largest, and all free, sovereign, and independent, may require to be more particularly stated and illustrated. I give, therefore, the following facts, with all convenient brevity.

The colonies, before the revolution of 1776, were independent of each other, with separate governments.

They united in the War for Independence as separate and equal powers.

At the end of the war the King of Great Britain acknowledged their independence as separate and

individual States. As such, they are named in the treaty of recognition.

The States existed as independent Governments before the formation of the Federal Constitution.

In the Convention of 1787, by which the Federal Constitution was framed, each State, large or small, had but one vote. It was not a convention of the people, but of States.

Under the Constitution, each State, small and large, has two senators, and thereby equal power in the higher branch of the legislature.

The Constitution recognises the crime of treason against the individual States. The Federal Government cannot occupy an acre of land in any State, not even for a fortress, without the express grant of the legislature of that State. It declares that "*The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people.*"

The State Rights doctrine, admitted in the Federal Constitution, is expressly declared in the Constitutions of the several States. I copy first the following from the CONSTITUTION OF VIRGINIA:—

"A Declaration of Rights made by the Representatives of the Good People of VIRGINIA, assembled in full and free convention; which rights do pertain to them and their posterity, as the basis and foundation of government. Unanimously adopted June 12th, 1776.

"1. That all men are by nature equally free and independent, and have certain inherent rights, of which,

when they enter into a state of society, they cannot by any compact deprive or divest their posterity.

“2. That all power is vested in, and consequently derived from, the people; that magistrates are their trustees, and servants, and at all times amenable to them.

“3. That government is, or ought to be, instituted for the common benefit, protection, and security of the people, nation, or community; and that where any government is inadequate or contrary to these purposes, a majority of the community hath an indubitable, unalienable, and indefeasible right to reform, alter, or abolish it, in such manner as shall be judged most conducive to the public weal.”

THE CONSTITUTION OF MASSACHUSETTS, adopted in 1779, is quite as emphatic—

“An original, explicit, and solemn compact” of the people with each other.

“Art. I. Sec. 4. The people of this Commonwealth have the sole and exclusive right of governing themselves, as a free, sovereign, and independent State; and do, and for ever hereafter shall, exercise and enjoy every power, jurisdiction, and right, which is not, or may not hereafter be by them expressly delegated to the United States of America in Congress assembled.”

“7. The people alone have an incontestable, unalienable, and indefeasible right to institute government, and to reform, alter, or *totally change* the same when their protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness require it.”

Every officer under the old Constitution made the following declaration on oath :—

“I do truly and sincerely acknowledge, profess, testify, and declare, that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is and of right ought to be a free, sovereign, and independent State.”

The Constitution of NEW HAMPSHIRE, adopted 1792, declares :—

“All government of right originates from the people, is founded in *consent*, and instituted for the general good ”

“The people of this State have the sole right of governing themselves as a free, sovereign, and independent State.”

“Whenever the ends of the government are perverted, or public liberty manifestly endangered, and all other means of redress are ineffectual, the people may, and of right ought to, reform the old, or establish a new government. The doctrine of non-resistance against arbitrary power and oppression is absurd, slavish, and destructive of the good and happiness of mankind.”

VERMONT, in 1793, declared :—

“The community hath an indubitable, unalienable, and infeasible right to reform and alter government in such a manner as shall be by that community judged most conducive to the public weal.”

CONNECTICUT IN 1818 :—

“The people have at all times an infeasible right to alter their form of government in such manner as they may think expedient.”

PENNSYLVANIA, 1790 :—

“The people have at all times an unalienable and indefeasible right to alter, reform, or abolish their government in such a manner as they may think proper.”

MARYLAND, August 14, 1776 :—

“Whenever the ends of government are perverted, the people may, and of right ought to reform the old or establish a new government.”

“In all cases and at all times, the military ought to be under strict subordination to, and control of, the civil power.”

The new States of the West, it will be observed, are as emphatic in their declarations of State rights, State sovereignty, and the supreme right of revolutions, as those which existed before the Federal Constitution. Thus Ohio, one of the great new States of the West, in its Constitution formed in 1802, declares that—

“The people have at all times a complete power to alter, reform, or abolish their Government, whenever *they may deem it necessary.*”

INDIANA, in 1816 :—That “the people may alter or reform their Government in such manner as they may think proper.”

MISSOURI, in 1820 :—That “the people of this State have the inherent, sole, and exclusive right of regulating the internal government and police thereof, and of altering and abolishing their Constitution and form of Government, whenever it may be necessary to their safety or happiness.”

MAINE declares that "the people have the right to institute Government, and to alter, reform, or totally change the same, when their safety and happiness require it."

MICHIGAN, in 1835, asserts that "the people have the right at all times to abolish one form of Government and establish another, whenever the public good requires it."

These declarations in the State Constitutions, which are the supreme law in every State, have all been accepted and confirmed by the Federal Government; yet in the face of all these declarations, these States have been sending armies to subjugate their sister States, and force them under a Government which they have solemnly repudiated. Can human inconsistency and falsehood go further?

Observe also that when the Federal Constitution had been framed by delegates from the several States, it did not take effect until it was accepted and ratified by these States.

VIRGINIA, in thus ratifying the Constitution, asserted the *right of secession* by declaring that "the powers granted in the Constitution COULD BE RESUMED BY THE STATE, WHENEVER PERVERTED TO HER INJURY OR OPPRESSION, and that the liberty of conscience and of the press cannot be abridged, restrained, or modified by any authority of the United States."

The STATE OF NEW YORK in ratifying, declared that "*the powers of Government may be re-assumed by the people* whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness."

Rhode Island made the same declaration.

There was serious opposition in many States to the acceptance of the Federal Constitution, from a fear that the powers granted to the Federal Government might be perverted and used to destroy the sovereignty of the States. In the debates in the Virginia Convention, Mr. Mason said :—" What, would you use military force to compel the observance of a social compact? It is destructive to the rights of the people."

Mr. Randolph said :—" But how shall we speak of the intrusion of troops? Shall we arm citizens against citizens, and habituate them to shed kindred blood? Shall we risk the infliction of wounds which will generate a rancour never to be subdued? Would there be no room to fear that an army accustomed to fight for the establishment of authority, would salute an Emperor of their own?"

" If an army be once introduced to force us, if once marched into Virginia, figure to yourself what the dreadful consequence would be. The most lamentable civil war would ensue. It would set father against son, and make brother slay brother. To compel your obedience a rapacious army will penetrate into the bosom of your country, carrying destruction and desolation before it. The commander of such an army will be liable to the corruptions and passions incident to other men. If he be formed for military genius, address, and ambition, he may procure this army to proclaim him king."

Patrick Henry, the great orator of the revolution, opposed the ratification of the Constitution in similar

terms ; but by the influence of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, it was accepted, with the above solemn reservation, by a vote of 89 to 79.

The vote in the Massachusetts Convention shows that a dread of centralization was not confined to Virginia. After a stormy debate it was ratified—yeas 187 : nays 168.

In New York there was a violent opposition, and it was carried only by the speeches and declarations of Alexander Hamilton, the friend of Washington. He said :—“ To coerce the States is one of the maddest projects ever devised.—Can any reasonable man be well disposed towards a Government which makes war and carnage the only means of supporting itself—a Government that can exist only by the sword ? Every such war must involve the innocent with the guilty. This single consideration should be sufficient to dispose every peaceable citizen against such a Government. But can we believe that one State will ever suffer itself to be used as an instrument of coercion ? The thing is a dream—it is impossible.” The ratification took place, but by a vote of 30 to 27.

In the Pennsylvanian Convention, Mr. Wilson said :—“ The supreme, absolute, uncontrollable power *remains* in the people. They may change the Constitutions whenever and however they please.” “ Those who ordain and establish have the power, if they think proper, to repeal and annul.”

When the question of State Rights was agitated after the adoption of the Constitution, they were again affirmed by the Kentucky Resolutions of 1797, drawn

up by James Madison, the Father of the Constitution, and the almost identical Virginia Resolutions of 1798, by Jefferson, which were as follows:—

“This Assembly doth explicitly and peremptorily declare, that it views the powers of the Federal Government, as resulting from the compact to which the States are parties, as limited by the plain sense and intention of the instrument constituting that compact as no farther valid than they are authorized by the grants enumerated in that compact; and that in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of powers not granted by said compact, the States who are parties thereto have the right, and are in duty bound, to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authority, rights, and liberties appertaining to them.”

In the United States Senate in 1830, Mr. Hayne, the great South Carolina statesman, said:—

“It cannot be doubted and is not denied that before the Constitution each State was an independent sovereignty, possessing all the rights and powers appertaining to independent nations. They remain equally sovereign and independent as to all powers not delegated by the Constitution.

“If there be no common superior the parties must be their own judges.”

Jefferson held that the Sovereign States which made the Constitution have the right to judge of its infraction.

Daniel Webster, the Northern statesman, in the debate with Mr. Hayne, said:—

“We do not deny that the people may, if they choose, throw off any Government when it becomes oppressive and intolerable, and erect a better in its stead.”

Chancellor Livingston held that—

“In cases which cannot be decided by the supreme court, States are justified in withdrawing from the Union. The doctrine that the Federal Government is formed by the people, and not the States, leads to consolidation and monarchy.”

Levi Woodbury, an eminent Northern statesman, said :—

“The States existed prior to this Government. Each of them possessed all the rights which appertain to sovereign and independent nations.”

And Andrew Jackson, in his famous Nullification Ordinance, asserted—

“The indispensable right of resisting acts which are plainly unconstitutional, and too oppressive to be endured.”

The Act of Secession was contemplated by every State, as an undoubted right, in the adoption of the Constitution. Several expressly declared it. All admitted that there was no power to hinder it. Hamilton declared that the idea of coercion was madness. Secession, as a last resource, has been contemplated by the people of every section of the Union. In 1826, in the senate of the United States, Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, made the following emphatic declaration :—

“On the slave question my opinion is this: I

consider our rights in that species of property as not even open to discussion, either here or elsewhere ; and in respect to our duties (imposed by our situation), we are not to be taught them by fanatics, religious or political. To call into question our rights is grossly to violate them ; to attempt to instruct us on this subject is to insult us ; to dare to assail our institutions is wantonly to invade our peace. Let me solemnly declare once for all, that the Southern States never will permit any interference whatever in their domestic concerns, and that on the very day on which the unhallowed attempt shall be made by the authorities of the Federal Government, we will consider ourselves as driven from the Union. Let the consequences be what they may, they never can be worse than such as must inevitably result from suffering a rash and ignorant interference with our domestic peace and tranquillity."

It seems absurd to argue or quote authorities on a matter so plain as this. Under the American democratic system, a majority of the people of every State have the sole right to choose and change the government and political relations of that State. It was never agreed that the Federal Union should be perpetual, and if it had been, Americans do not believe that one generation has the right to sell its whole posterity into political slavery, or subject it to a despotism. The only acknowledged power is, "We, the people." They can make and unmake. What the States had the power to delegate, they had the right to resume.

And, then, what is the use of arguing about the

right of eight millions of people to do this or that? They alone are judges of what is best for them, and there is no earthly power to sit in judgment upon their right. The only possible logic in politics is the logic of facts. The South did withdraw from the Union. The States of the South sent delegates to the beautiful central town of Montgomery, Alabama, and formed a new Confederacy, which they prepared to defend.

As each State had its defined boundaries, it necessarily carried with it its forts and arsenals. Some of these had been built by the States and ceded to the Union. Others had been built out of the common fund. The South had no more than her fair proportion, probably less. She had also officers in the army and navy. She called upon her gallant sons to come to the defence of the States to which they owed allegiance. There was no doubt or hesitation. The most distinguished, the most gallant officers in army and navy were Southerners, and they resigned their commissions in the Federal army and navy, and tendered their swords to the New Confederacy. There were three hundred or more of these officers. Ships came in from the distant Pacific and China seas, and heard the first news of the Dissolution of the Union from the pilot who brought them into port.

The Southerners took a farewell look at the starry flag, shook hands with their Northern messmates, and said good-bye, to meet them next time, perhaps, with shot and shell in deadly conflict. They sent their commissions to Washington, and went to defend their homes.

President Davis a soldier as well as a statesman, had won brilliant laurels on the hard-fought field of Buena Vista. General Lee, the Confederate Commander-in-Chief, had served with distinguished honour under General Scott in Mexico. His father, Harry Lee, had been a dashing cavalry officer in the Revolution—Washington's favourite commander of Lee's Light Horse Brigade. His ancestors were among the most distinguished of the old cavalier families of the "Old Dominion." His wife, the mother of five heroic sons, all serving in the Confederate army, was the adopted granddaughter of Washington, the only daughter and child of George Washington Parke Custis. General Lee is the Washington of the Confederacy. The Johnstons, Beauregard, "Stonewall" Jackson, Bragg, Hardee, were distinguished officers of the Federal army, as Maury, Semmes, Maffit, &c. were of the navy. Traitors? No. They owed allegiance to the Federal Government so long, and only so long, as their respective States were members of that confederation, the same as it would be in the dissolution of the German Federation. When that union was dissolved their allegiance was due to the States of which they were citizens, and which had the legal right to try and punish them for treason. This one fact carries the entire argument. The Virginian fighting against Virginia—the South Carolinian fighting against South Carolina, would be the real traitor. I believe there are very few of them.

General Scott was a Virginian. He was old and infirm. He held the military rank of Lieutenant-

General, created expressly for him. He believed that he could prevent a war. He was disappointed, overborne, and thrown aside, to make way for M'Clellan and Halleck. He was too old and feeble to have been of any service to Virginia, and it was well, perhaps, that he remained at Washington.

It is not needful to write a history of the war. The time for that will come. I wish only to notice particular incidents and circumstances, with which I have had a special acquaintance.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW THE NORTH BEGAN THE WAR.

New York and the South.—Fort Sumter.—Northern excitement.—The military.—The Irish 69th and General Meagher.—The volunteers.—Peculation and starvation.—Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves.—Colonel Billy Wilson and his regiment.—The uniformed militia.—The Southern army.—Federals and Confederates.

A LARGE majority of the people of New York were friendly to the South. New York merchants were largely engaged in Southern trade; New York manufacturers found in the Southern States their best market; New York capitalists found the most profitable employment for their funds in making advances on Southern cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco. In New York, also, the Democratic party, which has always been in favour of State rights, was largely in the ascendancy.

I saw the expedition sent to the relief of Fort Sumter sail down New York harbour, and out of the Narrows. Crowds looked on with a gloomy curiosity, foreboding evil. Not a cheer was raised—not a gun was fired. The fleet steamed away in silence, and no voice said, God speed.

A few days after came the news of the attack on the fort by the Confederate batteries, under General Beauregard, and then of its surrender. In one day, New York changed its aspect. The friends of the South were silenced by this attack upon the flag of the Union; her enemies were excited to a frenzy against her. A thousand flags were hoisted. The national colours were displayed everywhere; noisy mobs went about the streets compelling Southern sympathizers to run up the stars and stripes, and in a whirlwind of excitement, and a display like that of some great national holiday, the North decided upon war.

Not that the North was unanimous. Far from it. Great numbers of leading men, more than two hundred newspapers, and in some districts a majority of the population, were opposed to the whole policy of coercion. They believed it to be unconstitutional, anti-republican, and impossible of success. But all these were overborne by a noisy, violent, insane war party; and all the excitable and weak-minded were drawn into the fatal movement. President Lincoln, who, up to his arrival in Washington, appears to have had no proper idea of the crisis he was to meet, issued a hasty call upon the governors of the Northern and unseceded States for troops to put down the insurrection. The governors of every Slave State indignantly refused to comply with this requisition, which they pronounced unlawful and wicked; but the governors of the free States responded promptly, and, in a few days, several thousands of men were on the way to Washington, to defend the honour of the flag, and the

safety of the capital. These first volunteers were regiments of organized militia, well-armed, equipped, and disciplined, so far as troops can be disciplined, in peaceful evolutions.

In New York these regiments were among the best of the militia who gave splendour to the processions of Broadway. They were composed of merchants, shopkeepers, and the better class of mechanics. The 7th Regiment, one of the first to march to Washington, as well as one of the first to return, was composed of almost an aristocracy. It could contribute thousands of dollars to the wants of other less fortunate regiments. In Washington it was quartered in the Capitol, and took its meals at the fashionable hotels.

It is remarkable that four-fifths of those who, in the early stage of the war, marched to the defence of Washington, were opposed to Mr. Lincoln's administration, and to the policy of coercion. This is the reason why whole regiments left the field on the morning of the battle and rout of Bull's Run. They did not wish to invade Virginia, nor did they believe that the Government had the right to march them there. They were ready to defend the capital of the nation, not to subjugate sovereign and independent States, whose people, according to the Declaration of Independence, had the right, not only to separate from Great Britain some years before, but at all times to choose such form of government as to them should seem best adapted to secure their prosperity and happiness. Thus, while the Southern forces were animated by all the ardour which inspires men who fight for their

homes and their rights, a large portion of the Northern army was led upon the field against its wishes and convictions, and took the earliest opportunity that offered to get as far from it as possible—the greater number running to Washington, and some hundreds keeping on in their flight until they reached New York.

The first hasty levy, made upon false pretences, exhausted the organized militia. The regiments who went to the defence of Washington, for the most part, returned the moment their time had expired. Very few ever went back again. The members of the Irish 69th, which, judging from its losses in killed and wounded, must have fought bravely at Bull's Run, assured me, both officers and men, that they would never return. The men, poor fellows, made only this reservation—they would not volunteer again, unless driven to do so by starvation. Brigadier-General Thomas Francis Meagher has succeeded in organizing a new 69th Regiment; but I venture to assert that it does not contain ten per cent. of the rank and file of the surviving members of the old regiment.

The two recruiting officers of Mr. Lincoln's army, raised after these first levies, were General Peculation and General Starvation. I write only of what I saw in New York and its neighbourhood; but I believe the same state of things existed in every Northern city. Needy and ambitious adventurers set up for captains, colonels, and even for brigadier-generals. Every man who could raise a certain number of recruits could secure a commission, of a grade pro-

portionate, not to his military capacity, but his success in enticing men to enlist. Many of these officers were from the lowest classes of society. Some were gamblers, some devotees of the prize ring, some keepers of low drinking-houses. The higher grades were broken-down politicians, used-up speculators, and characterless adventurers. I have seen conduct in epauletted officers, and heard language which would degrade the veriest blackguard. An officer in uniform, walking arm-in-arm with a drunken recruit, was no uncommon spectacle. A man who could raise two hundred pounds towards the organization of a regiment, could get the appointment of quarter-master, or the, perhaps, more desirable appointment of sutler; and so have the opportunity to plunder both the Government and the regiment, on the condition of dividing a fair percentage of his unfair gains among the commissioned officers.

If such were the officers, what were the rank and file of the volunteers? Bear in mind that at the outbreak of the war there was a general panic, a stagnation of trade, and a suspension of industry. Hundreds of thousands were thrown out of employment, and left without support. Zealous partisans of the government in New England closed their shops and manufactories, in some cases when not compelled to do so, to force their workmen to volunteer. I have seen some of these workmen returning home to England and Ireland, rather than enlist in the Northern army.

While imminent danger of starvation was driving men into the ranks on the one hand, the Government

at Washington held out tempting inducements on the other. The pay was raised to thirteen dollars a month, (£2 12s.) with everything found, and an additional bounty of one hundred dollars (£20) to each man, at the termination of his term of service.

But even with these inducements and necessities, I never saw a more ragged and wretched set of recruits than were paraded through the streets of New York, gathered into the military camps on Staten Island, and other places in the vicinity. As numbers were of more consequence than quality in the work of filling up companies and regiments, all were taken that offered. Hundreds of poor loafers were fed and lodged for weeks at one regimental depôt, and when rejected by the Government officers, they went and immediately volunteered, for present support, in some other corps, in its formative stages.

With an army so officered, and so recruited, who can wonder at the ill-success of the Northern arms? Who can wonder at the outrages committed on the soil of Virginia, which must alienate and madden the people of the South for generations?

In speaking of the New York volunteers, I must not forget to make suitable mention of two regiments which were expected to do much toward the subjugation of the whole Southern Confederacy. I refer to two regiments of Zouaves—the Firemen's and Billy Wilson's. The first was recruited from the roughs of the New York fire companies—probably the most independent and insubordinate set of rowdies that even an American city could furnish. Colonel Ellis-

worth had been a shop-boy in Chicago, an amateur soldier, and later a law-student in the office of Mr. Lincoln, in Springfield, Illinois, when the President of the United States was a third-rate lawyer in a third-rate country village. Ellsworth, a mere boy in years, and with no military experience, took command of twelve hundred unmanageable desperadoes. Their whole military career was a continuous "spree," or a series of outrages. To get them out of Washington they were sent over into Virginia. Their colonel was the first man killed, in a boyish and unmilitary exploit. They marched upon the field at Bull's Run only to be scattered into fragments at the first onset of a Southern regiment. Practised runners with their fire engines, they headed the great run back to Washington, but did not stop there, and in twenty-four hours the greater part of them were celebrating their defeat with their comrades in the engine-houses of New York. When men deserted by companies and regiments, it was useless for the Government to think of arresting or punishing deserters. It was much easier to suppress newspapers and imprison individuals suspected of treasonable sentiments.

Colonel William Wilson—or Billy Wilson, as he was universally denominated—raised another regiment of Zouaves, which was expected to be as terrible in its effectiveness as the one above described. Billy Wilson, a small, wiry, dark-complexioned, hard-headed, uneducated man of the people, had devoted his early energies to the profession of pugilism. His successes in the prize ring, and the influence he had acquired over the class to which he belonged, naturally made him a

chief in political caucusses, and he became a recognised underground leader of one of the parties or factions in New York politics. At the outbreak of the war he saw a new opening for his ambitious aspirations, and he had no trouble in recruiting an entire regiment, which was said to have been composed of pugilists, bullies, rowdies, and thieves.

Colonel Billy knew his men—mere boys they were for the most part—and they knew him. He promised to lead them where they would half of them be killed in the first fortnight, and they brandished their knives with delight. He promised the survivors each a plantation in the South, well stocked with negroes, and their ecstasy was boundless. They fell on their knees in Tammany Hall, and, with uplifted knives, swore to defend their flag and exterminate all traitors.

New York breathed more freely when the regiment was marched down to its barracks on Staten Island. One Sunday a worthy Methodist preacher went down to give them some spiritual instruction. Colonel Billy paraded his regiment to be preached to, and took his place beside the minister to keep them in order. When the exercises were over, Colonel Billy thought he would improve the occasion, and enforce the good lesson they had received. "Boys!" said he, "I want you to remember what this preacher has said to you. He has said it for your good, and you had better believe it. If you don't you'll be sorry, for you are going down South in a few days, and one half of you will be in h—ll before three weeks are over!"

"Three cheers for h—ll!" shouted some one.

The cheers were given with a will by twelve hundred not very melodious voices, followed by the inevitable "tiger."

"What does this mean?" asked the astonished and frightened preacher.

"Oh! the boys are all right," said the blandly smiling Colonel Billy. "The fact is, they are not very well posted in their Scripture, and think h—ll is a nice place down towards New Orleans, and they are d—d anxious to get there."

In the large towns and cities in America the volunteer regiments, brigades, and even divisions of uniformed militia have been of a highly respectable and even brilliant character. The cities of the North and South have had a pride and a degree of rivalry in the elegance and discipline of their crack regiments. New York regiments visited Richmond, Charleston, and Augusta, Southern cities, where they were received with true Southern hospitality, and Southern regiments or companies sometimes made a summer excursion to New York or Boston, where they were treated like brother soldiers.

There was a great charm in these organizations. The privates in the ranks were gentlemen; men, at least, of a certain social position and with sufficient means to bear the expense of such military excursions, which sometimes cost one or two hundred pounds to every man. When they visited a distant city, they were all received as one, and found every house thrown open to entertain them. They were invited to every place of amusement, whole populations turned out to welcome

them, and they spent their time in balls and festivities. The *esprit du corps* operates on such occasions to make every man take to himself the honours paid to the body to which he belongs; which is, in fact, one of the principal sources of happiness in all organizations. When the War of Secession began, these voluntary military organizations formed the nucleus of the Southern army, and comprised the very *élite* of her youthful population.

For example, one Southern regiment, at the very beginning of the war—the Seventeenth Carolina, Colonel Cunningham—was composed of the following companies:—

Charleston Riflemen—Captain Joseph Johnson, jun.

Sumter Guard—Captain John Russell.

Irish Volunteers—Captain Edward Magrath.

Union Light Infantry—Captain David Ramsay.

Calhoun Guard—Captain John B. Fraser.

Richardson Guard—Captain F. D. Richardson.

German Fusiliers—Captain Samuel Lord, jun.

Montgomery Guard—Captain James Connor.

Palmetto Guard—Captain George B. Cuthbert.

Cadet Riflemen—Captain N. S. Elliot.

Brooks Guard—Captain John E. Carew.

These were all old volunteer companies, and all made a portion of the Confederate army, and fought upon the battle-fields of Virginia. The newspaper from which I have cut the above list adds that—“ Besides all these, the Rutledge Mounted Riflemen, the Charleston Dragoons, the German Hussars, the

Phoenix Riflemen, and several other companies have left this morning. Over two thousand homes will be desolate this night, and some five thousand children will be left without a paternal protector." It will be observed that there were two Irish and two German companies among these volunteers.

At the same period—the spring of 1861—the *Mobile Advertiser* said:—

"Troops are arriving and departing constantly. For the most part the men are fine, soldierly-looking fellows, with a very strong sprinkling of the *élite* of the South, who have doffed broadcloth and left mansions to wear homespun and take soldiers' fare. They do it without a murmur. We saw yesterday a company in one of the Mississippi regiments, every one of whom save twenty-eight were regular college graduates. These are the men who are abandoning everything but 'sacred honour' at the call of their country. Can these men be conquered?"

One of the strangest scenes of the war occurred at this early period, before the State of Tennessee had passed the Act of Secession. Memphis, Tennessee, is situated on the Mississippi, in the south-western corner of the State, on the borders of the State of Mississippi. Four hundred North Mississippi Confederate troops on their way to join the Southern army, found it convenient to pass through Memphis.

They were met at the depôt by an artillery company, which fired a salute. The military companies of Memphis, and the citizens generally, turned out to honour them, and greeted them with lively demon-

strations of respect. They were escorted through the streets of Memphis with the two flags, the "stars and stripes" of the U. S., and the "stars and bars" of the C. S. A., flying over them side by side. It was surely a strange and unusual circumstance that, going to the wars, troops should not only pass quietly through a portion of the enemy's territory, but that they should meet with shouts of welcome, and that the enemy's flag should be thrown over them as an emblem of hospitable protection.

While the Southern military organizations came out *en masse*, and made at once a disciplined army, very few Northern regiments followed their example. The New York 7th, the crack regiment of the city, did indeed march (by rail) with commendable promptitude to save Washington; but, that duty performed, it marched home again, and twice repeated the operation without coming in sight of the enemy. The Irish 69th New York regiment, was the only one of the old militia regiments, within my knowledge, that volunteered and became a part of the Union army.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CAUSE AND SPIRIT OF THE WAR, AND PROTESTS OF
THE PEACE PARTY.

A difference of opinion.—Who began it?—Slavery and the war.—
A case in point.—Spirit of the South.—Character of the
Northern armies.—The war press of the North.—The spirit
of peace. — Inconsistencies of Northern statesmen and
editors.—Motives of the war party.—The party of peace.

THE cause of the war has been a matter of much controversy. To me it seems very simple. It was a difference of opinion upon State rights—upon the right of secession—the right of revolution; the right, in a word, of a great people, and of eleven independent States, to choose their own Government and institutions. The war was an attempt of the North to invade, conquer, and subjugate, or, if necessary, exterminate the South, and retain the whole territory of the Union under a centralized government, and a resistance, on the part of the South, to this invasion and attempt at subjugation.

In a word, secession caused the war. I hold that the Southern States had a right to secede, with a sufficient reason, and that they alone can be the judges of what is necessary to their welfare and happiness.

But what was the cause of secession? It was the conviction of the people of the South that a majority of the people of the North had determined to deprive them of their constitutional rights. It was a long course of insults, wrongs, outrages, and violations of the Constitution, culminating in the John Brown raid into Virginia, and its fitting sequel, the adoption of the Chicago Platform, and the election of Abraham Lincoln.

It is a mistake to think that the war began with the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The Northern pulpits and the Northern press had been hurling insults at the South for thirty years. The Northern churches of three or four of the largest denominations had formally excommunicated their Southern brethren, who were certainly as good Christians as themselves. Northern emissaries were sent into the South to stir up disaffection among the negroes. Northern agents inveigled away servants from their masters, and by means of secret organizations hurried them off to Canada. Northern Legislatures passed unconstitutional laws, intended to obstruct the execution of the agreement among all the States to restore fugitives to their masters. Then came the campaign in Kansas, with organized bands of Yankee settlers armed with Sharps' rifles sent by Yankee preachers. Then came the invasion of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, with an armed band of followers, and pikes for the negroes, whom they expected to stir up to rise and murder their masters, so as to inaugurate over the whole South a St. Domingo massacre. John Brown was

only a precursor of Abraham Lincoln, who has attempted to do with his armies and his proclamation what the other tried to do with his pikes and Harper's Ferry invasion.

Was slavery the cause of the war? Archbishop Hughes of New York gives this answer. He says:—
“This is simply impossible, except in the sense that a man's carrying money on his person is the cause of his being robbed on the highway. Slavery existed since the Declaration of Independence, and before. And if it ever could have been the cause of civil war among the peoples and States of the Union, or of the colonies, that civil war should have broken out, say eighty or one hundred and twenty years ago. Slavery, therefore, is not the cause of the war. There is nothing new in it.”*

The best way to understand a subject is to bring it home. Suppose Great Britain were, instead of a United Kingdom, a Federal Union of Independent States, each with its own King or Governor, and Parliament; and that the people of England, Scotland, and Wales, after abusing the Irish for some years as Papists, idolaters, superstitious worshippers of the scarlet woman of Babylon and the Beast of the Apocalypse, should unite in an effort to restrict and finally put an end to this accursed institution of Popery, and the Irish should withdraw from the British union in consequence, and ask to be let alone, and should then be invaded, and a million of men should be raised to

* *New York Metropolitan Record.*

subjugate her, would it be right to say that Popery was the cause of the war; or would it be the bigotry and fanaticism of Protestants?

Or, suppose the European powers were to form a similar union, for mutual aid and defence, with the local Governments of each nation as now, but a common Capital and Congress at Vienna or Rome, and the institution of polygamy in Turkey should be denounced, threatened, persecuted, and conspired against, so that Turkey, aggrieved, insulted, outraged and threatened, should withdraw from the European union, and a war of conquest followed to bring the Turks back into the union, or exterminate them, would it be proper to say that polygamy was the cause of the war? No; the war did not begin at Fort Sumter. Its earlier shots were fired by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and the English or Scotch emissary of some English Anti-Slavery Society, George Thompson; by the New England and New York Abolitionists, who denounced the Constitution as "a covenant with hell;" by such writers as Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and by such preachers as her brother, the Yankee Spurgeon, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. It was the intermeddling fanaticism of these, and such as these, that began the war, and it is these who are urging it on to every species of inhumanity, barbarism, and extermination.

The spirit with which the South accepted the war, when it was seen to be inevitable, was calm and heroic. It cannot be supposed that eight millions of men, with no navy, no army, and few military resources, wished for a war with twenty millions, having an

army, a navy, and resources in abundance. The South did not wish for war, and scarcely expected it. She relied upon the Democratic sentiment of the North, and hoped, as she asked, to be permitted to go in peace.

But when it became evident that war must come, and that she must fight for her independence, the world has never seen a more heroic and devoted patriotism than the whole South exhibited. She did not call for mercenaries, for foreign hirelings, for the scum of her population to fight her battles. It was the flower of her young chivalry that rushed into the ranks of her armies. Her men of position and wealth, her senators and statesmen, her planters and scholars, were not only the officers, but the rank and file of her army. The young men of every Southern College shouldered their rifles and marched to the nearest camp. Fathers and sons stood side by side. Of the five sons of General Lee, serving under him in Virginia, one was a general, another a colonel, while the youngest, a boy of eighteen, serving as a private volunteer in an artillery regiment, went, under his father's eye, into the thickest fire of the hard-fought and unequal fight of Antietam. "Sending us in again, father!" he gaily cried to the Confederate Chief, as mounted on the gun-carriage, he was borne into the smoke of the sanguinary and desperate conflict.

I have no desire to underrate the courage or the devotion of the Northern people. If their country was invaded, and they were threatened with subjugation,

tion, they might show the same spirit. But half the people in the North do not believe this war was ever right or necessary. Lust of money, power, and empire have combined with fanaticism to make the war. The best men in the North have kept out of it. Few men of a high social position have been found in the army, either as officers or privates. In every great battle, where thousands have been killed on either side, it has been the best blood of the South shed on one side—men fighting for homes, wives, children, country; on the other mercenary invaders, drawn by high bounties and pay, and the promise of plunder into the ranks, and whose loss there were few to mourn. General Meagher induced—seduced—five thousand poor Irishmen in New York and Boston to enlist in his brigade. They were expended in a series of senseless and useless butcheries, until there were only four hundred remaining, and then he resigned, and left them to their fate. In this way, in wretched hospitals on the Mississippi or James river, and in a hundred useless battles, two or three hundred thousand men have found graves in the Southern soil they went forth to plunder and subjugate. What must be the reflections of their political or military leaders, if they have any feeling or conscience, in all their future years?

The spirit in which the war was urged from the beginning by its Northern advocates was shown in the leading Lincoln papers. I copy a few paragraphs from papers published in the spring and summer of 1861.

“Virginia has plucked down vengeance upon her head . . . She has thrown herself under the lead of Pryor, Garnett, and other young Hotspurs, who, dragging the more cowardly and discreet Hunters and Letchers in their train, are precipitating her into the gulf of perdition. Long the nursing mother of treason, but without the courage to act openly and strike boldly, like her rebel sisters on the Gulf, this cowardly old hypocrite is about to receive just retribution for her crimes. As the elder Napoleon said of Prussia, on the eve of the battle of Jena, ‘Her destiny is determined; let it be accomplished!’—*New York Tribune.*

This is the paper that began the cry of “On to Richmond!”

“To complete the harmony of Northern sentiment, upon the unity of which the strength of the Government in this conflict is dependent, all who sympathize with its enemies should be indignantly frowned upon by their neighbours; and, if noisy and seditious in the utterance of their treason, they should be brought to punishment. If we wage this holy war with the earnestness the cause authorizes, we shall battle treason wherever we meet it. It is nowhere more dangerous than where it defiantly parades itself within our own limits.”—*New York Times.*

“Draw the sword; throw wide the scabbard. Let one hundred thousand volunteers from the States yet faithful be called for, to invade and subjugate the assailants of the national honour. And let us never

cease to fight till South Carolina is a desert, a desolate land, and sown with salt, that every passer by shall wag his head."—*Boston Atlas*.

"It is true that there are a few men—we are happy to say that we have been able to find very few—who, even at the present juncture, do nothing but wail over the horrors of civil war, and ask, with imploring accents, why men cannot differ about slavery without desiring to cut each other's throats. But the people at large are not to be deceived by this lachrymose sophistry."—*New York World*.

The *World* has changed hands since the publication of the above, and is more humanely conducted.

"We can have no peace until one of the two civilizations triumphs. . . . The short cut to peace in this country is a reunion of the States, though this may cost us a great war. The weaker party must take and for ever keep the subordinate place."—*New York Times*.

"The dynasty of Jeff. is nothing but a house of cards. It represents nothing but the audacity of a few men, every one of whom will be hanged or driven out of the country before the year is out. We repeat the prediction that the leaders of this conspiracy will be hanged, or driven into exile, before the year is out [1861], and their sympathizers in this region, and at the North, will go down with an overthrow from which there will be no recovery."—*Washington Republican*.

When the organ of the Government at Washington

made such predictions, it is no wonder that the country was flooded with pictures of a Federal Zouave hanging the President of the Confederate States.

“Rebellion must be put down. . . . The heart of the people throbs fiercely with impatience of treason. The thought uppermost to-day in the popular mind is, ‘down with rebellion!’ The prayer most anxiously sent above by a long-suffering people is for a leader equal to our great emergency, who shall call out all loyal men to exterminate treason from the land.”—*New York Evening Post*.

“As certainly as we now write, the North West, with spades only, protected with rifles, will drown out the whole country on the lower Mississippi, as relentlessly as they would drown out rats in the hold of a ship. And nothing is easier. Let them look to it, then; and return to their allegiance, while it is yet in their power to do so.”—*New York Courier and Enquirer*.

This paper was edited, and the above was probably written, by General James Watson Webb, since United States Minister to Brazil, where his quarrel with Mr. Christie, the British Minister, was, to use a mild term, characteristic.

“The President must direct the great National arm, which only awaits his command to deliver a blow that will end the war at once, by its crushing weight on the heads of those who have evoked its wrath—or that arm, fired with a public rage which will brook no control or guidance, will deal out, in its blind wrath, a destruction more terrible and complete

than ever a people suffered before. The instincts of humanity will be forgotten, and that will prove a war of utter extermination, which the President has now the power to control and limit to the punishment of those whose crimes have given it birth."—*New York Daily Times*.

"Woe to him that ventures to speak of peace, or compromise, or mediation, or adjustment, until treason shall have been effectually rebuked by the condign punishment of the traitors."—*New York Tribune*.

"The worn-out race of emasculated First Families must give place to a sturdier people, whose pioneers are now on their way to Washington at this moment in regiments. An allotment of land in Virginia will be a fitting reward to the brave fellows who have gone to fight their country's battles, and Maryland and Virginia, Free States, may start anew in the race for prosperity and power."—*New York Tribune*.

Alas! the allotment was soon made for most of these brave fellows, who were by such means induced to march to Virginia. It was six feet long by two feet wide. This has been the allotment of more than a hundred thousand Federal volunteers in Virginia—the only kind of allotments the invaders of the South are ever likely to have in quiet possession.

"Whenever a privateer sailing under letters of marque and reprisal of Jefferson Davis can be caught, all the men on board, from the captain to the cabin-boy, should be at once run up to the yard-arm, without any further trial than an inspection of the ship's papers."—*New York Tribune*.

This paper is edited by Horace Greeley, a philanthropist!

It was in view of such expressions as these, a thousand times repeated and re-echoed, that the editors of Nashville, Tennessee, issued an address to their countrymen, from which I copy a single paragraph :

“ And what is the spirit that moves the vast North? Revenge and hate stream through every column of their journals. Conciliation, peace, and mercy are banished words. ‘ War to the knife,’ ‘ extermination of the rebels,’ ‘ crush the traitors,’ are the common forms of their expressions. The South is to be overrun and crushed for ever; her proud spirit broken, her property confiscated, her families scattered and slaughtered, and then to remain through all time a dependency on the ‘ free and sovereign ’ North. Powerful armies of fanatics and plunderers are to be quartered in our cities and towns in the South, dictating to us laws at the point of the bayonet, and the slaves to be turned loose with more than savage atrocity on helpless women and children.”

But it will be asked, was this the unanimous expression of the American press? Were there none to take the side of moderation, of justice, and of peace? There were many. I have a list of two hundred northern papers that were opposed to the war. The *New York Herald* opposed it until a street mob compelled it to change its tone, and it has ever since, while pretending to advocate the war for the Union, done all it considered safe to do to cripple the

Government and aid the South. The *New York Journal of Commerce*, one of the most able and dignified daily papers in America, opposed the war, until the Government refused to carry it in the mails, and it had to choose between a change of editors and suppression. The *New York Express* has from the beginning either openly or covertly opposed the war. The *New York Daily News* opposed it with great ability, until suppressed by being excluded from the mails, and seized by the police. On the 18th of April, 1861, *The News* asked :

“ Are we a bloodthirsty people? Cannot Americans be induced to pause and ponder? Shall wild passion, under the sway of fanatics and interested demagogues, replace the reason which has heretofore governed a free and enlightened people? Shall we eat better, live better, sleep better, die better, from knowing that thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens have been slain in battle—brothers by brothers, fathers by sons, friends by the hands of those to whom they had been most devoted? Have the agonizing groans of the dying, the fearful cries of the wounded, the lamentations of the widowed and orphaned, and the shrieks of maidens outraged, become sounds which we should not shrink to hear? Will mangled limbs, the loathsome horrors of fields of carnage, ravaged fields, burning towns and villages, terror-stricken crowds fleeing before a brutal soldiery, be gratifying to our eyes? Is wholesale murder no longer included in the law, ‘Thou shalt do no murder?’ The mind is palsied at the recklessness with which the internecine

strife into which misrule has plunged the country is spoken of by those who sustain the policy of the Administration."

In another number it said :—

" Whichever side won in this unhappy quarrel it would bring no joy, and every life lost would be that of a brother and a friend. There are no laurels to be won in this conflict. The thorny and bitter plant which grows on the shores of the Lake of Sodom will twine the victors' brows and deck the biers of those who perish in this fratricidal and unnatural war.

" There are those who gloat over the prospect of coming butchery ; who, like vultures, scent in anticipation the carnage about Fort Sumter, and glory in the fatal blow that divides the Union, as they hope, for ever. *Their horrible exultations at this moment, when civil war is about to commence, show that the party to which they belonged had this very end of disunion and war in view when they initiated their political aggression against the South.*"

It was for such words as these that this able and fearless democratic organ was suppressed. In a similar spirit the *Buffalo Republic* said :—

" We cannot divine the ways of Providence ; but to us it seems that a more unnatural and unhallowed warfare does not disgrace the annals of the world. Suppose the wrongs of the South are imaginary wrongs ? Imaginary grievances have a moral force as potent as those that are real, and demand' as serious treatment. Has the party in power dealt earnestly and candidly with the wrongs set forth by

the Southern people? Most assuredly not; but with dogged obstinacy it has persisted in forcing its ethical doctrines upon a people to whom they were repulsive, and now because they refuse to swallow the republican draught, their homes are to be made desolate, and their fair country made to run with blood."

The Baltimore *Exchange*, in the following paragraph, speaks the sentiments of Maryland and the Border States:—

"We believe that right and justice are with our brethren of the South, and that the cause they represent and are defending is the cause of their domestic institutions—their chartered rights and firesides. We look upon the Government which is assailing them as the representatives, not of the Union, but of a malignant and sectional fanaticism, which takes the honoured name of the Union in vain, and has prostrated and is trampling on the Constitution. The war which that Government has wantonly begun we regard as a wicked and desperate crusade, not only against the homes and rights of our Southern brethren, but against the fundamental American principle of self-government."

It is a curious fact that some of the leading men and papers which have been violent advocates of the war, at first committed themselves against it. Thus Wm. H. Seward, Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State, at the dinner of the New England Society, in New York, December, 1860, made a speech, from which I make the following extract:—

"The question then is, when at this time people are

struggling under a delusion that they are getting out of the Union, and going to set up for themselves, what we are to do in order to hold them in. I do not know any better rule than the rule which every good New-England man, I suppose, though I have not much acquaintance with New-England—every father of a family in New York who is a sensible man—I suppose New-England fathers do the same thing—the rule which they exercise. It is this—if a good man wishes to keep his family together it is the easiest thing in the world. When one gets discontented, begins to quarrel, to complain, does his father quarrel with him, tease him, threaten, coerce him? No, that is the way to get rid of a family. But, on the other hand, if you wish to keep them together you have only one thing to do—to be patient, kind, forbearing, and wait until they come to reflect for themselves. The South is to us what the wife is to the husband. I do not know a man in the world who cannot get rid of his wife if he tries to do so. I can put him in the way to do it at once. He has only got two things to do—one is to be unfaithful to her, the other is to be out of temper with her, and she will be glad to leave him. That is the most simple. We have a great many statesmen who assume to know at once what the South proposes to do; what the Government proposes to do; whether they intend to coerce our Southern brethren back into their allegiance. Then they ask us, of course, as they may rightly do, what will be the value of a fraternity which is compulsory. All I have to say on that subject is, that it was so

long time ago as in the days of Sir Thomas More, when he made the discovery, and so announced it in his writings, 'that there are a great many school-masters, but very few who know how to instruct children, and a great many who know how to whip them.'"

Hon. Robert Dale Owen, formerly United States Minister to Naples, and now or lately in the service of the Lincoln Government, said :—

"If the cotton states persist in secession, we must acknowledge them, on some terms or other, before or after war; or else we must conquer and reduce them to submission. No man of common sense proposes to reduce them to submission. Then, if they persist, the sooner we make terms with them the better."

Hon. Horace Greeley, in November 1860, wrote as follows :—

"If the cotton states unitedly and earnestly wish to withdraw peacefully from the Union, we think they should and would be allowed to do so. Any attempt to compel them by force to remain would be contrary to the principles enunciated in the immortal Declaration of Independence—contrary to the fundamental ideas on which human liberty is based."

Quoting from the Declaration of Independence the doctrines, that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and that when any government becomes hostile to the interests and happiness of a people it is their right to alter, or abolish it, and form another, he added :—

"*We do heartily accept this doctrine, believing it*

intrinsically sound, beneficent, and one that, universally accepted, is *calculated to prevent the shedding of seas of human blood*. And if it justified the secession from the British Empire of three millions of colonists in 1776, *we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Federal Union in 1861.*"

And yet this man has done more than any other, Seward perhaps excepted, to shed seas of human blood, by the base betrayal and violation of his principles!

Even the *New York Evening Post*, afterwards one of the most violent and bitter of the war papers, in April, 1861, had not quite forgotten its ancient professions of democracy. It said:—

"This is a Government of the people. There is no doubt that when a majority of the people of this country decide to break up the Government, their decision is final; and no sensible man doubts that if, by a fair and unobstructed vote, the majority of the people of the seceded States declared their positive and earnest desire to leave the Union, they would not find the remaining States unreasonable."

These are a few of very numerous instances in which interest, or fear, or a prevailing madness, has caused men to forget their principles.

The actual influences which caused and have continued the war, with all its bloodshed, atrocities, and horrors, and which urge portions of the Northern people to a war of subjugation or extermination, are of a complex character.

There is the greed of power. That America is the greatest, as well as the freest, most enlightened, most moral and religious of countries, and is destined to possess the whole continent and rule the world, is an American idea hard to abandon. The flag of the Stars and Stripes is the symbol of this great and glorious empire.

The greed of gain was another motive. Millions of capital at the North were embarked in manufacturing for the Southern market, and in the Southern trade. The competition of Europe was shut out by the Morrill Tariff. It was a large stake, and Northern capitalists were willing to contribute liberally to the war, in the hope of getting back what secession might deprive them of for ever.

The Republican party, after many long struggles had just come into power, and secession took from them half of the fruits of victory. The South would not submit to their rule. This was an insult as well as an injury.

The Abolitionists, who made the freedom of the negro the first consideration, were ready either to dissolve the Union or to fight for its continuance. They had been letting the Constitution slide, and spitting upon it, for years. Now came a chance to free the negro, as an incident of a war for the Constitution. The followers of John Brown are ready to excite a servile war—to make the whole South a St. Domingo—to excite four millions of slaves to rapine and murder, to exterminate a white population of eight millions, and make their country a desert of wild beasts and

savages. Never on the earth was a more ruthless and insane fanaticism.

Add to these the mercenaries, native and foreign, whom high bounties, high pay, and the licence of rapine and plunder have brought into the field, and an army of contractors, suttlers, &c., made rich by the plunder of Government, army, and people, and you have an idea of some of the interests engaged in the war against the Confederate States of America.

There is a peace party throughout the whole North. It is composed of democrats who have not forgotten their principles, philanthropists whose love of men does not lead to murder, patriots who hold that liberty is of more value than empire, and Christians who do not expect to compel men to fraternal union with rifle and cannon. In many districts of the North the peace party has been in a majority of numbers, but it has not had the means of political action, and it has not come to the point of revolt against the established Government. Many who should have been its leaders have been silent or unfaithful. I have the hope that the true voice of America may yet be heard; and that the true American spirit may be aroused in the hearts of people not wholly corrupted, maddened, and lost.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MY RECORD.

Before the war.—Election of Mr. Lincoln and its consequences.—Secession.—Southern military movements.—Inauguration of President Lincoln.—Organization of the Government.—Various opinions.—The New York Press.—“Peace or War?”—“The City of New York.”—“The future of America.”—“The principle of coercion.”—“Second Edition! The Inauguration of civil war.”—Conclusion.

I CLOSE this book, as I began it, with matter of a more personal character than any contained in the intermediate chapters. I wish to place on record what I thought of the war before it began—before the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter—when I saw it looming in the future, and had some idea of its vast proportions. I have given extracts from several Northern papers, for War and for Peace. I beg the indulgence of the reader while I give some longer extracts from a paper of my own.

At the beginning of 1861, I commenced the publication of a weekly newspaper in New York. One number was issued before the attack on Fort Sumter, and when it was hoped and believed that peace would be preserved. But the perfidious Government at

Washington, while promising to evacuate that fort, was preparing an expedition for its relief. The sailing of that expedition brought war, and my literary enterprise was nipped in the bud. I did not issue a second number. If I had done so, it is not likely that it would have reached many readers.

In the number issued before the sailing of the expedition from New York, which began the war, I published the following *résumé* of the position of affairs and several articles which will give the reader an idea of the situation as it then appeared to a Democratic New York American :—

[From the *New York Age*, April 2, 1861.]

“The Presidential contest of 1860 was an epoch in our history. Four candidates divided the suffrages of the American people: Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, Republican; Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, Democrat; John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, Democrat; and John Bell, of Tennessee, American. Mr. Lincoln received a majority in every Northern State except New Jersey. He did not, however, receive a majority of the popular vote, and was elected President under the forms of the Constitution, with a majority of nearly a million of votes against him.

“The election was remarkable from its sectional character. While every Northern State but one gave a majority for Lincoln, he got no majority in any Southern State, and but very few votes. The South went *en masse* against him, with a strong determination of not submitting to the platform on which he was elected.

“As soon as the result was known, conventions were called in several of the Southern States. South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, have formally seceded from the Federal Union, and have formed a new government, under the title of the Confederate States of America, with its capital at Montgomery, Alabama. Jefferson Davis, late Senator from Mississippi, formerly an officer in the army, and Secretary of War, was elected President.

“The Constitution of the Confederate States is that of the United States, with a few alterations. The President is elected for six years, instead of four, and cannot be re-elected. All officers of the Government, except foreign ministers and heads of departments, hold office during good behaviour, and cannot be removed for political reasons. These provisions, it is expected, will put an end to office-seeking. There are other safeguards against extravagant and corrupt expenditures. These are generally considered wise amendments. Others can be made by convention at the call of three States.

“Nearly one hundred and fifty officers of the army and navy, citizens of the Confederated States, have resigned their commissions, considering that they owed allegiance to the States to which they belonged, and not to the Union, of which those States were no longer members. Some of the most capable and distinguished of those officers have been appointed to commands in the military service of the new confederacy. Most of the civil posts are also filled by those who have

held appointments under the United States Government.

“As the States seceded from the Union they took possession, as far as was practicable, of the fortresses, arsenals, and other public property, held for their use and protection hitherto by the general government. Most of these were destitute of garrisons, and were taken without difficulty. Major Anderson, stationed at Fort Moultrie, Charleston, being threatened by a superior force of South Carolina troops, retired to Fort Sumter, in the centre of the harbour, which, with sufficient men and supplies, was considered an almost impregnable position. A feeble and abortive attempt to send him supplies and reinforcements was made by the late administration. The *Star of the West* entered the harbour, but was driven off by the batteries erected by the troops of the State. The holding of the fort, and still more, the attempt at its reinforcement, was considered an act of war by the seceded States.

While the forces of South Carolina were gathering around Fort Sumter, Lieutenant Slemmer, at Pensacola, held Fort Pickens, though the Navy Yard and Shore batteries were surrendered to the Florida troops. When the Confederate Government was organized, Gen. Beauregard, late a distinguished officer of the United States army, was sent to take the command at Charleston, and Gen. Bragg, distinguished in the battle of Buena Vista, was dispatched to Pensacola.

“On the 4th of March, 1861, Abraham Lincoln, having escaped from a rumoured conspiracy to assassinate him, was inaugurated President at Washington.

In his address, which was looked forward to with great anxiety, he expressed the intention to execute the laws, as far as power was given him, over the whole territory of the United States : to collect revenues, and to hold and possess the fortifications and other property of the Government. He also announced that he would not invade the seceded States, or force officials upon them against their will. The seeming contradictions of the inaugural message have not found a satisfactory interpreter. Its declarations are considered warlike or pacific according to the feelings or interests of those who attempt to expound them.

“The new Administration at Washington was organized by the appointment of Messrs. Seward, Chase, Cameron, Wells, Bates, Smith, and Blair, to the Cabinet. These appointments did not explain the inaugural. Some of them were supposed to be for coercion, some for conciliation ; the views of others were unknown.

“Meantime, a powerful armament and large force was being drawn round Fort Sumter. The forces of the United States were small and widely scattered. The supplies in the fort were running low, and fresh provisions, supplied from Charleston, could be cut off at any moment. It became necessary either to send supplies and reinforcements, or to abandon the fort. General Scott estimated that its relief would require at least ten thousand men, and a powerful naval force. It is said that Major Anderson’s estimate was larger. As the garrison would starve or be taken prisoners before any such force could be gathered, the Govern-

ment at Washington was reluctantly compelled to abandon the position.*

“Indian raids in Texas, made by the powerful and warlike tribes on that frontier, had caused two or three thousand U. S. troops to be sent there, under the command of General Twiggs, the third officer in the army, ranking next after Generals Scott and Wool. The Texan Convention, which passed the ordinance of Secession, sent commissioners, backed by a strong military force under General Ben. M’Culloch, a famous ranger, to demand the surrender of the fortresses and military property to the State.

“The troops were divided, and scattered along the frontier. General Twiggs, a Southerner, and sympathizing with the secession movement, had at his urgent request been relieved from the command of the southwestern division. But his successor had not arrived. He pleaded for delay; but the matter was urgent, and he finally surrendered, was stricken from the rolls of the army, and received in New Orleans with a popular ovation.

“The late Congress passed a tariff law, increasing the duties on many important articles. The Southern Congress adopted a lower scale of duties. While goods imported into New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., pay from twenty-five to fifty per cent., with some much higher, the same goods brought to Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, or New Orleans, pay from ten to twenty-five per cent. The effect of this will be to

* It was stated in New York that the Government had ordered the evacuation as a military necessity.

send the great bulk of foreign commerce to the Southern ports. When the goods are once entered, there is nothing to hinder their being distributed over the Western States, or brought to our Eastern cities.

“The slave States which have not yet seceded and joined the Southern Confederacy, hold a doubtful position. Attached to the Union by feeling and interest, they are yet so identified with the South, that several of them have declared by large majorities, that any attempt at coercion against the Southern Confederacy, would cause them to secede. This is undoubtedly the position of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. The other States would probably follow in their lead. Such, frankly and impartially stated, are the difficulties which surround the Government at the opening of Mr. Lincoln’s administration. No President has ever had so great a responsibility.

“The inauguration of the President at Washington was the signal for the assembling at that point of a vast army of office-seekers. An immense number came from the north-western States, the home of the President. ‘To the victors belong the spoils,’ has become the watchword of all parties. The Republican party does not show itself less greedy than the Democratic. There are, or would be, including the seceded States, some sixty thousand offices; but a great portion of them, small country post-offices, are of little value. There are probably from ten to fifty applicants for every office supposed to be worth having.

“The first pressure upon the President was for cabinet appointments. Mr. Seward, supposed at

present to entertain moderate and conciliatory views toward the South, was warmly opposed by the ultra-Republicans, led by Mr. Greeley, while Mr. Chase, believed to be an ultra of the Greeley and Giddings school, was as strenuously opposed by the moderates. A speedy rupture of the Cabinet was predicted, but it has not been tried yet on any question of sufficient importance to bring its supposed antagonisms into action—the abandonment of Fort Sumter being considered a military necessity.

“In the extra session of the Senate, called to act upon the appointments of the President, various attempts have been made to draw or drive the Republican Senators into a declaration of the policy of the Administration, but without effect. Mr. Douglas, in a plausible speech, interpreted the inaugural as meaning conciliation and peace, because Congress had done nothing to provide for the other alternative of civil war.

“Mr. Hale and other Senators declared frankly that they were entirely in the dark as to the intentions of the Government.

“Mr. Breckenridge inferred from the silence of the Republicans in the Senate, and of the Administration, that their intention was war. If it were peace, he said, they could have no objection to say so. They are silent, therefore they mean war; but the Senator may have lost sight of the war that might be made on the Administration by its own party, in case of a declaration of peace toward the Southern republic.

“The Administration met with a difficulty which

threatens serious consequences to its party, in the claims of the German Republicans. Several of their leaders claimed important diplomatic appointments. Mr. Carl Shurz, of Wisconsin, a refugee from Prussia, claimed the mission to the Court of Victor Emmanuel, while Mr. Hassaurek, a well-known radical editor and speaker of Cincinnati, applied for the mission to Switzerland. Mr. Seward determined that no foreigner should be appointed to a first-class European mission. They could have the smaller missions in Europe, or those in South America. The diplomatic appointments generally indicate a moderate policy, with the exception, perhaps, of that of General James Watson Webb to Constantinople, which was probably to get him out of the way of doing mischief. Mr. Shurz has since been appointed to Spain, and Mr. Hassaurek to one of the States of South America.

“THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS on the Great Question of the day is sufficiently remarkable.

“The ‘Herald’ has been Southern, pro-slavery, and secession from the beginning. Early last summer it predicted the secession movement and the consequences which followed it with remarkable accuracy.

“The ‘Tribune,’ like all the Republican papers, ridiculed the idea of secession or disunion, and said the slave States could not be kicked out of the Union—that the whole cry was got up for political effect. Now it tells us that the conspiracy has been in existence for thirty years, with a perfect determination to carry it out at the first convenient opportunity. When the movement actually commenced, the ‘Tribune’ said that

if a majority of the people of any of the Southern States wished to change their government, they had a right to do so, and they might go in peace. Now there is not a paper in the Union so strong for coercive measures and civil war.

“The ‘Times’ has been on both sides of the fence, almost on alternate days. A strong coercive article one day is balanced by a conciliation one the next.

“The ‘Evening Post’ is for war.

“The ‘Express’ is for peace, conciliation, and reconstruction.

“The ‘Courier and Enquirer,’ edited by General Webb, is fiercely for war and death to all traitors.

“The ‘Journal of Commerce’ is firmly for conciliation and peace.

“The ‘World,’ which began very moderate, has grown excessively warlike of late.

“The New York Press may be set down as about equally divided on the momentous questions of War and Peace.

“PEACE OR WAR.

“We have looked over the whole ground long and anxiously, and our conclusion is that there must be peace. It is a political, financial, and military necessity. Why President Lincoln has not more frankly avowed it as the policy of his administration, it is hard to say. His reticence may also be a political necessity. The inaugural address contains strong expressions both of coercion and conciliation. Its warlike declarations cannot be carried out—its peaceful ones can be.

“ There is no existing law by which the President can collect the national revenue in one of the seceded States. There is no law by which he can raise a sufficient military force to take or hold one of the fortresses which may be considered within the Southern Confederacy. It is as well to look all the facts in the face. Nothing can be done towards collecting the revenue, executing the laws, or carrying out the intention to hold and possess the fortresses without express authority of Congress. And if there were law for it, what then? Suppose there had been a force of twenty thousand men to relieve Fort Sumter. It would have been met by a force of 50,000 Southerners. Virginia, Kentucky, every Southern State would have joined hands with the Southern Confederacy. The war would have been begun—who can tell when, where, or how it would have ended? The officers and the men who have fought together under our flag in the past would have been pitted against each other. The first act of coercion on the part of the Government of the United States against the Southern Confederacy will unite the whole South, and divide the North. It is not as if we had a foreign enemy. For seventy years the people of the South have been our brethren. We have poured out our blood upon the same battle-fields. Together we have made progress in the arts of peace. Why should we go to war with them?

“ And for what purpose? Suppose we were to conquer—burn their cities, waste their fields, introduce all horrors of servile insurrection, and finally

subdue them—what then? Can one portion of the Union hold the other as conquered provinces? Can we hold the South as Austria holds Venetia, or as England holds Ireland? To do this, our Government must become a military despotism. It cannot be done under the Constitution. And if it were, there are four millions of negroes to be disposed of. The North, the conquering section, must either govern them in slavery, or take the responsibility of setting them free, and providing for them.

“Frankly, we see no course for the Government to pursue, but to acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy, make equitable treaties, conciliate the border States, and wait for the developments of the future. It is easy to clamour for war, but it is wise to count the costs before entering upon such a war as this. Those who think the South is powerless do not understand her. In the Mexican war the Southern States contributed twice as many men as the Northern. The South, with her fields cultivated, and nearly all her work done by Negroes, can place almost her entire white population under arms. In a great emergency, the Southern States could place in the field a million of soldiers—the greater part of them such men as won the battles of Buena Vista and New Orleans.

“We do not undervalue the courage nor the resources of the North; but the South has this undoubted advantage. In case of a civil war, with the North as the aggressor, the whole South would be united to a man, while the North would be divided.

A large and powerful party at the North, and millions of all parties, would oppose such a war. It is for these reasons, among others, that we believe in peace as a political and military necessity.

“ New York, like every other city, suffers from the impending revolution. We say impending, for only a part is accomplished. The Slave States must finally belong to one confederacy. New York is the commercial and financial capital of the whole country, and must suffer from the derangement of trade with any portion. What we are now suffering from is the paralysis of suspense. Millions of gold are lying in the vaults of our banks, as useless as the same weight in paving-stones. The banks cannot lend their money, for nobody dares to borrow. Of course the every-day wants must be supplied, and the ordinary operations of trade in the necessaries of life must go on ; but everybody who can wait until he can see what he has to rely upon does so. And this makes dull times for the rich and hard times for the poor.

“ New York is also threatened with a loss of commerce from the operation of the rival tariffs. The Southern people are in favour of free trade. They wish to buy and sell in the open markets of the world. The Northern people, being largely manufacturers, want the protection of high tariff duties. But if goods can be imported into Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans at low rates, and be distributed over not only the South, but the West, what can the merchants of New York do, but transfer their

capital to the new channels which commerce will inevitably open?

“And if more than half the sea coast of the United States is open to the commerce of the world, how can the manufacturers of New England and Pennsylvania expect to maintain the high prices for which they have passed the existing tariff? Can we expect that the great West, growing into power with giant strides, will consent to high duties and high prices, to build up the prosperity of the East? We have here another wedge, which may rend the Union into other fragments.

“The interest of New York is that of the whole country. It is manufacturing, as well as commercial; but our manufactures are mostly of a kind which do not need protection. With moderate and nearly equal tariffs, North and South, New York could hold her own, and advance in her wonderful career of prosperity.”

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

“They are mistaken who say that Americans are destitute of loyalty and patriotism. It is not true. We love our country, and as a rule we are loyal to its institutions.

“It is hard for us to believe that the glorious destiny which seemed to await us can be wrested from us. We have looked forward to the time when America, with its population of a hundred millions, filling the continent from ocean to ocean, should be the first

civilized power in the world. We have hoped that her example and influence would lead the whole human race to civilization and freedom.

“A dark cloud has settled over this once brilliant prospect. The growth of corruption and fanaticism has brought a crisis in our national affairs, and we can see no escape from the impending ruin. For twenty years the popular feeling of the North against the South, and the institutions of the South, has been steadily increasing. We have no faith in any permanent reaction. At the same time, the feeling and opinion of the South has steadily increased in an opposite direction. Twenty years ago, a large portion of the Southern people were willing to admit that slavery was an evil which they would gladly be rid of if they knew how it could be accomplished. To-day, the predominant sentiment of the South is that the normal position of their four millions of negro population is that of an enforced pupilage to civilization. They hold that the black race was created to be the servants of the white, and that it cannot be put to any better use.

“Neither the North nor the South can be driven or persuaded out of its opinions on this subject. The only basis of union between them, therefore, is entire toleration. If the people of the North had been content with the enjoyment of their own opinions on this subject, leaving the South at peace, making no war upon its institutions, leaving each social system to make its own progress, without interfering with the other, the Union might have been preserved. But

the North, years ago, entered upon an earnest propagandism, with the avowed purpose of destroying the Southern institution.

“The South remonstrated—it warned, it threatened in vain. At last, when the Abolition party had triumphed in nearly every Northern State, and men pledged to the “irrepressible conflict” were placed at the head of the nation, South Carolina withdrew from the Union. Six States have followed her example, and they have organized a Southern Confederacy.

“Is there any prospect that this breach can be healed? Is there any hope that we shall any more rejoice in ‘one Constitution, one country, one destiny?’ We do not see the first element of such a prospect. North and South are both earnest, conscientious, and determined. In opinion, they are at open war.

“How is union possible? Only in two ways. There must be a union of mutual consent and choice, or a union of force. The South will not consent to union, except with entire toleration of her institutions. She will resist an enforced union to the last extremity.

“So far as we can see, our future is to be either a military despotism, in which the North, by the power of numbers, will conquer and subjugate the South, and rule over the Southern States as conquered provinces, or we must exist as separate republics, each enjoying her own institutions, and working out her own destiny.

“There can be no cordial union until either the

majority of the North give up all active opposition to slavery, or the Southern people give up slavery itself. An enforced union brings upon us civil war, with its untold horrors.

“The best we dare hope is a peaceful separation.

“But may not people in time, by the exercise of their reason, come nearer together, and finally cast aside their differences? Have they done so? To us they appear to be for ever diverging more widely apart.

“Our society is broken into fragments. Every village has as many little cliques as churches of different denominations. Things are denounced as sins in one pulpit which are lauded as moral duties in others. People are in this way set against each other, and brought to the brink of bloodshed and civil war.

“The most terrible wars the world has ever seen have been caused by diversity of religion. Let the pulpits of one State or country denounce the faith or morals of another, and the people will soon be ready to cut their throats.

“When the Northern pulpit says slavery is a sin against God, and the Southern pulpit with equal fervour says slavery is a Divine institution, can we wonder that people, excited by their opposite teachings, should be pointing their cannon at each other?

“Had all pulpits North and South held the same doctrine on a subject so important as this, there would have been no difficulty. Assuredly there is a true doctrine, and assuredly all who profess to teach

by the authority of Christ should teach the same doctrine."

THE PRINCIPLE OF COERCION.

"Our Government is based upon the principle, that all its rights and all its powers are derived from 'the consent of the governed.' This is the basis of all its lawful authority. To collect revenues of the seceded States would be 'taxation without representation,' and would lead, of course, to civil war. The moment our Federal Government is imposed upon any State without its consent, and against the wishes of a majority of its inhabitants, that moment it becomes a military despotism—as much so as Russia in Poland, Austria in Hungary, or England in Ireland or India.

"We have believed in the Union, hoped in the Union, wished to preserve the Union—but never a Union of force. No forced Union can be preserved, nor is it worth preserving. If the Southern people will not be our brethren unless we cut their throats, we must be severed for evermore."

"SECOND EDITION!

"THE INAUGURATION OF CIVIL WAR!

"New York, April 9, 1861.

"In our first edition we gave the result of our observations on the state of the country, and predicted, as we hoped for, PEACE. In those articles we have nothing to retract or alter. We believe that peace is our true policy.

“But since that issue the Administration at Washington has begun military and naval movements, whose only result can be CIVIL WAR, with all its horrors. A large fleet, and all the land forces that could be hastily collected have been sent to the Gulf of Mexico, probably to relieve Fort Pickens and blockade the mouth of the Mississippi and the ports of the Southern States.

“This is WAR, unless better counsels prevail. It is the beginning of a desperate conflict, of which no one can foretell the issue.

“The first effect will be to unite the whole South. The people of Virginia, Kentucky, and all the border States will not act against the South, and they cannot remain neutral.

“And if the border States were not to formally secede from the Union, the flower of the young men of these States, to the number of not less than two hundred thousand, would volunteer in the army of the Southern Confederacy.

“If Virginia and Maryland go with the Gulf States, they take with them Washington, the national capital.

“When oceans of blood have been shed, with the untold horrors of such a contest—brother against brother, father against son—what will be the final result? Union? Harmony? Peace? Never! We shall have two rival military despotisms coming out of a long, bloody, fratricidal war, with loads of debt and a wasted country burdened with taxation.

“Republicans! this responsibility is with you.

The responsibility is with those who have the power. You can say to the South—' Brothers, go in peace !' or you can say, as you now seem to be saying—' War! conflagration! rapine! blood !'

" DEMOCRATS OF THE NORTH ! have you no voice in this matter ? Are you to be dragged into a civil war of murderous horrors, for a cause in which you have no sympathy ? The voices of the Democratic organizations of New York City and State have gone out in earnest protests against an unnecessary and useless civil war. Let the million voices of the people who love justice and are opposed to an impending military despotism, be heard at Washington and save our country from the most terrible of all calamities."

In vain ! My feeble voice and all voices that were for peace were drowned two days afterward in the howls of rage and vengeance that succeeded the bombardment and capture of Fort Sumter ; for it was to the relief of that fort, and not to Fort Pickens, as I had surmised, that the secret expedition had been directed. The Government knew that the first serious effort to relieve Fort Sumter would be the signal for General Beauregard to open fire from his batteries. The Federal Government at Washington provoked and began the war ; and it is, in my opinion, responsible for all its consequences.

These were my opinions and feelings before the war began and at its beginning. That war, with all its horrors, is in its third year, and I have seen no cause to change them. I held them when New York and the whole North was covered with flags and other

symbols of a determination to maintain the Union by force, and when it was believed that seventy-five thousand men and ninety days were sufficient for its restoration. Ten times that number have fallen in battle or by disease, and the North and South are still further separated by the torrent of blood and tears that rolls between them.

THE END.