









SIX MONTHS

IN

THE FEDERAL STATES.

BY

EDWARD DICEY,

AUTHOR OF "CAVOUR, A MEMOIR;" "ROME IN 1860;"
ETC. ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London and Cambridge :
MACMILLAN AND CO.

1863.

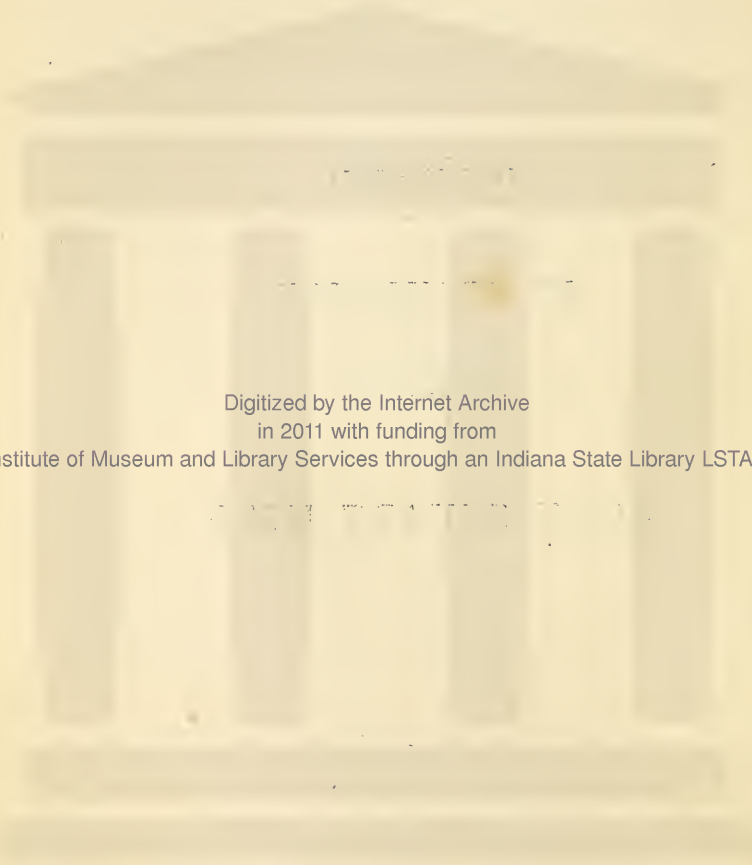
LONDON:
PRINTED BY R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR,
BREAD STREET HILL.

DEDICATED

BY PERMISSION

TO

JOHN STUART MILL.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant

P R E F A C E.

IN the early part of last year I went out to America as special correspondent of *Macmillan's Magazine* and the *Spectator* newspaper, and returned last autumn, after the failure of the Peninsular expedition. Accidental circumstances have delayed the appearance of this work; but the course of events since I left America has only confirmed the views which I formed during my residence there. The facts and reasons on which these views were formed I have endeavoured to relate in these volumes. Portions of the following pages have appeared already in the above-named periodicals. So much, however, has been added to them, and so much revised and re-written, that it is the writer

alone who must be considered responsible for any statements of fact or opinion contained therein.

If anything that I have written should jar upon the feelings of my friends on either side the Atlantic, I can only beg them to believe that I have stated simply what I conceive to be the truth, in the earnest hope that, by so doing, I might render some little service towards creating a more friendly feeling between the two great English-speaking nations of the world.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB,

March, 1863.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
OUT AT SEA	1
NEW YORK	6
THE AMERICAN PRESS	27
NEW YORK TO WASHINGTON	51
THE FREE NEGRO	65
THE SLAVE-TRADER GORDON	83
WASHINGTON	92
CONGRESS	100
CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES	117
STATE CONSTITUTIONS	134
CONSTITUTION OF THE TERRITORIES	146
WENDELL PHILLIPS	157

	PAGE
THE PROCLAMATION AND THE BORDER STATES	190
NOTABILITIES OF WASHINGTON	217
MR. RUSSELL AND MR. STANTON	238
GLIMPSES OF SLAVERY	251
ENGLAND AND AMERICA	267
POLITICAL SPECULATIONS	278
AMERICAN SOCIETY	299

SIX MONTHS
IN
THE FEDERAL STATES.
OUT AT SEA.

IT was not my purpose on going to America to write a book of travels. I did not intend, in other words, to republish my own diary. Everybody judges of the public by himself, and I own that, to me, the perusal of any other person's diary is singularly uninteresting. In an unknown country, the daily record of the traveller's adventures may possess a real value. On a journey such as mine it was not probable that a traveller would meet with any greater personal adventures than rough quarters, bad inns, and stormy weather. It would be a matter of little interest to the public, or, indeed, to myself, to record whether on such a night, in such a month, I slept at Philadelphia or at Baltimore, and whether I found the Girard House better

than the Continental, or *vice versa*. A fellow-passenger, on board the good ship *Africa*, kept a careful log of the vessel's progress, and kindly presented me with a copy. I always wonder, when I think of it, what conceivable satisfaction he expected to derive hereafter by the knowledge that, on one day during that weary, dreary blank which a sea voyage forms in human life, we were in longitude $42^{\circ} 15'$, and the next in longitude $46^{\circ} 38'$. There is no disputing about tastes; but, as far as my experience goes, the taste for statistical information is not a common one. The great majority of mankind (and, I confess, I agree with them) are perfectly content to travel by railroad without knowing, or caring to know, how many revolutions the wheels make per minute, and how many tons of coal are consumed at a given speed. It is for Gallios on such matters that I write.

Of my voyage, therefore, I shall say but little. It was in the depth of winter, immediately after the settlement of the *Trent* affair, that I sailed for the New World. What with the storms at sea and the storms in the political ocean, our complement of passengers was of the scantiest; and yet, scanty as it was, it formed a strange epitome of the new country we were hurrying to. Most of us were men who had seen something of the world. We had amongst us an ex-colonial governor; the son of an English earl, now a member of the Canadian parliament; a quondam man about town, settled in

the Far West, to whom the prairie and Pall Mall were alike familiar; a Frenchman, whose home was in New York, but whose heart lay in Paris; a Swiss officer of distinction; a Scotch lawyer, who had married in America; a number of New York and Boston dry-goods men; and a young Englishman, travelling for pleasure, to visit his relatives in the States. With the exception of myself, perhaps, every one of us had his fortunes more or less connected with both hemispheres.

Politics were dangerous subjects of conversation; and we avoided them as much as possible. We had strong pro-Union New Englanders amongst us, Government agents, Southern secessionists, and an unhappy bagman, who (I believe entirely on the strength of a somewhat forbidding cast of features) was regarded as a spy. The promotion, therefore, of mutual good fellowship put a check on political discussions; and even without this, we were not intellectually equal to them. In fact, what struck me most amongst the novelties of a long sea voyage, was the extraordinary lassitude of mind produced by it. It is a mystery to me still how we ate so much, slept so long, and did so little. We tried very hard, at times, to amuse ourselves, and failed lamentably. We told the same stock stories, heard the same stock jokes, and played at the same stock games. Being at sea, we did as sea-travellers do. We were first absurdly stiff, then unreasonably familiar, then personally offensive to each other, and finally

quarrelsome. We had hardly any ladies amongst us ; but we talked as much gossip, and spread as much scandal about one another, as if we had been a crew of old maids. In short, we were dull—drearily dull.

Our passage was, I suppose, much as other passages are—of the water, watery. We had the regular experiences. We had a storm, and got blocked amongst the ice, and were enveloped in a fog off the banks of Newfoundland. We were followed by the sea-gulls from the Mersey to the Narrows ; sighted a ship or two ; saw, or fancied we saw, an iceberg ; and were visited by a sparrow in the middle of the Atlantic. These are the sole outward incidents of our voyage I can call to mind. Of the remarks made by any of us during that period of intellectual trance, there is but one, I think, worth recalling, less for its intrinsic value, than as a word of recollection to my fellow-passengers, in case any of them should come across this book of mine. It was during the height of our one great storm. The waves were rolling, foaming, surging round us, as only Atlantic waves can do ; the ship staggered, careened, and reeled, as wave after wave came thundering on her ; the wind roared howling round us ; and sea and sky seemed fused together in one watery mist of foam and spray. At last, a monster wave struck us dead upon the larboard side (I hope that is the correct nautical term), broke the stout beams of the deck-cabin as though they had been

tinder, carried afloat chairs and tables, and flooded the berths below with a sea of water. A small party were playing faro at the time, clinging to the table with one hand, and clutching their cards with the other, when the wave washed both players and tables away to the end of the cabin. One of them, a friend of mine, sprung up with his cards in his hands, and staggering across the cabin, groaned, amidst the howling of the tempest and the shrieks of the female passengers, "I wish Columbus had been crucified!" That such a saying should have been the brightest I can remember on our voyage, will give the reader a fair impression of the mental imbecility to which sea sickness and dulness had reduced us.

With this much of mention, I am content to let my outward voyage float out of memory. I do not like to contemplate the possibility of a state of existence in which it will hereafter be a pleasure to remember it.

NEW YORK.

IT was on the brightest of bright winter days that I entered New York. Morally, it was about the gloomiest period of the Federal fortunes, the darkest of the night before the break of day so soon to follow. The pilot, who hailed us off Sandy Hook, brought us as the only news a rumour that Burnside's expedition had been half destroyed by a storm at sea; and our American fellow-passengers received the intelligence gloomily. Still, the charm of seeing land again was enough to make us forget all political troubles; and, apart from that, the approach through the Narrows into the land-locked bay of New York will remain in my mind as one of the loveliest scenes that I have ever looked upon. Out of the cold chill grey dawn, as I stood shivering on deck, watching for the first glimpses of the New World, the sun rose in a mass of fire, as I had last seen it rise some six months before, far away across the gulf of Spezia. The dim haze rolled slowly away,

and the sky grew clear and blue, like an Italian sky when the Tramontana wind is blowing southwards from across the Alps; and were it not that the hill-slopes which hemmed in the bay on either side were covered with white sparkling snow, and that my fingers tingled with a chill numbing cold, I might have fancied myself back in Italy. But the brightness of the air and the glitter of the sunshine neutralized the depression which cold always exercises on my appreciative faculties; and, even at the risk of frost-bitten toes, I lingered upon deck to gaze at the view. Past Sandy Hook Fort, where the stars and stripes were floating gaily; through the winding Narrows; close beneath the wooded banks of Staten Island, where villas of wood, villas of stone, villas with Doric porticoes, villas with Italian campaniles, Swiss cottages, and Grecian mansions seemed to succeed each other in a never-ending panorama; we floated onwards, towards the long low black line which marked the city of New York. The waters of the bay were calm and blue, like those of a Southern sea; and against the banks great masses of snow-covered ice lay huddled closely—while loose blocks, sparkling in the sunlight, came floating past us out to sea with the ebbing tide. The fairy pilot-boats, with their snow-white sails, darted across our path; vessels bearing the flag of every nation under the sun were dropping down with the flood; English, French, and American men-of-war lay anchored in the bay, where all

the navies of the world might ride at pleasure ; and the quaint Yankee river steamboats, which look as though, in an excess of sea sickness, they had thrown their cabins inside out, and turned their engines upside down, glided around us in every direction. So we steamed slowly on till the Empire City—a sort of Venice without canals—lay before us, half-hidden by the forest of masts, which, palisade-like, girds in its quays, and we were on land at last.

It seemed hard to realize, save for the sunshine, that I had come into a foreign country. Like the traveller of Horace, I had crossed the sea, and had changed nothing but the sky. Everything around and about me looked so like the Old Country. There were neither soldiers nor *gendarmes*, not even a policeman, waiting to receive us on landing. The passports with which I, in common with my fellow-passengers, had provided myself, were uncalled for ; and we left the ship on our several errands without a question being asked of any one of us. Indeed, up to the hour when I quitted the States, I had never occasion to show my passport, except once, to a banker in the West, to whom it luckily served as a proof of my identity. Irish porters seized upon my luggage, as they would have done at the Tower steps in London. Street news-boys pestered me with second editions of English-printed newspapers. An old-fashioned English hackney-coach carried me to my destination, through dull, English-looking streets,

with English names ; and the driver cheated me at the end of my fare, with genuine London exorbitance.

It is not my purpose to describe New York—its sights, and streets, and monuments. The description has been given a score of times before, probably better than I could do it. Those who may wish for a detailed account, I would refer to “Appleton’s Hand-book,” the very model, in my mind, of all books of travels. Why, I wonder, does not somebody write a hand-book for Europe after the fashion of “Appleton” ? Here, instead of the some dozen volumes which Murray would make on such a subject, you have a guide-book to all North America in one single volume. You have no poetical quotations, it is true—no artistic disquisitions, no specimens of fine writing—but you have all a traveller wants to know, and, what is more important, you have nothing that a traveller does *not* want to know.

However, I must admit, as a necessary qualification to the praise due to “Appleton,” that all American cities have one peculiarity, not altogether displeasing to a somewhat *blasé* sight-seer, and that is, that they have few, if any, sights to show. New York is no exception to this general rule. There is a picture-gallery ; there are a few public buildings, which are supposed to possess architectural merits ; and there is the Croton Aqueduct, interesting to engineers. Still, with all deference to my New York friends, I hardly think that a European traveller need go far out of his way to visit any of these

curiosities. I plead guilty to not having seen them, and have as little intention of describing them—possibly less—than I had of visiting them.

It is the general aspect alone of the city, the impression it left upon my mind, that I wish to convey in these pages. New York is not a show-place, and, architecturally, possesses but little claim to distinction. The plan of the city is, in itself, too simple for variety, and is easy enough to understand. The Island of Manhattan, on which New York is placed, is very like the shape of a sole. Now, if you suppose that the skeleton of a sole had a network of cross-bones, parallel as well as perpendicular to the backbone, you will have an exact idea of the plan of New York. The backbone is Broadway; the parallel cross-bones are the avenues, numbered from east to west; and the bones at right angles to the spine are the streets, numbered consecutively from the sole's mouth to its tail. This arithmetical nomenclature of the streets, which seems so barbarous to us in Europe, is really of great practical convenience. The system is not perfect, because the streets in the old parts of the town have names of their own; but still it is sufficiently so, to enable anyone to tell, given the name of a street, whereabouts it is situated, and how to get to it. The corner end of the island, corresponding to the sole's mouth, is the commercial part, the City of New York, of which Wall-street is the Cornhill. Broadway is the great thoroughfare,

where all the chief shops and stores are situated ; and Fifth Avenue, with the streets running across it, is the fashionable quarter, the resort of the Upper Ten Thousand, the Belgravia of the town. Across the middle of the island stretches the Central Park, and beyond that are large, straggling suburbs, whose streets stand high up in the multiplication table, and which threaten, in a few years, if New York should grow at its present rate, to cover the whole island of Manhattan. Across the Hudson and the East River, which join at the city end of the island, lie the great suburbs of Jersey City and Brooklyn—Birkenheads, so to speak, to the New World Liverpool. So much for the topography of New York.

The general effect of the "Empire City" is to me disappointing. Simple magnitude is never very striking to anyone accustomed to London ; and, except in magnitude, there is not much to impress you. Broadway is, or rather ought to be, a very fine street ; and its single stores are as grand as anything can be in the way of shop-front architecture. But a marble-faced palace, of six stories high, has a cast-iron store, with card-paper-looking pillars, on one side, and a two-storied red-brick house on the other. There is no symmetry or harmony about the street, so that it lacks grandeur, without having irregularity enough to be picturesque. The rows of stunted trees on either side give it, in parts, a French look ; but still, when I had once heard a candid American describe it as a "one-horse boulev-

yard, I felt he had produced a description which could not be improved upon. Fifth Avenue is symmetrical enough; but its semi-detached stone mansions, handsome as they are, have not sufficient height to justify its American name of the Street of Palaces; while its monotony is dreadful. The other streets of the fashionable quarters are inferior editions of the Fifth Avenue, and suggested to me, just as our own districts of Tyburnia and Belgravia always do, two invariable reflections—firstly, what an enormous amount of wealth there must be in a country where such vast numbers of people can afford to live in such houses; and, secondly, how little artistic taste there must be amongst a people who, with such incomes, are content to live in dwellings of such external unattractiveness. The poorer streets, towards the banks of the island, have no architectural pretensions; and their prototype, the famous Bowery, bears the strongest family resemblance to the Walworth Road or to Mile-end Gate. The churches, with their towers and tall taper steeples, relieve the uniformity of the city; but, like all our modern style of ecclesiastical architecture, they are not vast enough to be imposing. In fact, if you could transpose New York to England, it would be externally as uninteresting a city as Manchester. But here, in this crisp clear air, there is a sort of French sparkle about the place which enlivens it strangely.

With the exception of the climate, there is far less

of a foreign look about New York than I had expected. Statistics tell you that over one-half of the population of the city was born in the Old World ; and it is also true, that there are only three German cities in the world—Vienna, Berlin, and, I believe, Hamburgh—which contain more German inhabitants than New York. But, somehow or other, the stout English kine seem to have swallowed up so completely the lean foreign kine, that there is little trace left outwardly of their existence. All the shop-notices, and all the thousands of placards, which are stuck upon every wall, with an utterly English disregard of artistic proprieties, are in English, and addressed to English customers. Announcements in the shop-windows that, “*Ici on parle Français,*” and “*Hier spricht man Deutsch,*” are but few ; while the number of persons you meet speaking any language but English is smaller, I should say, than in London or in Liverpool. There are quarters in the town which Irish, French, and Germans more especially frequent ; but Ratcliffe Highway is as much Irish, Whitechapel is as much German, and Leicester Square is as much French, as any corresponding district in New York. The German population evidently retains the strongest individuality of any foreign class ; and the fancy for bright inharmonious colours, so common here amongst the women of the lower classes, coupled with the custom of wearing knitted woollen caps, instead of bonnets, gives rather a German look to the people

in the poorer streets. There is a German newspaper too; and two or three German theatres, which the Germans have tried unsuccessfully to obtain leave to open on the Sunday. Indeed, the dulness of New York on Sunday is so pre-eminently British, that it is hard to persuade oneself one is not in London or Glasgow.

The physiognomy of the population is not English; but it is very difficult to state why, or in what respect, it is not so. The difference I take to be chiefly, that instead of the twenty varieties of form and feature you observe in an English crowd, one English type of face, and one only, the sallow, sharp-featured, straight-haired one, is reproduced indefinitely. An American friend of mine, who, I must add, is a firm follower of Mr. Buckle, has a theory, that the Red Indian is the type of face created by Nature for America; and that there is an irresistible tendency in each succeeding generation of Americans to approximate more and more to the natural Red Indian type. I give no opinion as to the value of the theory; but it is certainly a curious fact, how, in spite of the constant infusion of fresh foreign blood, one uniform type of face appears to be spreading itself through the American people. The coloured population in New York is not numerous enough in the streets, to give a foreign air to the crowd, as it forms little over one per cent. of the whole. At the hotels, and in wealthy private houses, the servants are frequently black, but in the streets

there are few negroes visible. Here, as elsewhere, they form a race apart, never walking in company with white persons, except as servants.

There is a popular delusion in England, that New York is a sort of gingerbread-and-gilt city; and that, contrasted with an English town, there is a want of solidity about the whole place, materially as well as morally. On the contrary, I was never in a town where externally, at any rate, show was so much sacrificed to solid comfort. The ferries, the cars, the street railroads, and the houses, are all so arranged as to give one substantial comfort, without external decoration. It is, indeed, indoors that the charm of New York is found. There is not much of luxury, in the French sense of the word—no lavish display of mirrors, and clocks, and pictures—but there is more comfort, more English luxury, about the private dwelling-houses than I ever saw in the same class of houses at home. The rooms are so light and lofty; the passages are so well warmed; the doors slide backwards in their grooves, so easily and yet so tightly; the chairs are so luxurious; the beds are so elastic, and the linen so clean, and, let me add, the living so excellent, that I would never wish for better quarters, or for a more hospitable welcome, than I have found in many private houses of New York. All the domestic arrangements (to use a fine word for gas, hot water, and other comforts) are wonderfully perfect. Everything, even more than

in England, seems adapted for a home life. From the severity of the winters, there can be no outdoor amusements during a great portion of the year; but, under any circumstances, there appears to be not much of public life. There are no *cafés*; and the nearest approach to any places of public resort, the hotel bar-rooms, are not places where you can sit down, or find any amusement, as an *habitué*, except that of drinking.

Undoubtedly, out of doors, you see evidences of a public equality, or rather absence of inequality, among all classes, which cannot fail to strike an inhabitant of the Old World. In the streets, the man in the hat and broadcloth coat and the man in corduroys and fustian jacket never get out of each other's way or expect the other to make way for him. In the cars and omnibuses ladies and washerwomen, gentlemen and labourers, sit hustled together without the slightest mutual sense of incongruity. In the shops and from the servants it is your own fault if you are not treated with perfect civility—but with civility as to an equal, not as to a superior. In the bar-rooms there is no distinction of customers; and as long as you pay your way, and behave quietly, you are welcome whatever your dress may be. No doubt the cause of this general equality is the absence of the classes brutalized by poverty whom you see in all our great cities. There is a great deal of poverty in New York, and the Five Points

quarter—the Seven Dials of the city—is, especially on a bitter winter's day, as miserable a haunt of vice and misery as it was ever my lot to witness in Europe. Still, compared with the size of New York, this quarter is a very small one; and poverty there, bad as it is, is not helpless poverty. The fleeting population of the Five Points is composed of the lowest and most shiftless of the recent foreign emigrants; and in the course of a few years they, or at any rate their children, move to other quarters, and become prosperous and respectable. From these causes, and from the almost universal diffusion of education, there is no class exactly analogous to our English idea of the mob. The fact that well-nigh everybody you meet is comfortably dressed seems to disprove the existence of those dangerous classes which always attract the notice of a foreigner in England. There are few beggars about the town, and of those few, all are children. For an Anglo-Saxon population, there is very little drunkenness visible in the streets; and with regard to other forms of public vice it is not for an Englishman to speak severely. The Broadway saloons, with their so-called “pretty waiter-girls,” and the Lager Bier haunts in the low quarters of the town, whose windows are crowded with wretched half-dressed, or undressed women, formed, indeed, about the most shameless exhibition of public vice I have ever come across, even in England or Holland; and I am glad to say that, since I left New York, the

State Government, under a republican as opposed to a democratic legislature, has taken means to suppress these social nuisances. But in the streets at night, there are few of the scenes which habitually disgrace our own metropolis.

The great quiet and order of the city are in themselves remarkable. There is an air of unsecured security about New York I never saw equalled out of England. There are no soldiers about, as in a continental capital; and the policemen—nearly as fine a body of men, by the way, as our London police—appear to devote their energies to preserving Broadway from being utterly jammed up by carts, and to escorting ladies across that most treacherous of thoroughfares. The people seem instinctively to keep themselves in order. How a row would be suppressed if there was one, I cannot say; I only know that, during my stay in New York, I never saw anything approaching to a disturbance in any public place or thoroughfare.

But, in truth, everything there is so different from what one would expect it to be in theory. Under a democratic republic like that of New York State, where, practically, the suffrage is universal, one would expect that in all social matters the convenience and interests of the individual would be sacrificed to those of the public. The very contrary is the fact. The principle of vested rights—the power of every individual to consult his own inclinations in defiance of his neigh-

bour's convenience—is carried there to a perfect absurdity. Anybody may build his house after his own fancy, in total disregard of the architectural style of the houses by which it is surrounded. Anybody may stop his cart or carriage where he likes; and I have seen Wall Street in its busiest hours blocked up by a stoppage caused by some brewer's dray, which chose to stand still at the side of the narrow street. Anybody has a right to get into the cars or omnibuses so long as he can squeeze his way in; and thus the cars—in themselves the most comfortable street conveyances I have ever travelled in—are rendered at times almost insufferable by the fact that the broad space between the seats is crammed with extra passengers, standing on, or in dangerous proximity to, the toes of the seated travellers. Cheap comfortable cabs are the one great luxury in which New York is deficient, and a cab company would probably be the most profitable of speculations; but the old hackney-coach proprietors, who possess the most rickety of two-horse, tumble-down vehicles, and who charge any price they like, from a dollar upwards, for any distance, have always, by their vested interests, contrived to thwart the introduction of cabs. The illustration, however, of this state of public feeling which most strikes a stranger is the state of the public streets in winter-time. It has been my fortune, or misfortune, in the course of many years of travel, to ride over a good number of bad roads of every kind of badness;

but no road I have literally, as well as metaphorically, stumbled across, is to compare with Broadway during last winter's snows. When it froze hard at night, the street next day was a succession of *Montagnes Russes*, up and down which the carriages slid wildly. Over the pavement lay a coating of some three or four feet of snow, indented with holes and furrows and ridges of most alarming magnitude. Whenever there was a temporary thaw, this mass of ice and snow became a pond of slush—a very slough of despond. Without exaggeration, crossing the main-streets was a work of danger. Falls of foot-passengers were things of constant occurrence, while the struggles of the floundering horses to drag the carriages out of the ruts and crevasses were really painful to witness. I believe the state of the streets was somewhat worse that year than usual; but every year there is more or less of the same sort of thing. The one cause of all this obstruction is, that the contractor who has undertaken to keep the streets clean has failed to fulfil the spirit, if not the letter, of his contract. Everybody grumbles—just as we do in London when a gas company stops up the Strand for the sake of tinkering its pipes—but nobody proposes to interfere and insist on the nuisance being summarily removed. The vested rights of the individual contractor override the rights of the public.

On only one occasion did I see a mob in New York, and that was on the outbreak of a fire. It was towards

mid-day, and, to my surprise, every clock near Wall Street, down which I was passing at the time, began striking seven solemnly and slowly, like our passing bell in a country parish. I inquired the meaning from a passer-by, and learnt that it was the signal that a fire had broken out in the Seventh Ward. I turned in the direction pointed out, and soon a fire engine rattled past me, dragged by a string of boys and men through, rather than over, the uneven, broken snow-drifts. Then in a few minutes another followed, and another; and by the time I had reached the scene of the fire, not a quarter of a mile away, half a dozen engines were at work, though I had heard the first signal of the fire given but a few minutes before. A store of Kerozene oil had caught fire, and the volumes of flame which shot out of the roof and windows seemed to threaten the whole street with destruction. But the engines were too hard at work to give the fire a chance; the river lay fortunately near at hand; and there was a perfect crowd of volunteers ready to work the pumps with might and main. There was nobody to keep the dense throng of spectators who crammed the neighbouring streets in order, but of themselves they obeyed the instructions of the firemen, and made way readily whenever space was required for the engines or the pipes to pass. The firemen worked with a will, and seemed utterly regardless of danger. Some were dragging the water-pipes right under the walls of the burning house,

which looked every minute as if they were about to fall ; others were standing on the parapet of the flaming roof, hanging over the street in a way that made one dizzy to look at, and shouting out orders to the men below ; others, again, were perched on ladders fixed against the house on fire, and cutting down the shutters with axes in order to let out the flames. It was a service of real danger, and one poor fellow lost his life by falling off an engine ; but one and all these firemen were unpaid volunteers, who expected no reward for their services. The engines are supplied by the State, but the whole expense and labour of the service are borne by the men themselves. There is a great *esprit de corps* amongst the different companies, and admission into them is sought for eagerly. At every engine-house a certain number of the men always remain on duty, turn and turn about ; and the moment the signal-bell is heard over the city, the members of the company leave their homes and their business, whatever it may be, to perform their duty as firemen. I have seen great fires in many European countries, but I never saw a fire extinguished so promptly or so courageously as by these volunteer firemen. Indeed, the existence in New York of such an organization as that of the fire-brigades is enough in itself to make one somewhat sceptical as to the truth of our common impression about its democratic lawlessness.

I had left England at the time when the fortunes of

the Federal cause seemed the lowest, and when New York was popularly believed to be on the brink of ruin and revolution. It was, I own, a surprise to me to find how little trace there was of either. An incurious stranger, not given to enter into conversation, or to read the newspaper, might almost, I fancy, have lived there for weeks at that time without discovering that the country was involved in a civil war. There were forts being thrown up rapidly along the banks which command the Narrows; but of late years we have learnt in England not to associate the construction of expensive fortifications with any idea of immediate war. The number of uniforms about the streets was small—not so large as it used to be in London before the volunteer movement was heard of. A score or so of tents were pitched upon the snow in the City Park, and at the Battery, but rather for show than use. In the Broadway and the Bowery there were a few recruiting offices, in front of which hung huge placards tempting fine young men, by the offer of a hundred dollars' bounty (to be paid not down, but after the war), and the promise of immediate active service, to join the Van Buren light infantry or the New York *mounted* cavalry. It was rare to hear a military band; and in the shop windows I noticed at that time but few pictures of the war, or portraits of the war's heroes. I saw regiments passing through the town on their way to the South, and yet only a few idlers were gathered to

see them pass. In fact, the show-time of the war had passed away, and it was become a matter of sober business.

So, too, I was present at New York when the news came of Roanoke Island, and Bowling Green, and Fort Donaldson—of the first of that long uninterrupted series of victories which checked the progress of the insurrection. Our English reception of the tidings of the great battles which gave the death-blow to the Indian mutiny was not more reserved or calm. There were no proclamations, no addresses to the people, no grandiloquent bulletins as there would have been under like circumstances in a Continental country. A small crowd collected round the newspaper offices—a few extra flags hung out of shop windows—a notice that Barnum's Museum would be illuminated in honour of the Union victories, by the patriotic proprietor—and a salute of cannon from the battery; such were about the only outward symptoms of public rejoicing. There was no want of interest or feeling about the war. In society it was the one topic of thought and conversation. If you heard two people talking in the street, or in the cars, or at the church doors as you came out of service, you would be sure to find they were talking of the war. The longer I lived in the country, the more I learnt how deep the feeling of the North was; but it was like all English feeling, and came slowly to the surface.

There was as little look of public distress as of popular excitement. The port and quays were crowded with shipping. Broadway was daily rendered almost impassable by the never-ending string of carts and omnibuses and carriages, which rolled up and down it for hours. Splendidly-equipped sable-covered sleighs were to be seen at every turning; and, on a fine day, the pavements were thronged with ladies, the expensiveness of whose dresses, if questionable as a matter of taste, was unquestionable as a matter of fact. New stores and streets were still building, and notices of "houses to let," or of sales by auction, were very few. Though the banks had suspended specie payments, yet, by one of those mysteries of the currency I never hope to see explained, their notes passed at full value, and were exchanged readily for coin—at least, in all such small transactions as come under a traveller's notice. There was, I have no doubt, much mercantile distress; and the shopkeepers, who depended on the sale of luxuries to the wealthy classes, were doing a poor trade. But work was plentiful, and the distress, as yet, had not gone down deep. There were few balls or large parties, and the opera was not regularly open, partly because public feeling was averse to much gaiety; partly, and still more, because the wealthy classes had retrenched all superfluous expenditure with a really wonderful unanimity. Residents often expressed their regret to me that I should see their city under so dull an aspect. But I know that,

on a bright winter day, when the whole population seemed to be driving out in sleighs to the great skating carnivals at the Central Park, I have seldom seen a brighter or a gayer-looking city than that of New York.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.

IT is from the press of America, or rather from the press of one portion of America, that English opinion on American affairs is principally derived. It is the source, too, from which even English travellers in America draw their observations, largely if not chiefly. I am far from saying that opinions thus formed are necessarily erroneous. In many respects, the press is a fairer exponent of American feelings than the tone of society. However excellent a stranger's letters of introduction may be, they inevitably throw him among one class, and that the wealthy and educated class; and the newspapers are addressed to the great public, of whom he inevitably sees little more than a single section. After all, too, private acquaintanceships, however valuable, only give you individual, and often interested opinions. Now, wherever there is a free and unsubventioned press, you may be sure of one thing, that, on the whole, and in the long run, the newspapers do express the opinions and prejudices of their readers. No trade goes on for long

manufacturing goods which don't suit the public taste ; and the press is a trade like any other. I have always felt it to be a singularly weak line of argument when I have heard either Americans or Englishmen trying to explain away any offensive remark in the newspaper organs of their respective countries by the common remark, "It is only the press says so ;" it is only the utterance of the *Times*, or the *New York Herald*. It is all very true, but the question still remains—Why is it that the readers of the *Times*, or the *Herald*, like such remarks to be made? You have proved that the elephant stands upon the tortoise, but what does the tortoise stand upon? Take it all in all, then, I admit freely that the American press, *if* you judge it correctly, is a tolerably fair—probably, *the* fairest—exponent of American opinion.

That *if*, however, is a very great one. Supposing a foreigner were to read the *Times*, and half a dozen other English newspapers, daily for years, his knowledge of English life and politics would still be extremely incomplete and erroneous, unless he had actually lived enough in England to have acquired what may be called the key to the English press. Anyone who, like myself, has lived at times long out of England, must, I think, have been often struck how very soon the tone, as it were, of English papers becomes strange to you. Thus, for example, I was absent from England during the whole of the volunteer era ; and, though I spent

more time than I like to think of in reading through daily every English newspaper I could come across, I was never clearly able to ascertain how much or how little of earnestness and reality there was about the whole invasion panic and its developments. My object in making these remarks is to point out how very liable Americans are to make mistakes in judging of England from our press, and how much more liable, for special reasons, we are to make like mistakes in taking the American press as the standard of America. The Hieroglyphics contain the history of Egypt, but, to understand the history, you must be able to read the characters.

To a great extent, London is England; and to a still greater extent is the London press the press of England. There is nothing of this kind in America. The capital is a nominal one, and there is no metropolis. Americans, with their wonted love for big phrases, are apt to talk of New York as the metropolitan city; but it is big talk only. New York is the most wealthy, the most powerful, and the most important of the many capital cities which the Union possesses. New York stands to Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, or New Orleans, much in the same relation as Liverpool does to Hull, Birmingham, and Southampton. She is a more important city than any of them, but in no sense whatever is she their capital. The New York papers have a wider circulation than those of any other town out of their

own district, out in no part of the Union, except in New York, are they *the* newspapers of the place. If a foreigner wished to study the politics of the agricultural counties, I should recommend him to read the *Morning Herald*, or some other metropolitan organ of bucolic conservatism. I should never think of advising him to take in the *Somersetshire Sentinel*, or the *Suffolk Standard*. But if you want to learn the politics of the Eastern, or Western, or Southern States, the last place you would look for them would be in a New York journal. From the facts that New York is the great port of departure for Europe, that the commercial relations of the Old and New Worlds are chiefly carried on through New York, and that the New York papers contain the latest news, its journals are, naturally enough, the only ones which reach Europe. But an Englishman, who reads the New York press alone, knows as much and as little about the sentiments of the other parts of the Union as an American would know about the politics of Kent and Cambridgeshire who read nothing but the *Liverpool Albion*.

The absence of a metropolis, and of a metropolitan standard of thought and refinement, tells upon the American press much as it tells upon American literature and education and refinement. According to my view, it tells unfavourably on the individual, but favourably upon the average. The New York press, which is the nearest approach to a metropolitan one, is most

decidedly inferior to the English, but then the local press is superior in much the same proportion. Thus, when the low standard of the New York press is taken, not altogether without reason, as a proof of the absence of high mental culture in the United States, the relatively high standard of the local press ought fairly to be taken as evidence of the extent to which education is diffused.

Before, however, I enter on the general characteristics of the American press, I must speak of the New York press, by which alone America is unfortunately judged abroad. And first, then, on the principle of honour to whom honour is *not* due, of the *New York Herald*. I have no doubt myself that the *Herald*, in spite of many assertions I have heard made to the contrary, has far the largest circulation of any American daily paper. Away from the North, it is the only New York paper that you come across frequently; and I have seen two people reading the *Herald* for one I have observed reading any other newspaper. Each of its rivals admits it to be the second in circulation. It contains, too, always all that class of advertisements which are intended to catch the eye of the million; and advertisers are pretty sure to know what is the best channel for their advertisements. One week, when there was unusually stirring news, the *Herald* boasted that their circulation reached 113,000; and therefore I suppose its average sale would be 100,000. What its political influence may be, it is more difficult to

ascertain. Every educated American you speak to on the subject rejects indignantly the idea that it has any political influence whatever ; but still, I find they all read it. I saw enough of political life in America to convince me that all public men, to say the least, preferred its friendship to its hostility. I remember on one occasion, which, for obvious reasons, I do not wish to specify, I was invited to a small half-political, half-military reception, given by an officer, with whom I happened to be acquainted. The party was a very select one ; but, to my surprise, I met there the correspondent of the *New York Herald* with his family. The cause of my surprise, I need hardly say, was not at a newspaper correspondent being present—in truth, there is no country where any sort of literary repute is more honoured than in America—but simply, that I knew the gentleman in question was not received into any kind of society at the town where he was stationed ; and that I myself had been cautioned by a resident against being seen in his company. The cause of his presence I discovered afterwards. He had asked for a ticket, and our entertainer being anxious to rise in public favour, was afraid of being attacked by the *Herald* in case of refusal. This incident I only mention in illustration of a well-known fact. The *Herald* is a power in the country ; and though it can do little to make or mar established reputations, yet it has great opportunities of pushing a new man forward in public life, or of keeping him back ;

and such opportunities as it has, it uses unscrupulously. It made its first start in journalistic life by levying black mail on public men, through threats of private exposures, and the old informer spirit still clings to it in the days of its comparative respectability. The real cause, however, of the *Herald's* permanent success, I believe to be very simple. It gives the most copious, if not the most accurate, news of any American journal. It is conducted with more energy, and probably more capital; and also, on common topics, on which its prejudices or its interests are not concerned, it is written with a rough common sense, which often reminds me of the *Times*. It has too, to use a French word, the *flaire* of journalism. Mr. Raymond, the proprietor of the *New York Times*, once remarked, half laughingly and half in earnest, to a gentleman who told me the story, "It would be worth my while, sir, to give a million dollars, if the devil would come and tell me every evening, as he does Bennett, what the people of New York would like to read about next morning." The story hints clearly enough at the true cause of the *Herald's* success.

The politics of the *Herald* have fluctuated constantly. There are but two principles to which it has always proved faithful; one is to support the existing administration; the other is to attack and insult the country of Mr. Bennett's birth. Wherever Mr. Bennett's character is known, the opinions of the paper carry no

weight whatever; and his character, like that of all public men in America, is known and commented on in New York to a degree which an editor's private character could never be subjected to in England. Still it is impossible that any large proportion of the hundred thousand purchasers of the *Herald* can know or care much about the character of James Gordon Bennett; and therefore I have no doubt the influence of the *Herald*, pandering, as it does, not without real ability, to the prejudices and vanity of the American people, is no unimportant element in the political world.

As to Mr. Bennett's social position, all parties are agreed. The *Herald* is a very valuable property; and its net profits are said to vary from £20,000 to £30,000 annually. With the one virtue, too, that a Scotchman can never get rid of, Mr. Bennett is not personally extravagant, and is reputed to be now a man of very large fortune. Still, in New York society, he is not received, or even tolerated. Not long ago, at a watering-place, near New York, where he took up his abode, the inmates of the hotel he had honoured with his company told the landlord that he must choose between Mr. Bennett's custom and theirs—and Mr. Bennett left. Probably, just as the devil is painted blacker than nature, so the editor of the *Herald* may possess some redeeming qualities; but, as yet, the New York world has not discovered them. The result of Mr. Bennett's

social disrepute, whether deserved or not, is that respectable literary men do not like being connected with the *Herald*; and its writers are generally men who, for some cause or other, are not on good terms with society; and even they, as far as my observation went, are not proud of the connexion.

Of the utter unscrupulousness of the *Herald*, I will only quote one example, which happens to have some slight independent interest of its own. Mr. Russell, during his stay in America, was the object of the most rancorous abuse, on the part of the *Herald*; partly, because he had given personal offence to the editor, by declining his invitations; still more, because he had given offence to the American public. There happened to be some private theatricals given at the British Embassy, in which Mr. Russell played the part of Bombastes Furioso. The next day, the following account appeared in the *Herald*:—

“During the representation of Bombastes Furioso, one or two amusing incidents are said to have occurred. After the delivery of the lines by Bombastes, (LL. D. Russell), (lies like the deuce, was, by the way, on another occasion the *Herald's* interpretation of these letters)—

“ ‘Whate'er your Majesty shall deign to name—
Short cut or long—to us is all the same.’

“A wag on the back benches, audibly added:—

“ ‘So from Bull Run the shortest cut *you* came.’

“ Sensation, and a general turning round of heads
 “ to detect the interpolator. He was *non est*.”

“ After the tremendous apostrophe to Distaffina—

“ ‘ By all the risks my fearless heart hath run—
 Risks of all shapes, from bludgeon, sword, and gun ;
 By the great bunch of laurels on my brow ’—

“ there came again, from the same quarter, this un-
 “ expected completion of the quotation :—

“ ‘ A chaplet of leeks would fit it better now.’

“ Renewed agitation. Suspicious glances directed
 “ towards a rollicking-looking clerk in one of the de-
 “ partments. Big drops of perspiration chased each
 “ other down the face of the perplexed Bombastes.

“ When he came to the passage—

“ ‘ In some still place I’ll find a gloomy cave ;
 There my own hands shall dig a spacious grave ;
 Then, all unseen, I’ll lay me down and die,
 Since—’

“ ‘ All my prophecies events belie,’

“ again added his indefatigable tormentor.

“ This put the climax to Bombastes’ troubles. The
 “ well-bred audience could no longer restrain their mer-
 “ riment. So discomfited by it was the burly warrior,
 “ that he could scarcely muster strength enough to
 “ attach his boots—his gage of battle, to the tree. His
 “ tormentor took pity on him, and let him gurgle out
 “ in peace his last adieus to the world.”

Now this story was not put in as *ben trovato*, but as a deliberate, serious narrative of fact. From beginning to end, it was a lie, with not one single word of truth in the whole story, except that Mr. Russell acted Bombastes,—and, for that matter, acted it very well too.

Day after day there is a sort of triangular duel between the editors of the *Herald*, the *Tribune*, and the *Times*, in which personalities or, what in any other papers would be considered, gross libels are freely bandied to and fro. In this warfare the *Herald*, being utterly, instead of only partially, unscrupulous, comes off an easy victor. As a specimen, I can only spare the space to quote one short leader in the *Herald*, which struck me as a gem in its peculiar class of journalism. It is headed "Poor Greeley playing Jacobin," and runs thus:—

"Poor old silly Greeley cries out for a traitor, weeps salt tears for a traitor, howls like a hyena for a traitor, shouts for all the universe to bring him a traitor. What does he want of a traitor? Why, Greeley wants to be blood-thirsty—he wants to be a little Robespierre. He wants to hang a traitor with his own hands. Let him come down to our office, and we'll give him a shilling to buy a rope—since the *Tribune* is so poor—and then he may hang himself to the nearest lamp-post, and thus at once satisfy his desire to hang a traitor, and greatly gratify the loyal public."

In the advertisement department the *Herald* has one or two specialities of its own. Like almost all American papers, its columns are disfigured by "catch the eye" advertisements. Every variety of inversion and perversion of which type is capable, is adopted to attract notice. There was one advertisement constantly repeated, which used to impress me as a triumph of genius. The words were short and simple enough—"*Buy Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, with all the news of the war.*" It would puzzle an ordinary English compositor how to make this extend in small type over the whole of one column, but like Columbus's method for making an egg stand on one end, the solution of the puzzle was wonderfully simple, and consisted solely in dividing the advertisement into three paragraphs. *Buy Frank Leslie's—Illustrated Newspaper—with all the news of the war*—and repeating each paragraph, line below line, some score of times in all. The Broadway saloons, where "the prettiest waiter-girls in the world afforded intellectual recreation to the customers," were especial patrons of the *Herald*, and showed a peculiar fondness for this sensation typography. The *Herald*, too, was the organ of the astrologers, and of searchers after matrimony. In one copy I happened to take up at hazard, I picked out the following specimens. Under the heading "Astrology" the list was unusually small, and only contained seven advertisements, of which two samples will be enough.

“Astrologists. Great excitement—Read! read!!
“The beautiful Madame Henri, whose wonderful and
“exquisite mode of reading the future destinies of
“thousands are (*sic*) daily creating the wildest furor.
“This lovely young lady is, without exception, the
“most accomplished in her line of business. She will
“write the name you marry, show their likeness, give
“good luck, and her lucky numbers are sure to
“draw a prize. Her rooms are at 80, West Broadway,
“corner Leonard, name on the door.”

Again. “Astonishing Madame Morrow, seventh
“daughter, has a gift of foresight, tells how soon and
“how often you will marry, and all you wish to know,
“even your very thoughts, or no pay. Lucky charms
“free. Her equal is not to be found. Her magic
“image is now in full force, 184, Ludlow Street,
“below Houston. Price 25 cents. Gentlemen not
“admitted.”

The matrimonial column, on the other hand, was fuller than usual, and contained half-a-dozen offers of marriage, of which, for the sake of gallantry, I will only quote two from ladies.

“A young widow lady, with means to support herself,
“wishes to make the acquaintance of a gentleman with
“a view to matrimony. None but persons of intelli-
“gence and refinement need address Mrs. E. Harland,
“Station A, Spring Street.”

The next lady is suspiciously silent as to means,

but more positive as to age. She says that "a young lady not over twenty-five years of age would like to open a correspondence with some gentleman possessed of an affectionate disposition, and a fair share of the world's goods, with a view to matrimony. One who can appreciate a woman's good feelings may address Jennie Edwards, Station G, Broadway."

Moreover, the *Herald* has, or rather used to have when I first came to the States, a column headed "personals," of a most extraordinary character. To judge from a perusal of it, you would suppose that whenever a gay Lothario met a soft-hearted Dulcinea in the streets, it was the etiquette not to address her personally, but to publish an advertisement in next day's papers, expressive of admiration and the desire for further acquaintance. In plain words, assignations, which charity alone bids one suppose were virtuous, were daily made in the columns of the *Herald*. The way in which the "personals" were extinguished is a curious comment on the principles by which the *Herald* is guided. In one day's paper there appeared an advertisement even more flagrant than usual, purporting to be from a lady making an assignation to meet a friend at the reception room of a well-known hotel. The *Tribune* got hold of this, and in a bitter article pointed out how the advertisement, besides its intrinsic immorality, was calculated to injure the character of the hotel, and

would therefore expose the publisher of the paper to an action for libel. No reply was made to this attack, and no formal notice was taken of it, but from that day forth the "personals" were discontinued or confined to *bonâ fide* inquiries for absent friends. There are two peculiarities about the *Herald*, which might be copied with advantage by our English press. The first is, that all advertisements are carefully classed under headings, so that you always know where to look for what you want; the second is, that after every military movement plans of the locality in which the movement occurred are published on the front page. They are very roughly, often very inaccurately drawn, but still they are sufficient to make the accounts of the movements intelligible to the reader.

With all its faults, the *Herald* is the most readable of the New York papers. The *New York Times* is, in a literary point of view, a feebler edition of the *Herald*, without its *verve*. It is the organ of the moderate Republican party, of whom Mr. Seward and Mr. Thurlow Weed are the leaders in the State of New York; and as this party has never yet been able to look the slavery question boldly in the face, their organ shares in their indecision, and their consequent want of vigour. It is supposed to be more or less favourable to England, and so, perhaps, it is relatively to the other papers, but, actually, I should say that the less predominated over the more. It labours, too, under the

general stigma of jobbery, which hangs over the whole Seward-Weed Republican party in the State politics of New York.

The *Tribune* carries more weight by its individual opinion than any paper in the city. Whatever Mr. Greeley's faults may be, he has the reputation of personal honesty; and even the exposure of the Cumming and Cameron contract jobs, in which undoubtedly the *Tribune* party were mixed up, did not suffice to shake public belief in the integrity of the *Tribune*, as long as Greeley conducts it. It is better printed, more thoughtfully written, and more carefully got up than any of its cotemporaries. Moreover, the simple fact, that it both knows and dares to speak out its own mind on the slavery question, gives its writings the force which attends strong conviction. But there is a doctrinaire tone about its articles which makes them heavy reading, and when it takes to invective, as it does frequently, it is scurrilous without being pointed.

So much for the only three American newspapers whose names are at all known in England. As you change your district you change your paper; and, in every district, you will find some one or more leading papers, which are in their own district what the *Herald* is in the district of New York. The *Boston Post*, the *Philadelphia Enquirer*, the *Cincinnati Gazette*, the *Louisville Journal*, and the *Chicago Tribune*, have

each the leading circulation in the States of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, and Illinois respectively.

In truth, the most remarkable feature about the American press is its quantity rather than its quality. The American might be defined as a newspaper-reading animal. I have never been into any American town where there was not more than one daily paper. Even in the quietest of towns, boys run about the streets hawking newspapers. In every railway train there is a lad, who passes through the cars constantly with newspapers to sell; and in every hotel a newspaper stand is as acknowledged a part of the establishment as the bar. In its broad characteristics, the American newspaper, like almost every other American institution, is fashioned on the English, not on the Continental model. It resembles our newspapers in the unwieldy size of the sheets, in the immense quantity of news given, in the great space occupied by advertisements, and in the fact, that the leading articles are practical comments, not abstract essays. Here, however, the resemblance between the American and the London press ceases. An American paper is a sort of cross between a county newspaper and a penny journal. Reading is so universal an acquirement here, that a far larger, and also a far lower, class reads the newspapers than is the case with us; and, therefore, the degree of education found in the newspaper-reading public is probably lower

than in Great Britain. Thus (I am not speaking now of a few class journals, but of the ordinary newspaper,) you never meet, in an American paper, with literary or scientific reviews of any research, or with any article which evinces much reading on the part of the writer, or pre-supposes much on the part of the reader. On the rare occasions, when a French quotation is made, it is generally printed wrong, and always accompanied with a translation. You seldom, if ever, come upon an article which might not have been written right off without any reference to books or authorities. It is obvious, too, that the public, of even the best American papers, has not passed beyond that stage of intellectual development in which the mind takes pleasure in a column of varieties. The editor of the *Louisville Journal*, Mr. George D. Prentice, is supposed to have a special talent for manufacturing facetiæ, and as the Prenticeiana are quoted throughout the Union papers, I shall give the reader a fair impression of what American varieties consist of, by quoting half-a-dozen of his facetiæ, which lie in the paper next at hand to me while I write, I pick out the ones about the war, as having something of more permanent interest :—

“ A man was arrested in London lately for stealing a picture from a dealer. When caught going out of the door, with the article under his arm, he said he was an admirer of the fine arts, and only wanted to take the picture home to examine it more closely. When

“Floyd is caught, the ingenious rascal will have some similar plea in abatement of his debts.”

“The Atlanta (Ga) Confederacy quotes the confession of a surgeon in the Confederate army, that they ‘are whipped on all sides,’ and ‘hell is to pay.’ Walk down to the counter then, and pay your indebtedness.”

“The *Charleston Mercury* thinks that the Cotton States have a right to cry aloud when all their slave property is at stake. No doubt it is a case of great cry and a good deal of wool.”

“A correspondent says that Beauregard made a very good moral address to his army the other day. Probably, he thought his troops so demoralised, that they needed a little moralising.”

“Beauregard certainly surprised us at Shiloh, on the first day of the fight; but we surprised him a good deal more on the second.”

“We guess the *New Orleans Picayune* (penny) feels now as if it were hardly worth its name,”

And so on. But if the reader is not tired of reading Prenticeiana, I am of copying them.

An immense proportion of the American papers are sold by the street newsvendors. It is on this chance circulation, that the newspapers mainly depend; and out of a given number of copies sold, a very small percentage, indeed, is sold to regular subscribers. The inevitable consequence of this condition of things is to

encourage the sensation system of newspaper-headings and paragraphs, which offends our taste so constantly, There is a carelessness about the writing, which to me is indefensible. Apparently, leaders are written without the proofs being revised. Constantly one stumbles on sentences which do not construe ; while clerical errors are allowed to pass, for not correcting which, the reader of any respectable English newspaper would be dismissed on the spot. Then, again, all the news is broken up into short paragraphs, with appropriate headings in large capitals, in a way which, though convenient to readers in a hurry, is almost fatal to good writing. Both paper too and type are usually very inferior to our own.

There are two popular impressions as to the American press, prevailing in England, both of which I think erroneous. The first is, that it is a very cheap press ; the second, that it is a very scurrilous one. To subscribers it is undoubtedly cheap ; and you can, or rather could, get any daily paper in the United States by subscription, for somewhat under a penny a day, excluding delivery. But it is not so with casual purchasers. In New York alone can you buy the *Herald*, for instance, in the streets for two cents. In Washington its price was five cents ; and in the West, you are charged ten cents. The price of a single copy of any local paper is always five cents, except in the very large towns, where it sinks to four or three cents. Thus as the vast majority of readers

buy their papers from day to day, the price they pay varies from twopence to threepence, and upwards. In fact, if you take into account the quantity of matter you get in an English paper, the English high-priced press is in reality a cheaper one than the American, and the penny press is immeasurably so. In all probability, the new taxes, to be imposed on newspapers, will raise their prices still higher—even if the hopes of the *Herald* are not realized, and the whole cheap press crushed for good.

Perhaps my next assertion may appear even stranger, and that is, that one great merit of the American press is its comparative freedom from private personality. The virulent and discreditable invectives with which Bennett and Greeley besmire each other and themselves in the *Herald* and *Tribune* are not fair illustrations of American journalism. It is of the essence and nature of one local paper to attack another, but in all the American papers I have met with, I have never seen personal attacks from one editor to another, equal either in virulence or bad taste to what I have seen in English country papers. It is true, that public characters of any kind are attacked politically, with a vehemence we can hardly appreciate; but this is due to the nature of political life in America, of which I shall speak elsewhere. The American papers have not learnt yet the difference between declamation and strong writing, and, therefore, their attacks on political enemies

are perfectly astonishing to us, from the violence of their invective. But, still, if you examine closely, you will see, that even in declamations against public men, allusions to their private relations are but rare. On the other hand, attacks on individuals in private life are almost unknown. It is a curious fact, which I never saw noticed in any account of America, that the accounts of law cases and police reports which appear in all the American papers are infinitely more curt and meagre even than those in French journals. The names of the parties to a suit, and the result of the trial, is given, but, except in cases of great public interest, rarely anything more. In England, if you are unfortunate enough to get involved in any case, either as principal or witness, which involves any disgusting details, or any ridiculous episodes, your name is hawked about the country, and you are stamped for ever, with having been connected with some queer trial or scandal. If you object to the hardship of an innocent man being subjected to a moral pillory, you are told that the freedom of the press demands the sacrifice. Now here, in a perfectly free country, with a free press, there is nothing of the kind. Public opinion is opposed to raking up the private affairs of individuals for the amusement of newspaper readers; and the newspapers do not publish the gossip of the police courts, simply because the public does not wish for it. In cases of great interest, like the Sickles affair, or the Webster murder,

full details are given, but in ordinary daily life, the newspapers exercise much less social tyranny than they do with us.

I have spoken freely about the faults of the American press ; but still, in Yankee phrase, it is a great institution. The individual developments do not rise to so high a standard as our own, but the average development is higher. In every town and village where you travel you find a press, which gives news copiously, and, on the whole, fairly ; which treats of practical questions with shrewd good sense and fair writing ; and which discusses national topics as much, or more, than local ones. When you consider that this press is read by the whole neighbourhood, and is the organ of the class which, in England, would consist of agricultural labourers and over-worked mechanics, you realize more than in any other way the general education of the American people. It is something, too, that this people's press should be perfectly unobjectionable in a moral sense, and should be free from petty personalities ; that, in fact, if it cannot soar, it also does not grovel.

Of course, if I chose, I could pick out hosts of eccentricities, and what we should call absurdities, in American journalism. But, after all, whether you spell traveller with two "Y's" or one, whether you call a leader an editorial, and whether you talk of "posting up a bill" instead of settling an account, are all ques-

tions of taste, about which there is no use disputing. The larger and, I hold, the truer view is, to look upon the American press as a vast engine of national education, not over-delicate in its machinery, but still working out its object. As such, it is, indeed, the press of a great and a free people.

NEW YORK TO WASHINGTON.

IT was always a trouble to me in America, choosing where I should go next. It was not the *embarras de richesse*, but the *embarras de pauvreté*. One place was so marvellously like the other, that it was hard to decide why you should go to one place in preference to another. I always have had the keenest sympathy for the ass in the fable, who was unable to make up his mind between the two bundles of hay that hung on either side of him. Hay is excellent food and well deserves eating ; but when bundle of hay number one is the exact counterpart of bundle number two, how is an irresolute ass to decide which best deserves munching ? This was my own state of mind, I confess frankly, with regard to my route in America. The country is well worth seeing—how well worth seeing I never knew till I had travelled over it ; but still, one American town is just as well worth seeing as its neighbour, and not more. Columbus (Ohio) is extremely like Springfield (Indiana), and both are the very counterparts of Lafayetteville

(Missouri). All are worth visiting, but why should you give the preference to Springfield over Columbus, or to Lafayetteville over both? This is a dilemma which I could never get out of, and whose solution perplexed me from the day I entered the States to the day I left them.

The first time the problem presented itself to me in all its difficulty was on leaving New York. I had intended to go from thence to Boston; but the question was propounded to me, whether it was not better to go to Washington first instead. If the solution had been left to my unassisted powers of decision, I should probably be residing at this present moment in the Everett House, New York, making up my mind where to go next. Happily, I had two motives which decided the course of my journey. In the first place, it was cold—bitterly cold—in New York. Most European travellers visit America in the summer, and therefore their books convey no impression of the cold which prevails in winter. The winter of 1862 was an unusually mild one—so, at least, I was told by everybody; and New York, from its vicinity to the sea, is a comparatively warm city. All I can say is, that, till I came to New York, in the January of 1862, I never knew what cold was. The houses were beautifully warmed; but the contrast between the heat indoors and the frost out of doors only made the cold more painful. As to sleighing, *experto crede*, it is a mere mockery of pleasure. If you want to experience it, as an American writer said, you have only to stand

for an hour in a draught, with your feet in freezing water, and your numbed fingers tinkling a string of bells. At any rate, it requires a warmer-blooded being than myself to enjoy the pleasures of an American winter. New York was too cold for me already, and I dreaded the notion of a place like Boston, where New York was counted warm by comparison.

Moreover, the advance of the Grand Army of the Potomac was expected daily. It did not take place till weeks after I arrived in Washington ; but, at that period, I had been too short a time in America to make allowance for the difference between promise and performance ; and when I read, day after day, that the army was on the move, I was seized with a fear that I should be too late to catch a glimpse of the war.

So, from all these causes, I travelled southwards instead of northwards. It is not my intention, as I have said before, to write a diary of my journeys. And of this journey in particular I have little to say, except of one adventure that befel me, illustrative in many ways of American habits. I started by the mail-train for Philadelphia, where I arrived at two o'clock or thereabouts on a cold winter morning. With an Englishman's dislike to parting with my luggage, I had kept my baggage cheques with me instead of consigning them to the care of the freight agent who collects them *en route*. Whether I was sleepy—whether I had not made up my mind which hotel I should go to—or why, I forget ; but

so it was. My impression is, that knowing nothing of the town, I had resolved to go to the hotel which sent up the best omnibus to the station. When I arrived, there was no omnibus, no private carriage of any kind, nothing but the street railroad car, waiting to convey passengers across Philadelphia to the Washington railroad. It is not the custom for passengers to look after their own luggage on American railroads, and it was with the greatest difficulty I got my trunks together in time to get a seat on the step of the car. I asked the conductor to recommend me to an inn, but found that the car did not pass any hotel on its route. The man was civil, as all American conductors are, but he could do nothing for me as he had to keep with the car; so he set me down at the corner of a street, and told me that if I followed it for four blocks, I should find an hotel. I don't know that I ever felt a more helpless individual than on that winter morning, at two o'clock, in the streets of Philadelphia. I had a most indistinct notion of which way I was to go. Whether four blocks meant four, or four hundred, or four thousand yards, I was unable to guess. There was not a soul about the streets, and I had a huge portmanteau, two large carpet-bags, a bundle of heavy wraps, and an umbrella, to transport with me. I sat upon my trunk for some time looking at my bags in the hopes that somebody might appear, but in vain. There was no hope, and so I roused myself to exertion. Necessity is the mother of invention. I carried my trunk

ten yards, then left it and returned for the bags, then for the wraps and umbrella as a light easy task, and so on *ad infinitum*. My rate of locomotion was extremely slow; and all along I was haunted by an equal fear of meeting a thief or a policeman. The former might have robbed me with the most perfect security; the latter would have arrested me for a thief who had stolen the luggage I was dragging about. However, in the main street of Philadelphia at two A.M., I met neither thief nor policeman, nor living soul; and after an hour's labour I reached an hotel, considerably the wiser in the art of American travel by the night's experience.

But while I am speaking of travelling in the States, let me say, once for all, what I have to say of railway travelling in America. Some lines are better than others. As a rule, the Western lines are inferior to the Eastern ones; and the Southern to either. Still, in their broad features, they are very much alike. The through fares are cheap. Thus, you can go from New York to Chicago, a distance of upwards of one thousand miles, for four pounds; but the way-fares are three-halfpence a mile. The arrangements about luggage are exceedingly good. As soon as you arrive at the station, you show your ticket to the luggage-master; he takes off a string he holds in his hand a number of leather straps, attached to brass plates about the size of a crown piece, on which the name of your destination and a number is inscribed. These straps he

passes through the handles or cordings of your luggage, fastens them by passing the strap again through a slit in the plate, and hands you plates, which are the counterparts of the ones attached to your luggage. You keep these counterparts, and, in exchange for them when produced, receive your luggage at the end of your journey. For all main stations, however, you will find it more convenient to give them up to the luggage agent, who comes round to collect them. After that, you have no more trouble in the matter, but are sure to find it at any hotel you mention, almost as soon as you can get there yourself. But, of course, this entails an extra charge of a shilling or so a package. Practically, a foreigner gains nothing by trying to look after his luggage himself; and Americans are wonderfully careless about small expenses, so that they care little for the additional charge.

These arrangements are common to all American lines; and so, too, day after day, the company you meet with in the cars, and the incidents of your journey, are much the same. You take your seat in a long, open car, about the length of two English railroad carriages fastened together, and with all their compartments knocked down. The seats are comfortable enough, with leather or horsehair cushions, and backs of a like texture. It is wearisome, however, especially night, to have no back high enough to lean your head upon; but, what is a real luxury in a long journey, you

can move from one carriage to another at any time, and can walk up and down in the broad passage between the seats. As to the sleeping cars, I can express no opinion. I have travelled in them when the night was cool and the passengers were few, and have found them most comfortable. I have travelled, also, when the passengers were many and the night hot, and have been glad to sacrifice my money and escape from them as I would from Pandemonium. If you are not particular as to fresh air, you will find them comfortable enough. If, like myself, you would sacrifice anything to pure air, you had better save your money and pass the night in the ordinary cars, even at the risk of spraining your neck if you do happen to fall asleep.

The daytime goes by not unpleasantly. Every half-hour or so a boy passes through the car with a can of iced water, out of which you can have a drink for nothing, if you don't mind drinking out of the public glass. At other times he brings apples, oranges, and sweets for sale, together with bundles of the latest papers and magazines. It is an odd trait, by the way, of the national character, that if the sale of the news-boy's wares is flat, he will come and lay down a copy of his magazines or illustrated papers alongside of every passenger in the car, and leave it with him for half an hour or more. You may read it meanwhile, and if you return it to the boy on his coming round again he will thank you all the same. Most of the passengers, of

course, return their copies, but, every now and then, some one, who had no intention of purchasing beforehand, becomes interested in a story he has taken up, and buys the book or paper. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, to hinder any one from appropriating the work without paying for it. But in this, as in other matters, it is the custom to repose great confidence on the average honesty of the public, and that confidence is rarely found to have been misplaced. Indeed, all the arrangements for taking tickets, letting passengers in and out, and for loading and unloading luggage, are more simple and perfect than those in use on any of our European railroads, all of them being based very much on the assumption, that, as a rule, the passengers don't find it worth while to cheat the conductors, and the conductors don't find it worth while to cheat the company.

At the intermediate stations you only stop for a few seconds. The system of breaks is so excellent—one break being applied to every wheel—that the train is stopped without difficulty; and the instant, almost, the train has stopped, you hear the standard cry of "All on board!" and then again the train is in motion. Three times a day at some roadside station you are summoned by sound of gong to a meal, which is called breakfast, dinner, or supper, according to the hour, but which is the same everywhere and at all times. You eat plentifully of beefsteaks, broiled ham, poached eggs, pastry

without end, and cakes ; drink milk, or tea, or water—never beer or any spirituous liquors ; are waited on by neat, clean-looking girls ; liquor afterwards at the bars, if you are so inclined ; pay two shillings invariably for your repast, liquor not included ; and then take your seat again, and sleep, or read, or talk, till the next feeding time arrives. So the day passes on.

Every traveller in every foreign country must have remarked how very like, at first, everybody you met was to everybody else. In America, I think, this feeling wears off less rapidly than in other lands. Especially in the Western States, the uniformity in the dress and appearance of your fellow-passengers is wonderfully striking—nobody is shabbily dressed, very few are handsomely dressed, and everybody is dressed respectably. If you took a railway excursion train in England, filled it almost wholly with second-class passengers, suppressed the first and the third class, increased largely the proportion of commercial travellers, and of that class we hear so much of, and see so little of, at home—the “intelligent mechanic,” eliminated utterly everybody who looked poor, according to our English ideas of poverty, and added an unusual number of lovely young girls and faded, middle-aged women, you would form an average car’s company in America. I don’t mean to say—far from it—that you never meet people in the trains who might ride without comment in our English first and third classes ; but there are two classes of

people whom you never meet, or think of meeting, at home, except in a first or third class carriage, respectively. To these classes there is nothing corresponding in the living freight of an American car. I do not know that a railway journey in America is a very lively operation; there is not much conversation, the carriages are too noisy, and there is too little privacy for confidential communications. Moreover, the Americans are not, to my mind, a communicative people in travelling. Throughout the whole of my travels in the States, I never recollect making an acquaintance with a fellow-passenger, of the kind I have made hundreds of in Europe; and on the only occasions on which I can recall a passenger having commenced a conversation with me without my speaking first, I discovered that my interlocutors were settlers from the Old World. Everybody, however, in the railway cars, almost without exception, is quiet, well-behaved, and civil; and there is little or nothing of that offensive selfishness so often exhibited amongst English travellers in the attempt to make oneself comfortable at the expense of everybody else's discomfort. The universal politeness, too, shown to women is very remarkable. If a woman enters the car, and the car is full, some gentleman or other is sure to get up and make room for her. It is no matter whether she is young or old, pretty or ugly, richly or poorly dressed, she is a woman, and that suffices. If I were asked whether I consider railway travelling in

America as comfortable as in Europe, my answer would be, that that depends on circumstances. An American car is not equal to an English first-class carriage in luxury, or cleanliness, or society. On the other hand, it is comfortable as compared with our second-classes, and luxurious as compared with our third. Indeed, I should say about American railways as I should about most American institutions :—If you are able to drive about in hansom cabs, to travel always in first-class express trains, and to give a shilling to the porter at the station, then, as far as comfort of locomotion goes, you had better stop at home. If, on the contrary, you belong to the great public, to whom sixpences and shillings are an object, who rarely travel first-class, except in an excursion train, and who have been known, under the rose, to go third-class in parliamentary trains, then you are better off, far better off, in American travelling than you are in English. The million, in fact, fares better in the New World than it does in the Old.

Of the country through which my route lay, I say little. In the first place, I travelled through most of it at night ; in the second, I shall say what I have to say of American scenery when I come to my journeyings in the West, where the characteristics peculiar to American scenery are infinitely more marked than in the East. The whole country, indeed, of Pennsylvania reminded me more than anything of England run to seed. The fields were more sprawling, the houses were more

loosely built, the roads were rougher, and the towns were more straggling; but otherwise the resemblance was very close. If you can conceive our midland counties flattened out, magnified indefinitely, and diffused loosely over an area of tenfold their own, you will picture Pennsylvania to yourself.

It was upon the banks of the Susquehanna river that I came first upon the track of the war. Between Pennsylvania and Maryland, between the free North and the slave South, the great deep river, wider than the Rhine at Dusseldorf, rolls as a frontier line. The top-heavy looking steam-ferry, which, in defiance of all one's preconceived ideas of the laws of equilibrium, carries train, cars, rails, passengers, luggage and all, with scarcely a break of continuity, from one bank to another, transports one not only into a new State, but into a new country. The whole aspect of the scenery changes: the broad, thriving, cheerful expanse of carefully tilled fields, dotted over with the villa-like farm-houses, gives place to long, straggling, red-brick towns, half villages, half cities; to broken-down fences; to half-ploughed, hopeless-looking fields, where the negro labourers are toiling listlessly; to dreary tracks of mud, which stand where roads ought to be; and to wide stony spaces of meagre brushwood. The restless activity I witnessed everywhere north of the Susquehanna was exchanged for a sort of fussy idleness. By the house doors, and in the streets through which the train passed slowly,

there stood men hanging about idly, loitering languidly, with their hands deep-buried in their trouser-pockets, watching tumble-down carts struggling spasmodically across the deep-rutted roads, and loafing visibly.

In this dull winter-time, too, Maryland looked all the drearier for the traces of the war, visible on every side. I passed along the same line again in the first burst of the early summer, when the war had moved on far away southwards; and, except for the look of poverty and decay, which even the rich summer foliage could not hide, I should scarce have recognised it for the same country. Hitherto I had hardly been able to realize, from the outward look of things, that the Union was in the midst of a civil war; but here in Maryland the evidence was only too palpable. At Havre de Grace, the river station on the southern side of the Susquehanna, we passed the first camp, and the dingy greyish blue-coated Federal soldiers came running alongside the train to ask for stray papers from New York. Then, at each station as we passed further south, the train became fuller and fuller with soldiers, and the small roadside camps grew more and more frequent. In Baltimore the streets swarmed with troops, and south of this again, on to Washington, we seemed to pass through a conquered country. In the grey glimmer of the evening we could see the white tents of the camps pitched on the hill-slopes that overhang Baltimore. Every roadside station was occupied with troops; at

every bridge and crossing there were small outposts stationed; and along the line at short distances there were sentinels at watch to protect the rails. The nearest forces of the enemy lay some fifty miles away across the Potomac, and with the vast Federal army before Washington, it could not be against the Confederates that these precautions were taken. It is true that the maintenance of this single track of rails, the one means of communication between New York and Washington, was of vital importance, and, therefore, no precaution was too great to take, if necessary. On the other hand, the maintenance of the same line north of the Susquehanna was of equal importance, and yet there it was left unguarded. The inference is a very obvious one—Pennsylvania is a Free State, and loyal; Maryland is a Slave State, and therefore disloyal.

It was thus, as I entered Washington, that the bearing of the slave question upon the war was practically brought home to me. Before, then, I speak of Washington, it is time to say something of that great issue.

THE FREE NEGRO.

IT is strange to me, looking back on my sojourn in the States, to think that I could have written some sixty pages without coming on the question of the everlasting Nigger. It was the fashion amongst English critics, at the time I left England, to state that the whole Secession question had no direct bearing on, no immediate connexion with, the issue of slavery. As to the letter, there was some small truth in this assertion; as to the spirit, there was none. Many of my readers, probably, have visited at some time or other a friend labouring under a mortal disease. Neither he nor you, perhaps, spoke of it; every allusion to illness of any kind was studiously avoided; you talked, and laughed, and gossiped, as though the idea of death had never crossed your minds; and yet both you and he felt all along that this idea was ever present—that it was the key to every word you uttered, the burden of every spoken phrase and unspoken thought. When the cholera was raging in Venezuela, the panic-stricken half-

breed Governor had a notice placed in every room of his palace—"No one is to mention here the name of cholera ;" but I suppose the Venezuelans thought and talked of little else notwithstanding. So, after a like fashion, this negro question was the one thought which pervaded everything throughout the whole of the Secession period. Officially, no doubt, the connexion between slavery and secession was sometimes denied—more often kept studiously out of sight ; but, in society of all kinds, in the press of every shade and colour, from the pulpit of every sect and denomination, you heard of nothing but secession and slavery. You might as soon have ignored the existence of secession as ignored the existence of the slavery question. I am not writing now a work on slavery—I had not the opportunity for doing so had I wished it : I am seeking rather to convey the impressions left upon me by my sojourn in the North during the Southern insurrection. If I succeed in conveying those impressions faithfully, the question of slavery must crop up in these pages at all times and all places, in season and out of season.

Before entering, therefore, on this question, it will be well to say a few words on my own feelings with regard to the "peculiar institution." Morally, I do not look on slavery, nor even on the slave trade, as being a sin apart or different from all other sins. Whether you work men to death in a tailor's slop-shop ; whether you burn Arabs alive, as Bugeaud did in Algeria ; whether you degrade

men to the level of beasts, as the Bourbons did in Naples; whether you shoot Hindoos from the cannon's mouth, in order to add the prospect of everlasting damnation to the pangs of death, as we did in India; whether you drill human beings into soldier-slaves, like that modern hero-god of Mr. Carlyle's worship; or whether you kidnap negroes, sell them by auction, deny them the rights of men, and scourge them with the lash, like the planters of the South, you are, in my judgment, sinning about equally against the moral law of God. Slavery, however, has one peculiar guilt, which few, if any other, of the hundred modes of human cruelty and oppression can be justly charged with. It is a gigantic, almost an isolated, attempt to reduce oppression to a system, and to establish a social order of which the misery of human beings is to be the fundamental principle. It is for this reason that every honest man, who hates cruelty and loves justice, is bound to lift up his voice against slavery as an accursed thing. It is thus that I think of it, let me say once and for all; and thus, as far as lies within my power, that I mean to write of it.

Let me add also, as I am now, in American parlance, "entering my record," that it is a conviction that the existence or the downfall of slavery was inevitably connected with the success or failure of Secession, which created my deep sympathy with the Federal cause. I admit freely, as I shall endeavour to show ere long, that besides slavery there were many great issues

depending on the struggle between North and South. I believe that, putting slavery out of the question, the cause for which the North was fighting was the cause of freedom, of national existence, and of the world's progress. Still, I hold strongly to the American confession of faith, "that a people possesses an inalienable "right to choose its own form of government;" and therefore, madly mistaken as I believe the South to have been in separating from the Union, I should yet have hesitated, had it not been for the issue of slavery, as to whether the North was justified in attempting to reconquer the seceding States. If Earl Russell had modified his famous dictum by saying that the North was fighting for empire (and freedom), while the South was fighting for independence (and slavery), he would have uttered a whole truth instead of a sorry half one. Such, at any rate, is my belief; and, having confessed it, the reader will understand better much that I have to say.

Having this keen interest in the whole question of slavery, the position of the Negro in the Free States was a subject which I was anxious to investigate. To an Englishman, it is a new sensation, almost the only new sensation in America, to enter for the first time an hotel where one is surrounded by negro servants. I recollect well the first evening that I dined in the New World. It was at the Everett House in New York, one of the best hotels—let me add, in recollection of my

friend Mr. White of that ilk—in the States. I was seated waiting for my soup, in that calm state of enjoyment which every well-organized human being must feel after a long sea-voyage in sitting at a table which does not rock, when the folding-doors leading from the kitchen to the dining-hall were flung open, and a troop of negro waiters marched in together, two abreast, paced up the rooms in step, bearing the soup tureens aloft, solemnly parted to the right and left, deposited their burdens, and then took each his appointed station, in order to lift up the lids of the tureens at one and the same moment on a given signal. This was my first experience of negrodom. Trivial as the incident may seem, there was in it a love of stage effect, a sort of dramatic talent, which belonged to a far other race than that Anglo-Saxon one of ours. So, throughout my stay in America, I could never look upon a negro face without a strange attraction. The coloured people form so marked a contrast to everything and everybody you see around you. Living, as one does, in a bustling, toiling, sallow, washed-out world of men and women, it is pleasing to the mental as well as to the physical eyesight to turn to the negro folk, with their unwonted complexion, varying from the darkest ebony to the faintest tinge of saffron, with their strange passion for gaudy colours, assorted somehow with a touch of artistic feeling, with their deep, wistful, melancholy eyes, and, above all, with their indescribable air of phy-

sical enjoyment in the actual fact of life. If I were an American painter, I would paint nothing but the peculiar people. No doubt this feeling wears away. If gipsies were an institution in England as negroes are in America, if we had a gipsy camp squatted down in every village, we should, as a nation, see very little romantic or picturesque in the Romany race. Negroes, like gipsies, are all very well as isolated figures in the social landscape, but they are out of place as a perpetual background. Still, with all this, I have often wondered at how very little the Americans I met with seemed to know about the negroes who lived amongst them. I tried frequently to obtain information from persons interested in the negro question, as to the prospects and position of the free negroes, but without much success. The truth is, the negroes, slave or free, are a race apart, in both North and South. A black Ruth might say to a white Naomi, "Thy God shall be my God;" but the promise that "Thy people shall be my people" would be uttered in vain.

Everywhere and at all seasons the coloured people form a separate community. In the public streets you hardly ever see a coloured person in company with a white, except in the capacity of servant. Boston, indeed, is the only town I visited where I ever observed black men and women walking about frequently with white people. I never by any chance, in the Free States, saw a coloured man dining at a public table,

or mixing socially in any manner with white men, or dressed as a man well to do in the world, or occupying any position, however humble, in which he was placed in authority over white persons. On board the river steamboats, the commonest and homeliest of working men has a right to dine, and does dine, at the public meals; but, for coloured passengers, there is always a separate table. At the great hotels there is, as with us, a servants' table, but the coloured servants are not allowed to dine in common with the white. At the inns, in the barbers' shops, on board the steamers, and in most hotels, the servants are more often than not coloured people. Anybody, I think, who has travelled in America, will agree with me in saying that they are the pleasantest servants in the country, and that he would always go by preference to a house where the attendants were negroes. But where there are black servants, you hardly ever find white ones also, except as overseers. White servants will not associate with black on terms of equality. I recollect a German servant-girl telling me that she had left a very good situation in New England, because she had been desired to take her meals with a coloured servant, and she "felt that that was wrong." I hardly ever remember seeing a black employed as shopman, or placed in any post of responsibility. As a rule, the blacks you meet in the Free States are shabbily, if not squalidly dressed; and, as far as I could learn, the instances

of black men having made money by trade in the North, are very few in number.

I remember one day in travelling through the State of Ohio (Ohio, let me add for the benefit of English critics, is a Free State), that I was seated by one of the shrewdest and kindest old farmers it has been my lot to meet. He had been born and bred in Ohio State, and dilated to me as a stranger, with not unnatural pride, on the beauty and prosperity of that rich garden country :—"There is but one thing, sir," he ended by saying, "that we want here, and that is to get rid of the niggers." I was rather surprised at this illiberal expression of opinion ; for my friend, though a staunch Union man, had been talking with unwonted good sense and moderation about the folly of adopting extreme measures of vengeance towards the South ; and I questioned him about the reasons of his antipathy towards the coloured people. I was answered by the old story. The free blacks did not work, and preferred doing nothing. Half the thefts and crimes in the State were committed by free negroes. Not content with having schools of their own, they wanted to have their children admitted to the free white schools ; and, for his own part, he shrewdly suspected that the schoolhouse of his town, Lebanon, which had just been mysteriously burnt down, had been set on fire by free negroes out of spite. But the great grievance seemed to his mind to be that, in defiance of the laws of Ohio, there had been recently

some few intermarriages between white men and black women. "It don't answer, sir," he concluded by saying; "it isn't right, you see, and it isn't meant to be."

These sentiments express, undoubtedly, the popular feeling of the Free States towards the free negro. Like most popular feelings, it has a basis of truth. In every Northern city, the poorest, the most thriftless, and perhaps the most troublesome part of the population, are the free negroes. Give a dog a bad name, and he will not only get hung, but he will generally deserve hanging. The free negro has not a fair chance throughout the North. The legislation of the country is as unfavourable to the status of free blacks, as the social sentiment of the people. It is a much-disputed point, what were the ideas of the authors of the American institution with regard to the negro. The most probable solution seems to me to be, that though, undoubtedly, they contemplated the possibility of the negroes becoming freemen, they never admitted the idea of their becoming citizens of the United States. There is no distinct statement in the Constitution as to what constitutes American citizenship; but you see clearly that the Indians, though born under the American Government, were never designed to become citizens, and, in like manner, the strong presumption is that the negroes were not either. Certainly, as a matter of fact, a free negro citizen does not enjoy the full rights of citizenship. No coloured man can hold any

Government appointment, however humble, under the United States. During the last session, a bill of Mr. Sumner's was passed through the Senate, allowing the Government to employ coloured men as mail-carriers; but even in a Republican House of Representatives, the bill was rejected by a large majority. About State legislation, with regard to the free negro, there is no ambiguity whatever. In three States alone, Massachusetts, Maine, and New Hampshire, are coloured men allowed to vote on an equality with white citizens. In New York, where there is manhood suffrage as far as white men are concerned, a man of colour must possess a freehold estate of not less value than £50, clear of all debt, before he can exercise the right of voting. In no other State can a coloured citizen vote at all; and under no State government are black men practically allowed to hold office of any kind. The free schools of every State are closed to coloured children; and in the district of Washington, under the direct authority of the national government, free blacks were taxed till the other day to support the free schools for white children. In the Eastern States, intermarriage between blacks and whites is permitted by law, but in few, if any, of the other States. In several of the Western States, free negroes are forbidden to settle within the limits of the State; while in the border Slave States of the Union, proposals have been made recently to expel the free negro population altogether.

Under such conditions, it would be strange if the free negroes were, as a class, an industrious or a respectable part of the Northern population. That a proscribed pariah people, forbidden to mix on terms of equality with the ruling race, should not afford by their conduct some excuse for their treatment, would be an unexampled fact in the world's history.

As far as the North is concerned, the free negroes form too small a part of the population to be a source of real trouble. According to the census of 1850, in which the free coloured population was classified separately from the white, the whole number of free coloured persons in the then United States was, in round numbers, 435,000. Of these, only 198,000 were settled in the Free States. New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the great commercial and manufacturing States, had 127,000; Ohio and Indiana, the two frontier States of the North, 37,000. The New England States, the headquarters of the Abolitionists, held about 23,000; while the whole of the North-western States only contained 11,000 in all. As the white citizens of the Free States numbered 13,324,914, in 1850, the proportion of free men of colour would have been barely one-and-a-half per cent. No doubt, these numbers had increased actually during the ten years up to 1860; but the relative proportion of coloured men to white had decreased considerably. From these figures some very obvious conclusions may be drawn. From choice or

necessity, a very large majority of the free negroes remain in the Slave States, after emancipation. In the free North, it is only in the great cities that they can find occupation or a living—for there is no question that New York, Jersey City, and Philadelphia, contain some nine-tenths of the coloured population in the States to which they respectively belong. New England seems to be unsuited for the negro race, probably from the length and severity of its winters. Ohio and Indiana owe the large numbers of their black population to the immediate proximity of the Slave States. And practically, either from natural causes or from adverse legislation, the North-western States afford no home for the free negro. Somehow or other, the climate, or the social conditions of the free North, are not favourable to the increase of the coloured race. In 1790, in the seven States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, in which at that period slavery existed, there were 40,370 slaves, to say nothing of free men of colour, while the white population numbered 1,452,828. In 1850, the free coloured population of these States, in which slavery had been gradually abolished, amounted to 139,206, while the white population had reached 6,909,826. Thus, while the whites in sixty years had more than quadrupled their numbers, the men of colour have increased little more than threefold.

It is a charge very commonly brought in England

against the Free States, that when they abolished slavery, they sold their slaves to the South. It is possible this may have been done in individual instances, but it is obvious that it cannot have been in any sense a State measure, from the fact that the census in every State shows an increase in the number of coloured people, in the years immediately succeeding the act of emancipation. The explanation, therefore, for the comparative unproductiveness of the negro race in the North, must be sought in natural causes. Poverty, hardship, and disease, have checked successfully the natural fertility of the race. Mr. Seward, in talking over this subject, told me that when he was a child in his father's house, there were as many black as white people in the household. Circumstances had enabled him to keep a record of all the inmates of the household whom he had known as a child; and now, after some fifty years, while the members of the white family were numbered almost by hundreds, he could count on the fingers of one hand, the descendants and the living members of the black people. This testimony was corroborated by all Americans in the North I had the opportunity of speaking to. The majority of the slaves in the North were household servants, and were kept as articles of luxury, not of profit. In truth, north of Mason and Dixie's line, the negro is an exotic, and can be kept in existence only by an artificial system of culture.

It is impossible to obtain any statistics as to the amount of intermarriages which have taken place in the Free States between blacks and whites. It is the universal belief amongst Americans that such intermarriages are rarely fertile, and are invariably productive of similar consequences, to those which attend the repeated intermarriage of near relatives. How far this belief is based on physiological evidence, or how far the fact, if fact it be, may not be accounted for by the climate of the North being unfavourable to the development of the mulatto, are questions concerning which I could never satisfy myself. It is certain that if the mixed race were a productive one in the North, the proportion of quadroons ought to be much larger by this time than that of mulattoes ; whereas the barest traveller's observation will convince you that such is not the case. For every quadroon you meet, you see two or three mulattoes. The actual number of mixed marriages I gather to be very small. Amongst the higher classes, the relative social position of blacks and whites, quite apart from the question of colour, would be a bar to intermarriage ; while amongst the poor, and amongst persons of the same average rank of life, as the free negro, the prejudice against colour is naturally even more violent and unreasoning than amongst men of education. The connexions, legal or illegitimate, which arise between the two races, are almost, without exception, between white men and coloured women. Even in the lowest houses of

ill-repute in the Free States, no coloured man is allowed to enter. Unfortunately, perhaps, the white male sex is more catholic in its tastes ; and of the mixed race, a very large proportion are the illegitimate offspring of white fathers and coloured mothers. Of late years, however, such connexions are grown less frequent, partly from an advance in public morality, partly from an increased repugnance amongst the white race to any idea of amalgamation with the black.

Now, without wishing for one moment to justify this state of feeling in the Free States, I have my doubts, whether we English are, of all people in the world, the best entitled to condemn it. Wherever our Anglo-Saxon race has spread itself, it has shown an uniform intolerance of an inferior race. The treatment of the native Irish by the English settlers, of the Chinese in Australia, of the New Zealanders by the colonists, and of the Hindoos under the Company's rule, are all developments of the same national instinct. That this impatience of an inferior existence is a low *trait* in our national character, I admit freely and fully ; but then I am somewhat of a sceptic as to the truth of the Yankee and Kingsley creed, and plead guilty to occasional doubts, as to whether our Anglo-Saxon race, in the Old World and in the New, is altogether and in all respects the finest, and grandest, and noblest on the face of God's earth. All I state is, that however inconsistent the facts may seem, a great portion of the

Northern people do unite a very genuine dislike to slavery, and a readiness to make great sacrifices for Abolition, with an extreme distaste to any kind of connexion or amalgamation with the free negro. You must take the good in this world with the bad; and I own I must doubt whether, under like circumstances, the masses in England would take a much more humane or liberal view of the negro question than the masses do in America. The longer I lived in the States, the more I became convinced that America was, to use a mathematical metaphor, the complement of England. The national failings, as well as the national virtues of the New World, are very much those of the mother country, developed on a different and a broader scale.

In these remarks, I have assumed throughout that the negro belongs virtually to an inferior race to that of the white man. Many abolition friends of mine, whose opinions I value highly, consider this assumption erroneous, and repudiate it indignantly as forming some excuse for slavery. The force of this argument was always unintelligible to me. If the negro was as much below the white man in intellectual development as he is above the Australian savage, this is absolutely no reason why he should be bought and sold like a chattel, forced to labour and then robbed of the fruits of his own labour, scourged like a dog at the caprice of his owner, denied the right of education, or marriage, or liberty, and reduced at the

very best to the level of a well-pampered beast of burden. The weaker the negro is by nature, the less able he is to help himself, the more he needs the enjoyment of law and civil freedom, which form virtually the sole protection in this world of the feeble against the strong. Such at any rate is my belief. Even if this belief is mistaken, there is still no good in refusing to acknowledge facts. No candid observer can, I think, fail in coming to the conclusion, from his own observation and the universal testimony of impartial critics, that the negro is not intellectually, possibly not morally, as highly developed as yet as the white man. The Uncle Tom school of Abolitionists have injured a great cause by throwing over it a veil of romantic unreality. The evils of slavery are not exposed by an attempt to prove that "the black man is as good as the white man, and better too." The Abolition Party would have had far more power if they had accommodated their theory about slavery to the facts, instead of moulding facts to suit their theory. No cause in the world, not even so good a one as that of emancipation, is strengthened by a *suppressio veri*.

THE SLAVE-TRADER GORDON.

ON the 21st February, 1862, for the first time in the annals of New York State, and I believe for the first time in the annals of the United States, a slave-trader underwent the penalty of death for having been engaged in the slave-trade. The case was a remarkable one in itself—remarkable still more as an illustration of the change in public feeling which had passed over the popular Northern mind since the outbreak of Secession. At the period of my first visit to New York, it was the great incident of the day. In the opinion of those best competent to judge, this execution was one of the severest blows yet struck against the whole system of slavery. It is on this account that I have recorded its general outline.

It is now more than forty years ago—if I am not mistaken, in the year 1818—that the prosecution of the African Slave-trade was declared an act of piracy by the Federal Government, and, as such, punishable by death. Practically, the Government contented itself with this abstract enunciation of principle, and never

endeavoured to turn theory into practice. It is only just to state that the slave-trade had been, of late years, an unimportant item in the commerce of North America. Partly owing to the absence of a home-market, partly to the vigilance of the British cruisers, and still more to the obloquy which attended any person supposed to be engaged in the traffic, the trade had been, relatively, but little prosecuted. It is just also to admit, that such slave-trading as there was, was carried on by Northern and not by Southern men. The North had far greater material facilities than the South for engaging in the traffic. The interests of the slave-breeding States were steadily opposed to any importation of African slaves, and also with the South, it was a point of honour to have nothing whatever to do with the slave-trade. It is to the credit of human nature, if not of human consistency, that most individuals or nations addicted habitually to any sin, have some peculiar development of that sin on which they look with exaggerated aversion. Slavery was the sin the South had a mind to : for the slave-trade they were not inclined, and damned it accordingly. Be this the right explanation or not, it was by Northern Yankees that the trade was mainly carried on, and New York was the headquarters of the traffic. The whole affair was kept very secret. There were in New York a certain small number of mercantile houses, surmised, rather than suspected, to be engaged in the African Slave-trade—perhaps a score

or so in all ; and every year a few vessels sailed from the port to trade with Africa, nominally for produce, but in reality for slaves. The Anti-slavery Party, to their credit, kept a keen look out for all vessels engaged in the trade, and resolved that the law against slave-trading should not be allowed to fall into disuse for want of protest. Whenever their agents could ascertain that a vessel was about to sail on this errand, they gave information to the State authorities, but always without effect. Under the "rowdy" Government of the Woods and Kennedys—which, till within the last few years, disgraced New York—the police were notoriously venal, and it was worth a slaver's while to bribe liberally. The more respectable authorities of the State all belonged to the extreme Democratic Party, and were unwilling to do anything which might offend the pro-slavery interest, or, still more, strengthen the hands of the Abolitionists. More than all too, public opinion was not in favour of vigorous measures. There was a general though unexpressed conviction that the slave-trade between Virginia and the South differed only in name, not in substance, from the slave-trade between Africa and Cuba ; and that the country which recognised the former as a "peculiar institution," could hardly be very severe in suppressing the latter. Indeed, the connivance of the North in the slave-system of the South had so demoralised public feeling on the whole subject, that the refusal to allow British cruisers

to stop vessels engaged in the slave trade whilst sailing under the American flag, was regarded as a national triumph. The result of this state of things was that slavers were generally allowed to escape unarrested; and even if they were brought to trial, either the juries refused to convict, or else the punishment inflicted, on the plea of insufficient evidence or of extenuating circumstances, was extremely light.

Impelled by the remonstrances of Foreign Powers, rather than by any pressure of public feeling at home, the United States Government, towards the end of Mr. Buchanan's Presidency, had begun to employ a little more activity in suppressing the African trade; and in the autumn of 1860 a slaver, loaded with a cargo of nine hundred slaves, and commanded by Captain Gordon, was seized off the coast of Africa by an American man-of-war. The slaves were landed in Monrovia, and the captain of the slaver was sent to New York—the port from which he had sailed—for trial. The case was a very bad one. The negroes had been packed with more than usual disregard for life, and treated with more than common inhumanity. Of the nine hundred and odd shipped on the "Erie," three hundred died before the vessel reached Liberia. No excuse could be made for the captain personally: he was a New-Englander from Maine, of a very respectable Presbyterian family, and a man of education. This was the fourth slave-trip in which he had embarked, and in two out of the

four he had made enormous profits. At the time of his seizure he hoisted British colours, and subsequently alleged that two Spaniards found on board the "Erie" were the real owners of the ship, on which he was only a passenger. But there was no doubt as to his real guilt. Still, when he was brought to trial in New York, in October, 1860, little idea was entertained that the legal penalty would be inflicted. The State Prosecutor's district-attorney, Mr. Roosevelt, actually stated, in his speech for the prosecution, "that if the prisoner was "found not guilty—which was highly probable—of "piracy, or even if the jury found him guilty, such an "outside pressure would be brought to bear upon the "President as would compel him to pardon him. In "either case, the prisoner would go scot free." There is little doubt that this statement, however extraordinary a one for a prosecutor to make, was substantially correct: and Gordon would have escaped had not his counsel tried to quash the case on a technical objection, that formal notice of the pleadings had not been given by the United States Government to the State authorities. The objection was not admitted as fatal, but the trial was postponed in order that the error might be rectified. Meanwhile, Buchanan was succeeded by Lincoln: the Democratic officials were replaced by Republican ones. The Secession Movement broke out, and popular feeling in the North generally, and in New York especially, became Anti-slavery instead of Southern

and Pro-slavery, as it had been hitherto. This change proved fatal to Gordon. The new district attorney took up the case, and pushed it on vigorously. At first a conviction seemed hopeless, as the officer in command of the "Erie" when sent as a prize-ship to New York, on whose evidence the whole case against the prisoner rested, had joined the insurgents in the South. However, for once, the prosecution was in earnest. The sailors who had served under Gordon were traced out, and, by their evidence, the fact of his having been the virtual commander of the vessel while engaged in the slave-trade was clearly established. There could be no reasonable doubt as to the evidence. The jury brought him in guilty of piracy, and the court sentenced him to death.

Still, little apprehension was felt, either by the condemned culprit or his partisans, that the sentence would be really executed. It was believed that the long delay in the trial, the fact that the law had never yet been put into force, and, above all, the supposed unwillingness of the Government to take any step which would place them in direct opposition to the slaveholding interest, would prove adequate grounds for the remission of the capital sentence. The prisoner was not wanting in powerful friends: and the whole influence of the slave-trading community was exerted vigorously, though unobtrusively, in his favour. But public sentiment proved too unanimous to get up any popular demonstration in

his behalf. Not a New York paper of any weight could be found to advocate his cause ; and even the *Herald* only dared to support him by passing the whole matter over in suspicious silence. The prisoner's counsel went to Washington, and employed every argument that could have weight with the Government ; but, after a careful consideration of the case, the President refused to interfere with the action of the law, on the ground that the case was clear, and that it was his duty to see the laws executed. I have reason, too, to know that Mr. Seward did his best to support Mr. Lincoln in this determination. Speaking to me about the case shortly afterwards, the Secretary of State remarked, emphatically, that the Republican Administration would have merited the condemnation of every honest man if, whatever else it had left undone, it had not put a stop to the slave trade ; and in this, as in every other instance, the resolution was acted up to. With a mercy which, at best, was a very doubtful one, a reprieve of a fortnight was granted, in order that the prisoner might prepare for death. During this fortnight the President was exposed to the most influential and painful solicitations from the friends and relatives of the prisoner for a commutation of the punishment ; and a last appeal was made to him at a time when he was distracted by grief at the approaching death of his youngest and favourite child. On this occasion, however, Mr. Lincoln, in his own language, had "put his foot down," and exhibited a

resolution which it would have been well if he had displayed in other matters.

When this appeal failed, the prisoner's counsel started a technical objection to the execution, on the ground that by the State law of New York, no condemned culprit could be executed till he had been imprisoned for a year after judgment was passed upon him ; and that therefore Captain Gordon, though an United States prisoner, tried and sentenced by the Federal law-courts, could not be executed in the State of New York by the State authorities, except in accordance with the State laws. The objection was an ingenious one, and two years before would probably have stayed the execution, but at that time the whole doctrine of State rights was out of favour : and the judges before whom the application was made, decided that if this appeal were correct, it would follow, as a logical consequence, that the sentences of the United States courts could never be carried out in any State, unless they were in accordance with the local legislation of that State—a consequence which manifestly would not be admitted—and that therefore the appeal must be dismissed. After this, as a last attempt, an endeavour was made to summon a mass-meeting in New York, to protest against the sentence being carried out. The following placard was posted during the night all over the city :—“ Citizens of New York, come to the rescue ! “ Shall a judicial murder be committed in your midst,

“and no protesting voice raised against it? Captain Nathaniel Gordon is under sentence of execution for a crime which has been virtually a dead-letter for forty years. Shall this young man be quietly allowed to be made the victim of fanaticism?” The placard ended with a summons to the people to attend a meeting in the afternoon, at the Merchants’ Exchange. The police were ordered to remove this document by the civic authorities, as tending to bring the Government into disrepute; but a sufficient number of the placards was left upon the walls, either purposely or through carelessness, to make the fact of the meeting generally known. I was present at the hour appointed, and barely a couple of hundred people were assembled. A good number were obviously idlers like myself. Several whom I knew personally were strong anti-slavery men, who had come to protest against the meeting in case it seemed likely to be influential; and the majority were rowdies, with a lot of very ill-looking Greek and Portuguese merchants. No signature was affixed to the requisition, and no one volunteered to preside at the meeting. After about an hour’s delay the assemblage had dwindled down to some hundred persons, and then an unknown stranger got up, without giving his name, and stated that he had never heard of the meeting till a quarter of an hour before, but that he was opposed to staining this glad season—when Washington’s birthday and the late Union victories were on the eve of

celebration—by a public execution. This appeal elicited no response, and the meeting broke up.

With this *fasco* the last hope was gone, and the unhappy prisoner made up his mind that the end was come. Every precaution had been taken to hinder him from committing suicide ; but, by some means or other, he procured cigars loaded with strychnine, and attempted to kill himself by smoking them : the poison, however, did not act rapidly enough, and he was unable to conceal his agony. Remedies were applied, but towards morning his strength began to fail. The execution had been fixed, by his own wish, for two o'clock, but it was feared he would not live till then ; and, in obedience to their duty, the authorities of the gaol had him executed in the courtyard of the Tombs Prison, at noon. Very few persons were present : and when I passed the prison an hour afterwards, there was no sign of excitement, except the collection of a small crowd of Irish, who were waiting to see the body carried out.

The story is a painful one, and the circumstances of the execution still more so. Horrible as the man's crime was, it is impossible to feel pity for him : yet, the fact that a slave-trader was hung in New York, the headquarters of the American Slave-trade, and hung amidst the approbation of the public, was a gain not only to America, but to the world at large.

WASHINGTON.

IT was with an odd sensation of being for the first time in a strange society, of dwelling in a slave-owning city, that I became acquainted with the metropolis of the United States.

To a stranger, Washington must be a quaint residence, even in ordinary days. Had it progressed at the rate of ordinary Northern cities, it would have been by this time one of the finest capitals of the world; as it is, it was built for a city of the future, and the future has not yet been realized. It is still, as it was once called, the city of magnificent distances. On two low hills, a couple of miles apart, stand the white marble palaces of the Houses of Congress and the Government Offices. At their feet stretches the grand Potomac, just too far off to be visible as a feature in the town; and across the low, broken, marshy valley between them runs the long, broad, irregular Pennsylvania Avenue, a second-hand Broadway out at elbows. On either side hosts of smaller streets branch out for short distances, ending

abruptly in brick-fields or in the open country ; and that is all. If the plan of the city had ever been carried out, the Capitol would have been the centre of a vast polygon, with streets branching out from it in every direction. But owing to a characteristic quarrel between the Government and a private landowner, which could never have occurred except in an Anglo-Saxon country, the plan was abandoned ; the city sprawled out on one side only of the intended polygon, and left the Capitol stranded, so to speak, at the extremity of the town. So Washington has not the one merit of American architecture—symmetry. The whole place looks run up in a night, like the cardboard cities which Potemkin erected to gratify the eyes of his imperial mistress on her tour through Russia ; and it is impossible to remove the impression that, when Congress is over, the whole place is taken down, and packed up again till wanted. Everything has such an unfinished “ here for the day only ” air about it. Everybody is a bird of passage at Washington. The diplomatic corps is transitory by its very nature. The senators, representatives, and ministers, reside there for two, four, possibly six sessions, as the case may be ; and the fact of their being in Congress or in office now is rather a presumption than otherwise, that they will not be so again when their term expires. The clerks, officials, and government *employés* are all, too, mere lodgers. The force of necessity compels each Administration to reappoint a few

of the subordinate clerks who understand the business of the office ; but still, every official may be turned out in four years at the longest, and most of them know that they probably will be dismissed at the end of that period. There are no commercial or manufacturing interests to induce merchants or capitalists to settle here. The growth of Baltimore, and the filling-up of the Potomac, have destroyed what small prospect of commercial greatness Washington may ever have indulged in. There is nothing attractive about the place to make any one, not brought there by business, fix on it as a place of residence. With the exception of a few landowners who have estates in the neighbourhood, a score of lawyers connected with the Supreme Court, and a host of petty tradesmen and lodging-house keepers, there is nobody who looks on Washington as his home.

Hence nobody, with rare exceptions, has a house of his own there. Most of the members of Congress live in hotels or furnished lodgings. The wives and families of the married members (whose names are marked in the Congressional Directory, with a row of crosses corresponding to the number of womankind they bring with them) come to Washington for a few months or weeks during the session, and for the time of their stay a furnished house is taken. In consequence, there is no style about the mode of living. The number of private carriages is very few ; and people are afraid of bringing good horses to be ruined by the rut tracks (for they are

not worthy of the name of roads) which serve the purposes of streets in Washington. Public amusements of any kind are scanty and poor. There is a theatre about equal in size and merit to those of Margate or Scarborough in the season; at the Smithsonian Institute (the barbarity of whose designation I am afraid is due to its English benefactor) there are frequent lectures, which, when they are not political demonstrations, are about as interesting, or uninteresting, as lectures on the Glaciers and the Tertiary Formation, *et hoc genus omne*, are at home; and there are occasional concerts, dramatic readings, and pictorial exhibitions. But this, with the visit of an occasional circus, is all.

The city, in fact, is an overgrown watering-place. The roads appear to have been marked out and then left uncompleted, and the pigs you see grubbing in the main thoroughfares seem in keeping with the place. The broken-down ramshackle hackney-coaches (or hacks, as they are called), with their shabby negro drivers, are obviously brought out for the day, to last for the day only; the shops are of the stock Margate watering-place stamp, where nothing is kept in stock, and where what little there is is all displayed in the shop-windows. The private houses, handsome enough in themselves, are apparently stuck up anywhere the owner liked to build them, just as a travelling-van is perched on the first convenient spot that can be found for a night's lodging.

The grand hotels, too, which form a striking, if not an

imposing feature in most American towns, are wanting in Washington. Even according to the American standard, there is not a decent hotel in the whole place. Willard's and the National are two huge rambling barracks where some incredible number of beds could be run up ; but it is hard to say which is the shabbiest and dirtiest internally ; and externally, neither of them have any pretensions to architectural grandeur. Of the lot, Willard's is the best, on the principle that if you are to eat your peck of dirt, you may as well eat it in as picturesque a form as possible. The aspect of this hotel during the time that the army was encamped before Manassas was indeed a wonderful one. At all times Willard's is the house of call for everybody who has business in Washington. From early morning till late at night its lobbies and passages were filled with a motley throng of all classes and all nations. With the exception of the President, there is not a statesman or general, or man of note of any kind, in Washington, whom I have not come across, at different times, in the passages of Willard's. Soldiers in every uniform, privates and officers thrown together in strange confusion ; Congress-men and senators, army contractors and Jews ; artists, newspaper writers, tourists, prizefighters, and gamblers, were mixed up with a nondescript crowd of men, who seem to have no business except to hang about, and to belong to no particular nation, or class, or business. In the parlours, there was a like

confusion. Half a dozen rough-looking common soldiers, with their boots encased in deep layers of Virginia mud, would be dozing with their feet hoisted on the high fenders before the fire. At the tables gentlemen, dressed in the mouldy black evening suits Americans are so partial to, would sit all day writing letters. Knots of three or four, belonging apparently to every grade of society, would be standing about the room shaking hands constantly with new comers, introducing everybody to everybody—"more Americano"—and adjourning, at intervals, in a body to the bar. Upstairs, on the floor above, splendidly-dressed ladies were strolling at all hours about the passages, chatting with friends, working, playing, and flirting with smartly-bedizened officers and gay young diplomatists.

In fact, barring the presence of the ladies, an ingredient we had little of there, I was constantly reminded of Naples in the Garibaldian days, and, notably, of the Hotel Victoria. There was the same collection of all sorts of men from every country, the same Babel of languages, the same fusion of all ranks and classes, the same ceaseless conversation about the war, the same preponderance of the military element, the same series of baseless contradictory rumours, and the same feverish restless excitement. Constantly, too, I came across well-remembered faces, and was saluted by acquaintances whose names I had forgotten, but whom I recollected at the camp before Capua, and more frequently still about

the *cafés* of Naples. What were they doing here? why they were employed here? what their rank might be? were all mysteries I did not care to fathom. I was content to answer by the expressive Italian formula of *Chi lo sa?* It is good, I suppose, fishing in troubled waters.

As to the public buildings of Washington, they add little to the splendour of the town. Of the Capitol, I shall speak presently. The Treasury, a sort of white marble Madeleine, would be magnificent if it were finished. The White House is beautiful on a moonlight night, when its snowy walls stand out in contrast to the deep blue sky, but not otherwise. As to the Post Office, Patent Office, Smithsonian Institute, and the unfinished pedestal of the Washington monument, I must refer the curious to any handbook of travel. I am ashamed to say that I never visited either the curiosities of the Patent Office or of the Smithsonian; and I am still more ashamed to add that I do not regret my shortcomings. Stock sight-seeing is an amusement that, from some mental defect, I have an invincible aversion to.

Possibly this description does not do full justice to Washington. On a fine bright spring day, when the wooded banks that line the south side of the Potomac were in their early bloom, I have thought the city looked wondrously bright; but on nine days out of every ten the climate of Washington is simply detestable. When

it rains, the streets are sloughs of liquid mud ; and, by some miraculous peculiarity I could never get accounted for, even in the paved streets, the stones sink into the ground, and the mud oozes up between them. In a couple of hours from the time the rain ceases, the same streets are enveloped in clouds of dust. In spring time, the contrast between the burning sun and the freezing winds is greater than I ever knew it in Italy ; and in summer, the heat is more dead and oppressive than in any place it has been my lot to dwell in. I had many friends in Washington, and my recollection of the weeks I spent there is a very pleasant one ; but, as a place of sojourn, Washington seems to me simply detestable.

I recollect Mr. Hawthorne saying, that his impression on leaving Washington was, that if Washington were really the keystone of the Union, then the Union was not worth saving ; and in this opinion I cordially agreed with him.

CONGRESS.

THE one fact which redeems Washington from the imputation of being the ugliest capital in the world is the presence of the two grand white marble palaces of the Treasury and the Capitol, frowning at each other like old German castles, from the summit of the two hills that inclose the valley of the quondam Goose Creek and present Tiber. Still, in its external shape, as a matter of bricks and mortar, it was a constant wonder to me that the Houses of Congress were not grander than they are. The position, design, and material of the Capitol are all magnificent, and yet, somehow or other, it is not, to me at any rate, one of those buildings which, like St. Peter's, or York Minster, or the Madeleine at Paris, stand apart in a traveller's memory. The grand, half-finished front façade is turned away from the city, owing to the fact that the building was planned before the town was built. So, as a matter of fact, nobody enters, or ever will enter, by the front entrance except to see the façade; and all persons on

business approach the Capitol by the back door. The completion of the edifice is suspended for the present, because funds are short and the architect is away at the war. The whole building has still an untidy, unfinished, almost tumble-down, appearance. The immense iron dome, which will vie in magnitude with that of St. Peter's, and which, like the Roman cupola, you can see for miles and miles away, rising grandly over that hilly campagna country, is still a bare framework of beams and girders, surmounted by a crane, ominously resembling its brother of Cologne Cathedral. Blocks of unhewn marble lie on every side, scattered about the pleasant grounds which lead from the Capitol to the foot of the steep hill on which it stands. The niches are still without their statues, and the grand entrance without its giant doors, which visitors to Rome must remember so well in Mr. Rogers' studio; while, in many parts, the staring red-brick walls are still without their marble facings. Even when the building is completed, I think the effect inside will always be disappointing. Vast as the Capitol is, there is a want of great, open spaces in it; and you wander through endless passages, and richly-roofed corridors, and stately staircases, without coming across one point of view which leaves a strong, definite impression on your mind. There is, too, a characteristic absence of artistic propriety about the whole arrangements. The great centre circular hall is blocked up with a scaffolding, on which

a number of second or third-rate historical pictures are exposed to view, some of them for sale. Amongst them, by the way, there used to be a portrait of President Buchanan ; but when the troops were quartered here, at the outbreak of the war, for the defence of the Capitol, a Western regiment destroyed the portrait by squirting tobacco juice over it, leaving the other pictures untouched. "And a vile indignity, too, sir," said an Abolitionist, who told me the story, "that was for the—tobacco juice." Again, in the main passages fruit-stalls are allowed to stand, where apples, and nuts, and lager beer are sold to the outside public who have not the right of *entrée* to the Congress refreshment-rooms, at which brandy cocktails and Bourbon whisky are administered to thirsty orators. In another hall there is a stand for the sale of guide-books, maps of the buildings, and commemorative medals ; and farther on there is a little bazaar of Indian bead-work and moccasins. In spite of these defects of taste, the arrangements of the building are wonderfully comfortable ; and the rooms and passages, though less gorgeous than those of our own Houses of Parliament, are, I think, in reality, more convenient and luxurious. Show is entirely subordinate to comfort, in a way it is not with us. Like everything in America, the whole building is new, painfully so ; and the one relic of antiquity is found in the old Senate Chamber, where the Supreme Court now holds its sittings. This was about the only part of the

old Capitol which was not burnt down by our troops in 1814; and in the mantel-pieces and cornices you still see the friezes of the consul in his car, and the lictor with his fasces, which marked the classic French taste of the early Republican era. Otherwise, the whole edifice looks as if it had been opened yesterday. There is one constant charm, however, about the Capitol, that, from its shape and its elevated position, every room faces to the light, and commands most lovely views of the Potomac and the hills that gather in round Washington on every side.

So much for the outer building. With regard to Congress itself, one's first impression is inevitably unduly favourable. To any one who has experienced the dreary waiting in the gallery of our own House with a member's order, and the still more dreary discomfort when at last you do make your way into the close, inconvenient pen, the mere facility of access is enough to put you into good humour. I cannot conceive any intelligent being, arrived at years of discretion, subjecting himself to the annoyance of a visit to our own Houses of Parliament except as a matter of business; and I should think little of the intelligence of anybody curious in such matters who did not go constantly to the debates in Washington. Without any one to stop you or ask you your business, you go up the long staircases, and pass through folding doors into the public gallery, where, I should think, there must be room enough for some

thousand persons, and where you sit as luxuriously on stuffed benches with padded backs as if you were a favoured inmate of our own Speaker's Gallery. It is true the company you find around you, like that of all places of public resort in America, is mixed in its composition. Irish workmen, with ragged coats, will be sitting next to Broadway swells, in the most elaborate of morning costume; and by the side of officers, in the brightest of uniforms, you will see common soldiers, in their grey serge coats, with the roughest of beards and the muddiest of boots. If you are fastidious, however, you can easily, supposing there is no great crowd in the house, get admission into the ladies' gallery, where you have choicer company and a better view. For my own part, however, though I was kindly given the right of *entrée* into the reporters' gallery, which is an admirable one for hearing, I preferred the public ones, because you could change your seats from one part of the long galleries to another, and so always get a full view of the speaker, in whatever portion of the house he might happen to be standing. The company, too, like every crowd I ever met with in the North, was perfectly civil and well behaved. Indeed, during many visits which I made to Congress, I never heard the least disturbance or breach of order on the part of the gallery. If there had been, however, I hardly know how it would have been suppressed.

With an Englishman's feeling about the relative

importance of the two Houses of Parliament, his first visit will probably be to the House of Representatives. The room is rectangular in shape, with sides of an unequal length ; rather low in height for architectural effect, and surrounded on every side with galleries, supported on light iron pillars. With the exception of the two small compartments set apart for the press and the diplomatic corps, the whole of this gallery is open to the public. In the body of the house the seats of the members, with desks placed before each of them, are arranged in semicircular rows round the raised platform, on which the Speaker's chair is placed, and in front of which the clerks of the House are seated. The defect of the arrangement, as far as the public is concerned, is, that as the speakers turn towards the Chair in speaking, it is difficult to get a front view of their faces, and it is by no means an easy thing to follow a speaker whose back is turned towards you. Moreover, the constant buzz of conversation amongst the members makes it difficult to hear a speaker who does not happen to be near the place in which you are seated.

My first impression was that there was a want of life about the whole concern, compared with our House of Commons. It recalled rather a meeting of the House of Lords on a full night, when a dull speaker is on his legs, and the peers are anxious to divide and get home. In the old days, before Secession, as a matter of custom,

the Democratic members sat on the right of the Chair, and the Opposition, whether they were Whig, Federalist, Know-nothing, or Republican, on the left. Since the Southern Democrats seceded, and the remaining fractions of the old parties had become merged, more or less, in the great party which supported the Government and the Union, this custom has fallen into abeyance ; the seats have been set further apart to cover the spaces left empty by the members of the seceding States, and the representatives sit in any part of the hall, where the number assigned to them by ballot may happen to place them, without much regard to party. This absence of any line of division between the members, and the fact that no expression of applause or dissent is permitted, give a dull air to the assembly. The scene looks like a lecture-room where the class is paying no attention to the lecturer. Some of the members, not many, have their legs sprawling over the desks ; some are sleeping in their chairs ; and the majority are writing or reading, or talking in low voices to their neighbours. The representatives have their hats off, and are dressed, for the most part, in the seedy black suits Americans affect so much. The majority are men advanced in life ; young boyish legislators, of the "Dundreary" type, are things unknown here. The House seems composed of business men, slightly bored at an unprofitable waste of time. Thus the ordinary demeanour of the assembly is more staid, if not more

dignified, than that of our Parliament. The only distinct sound which interrupts the somewhat droning tones of the orators' voices is the constant clap-clap of the members' hands, as they summon the boy-pages to run on errands. These boys are, indeed, an institution of the place. They come and go with wonderful quickness; and when nobody wants them, with that *sans-gêne* so peculiar to all American servants, they sit upon the steps of the Speaker's platform, or perch themselves on any member's desk that happens to be vacant.

With regard to the merit of the oratory it is difficult to judge. There is not a single speaker of great eminence in either house at present, and there was no debate, while I happened to be at Washington, of especial interest. In truth, a debate in our sense of the word, is hardly known there. There being no Ministry to turn out—or rather there being a Ministry which has no direct connexion with the discussions, and which cannot be turned out—the peculiar interest which attaches to a great debate with us, where the fate of an Administration depends on the issue, is altogether wanting. Speeches are delivered to be printed and circulated amongst constituents, rather than to influence the audience to which they are addressed; and, indeed, the newspaper summaries are ordinarily so meagre, that any member who wishes for a full report, is obliged to have his speech reprinted. Probably, in consequence of this, the custom of reading speeches, or referring constantly

to memoranda, is very common, and mars the effect of the discussions. There is an amount, too, of unimpressive gesticulation which becomes painfully monotonous. I saw one member, who during a speech of an hour, kept advancing and retreating constantly up an open space of some twelve feet in length, like the Polar bear at the Regent's Park gardens; another, who always sidled from one desk to another; a third, who swung his arms up and down with the regularity of a windmill; and a fourth, who kept turning like a teetotum towards every part of the house in turn. The constant accentuation, too, of unimportant words, and the frequent misplacement of the right emphasis to the wrong place, makes long listening to an American debate wearisome to an Englishman. Still, the one remarkable feature is the marvellous fluency of the speakers. Everybody has the gift of speaking—the power, at least, of stringing words together without a hitch. I never heard an American member of either House stutter, or hem and haw, as nineteen-twentieths of our speakers do when in want of a word. And this is not solely because the speeches are prepared beforehand. I have constantly heard members interrupted in their speeches, and unexpected questions put to them, yet they always replied with the same perfect self-possession, and almost fatal fluency of language. Whether this arises from the fact that, “unaccustomed as I am to public speaking,” is a phrase no American out of his

teens could use with truth, or whether, as I think, it is due to some characteristic excitability in the race, which supplies words at command, I cannot say. The fact is certain, that though I never heard anything in the way of American parliamentary oratory which rose to the height of eloquence, I never heard so much average good speaking in any English assembly.

I was told by persons qualified to judge, that I saw the Houses of Congress under unfavourable circumstances, and that, in happier times, I should have heard much of keen discussion and sterling eloquence. It is true that the interest of the nation was fixed upon the army, not upon Congress, as in former days; and that Congress suffered, as all popular assemblies will do, from the absence of public interest in its proceedings. It is true, also, that the fusion of all parties into the one great one, which supported the Government, rendered the debates comparatively tame and colourless. Still, with all this, I doubt whether, even in the palmy times of the American Congress, in the days of Clay and Webster, and Douglas and Calhoun, an Englishman would not have experienced the same sense of unimpressiveness about Congress. I defy any rational being to take much interest in cards unless he is playing for money; and American parliamentarism always seemed to me a sort of playing for love at politics. The stake with us is the power of changing the Ministry, but where a division leads to no practical result, as far as

the speakers are concerned, there must inevitably be a certain tameness about the proceedings. Having made this confession, I must state, on the other hand, that judging from my own experience, I should say the American House of Representatives (as I saw it when cleared of the Southern members) was a very quiet and orderly one. The English notion that it is a public bear-garden, is a mistaken one. *Mutatis mutandis*, making allowance for the absence of high culture which prevails in a new country, I should say that Congress relatively stands high in moderation and decorum. However, it is fair to mention one or two incidents which occurred during my stay.

Senator Wade, of Ohio, had made a hustings' speech attacking the democratic party in these words :—

“I accuse them of a deliberate purpose, to assail, through the judicial tribunals, and through the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, and to overawe, intimidate, and trample under foot, if they can, the men who boldly stand forth in defence of their country, now imperilled by this gigantic rebellion. I have watched long, I have seen it in secret, I have seen its movements ever since that party got together with a colleague of mine in the other House, as Chairman of the Committee of Resolutions, a man who had never any sympathy with this republic, but whose every breath is devoted to its destruction, just as far as his heart dare permit him to go.”

The colleague alluded to was a Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, the leader of the small, democratic, forlorn hope in the lower House, who had lately presided at a meeting, the object of which was to reconstitute the party. This gentleman not unnaturally resented the imputation, and two or three days after, the following scene occurred in the House of Representatives :—

“Mr. Vallandigham (after quoting the above passage): I am here in my place in this House, and as a representative, I denounce, and I speak it advisably, the author of that speech as a liar, a scoundrel, and a coward.

Mr. Blake (Ohio) wished to note a personal explanation in reply to Mr. Vallandigham. He understood the latter to say that the remarks quoted were not made in the Senate, and therefore his colleague had denounced Senator Wade as a ‘liar, scoundrel, and coward,’ under *false pretence*.

Mr. Vallandigham asked that the words be taken down by the clerk.

Mr. Blake would modify his language to the following effect :—‘His colleague uttered his remarks under a *false* declaration, that they were not made with reference to a member of Congress.’

Mr. Vallandigham asked that that language should be taken down by the clerk.

Mr. Blake wanted Mr. Vallandigham’s words taken down, with a view to subsequent action. Both his col-

league and Senator Wade were well known in Ohio, and where the latter was known his character needed no defence from the remark of his colleague.

Mr. Vallandigham replied that he, too, was well known in Ohio, and referred to the fact, that the verdict of the city in which he lived was recently returned in his favour by a change of vote, since last October, of 640. He was ready to meet his colleague *elsewhere* or *anywhere*.

Mr. Blake wished to know what he meant by *elsewhere*? This was the place to settle disputes; he knew of no other.

Mr. Vallandigham replied: In the district of Columbia, Ohio, anywhere outside of this House. He had read from a printed speech a foul and infamous libel on his character. He did not mention Wade as a senator, but as an individual. He had been branded for years past, and he threw himself back firmly and decidedly on his rights. When Wade recalled his words, then he (Vallandigham) would take back his.

Mr. Blake replied: He felt that Ohio was shamefully insulted by his colleague's remarks, and further, he believed three-fourths of the people of that State would speak of Vallandigham as Mr. Wade had.

Mr. Hutchins (Republican, of Ohio), offered a resolution, setting forth the offensive language used by Mr. Vallandigham of Mr. Wade, characterizing it as a violation of the rules, and a breach of the decorum of the

House, and concluding by declaring Clement L. Vallandigham is deserving of, and is hereby censured by, the House.

Mr. Sheffield (Democrat, of Rhode Island,) moved that the House adjourn, as the attendance was thin.

Pending the resolution, the House adjourned."

Nothing came of the matter, either here or elsewhere. Mr. Blake and Mr. Vallandigham, when the night's reflection had brought coolness to their heated blood, confessed that their language had been over hasty, and that they had only called each other liars in a parliamentary sense, and there the quarrel ended.

About the same time there was another personal quarrel on a point of order. No speaker in the House of Representatives is allowed to speak more than an hour, unless the House consent unanimously to an extension of the time. The objection, therefore, of any one member is sufficient to veto the extension. It is needless to say that in the middle of an impassioned harangue it is provoking to be pulled short up by the striking of the clock ; and, as a rule, members are allowed to finish their speeches. On an occasion when Mr. Roscoe Conkling, of New York, was speaking on the Tax Bill, a dispute of this kind arose, of which I quote the printed report :—

"Mr. Conkling asked the Speaker what time remained to him ?

The Speaker replied, eighteen minutes.

Mr. Dawes, (Republican, of Massachusetts) : The time will be extended to the gentleman.

Mr. Washburne, (Republican, of Illinois) : I object to that.

Mr. Conkling : I knew that. And do you know how I knew it? Because the member for Illinois is the only man in this House surly enough to interpose objections in such a case.

Mr. Washburne rose to reply, when Mr. Ashley called the member to order.

Mr. Washburne, (*excitedly*) : I call the creature to order.

The Speaker demanded the preservation of order.

Mr. Conkling : The member from Illinois understands the rules of the House, and must understand that this is not the place for personal altercation. He knows the proper place for that is outside these walls.

Mr. Washburne, (*excitedly*) : Yes, sir, and I am ready for it.

Mr. Conkling : No individual in this House better knows than the member from Illinois that I stand by what I say, until I am convinced that I am in error ; and, therefore, there is no necessity for any interruption here."

This affair also ended in smoke, moral, not actual. The above were the two most glaring specimens of brawls in Congress while I was there ; and it would not be difficult to match them by incidents which have

occurred not so long ago in our own Parliament. The fact is, and it is worth noting, that the rowdy element disappeared from Congress with the secession of the slaveholding Democrats.

So much of the House of Representatives. The Senate is more interesting to a stranger, from the simple fact that you can hear and follow readily what is going on, which you cannot do in the Lower House. In shape and arrangement, the building is the counterpart of the representative chamber, only smaller. With so scant a number of members at its fullest—diminished as it is now by the absence of the seceding senators—and with the widely-parted rows of arm-chairs, fronted by the small mahogany tables, the aspect of the Senate is not a lively one. It seems impossible that with such an audience any actor could work himself into a passion; and the whole look of the scene is so very staid and decorous, that it is hard to realize the stormy, passionate discussions which have taken place within these walls; harder still to imagine that bludgeons and fire-arms could ever have been wielded amongst men so sober and respectable-looking.

To me it was a surprise to learn how very much of the business of both Houses is conducted secretly. On all executive questions, that is, on questions of the appointment or dismissal of public officials, &c., the discussions are held with closed doors. Then too the real business of both Houses of a deliberative character is

carried on in the committee rooms, where no strangers or reporters are admitted. Whenever leave has been granted to bring in a bill, it is referred, before discussion, to the standing committee appointed to investigate the class of subjects on which legislation is proposed. If the committee reject the bill, their vote is not final ; but the rejected bill is laid upon the table, and it requires a two-thirds' majority to remove it from the table, or, in other words, to resume its consideration. This, of course, is rarely done, and, practically, the framework and substance of every measure is discussed in the committee rooms, not in the open House. The party in power in either House manages the selection of the committees, so that one of the party should always occupy the chairmanship, and that the majority of the members should belong to their own side. It is in the committee rooms that the real work of legislation is done ; and members go into the House, as I have often heard Congress-men declare, to deliver speeches, or write their letters. With all this, with the early hours (generally from noon to five), with the fresh air and easy seats, the position of a member of Congress must be, to my mind, a more comfortable one than that of an English M.P., not to mention the 600*l.* a year of salary, with the mileage, stationery, and franking perquisites.

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

I RECOLLECT talking about the Constitution of the Union, not long after my arrival, with an old diplomatist from one of the Scandinavian kingdoms. He had lived for some fourteen years in the States, and was as shrewd as northern diplomatists generally are. "I suppose," he said to me, "I have studied the Government of this country as much as most men ; and yet, to the present day, whenever I disagree with an American on any question of politics, he always settles the argument by telling me that a stranger can never understand the institutions of his country." Subsequent experience proved to me that the remark was a just one. Amongst all Americans, even the most intelligent and impartial, there is a settled conviction that, just as the knowledge of the books of Veda is confined to the Brahmins, so the power of interpreting the mysteries of the American Constitution is reserved to the native-born American. Yet, judging *à priori*, the subject would not seem to be surrounded with extraordinary difficulties. There is

no unwritten constitution, as with us. A hundred clauses or so, written in the clearest and most forcible of English, describe and define the powers and limits of the Government. There is no hazy past, no dim tradition about American history; while, as to the manner in which the theory of the government has been reduced into practice, we have the evidence, not only of written records, but of men still living, whose recollections date back almost to the days of the Revolution.

That the American Constitution is very imperfectly understood abroad, I admit freely. That it is so frequently misunderstood I believe to be, in great measure, the fault of the Americans themselves. From the time of Washington to the present hour, every political struggle in the States has been based upon contending interpretations of the Constitution; and a very simple subject has been obscured by the rancour of rival factions. Though the letter of the Constitution has been seldom, if ever, violated, its spirit has been constantly modified, if not disregarded; and a very casual perusal of its contents shows that the practical development of the system has been very different from what its authors intended it to be. Moreover, there is a tendency in the American mind to surround the founders of the Republic, their acts and their works, with an unreasoning and, I think, an exaggerated respect. As the ablest of living American novelists once said to me, "We are always struggling painfully to

create a past ;” and so, just as over-zealous divines obscure the simplicity of the Bible by trying to find too much in every word, American commentators on the Constitution endeavour to invest it with the attributes of an almost inspired wisdom, and, by so doing, render it unintelligible. That the Constitution was a compromise of wonderful ability, and that, on the whole, it has been attended with extraordinary success, no candid inquirer can venture to deny ; that it was a work of high abstract merit, or of great legislative sagacity, may reasonably be doubted. Having pleaded guilty to this heresy, let me endeavour to give such an outline of the American Constitution as may render my view of it intelligible to the English reader.

How it arose that such differences existed in customs, laws, and policy, between the different States which formed the original Union, is a question of history, and of obscure Colonial history, into which I need not enter. The broad fact is obvious, that at the time of the Revolution the thirteen States which succeeded in establishing their independence were distinct and independent communities, anxious to extend rather than curtail their individual freedom. It was the pressure of necessity, not any abstract desire for unity, which caused the formation of the first Confederacy. In the words of Justice Storey, the Revolution “had nourished a spirit
“ of resistance to all external authority ; and (the States)
“ having had no experience of the want of some general

“ Government to superintend their common affairs and
 “ interests yielded anything reluctantly, and deemed the
 “ least practicable delegation of power quite sufficient
 “ for national purposes.”* In accordance with this
 principle, the Articles of Confederation commenced with
 the declaration, “ That each State retains its sove-
 “ reignty, freedom, and independence ; and every power,
 “ jurisdiction, and right which is not by this Confedera-
 “ tion, expressly delegated to the United States in Con-
 “ gress assembled.”† By these articles, Congress, which
 represented the Central Government, had no executive
 powers, or, more truly, it had no means granted to it by
 which it could carry its executive powers into effect. It
 was owing to this radical defect that the whole system
 broke down utterly, and the Confederacy would probably
 have fallen to pieces of itself, had it not been for the
 wisdom and the energy of the statesmen who conducted
 the Revolution. It was not in obedience to any popular
 demand for a more effective union, but by the influence
 exercised by the founders of the Republic, that the
 Articles of Confederation were replaced in 1787 by the
 Constitution of the United States. Most of the com-
 ponent States were indifferent to the idea of a closer
 union ; many of them were absolutely hostile to it. The
 conditions, then, of the problem, which the authors of the
 Constitution had to solve, were arduous enough. The

* Storey on the Constitution, p. 29.

† Articles of Confederation, No. 2.

utmost freedom and variety of government in internal matters was to be united with perfect unity of government in external relations. The same Constitution which, on the one hand, deprived the States of certain sovereign powers, had, on the other, to confirm them in the possession of powers almost equally sovereign. Added to all this, the framers of the Constitution had no power whatever, except that of persuasion, to enforce the adoption of any system they framed on the States which were to be subject to it. Such a system, therefore, must be devised as would not only conciliate the interests, but also not offend the prejudices of thirteen distinct and almost rival States. Given these conditions, it is a marvel that the problem was solved at all—not that it was solved, as I hold, but imperfectly.

If you once realize this idea, that the Constitution of the United States was a compromise, the apparent contradictions contained in it become intelligible.* The

* It is a curious illustration of this compromise character, which pervades the whole Constitution, that if you seek the staunchest exposition of the centralized aspect of the Constitution in opposition to its federative one, you must look for it in the speeches of men like Patrick Henry or Jefferson, who were opposed to the adoption of the Constitution, on the ground of its interfering with State independence; while, on the other hand, the champions of the Constitution at that day make admissions, in order to render its acceptance palpable, which, taken singly, seem to me almost to establish the State rights' doctrines. (See discussions in Richmond Convention of 1788.)

The distinctive character of the Constitution can hardly, to my mind, be better defined than by the words of Mr. Madison, in advo-

States, broadly speaking, surrendered the rights they had not enjoyed under the old system of Colonial government, and, therefore, attached little value to; while they retained jealously every privilege they had either held, or had conceived themselves entitled to, as Colonies. In the celebrated Declaration of Rights, issued in 1774, there is hardly a single power claimed for the States from the British Government which is not reserved to the different States intact by the Constitution; while the powers exercised by the United States Government are almost identical with those which, by implication, this document concedes to the Imperial authority. In all our Old World communities, the Constitution rests upon the basis of certain rights, ceded either by force or choice, from the Government to the

cating its adoption in the Virginia Convention :—" It (the Constitution) is of a mixed nature; it is in a manner unprecedented. . . . In some respects it is a government of a federal nature; in others it is of a consolidated nature."

Equally explicit, too, is the language of the Address in which Washington submitted the draft of the Constitution to the consideration of Congress :—" It is," he states, " obviously impracticable, in the federal government of these States, to secure *all* rights of independent sovereignty to each, and yet provide for the interest and safety of all. Individuals entering into society must give up a share of liberty to preserve the rest. The magnitude of the sacrifice must depend as well on situation and circumstances as on the object to be obtained. It is at all times difficult to draw with precision the lines between those rights which must be surrendered and those which may be reserved; and on the present occasion this difficulty was increased by a difference among the several States as to their situation, extent, habits, and particular interests."

governed. In America the exact converse has taken place, and the Constitution exists by virtue of certain rights ceded by the governed to the Government. With us the presumption, to say the least, is, that any power, not expressly ceded to individuals or corporations, belongs to the Government; while here it is not a matter of presumption, but of certainty, that any undefined power does not belong to the Government, whosoever else it may belong to. According to an amendment to the Constitution, passed very shortly after its formation, "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."* To show how this system works, one example will suffice. When railroads were introduced, there could have been no constitutional difficulty in England, if it had been thought desirable, in the State undertaking the construction and working of the lines; but it would have been absolutely impossible for the American Government to do this without an alteration in the Constitution.

The limits upon the powers of the different States are, indeed, so few in number, that it is worth while to quote them.

With regard to foreign relations the restrictions are positive:—"No State," it is provided, "shall enter into

* Amendments to Constitution, Art. X.

any treaty, alliance, or confederation ; grant letters of marque and reprisal ; or, without the consent of Congress, keep troops, or ships of war in time of peace ; or enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign Power ; or engage in war unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.” *

With respect to internal government the only restrictions actually laid down are—“that no State shall coin money ; emit bills of credit ; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts ; pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts ; or grant any title of nobility.” Again, no State shall, without the “consent of Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws ; and the net produce of all duties and imposts laid by any State on imports or exports shall be for the use of the Treasury of the United States ; and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of the Congress.” †

These are all the express restrictions on State authority. Besides these, however, there are others implied, if not expressly stated, by the Constitution. The United States guarantee to each State in the Union a repub-

* Constitution of United States, Art. I. Sect. 10.

† *Idem.*

lican form of government,* and therefore, by implication, no State has the power to establish a form of State government not republican in name at any rate. Moreover, “the citizens of each State are entitled to “all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several “States;”† and thus no State can pass laws placing its own citizens on a different footing from those of any other State. Coupled with this restriction is the famous Fugitive Slave Law clause, which asserts, “that “no person held to service or labour in one State, “under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, “in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be “discharged from such service or labour, but shall be “delivered up on claim of the party to whom such “service or labour may be due.”‡

Subject, then, to these restrictions, the power of each State within its own jurisdiction is unlimited at least in theory. To what an extent this authority has been wielded in practice, I shall examine in a following chapter. For the present, I wish to speak only of the powers conferred by the States on the Central Government; but, as a broad principle, it should be borne in mind throughout what I have to say, that just as the capital of Washington was chosen and built to suit the country, instead of the country being arranged to suit the capital,

* Constitution of United States, Art. IV. Sect. 4.

† Constitution of United States, Art. IV. Sect. 2.

‡ *Idem.*

so the Constitution was designed to suit the States, not the States to suit the Constitution.

The powers, such as they are, allotted to the Supreme Government, are jealously defined. The executive, legislative, and judicial departments are perfectly distinct, and vested in the hands of distinct though not independent bodies. Every member acts as a check on, and is checked by, some other member. The Constitution thus recognises four "estates," to use an analogous English word: the President, the Senate, the House of Representatives, and the Supreme Court. The different functions of Government are distributed amongst these different "estates." For full and precise details, I must refer the reader to any copy of the Constitution, or, if he desires a more careful research, to the works of Mr. Justice Storey and Mr. Hickey. The outline that I can give him here must obviously be of the scantiest.

The executive power, then, is divided between Congress (by which name the Senate and the House of Representatives are properly termed when acting jointly), the President, and the Senate. Thus Congress alone can make war, raise taxes, coin money, raise loans, and perform several other executive functions of minor importance. The President has no power to interfere with the execution of any of these functions, except by interposing a veto, which veto becomes null and void in case the measure vetoed is passed

again in Congress by a majority of two-thirds. The one single power the President can execute, *proprio motu*, is that of pardon. He is also Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, though with a limited power of appointing his subordinate officers. The powers of making treaties, appointing ambassadors, ministers, judges of the Supreme Court, and officers, rests, as a rule, between the President and the Senate. The President has the right of initiative, and proposes the appointment or dismissal of any official, or the formation of any treaty; but no appointment is valid unless it receives the sanction of the Senate.

The distribution of the legislative functions is more simple. The President has nothing to do with law making. He may recommend measures to Congress, and he may require a measure to be reconsidered, by refusing to sign it after its first passing; but this is all. The subject measures on which Congress is allowed to legislate are, taxation, national debt, currency, naturalization, foreign trade, postal regulations, copyright, offences on the high seas, war, army and navy supplies, rules for the regulation of the services, and dealings with the Indian tribes. On all such subject measures, "Congress has power to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof." Moreover,

Congress has powers to make any laws whatever on any subject with regard to the district of Columbia, or to the forts or arsenals which are the property of the United States.

These powers may appear ample enough, but a little consideration will show that the number of subjects on which Congress cannot legislate is enormous. On questions of religion, education, railroads, poor laws, slavery, and social reform, it has no power to legislate, because they are matters which do not come within its province. On the social life of the country it has no powers of legislation; on the political life but few; and in short, broadly speaking, the national life of the country is the only one which comes under its jurisdiction. Even in matters on which Congress is competent to legislate, its powers of legislation are not unlimited. No law passed by Congress is valid, if it violates the compact entered into by the Constitution between the United States and the several States; and whether any law is a violation of this compact or not, is a question on which the Supreme Court has to decide. For example, if, after the suppression of the insurrection, Congress were to pass a law decreeing that import duties should be levied on all goods entering the port of New Orleans, such a measure would be simply null and void according to the Constitution, as no State can be taxed separately.

The judicial functions are not so much divided in

their allegiance. The Senate has the sole power of trying cases of attainder; but, with this exception, the jurisdiction over all cases, both in law and equity, arising under the Constitution, the laws, and the treaties of the United States, belongs to the Supreme Court alone. The judges hold their office during good behaviour; but they can only be removed at the proposal of the President, and with the sanction of the Senate.

The position of the Ministers is singularly undefined. They are very much what our heads of departments would be, supposing we had no Cabinet. The President may require them to report to him on any subject within their department, but can issue no instructions to them, except in as far as his nominal Commandership in Chief may give him power to do so. With Congress, they have no direct connexion; while with the Senate, their only official connexion is, that the sanction of the Senate is necessary to their appointment or dismissal. While in office, they are practically independent in the exercise of their powers, subject to the laws and the Constitution. They are responsible to nobody except the law, and have no account to render. The power of appointing their subordinate officers rests with themselves, or with the President, as Congress may determine.

Each State has two senators, holding office for six years, and a larger or smaller number of representatives,

according to the relative size of its population. Each representative is elected for two years only. The Legislature of each State elects its senators; but on what conditions, and subject to what qualifications, are matters within the decision of each individual State—while the members of the House of Representatives are chosen directly by the electors of each State, according to the electoral qualification adopted in that State. The President is still nominally chosen by a double election. Each State appoints, in any way it thinks fit, a number of electors equal to the total number of its senators and representatives, and these electors select the President. Practically, however, these electors are mere delegates, and have only to nominate the candidate already chosen by their own State. The result of this system of nomination is that the election of the President depends upon the choice of the majority of the population, not upon the choice of the majority of the States. Thus, in the Presidential elections, the vote of the single State of New York would neutralize those of the five States of Delaware, Louisiana, Maryland, and North and South Carolina. Yet, in the Senate, the vote of any one of the States would counterbalance that of New York. Supposing there had been no Secession after Mr. Lincoln's election, there would have been a President, representing the population of the United States, opposed to slavery, while the Senate, representing the States, would have

had a pro-slavery majority, or, at any rate, a minority so numerous as to paralyze all action. If, as is probable in this event, the President and the Senate had come into open collision, it is difficult to see how the Executive Government could have been carried on.

This hypothesis illustrates what I conceive to be the vital defect of the American Constitution. The system is so carefully poised and counterpoised that any disturbance in the political machinery stops its working ; and when the disturbance occurs, there is no undefined authority to deal with unforeseen accidents.* According to our European theory of republics, the people is the ultimate source of all power ; and, possibly, Americans may assert that this is the case also in the theory of their government. Unfortunately, there is no means, no constitutional means, of appealing to the people. It is true that the Constitution may be, and has been, amended, but then it is by an appeal to the States, not to the people ; and a minority of one-fourth of the States can preclude action. The truth is, the essence of the American Constitution is that it is a Federation, not that it is a Republic. If some of the States were

* This defect is commented on by Patrick Henry in his celebrated speech on the British debts' case, delivered in 1791. The following words read now almost prophetic :—"Is this one of the precious fruits of the adoption of the federal Constitution, to bind us hand and foot with the fetters of technicality, and leave us no way of bursting them asunder, but by a declaration of war and the effusion of human blood?"

constitutional monarchies, others despotisms, and others oligarchies, there is no abstract reason why the Government of the United States should not remain almost unaltered, and, possibly, work better. The safety of the system lay in the conflicting interests, in the variety of Governments of the different States. Gradually State lines have grown to have less social importance, while, politically, they have become more and more powerful. Railroads, commerce, and intercourse have broken down the isolation of the separate States. From community of interests, of position, and of institutions, the New England, the Western, the Pacific, and the Southern States have severally become welded together, but every tendency to union amongst the parts promotes, for a time at least, disunion in the whole. The centripetal force which could keep one State from flying out of the orbit is not adequate to keep within its attraction masses of States. The central force must be increased ; but the necessity for this change is more easily pointed out, than the mode of accomplishing it. One fact is certain, that the work of unification, essential to the maintenance of the Union, can never be carried out permanently while North and South are divided by the fatal question of slavery.

To repeat, then, what I stated before, the Constitution of the United States is, in my judgment, neither more nor less than a compromise of great ability—a political make-shift of wonderful success. The dura-

tion of the Union is due not so much to the merits of the Constitution as in the practical wisdom with which it has been worked. In France, the logical absurdity of the compromise would have been demonstrated in a month, and its existence terminated in a year. In America the good sense and moderation of the people has enabled the compromise to work without breaking down for three generations. The proud boast of the "Esto perpetua" is not likely, I think, to be realized in the letter, but it may well be in the spirit. The grand preamble which heads the Constitution—"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution"—has a purport deeper than the compromise it prescribes. Such words as these are not written upon sand.

STATE CONSTITUTIONS.

THE study of the American State Constitutions is not in itself an interesting one. A government, debarred from the exercise of all imperial functions, loses the dignity which the possession of supreme power confers in itself. One defect of the whole American system of government appears to me to be, that the prizes and opportunities of State politics are not sufficiently grand to secure the services of the highest class of politicians ; and yet the powers wielded by the State Governments are so enormous as to require almost the very highest class of legislators for their due execution. Moreover, the relations between the systems of the State and the Central Governments act not altogether beneficially towards the latter. Every member of Congress must, in accordance with the Constitution, "be an inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen." Whether rightly or not, the word "inhabitant" has always been interpreted as identical with citizen. Thus, if you want to enter Congress, you must enter it as

senator or as representative from the State of which you are a citizen. Two consequences result inevitably from these conditions. A man who desires to enter on public life must make his name known as a local politician—must rise to Congress through the ante-chamber of local State politics; and, even after he has obtained entrance to Congress, must study the politics of his State as the condition of his political existence. This necessity for every national politician to be also a State politician undoubtedly deters many men of education and position from entering on public life. The talents fitted for the great arena of the National Assembly are not always those best qualified to succeed in the petty struggles of local legislatures. Again, the second and more hurtful consequence is, that a public man has no career before him, unless his politics are those of the majority of his own State. A pro-slavery man, who happened to be a citizen of Massachusetts, or an anti-slavery man of Maryland, would have no possibility of being returned to Congress. Take a case like that of Caleb Cushing, Mr. Pierce's Attorney-General. Here is a man of really remarkable ability, of great energy, and long experience of public life. So much even his most bitter enemies—and he has many—will allow. Yet General Cushing has practically little more chance of being returned to Congress than the writer of these pages. He would be the very best representative for a State like Maryland, by which, I mean, that even in the

view of his antagonists, he would be the most moderate and most desirable kind of representative that Maryland, at present, is ever likely to return. Yet he cannot be a member of Congress for any State but Massachusetts; and his democratic opinions and antecedents disqualify him from election in Massachusetts as long as the Republican party is in power. So, for the best years, probably for the remainder, of his life, the United States have no chance of obtaining General Cushing's services. Of course, he, or any man in a like position, might emigrate to another State, and begin his political career anew, but there are few men who, by the time they have obtained public distinction, are either able or willing to start life again on a new platform. In truth, the State is an "imperium in imperio" in the system of the United States. Absolute powers on all questions of life and death, law-making, taxation, regulation of religion, social relations, and political institutions, are conceded to it within its own limits. The diversities in the Constitutions of the several States are as great as in their climates. Subject to the restrictions I mentioned in the preceding chapter, the power of the States is unlimited. If New York chose to restrict the qualification of an elector to persons possessed of a million dollars, and to reduce the Government to an oligarchy; if Massachusetts declared marriage void and illegal; if Louisiana confined the franchise to Roman Catholics; or if Wisconsin passed an agrarian law, the Federal

Government would have neither the right nor the power to interfere. Of course, these are extreme cases, but if you wish to appreciate the real condition of the United States, you must realize, first of all, the extreme abstract independence enjoyed in all internal government by the several States, and, secondly, the real extent to which this independence has been asserted.

The features of resemblance are very numerous. The Constitutions of the original thirteen States were all adopted about the close of the War of Independence, before the Constitution of the United States was in existence. At that period, in the first triumph of success, there was probably more unity of sentiment throughout the States than has ever existed either before or since. In those days, too, the reaction in favour of classical republicanism, which ushered in the French Revolution, was at its height in America. Like all French theories, it was an exotic in an Anglo-Saxon country, and a very short-lived one ; but, for a time, it operated powerfully, and has left its impress on the external forms of the State Constitutions, as well as in the names of Capitol and Senate. Moreover, seventy years ago there was no foreign element worth speaking of in the original States ; and, therefore, under this superficial coating of French classicalism, there lay a deeper and more uniform groundwork of British traditions and British prejudices than you would find at the present day. Quaintly enough, as it seems at this moment, one of the favourite topics

of invective against the British Government in the revolutionary days is their employment of German soldiers. From all these causes the outward forms of the different State Constitutions are much more alike than they would have been if founded some years later ; and, naturally enough, the new States, as they became incorporated with the Union, adopted a similar form of Constitution to that which existed in the older States.

In every State, then, the outline of the Constitution resembles closely that of the United States. There is a Governor, a Senate, and a House of Representatives ; and the executive, legislative, and judicial functions are divided much in the same way. In each existing State, trial by jury, the *habeas corpus*, freedom of speech, freedom of petition and of the press, are guaranteed as a Bill of Rights by the Constitution. In no State as yet is there a State religion established by law. Whether a State can legally do so is a question which will come up to a practical issue when Utah demands admission as a State, and as far as the letter of the Constitution goes, there is little doubt that she may.

To show how the system of separate State Governments works, I will choose out a few prominent questions of government, and show how they are dealt with by the Constitutions of six States : Massachusetts, Ohio, and New York as free States ; South Carolina, Louisiana, and Kentucky as slave States.

Take, for instance, the electoral qualification. In Mas-

sachusetts to be an elector you must have resided one year in the State, have paid some local tax or other assessed within two years of the date of election, and be able to read and write. In New York there is manhood suffrage obtained by one year's residence in the State. The same is the system adopted in Ohio, Louisiana and Kentucky. In South Carolina, the property qualification was removed by an amendment to the Constitution passed six years ago ; but a non-resident elector has still a right to vote in any electoral district where he holds a freehold property of not less than fifty acres. In Massachusetts, coloured people vote on an equality with white citizens. In New York a coloured voter must possess property of the net value of 50*l.*, and must have been resident in the State for three years. In Ohio, and, of course, in the three Slave States, the blacks have no votes at all.

There is the same difference with regard to the qualifications necessary for being a member of either house of legislature in the several States. In all the States I am speaking of, with the exception of South Carolina, any elector may be a member of the Senate or the House of Representatives, supposing him to have resided in the State for a stated period, varying from one to five years, In South Carolina, on the other hand, every senator must own a freehold estate of the value of 300*l.* clear from debt ; and every representative must possess "in his own right, a settled freehold

“estate of 500 acres of land, and ten negroes, or of a real “estate of the value of 150*l.* clear of debt.” The duration of the Senates varies from two to five years, and of the Houses of Representatives from one to two years.

The modes of election for the executive and judicial offices are various, both in form and principle. In Massachusetts the governor is elected by select men elected themselves by all citizens qualified to vote, and the judges are nominated by the governor, and hold office during good behaviour. In New York, Ohio, Kentucky, and Louisiana, both governor and judges are elected for a stated period, and directly by the State electors. While in South Carolina, the executive and judicial officers are chosen by the joint vote of both houses of the legislature.

Each of these several States has a series of provisions in its constitution peculiar to itself. In Massachusetts there is a council elected to assist the governor with their advice, consisting of nine senators, chosen jointly by the Senate and the House of Representatives. Till the year 1820, every person who held office under the constitution was obliged to swear that he believed in the Christian religion. In New York the State may never, except in the case of war, contract debts or liabilities exceeding one million of dollars; the credit of the State may not be loaned to any person or undertaking; and, subject to the provisions of the constitution, the common law of England is distinctly declared to be in force.

In Ohio, both lotteries and duels are expressly forbidden by the constitution, while the administration of justice is to be provided for "by an uniform mode of proceeding, without reference to any distinction between law and equity." Every officer in the State of Kentucky is required to take an oath on assuming office, that he has never been engaged in a duel, either as principal or second. The Assembly also is expressly denied any power of emancipating slaves without the consent of their owners, and is bound to pass such laws as shall be requisite for hindering free coloured people from emigrating into the State. In Louisiana, lotteries, duels, and divorces are interdicted by the constitution. All laws are to be promulgated both in French and English; and for all elections by the people, vote is to be taken by ballot. Finally, in South Carolina, ministers of any religious denomination are disqualified, while exercising their ministerial functions, from sitting in the assembly, and the legislature is formally required "to pass laws for the abolition of the right of primogeniture, and for giving an equitable distribution of the real estate of intestates."

These are only a few instances of the varieties in the constitution of the different States picked out at hazard; and some of the States, such as Maine, Wisconsin, and Kansas, would furnish more striking examples. Still, these will serve to give the reader an adequate impression. The real differences in the institutions of the

States are found not so much in their several constitutions themselves, as in the laws passed under these constitutions. Thus the law of divorce in the different States varies from a complete prohibition, as in Louisiana, to a power of separation by mutual consent, as in Wisconsin. A man may be legally married in one State, while this very marriage would subject him to punishment for bigamy if performed in another. It is possible for a man who has changed his State to have two families in two States, each of whom is illegitimate by the laws of the other.

One State has no legal, or political, or commercial connexion with another, except in as far as all the States are connected together in these respects by their common allegiance to the United States. A New Jersey writ does not serve in New York; debts contracted in Pennsylvania cannot be recovered, unless by special contract, on property belonging to the debtor in Delaware. A deserter from the state militia of Indiana cannot be claimed when he has crossed the Ohio into Kentucky. The famous fugitive slave law may seem a contradiction of this rule, but it is in reality an illustration of its force; it is expressly provided by the Constitution, that “no person held to service or labour in one State under the laws thereof, and escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such

“labour or service is due.” Were it not for this provision, a Maryland slaveowner would have no more right to recover a fugitive slave in Maine, than he would have to arrest a runaway debtor. If a murder is committed in one State, and the murderer effects his escape into another, he cannot be put on trial for the offence as long as he remains out of the State in which the offence is committed. Extradition compacts, however, exist between the different States, and the legal difficulty is evaded by the police officers of the State in which the criminal has taken refuge, conducting him to the frontier, where he is delivered to the officials of his own State; but if any State refused to deliver up fugitive criminals from other States, there is no power by which delivery could be legally enforced. Indeed, during the rowdy government which disgraced New York some years ago, it was notorious that the police would, for an adequate bribe, give any offender time to leave the State, before executing their warrant for his arrest. A writ of the United States runs through the whole of the Union; but a murder or felony committed in one State of the Union is not a matter of which the United States Court has power to take cognizance. It is true that in the famous “John Anderson” case, the United States government applied for his surrender from the Canadian authorities on the charge of his having murdered in the act of escape a citizen of (I believe) Virginia, but this was

because by the Constitution the power of the Supreme Court extends to controversies "between a State or a citizen thereof, and foreign States."* The converse of this rule does not hold good, for by an amendment to the Constitution passed shortly after its adoption, "the judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States, by citizens of another State, or by citizens and subjects of any foreign State." † Thus, when Mississippi repudiated her bonds, no foreign holder could sue the State through the courts of the United States, but his only chance of redress lay in the courts of the repudiating State.

From these considerations it is not difficult to form a general impression of the extreme and manifold complications that may arise between the rights of the several States and the rights of the Union. The Slavery question has been for many years the prominent and all absorbing one in this country; and therefore foreigners are apt to look upon it as the only one at issue between the States. But the truth is, it is only one of many questions; and if it could be settled to-day, by to-morrow there would be some other vital question on which the conflicting and inconsistent principles of the Supreme Government and

* Constitution of United States, Art. III. Sect. 2.

† Ibid. Amendment XI.

State sovereignty would come again to issue. If this civil war should be so settled as to give a final death-blow to the States' Rights doctrines, the necessary changes in the governmental system of the States may be carried through without difficulty. If, on the other hand, it is patched up without deciding whether the Central or the State principle is supreme, the whole question will, after the lull of a few years, be again brought to trial.

CONSTITUTION OF THE TERRITORIES.

COMPLICATED as the whole governmental system of the United States is through the anomalous and often antagonistic rights granted by the Constitution to the States and to the Supreme power, there is a still further element of disturbance added by the question of the Territories. The whole slavery struggle has been so intimately mixed up with this Territorial question ; and the whole future development of the Union will depend so much on its solution, that this brief *exposé* of the American Constitution would be incomplete unless I tried to make this question of the Territories intelligible to the reader.

Even before the Constitution was formed, the Territorial difficulty had already made its appearance. When the original colonies were formed, the interior of North America was almost a *terra incognita* ; and by their original charters, many of the States claimed that their territory extended to the Far West, and was, in fact, bounded only by the Pacific Ocean. Virginia and North Carolina in particular, laid claim to almost

boundless possessions towards the West. Probably, as a matter of sentiment, the States which had no such claims to establish, would have cared very little at that time to whom belonged the nominal authority over remote and unknown forest lands ; but even as early as 1780, the ownership of the frontier districts had become a source of wealth. Virginia especially had sold grants of her Western territory to emigrants, and carried the proceeds to her own exchequer. The States which had no unknown territory to sell, contended, with some reason, that the profits derived from these Western territories, which had been rescued from the British dominion by the common efforts of the thirteen States, ought to be devoted to their common use. Indeed, several of the States refused to subscribe the Articles of Confederation till some arrangement was made as to the limits of the undefined territories. Maryland was especially prominent in her opposition to the claims of Virginia. In the instructions given by her Assembly to the delegates appointed to the Congress of the United States in 1778, she put forward strongly the evils that would ensue from admitting the right of Virginia to dispose of her undefined lands. " Virginia," it is stated, " by selling on the most moderate terms a small proportion of the land in question, " would draw into her treasury vast sums of money, " and in proportion to the sums arising from such " sales would be enabled to lessen her taxes. Lands

“ comparatively cheap, and taxes comparatively low,
“ with the lands and taxes of an adjacent State, would
“ quickly drain the State thus disadvantageously cir-
“ cumstanced of its most useful inhabitants. Its wealth
“ and its consequence, in the scale of the Confederated
“ States, would sink of course. A claim so injurious to
“ more than one-half, if not to the whole of the United
“ States, ought to be supported by the clearest evi-
“ dence of right.” The report then proceeds to inform
the delegates that they will betray their trust if they
accede to the Confederation without having this ques-
tion previously decided on an equitable footing, and
adds a prophecy, which reads strangely now in these days
of Secession, “ Although the pressure of immediate
“ calamities, the dread of their continuance from the
“ appearance of disunion, and some other peculiar cir-
“ cumstances, may have induced some States to accede
“ to the present Confederation, contrary to their own
“ interests and judgments, it requires no great share
“ of foresight to predict that, when these causes cease
“ to operate, the States which have thus acceded to the
“ Confederation, will consider it no longer, binding and
“ will eagerly embrace the first occasion of asserting
“ their just rights, and securing their independence.”

Happily for the Union a spirit of conciliation pre-
vailed, and in order to induce the outstanding States
to enter the Confederation, New York, Virginia, and
North Carolina, consented to have their respective

territories defined, and to cede all lands lying beyond their western frontiers to the United States. In 1787, shortly previous to the adoption of the Constitution, the famous Ordinance was passed for the government of the Territories north-west of the Ohio River. By this, which has always been considered as a part of the Constitution, an arrangement was made, whose terms, broadly speaking, were as follows:—In the first instance, the Territory was to be governed by authorities appointed by and responsible to Congress, whose power, as far as the territory was concerned, was absolute. As soon as the territorial district numbered five thousand free male inhabitants, these inhabitants were to have the right of electing an Assembly. Every elector, however, was to possess fifty acres of freehold land, and every representative two hundred. The Legislative Council was to be elected by the legislature, on the plan that two members were to be elected to fill every vacancy, and of these two nominees, Congress was to choose one. The Governor was still to be appointed by Congress; and he was to have a veto on all laws passed by the Council and Legislature. All legislation too, by the Territorial Assembly, was subject to certain limitations. The equal division of property amongst the heirs of intestates, freedom of religion, trial by jury, writ of *habeas corpus*, and equal representation, were rights guaranteed by Congress to the territories, and all legislation of the Territorial Government incon-

sistent with these rights was *ipso facto* null and void. By an amendment of Jefferson's, slavery was also expressly prohibited in the North-West Territory; and therefore it was not in the power of the local government, so long as the district remained a territory, to establish it by law.

Whenever any of these territorial districts had a free white population of 60,000 males, it was to have the right of claiming admission into the Confederacy "on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever." It was to be at liberty also "to form a permanent constitution and State government, provided the constitution and government so formed shall be republican and in conformity to the principles contained" (in the ordinance).*

This ordinance was not incorporated into the Constitution of the United States. The wording of the Constitution simply gives power to Congress to dispose of, and make all needful laws for the regulation of, the United States' territory; and also gives power to Congress to admit new States into the Union. Practically, the new States have been admitted in accordance with the general principles laid down in the ordinance; but the great questions still remain unsettled, whether a Territory which contains the due number of inhabitants, and accedes to the above conditions, has a right to

* "An Ordinance for the Government of the Territory of the United States north-west of the River Ohio."

claim admission into the Union? and, further, supposing Congress to refuse its consent, what is the political *status* of the Territory in question?

At the time when the Union was formed out of the thirteen original States, Massachusetts was the only one in which slavery did not exist, though in New Hampshire and Rhode Island the number of slaves was so small as to be of little account. At that time, therefore, the slave-owning interest was the predominant one in Congress. Slavery, however, was a decaying institution in the Northern and Eastern states; and, though abolition was an idea hardly broached at that period, there was great jealousy between the Southern and Northern States, on the subject of taxation. The Constitution, in its nature of a compromise, shirked every dangerous question that could be avoided, and nowhere defined what were the political relations of a slave to the State. Representation and taxation were to be proportioned to population, and so at once the dilemma arose, whether slaves were to be regarded as population or not. At last a compromise was come to—the most illogical of any recorded in political history—by which a slave was to be counted for purposes of taxation and representation as three-fifths of a white citizen. The compromise, like most compromises, satisfied neither party. The North justly considered that the South was under-taxed; the South, not without reason, considered the

North had more than its due share of representatives. This grievance was not long in coming to a practical issue on the territorial question.

By 1820, the whole relations of the Slave and Free States had entirely changed. Of the old States, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania had altogether abolished slavery; while, in New York and New Jersey, slavery was abolished prospectively. Of the new States admitted to the Union, Vermont, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Maine were free; and Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama were slave-holding. By this year, too, the growth in population of the Free States had completely outstripped that of the Slave States. The population of the Free States was 5,143,476 to 4,371,921 in the Slave. Thus, the Free States had already a decided majority in the House of Representatives, with the certainty that this majority would increase year by year. In the Senate there were twelve Free States to eleven Slave; and, therefore, it became of immense political importance to the South to counteract the inevitable predominance of the North in Congress, by increasing the number of Slave States.

The "irrepressible conflict" between Slavery and Freedom came for the first time to an open issue in this year of 1820, when the Territory of Missouri claimed admission as a State. The House of Representatives passed a bill introduced for the purpose, coupled with

an amendment, that Missouri should be a Free State, but the Senate rejected the bill on account of the amendment. The difficulty as usual was got over by a compromise, which established no principle. Missouri was admitted, with permission to adopt slavery or not, as she chose. And, in order to reconcile the Free State party to this concession, slavery was declared illegal in all Territories of the United States north of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$. If slavery was morally wrong, it was as much wrong in latitude 37° as in latitude 35° . If it was politically objectionable in northern latitudes, the degree of latitude was strangely chosen, as Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, lay entirely north of the forbidden line. In fact, the Missouri compromise always reminded me of the story of the drunkard who promised to take the pledge on condition that the abstinence society would supply him brandy for a week's debauch. Still, for a few years, the compromise staved off the dissension. It was not till 1849 that the old quarrel burst forth again, on the proposed admission of California.

In spite of every effort of the South, its relative inferiority in population had still further increased during these thirty years. Of the new States admitted since the Missouri compromise, and in accordance with its provisions, Arkansas, Florida, and Texas, were slaveholding; but Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa, were free. The number of the Slave and Free States was

still exactly equal ; and as the South was always more politically united than the North, its influence in the Senate was still the predominating one. But the populations of the Free and the Slave States were now respectively 13,342,327 and 9,612,969 ; so that, in the House of Representatives, the South was in a decreasing minority. Minnesota and Oregon had both been admitted as Territories ; and as they both lay north of the Missouri line, they were certain to claim admission very shortly as Free States. The supremacy of the South was threatened in the Senate, and it was at this moment that California demanded admission under a free constitution. There can be little question that, according to the spirit of the Missouri compromise, California could only be admitted as a Free State, for but a very small portion of her territory, and that almost uninhabited, lay south of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$. On the other hand, the South felt that the compromise had not fulfilled her expectations ; that, in fact, it was a losing bargain. The truth is, the South has never been able or willing to admit the fact—that the reason of her want of prosperity, as compared with the North, is due solely to those natural causes which make free labour more productive than slave ; and has, in consequence, constantly endeavoured to rectify the laws of nature by artificial legislation. In 1820, it was believed that the Missouri compromise would restore the balance of power, and make the Slave States

as influential in the Union, as they had been in 1790. By 1849 the error of this calculation had been discovered; and the South now believed that it was the existence of the Missouri compromise which marred the development of her prosperity. The Southern members, therefore, opposed the admission of California as a Free State, and threatened secession in case of her admission, probably with more sincerity than was then imagined. At any rate, the North was alarmed, and a new compromise was come to, after months of angry dispute, even more illogical than the Missouri one. By this, the Clay compromise, California was admitted as a Free State; but Utah and New Mexico, both north of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$, were admitted as Territories without any inhibition of slavery; while, in the same spirit of giving with one hand and taking with the other, the slave trade was abolished in the district of Columbia, and the fugitive slave laws were enacted.

This further concession to the South only patched up a peace for four years. In 1854, the Kansas-Nebraska bill roused the old feud. The South insisted that, in violation of the Missouri compromise, Kansas should be a Slave State, and only gave way when Douglas proposed a third and final compromise, that Congress should relinquish any power of determining the conditions on which a new Territory should be admitted into the Union, but should leave it to the

people of each territory "to regulate their own affairs in their own way."

Up to the time of the outbreak of the insurrection, no new State had claimed admission to the Union, and the principles on which territorial legislation are to be based still remain unsettled. Had it not been for the war, the question would ere this have been brought up again by the demand of Utah for admission as a State. According to the Douglas compromise, the fact that she chooses to regulate her own affairs with regard to polygamy in her own way, is no more reason for opposing her admission than that she chooses to regulate her affairs with regard to slavery in her own manner. So, too, if the Union should be consolidated again, it is certain that Mexico and probably Cuba will come under its dominion. It is difficult to see by what extension of the territorial system these new acquisitions could be governed. They could not be admitted as States, and there is no power in the Constitution to hold them as Colonies. I cannot doubt that, even without this war, the "manifest destiny" would very shortly have led to an alteration in the relations between the United States and its Territories; or, in other words, to an alteration of the Constitution.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

IT was on an icy-cold night that I first heard Wendell Phillips. I mention this fact not for its intrinsic importance, but because it serves to show that I entered his lecture-room under unfavourable circumstances. For some days before, Willard's Hotel and Pennsylvania Avenue had been placarded with notices that Wendell Phillips was to lecture at the Smithsonian Institute. I had made up my mind to go, but in the evening I had gone in to the house of some kind friends of mine where the cigar-case was always ready, and the flask of monongahela was always full. Sitting there over the fire, talking politics, as was our custom, I felt less and less inclined to go out into the bleak, rainy night to hear what I expected was the harangue of a mere "sensation" orator. Amongst the company was Caleb Cushing, the most anti-abolitionist, perhaps, of Northern Democrats; I happened to mention to him that it had been my intention to go and hear Wendell Phillips, if it had not been for the inclemency of the weather. His answer

to me was (and for that as well as for many pleasant evenings I shall always feel grateful to President Pierce's late attorney-general), "it is an opportunity you ought not to lose." This remark, coming as it did from an old political antagonist of the anti-slavery orator, induced me to alter my resolution, and through the dark, ill-lit, ill-paved streets of Washington I groped my way, in spite of the snow and rain, to the Smithsonian Institute.

This building, which, by the way, was founded by an Englishman, is about the chilliest and most cheerless of scientific institutes that it has ever been my lot to enter. It was full early when I reached the place, but the hall was crammed so that it was with difficulty I could find standing room. Upon the platform there was Vice-President Hamlin, looking in the half-light as if the Southern story was true, and his dusky complexion really bore traces of negro origin. There was there also Charles Sumner, resting his head as usual upon the stick grasped between his knees; half-a-dozen members of Congress, the two secretaries of the President, Mr. Hay, and Mr. Nicolay, and a good number of the minor Washington notabilities. The audience itself contained a large proportion of women, but the majority, I should say, were young men. Amongst the crowd, too, I observed a fair sprinkling of coloured persons seated side by side with the white hearers. I may mention that I was present at several other lectures at the

Smithsonian, and that on this occasion alone was there anything approaching to a crowd.

The orator was introduced by Professor Pierpoint, the President of the Institute, in a half-apologetic tone, requesting a lenient hearing for the speaker, if he should say anything calculated to shock the feelings of his audience.

After this address, Wendell Phillips came forward—a spare, slight man, with scanty, greyish hair, dressed in colours of almost quaker-like sombreness. My first impression was that he looked like a cross between a dissenting minister and a country doctor. His air was that of a man old before his time, worn out by anxiety and disappointment: the one sign of genius was the high, narrow forehead, and the one attractive feature was the wonderful sweetness of his smile. It was in a low, hesitating tone that he began to speak. Gradually his voice acquired volume, and somehow or other, without an apparent effort, or without raising his voice above the tone of ordinary conversation, he seemed to fill the room. A very few sentences convinced me that I was listening to no ordinary speaker. I have heard many orators, in many countries, but I can truly say that Wendell Phillips is the only one whom I could have listened to, standing, for two hours, without a sense of weariness. His speech, as I noted it at the time, and as I gathered from the summary of it published afterwards, ran as follows:—

“My friends, I have not come here to bring you anything worthy of the journey, I have only come here, as I sincerely believe; to say ‘amen’ to the brave words which have of late been uttered in yonder Capitol. I do not make any pretensions as a speaker. I have talked a little on anti-slavery, but, as Dr. Johnson remarked on a similar question, *I have only been able to do decently well what nobody else considered worth doing at all.* But I have come here to-night very willingly, because, if a word of mine, or any number of words, any amount of effort, could add one atom of possibility to the chance that this war should carry comfort to the hovels of Carolina, I should deem my whole life an abundant success. I have no other object in life, as far as I know, than to make this Union, which I have sought honestly to sever, mean justice to nineteen millions of people, and who, I think, at this moment are willing it should be so. If any effort that I could make to-night would contribute toward that result, I would make it with more than cheerfulness—with the utmost enthusiasm.

“Well, gentlemen, as an abolitionist—and I am little more—devoted for thirty years towards having the negro recognised as a man in these thirty-four States, I confess to having no other interest in politics than that this Union should do the negro justice, should do itself the credit, to show it is educated up to the point of doing that justice.

“ I repeat, as an abolitionist, I have no great interest in this war—that is, I take no interest in the choice of paths by which the Government shall lead us, because, as far as I am able to study events and results, I honestly believe that whatever this convulsion does, or fails to do, one thing no man, no party, can prevent its doing, and that is, shaking off the chains of every negro on the continent. I do not mean that any man intends it, for I don't care what man intends. When a person gets into the rapids of Niagara it doesn't matter much what he intends; he will go over. (Loud cries of ‘That's so.’) In my view, the system of bondage in these States has received its death-blow at the hands of its friends. I do not believe that slavery can survive the effects of this convulsion. As an abolitionist simply, I feel just as much at ease in looking at this war as I do when looking at Rarey with ‘Cruiser’ in his hand. No matter for the red eyes and panting sides of the brute, he will go down. So, I know all the brutes south of us will go down to destruction; and I base my opinion on two or three very patent facts. In the first place, the plea that has been thrown in our teeth for the last ten years is, that Cotton is king. The overseer made his whip longer so as to extend over the Senate of the United States.

“ And now as to the political question. It was the North at the feet of the South. I have no wonder that the South despised her; she never met in yonder Capitol

a man from the North who had a backbone until within a few years. She had cause, indeed, to despise us. Despising us, she tried an experiment in miniature. Missouri pitted herself against Kansas. The South threw down the gauntlet of a single State, and the North responded with a single State also. She sent her peasants, her farmers, west of the Mississippi. They went as peasants and as farmers. The civilization of the North, which means ploughshares and schoolhouses, took the field in a Territory against bowie-knives and bludgeons, which represent the South. They were fairly matched. John Brown, the most influential American in aiding our civilization (hisses and counter-cheers), John Brown went to Kansas, a farmer with the best stock, and owner of the best orchard west of the Mississippi. He carried, as pledges of a good citizen, the prizes he had won in the agricultural fairs of Ohio. He didn't even own a gun or a fowling-piece. He planted his trees, advertised his stock, and it was not until Missourians came across the border and destroyed his orchard, and stole his cattle, that the old man went out and bought a musket. The history of Kansas since is written too patent to need repeating. She has crushed Missouri under her feet, and has taken her seat in the Senate of the United States as a representative of free life and free labour. What Missouri did to Kansas the South does to the North to-day.

“ I trust, further, for the suicide of the slave system,

to the fact that the South has re-enacted Missouri, and the North is re-enacting Kansas to-day. Educated and understanding the slave power, educated and knowing how far and how much it must resist, and what must be its means of resistance, we should rise to the importance of the moment, and seize the golden opportunity for for ever wresting our beloved land from the insidious influence of the slave propagandists. Every cannon fired to-day is a better anti-slavery lecturer than a thousand men like myself. Every cannon that Halleck has fired, or McClellan has heard—for he has never fired one*—is a better anti-slavery speech than was ever made in yonder Senate, or Faneuil Hall, for it teaches the Northern people the meaning of the crisis, and leads them up to the responsibility of the hour.

“ But my hopes are based on another consideration. For the first time, the gates of the Holy of Holies have opened, and we have heard a voice from the sanctuary of God. From that Cabinet, before which, in impressive and utter confidence, the nineteen millions of the North bow to-day, we have heard a voice. It is the message of Abraham Lincoln to the Border States—(the audience here rose on their feet, and gave three cheers for the President)—a message of which I hold the practical amount to be this : ‘ Gentlemen of the Border States, now is your time to sell ; if you do not sell now, and the exigencies of the Government require your property in a

* This was spoken in March.

few months' time, don't say I did not give you warning.' That is a very remarkable document, that message of the President. I am not practically acquainted with rail-splitting, but I am told that, in taking a large log, the first thing you do is to apply a small wedge. Well, this measure is a very small one, but it is a wedge for all that. The negro preacher said, 'If I found in the Testament a command to go through that stone wall, I should go at it. Going at it is my part; getting through it is the Lord's.' Well, now, I hold to this in some measure in regard to this emancipation. Going at it is the President's part, and getting him through it is the people's part. Now, if I am here for any peculiar purpose, it is to persuade you, my friends, to help the President through. In other words, seriously, as an abolitionist, I go back to the year 1823, when, in obedience to the request of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others, George Canning sent out his celebrated resolutions to the legislatures of the West India Islands. That was the first voice from the English Government; for the first time the Government spoke. They said slavery ought to be ameliorated, and that they looked to the legislatures of the Islands to adopt the necessary measures. That was all they sought. A very tiny wedge! It went to the Islands, however, and stirred up a great deal of excitement; and hence came the martyrdom of John Smith, that thunder-bolt which Henry Brougham raised, and hurled across the Atlantic at the

slave system of Jamaica. It went down eleven years afterwards. I look upon this message of the President in the light of George Canning's resolution. It is the first voice from the Government—a very pregnant one.

“The anti-slavery sentiment, and I say it with all due respect, has conquered the Cabinet. You here think a great deal of your city of Washington, you have a right to. But I am one of the people—I come up here from the millions. I look upon you as a rebel camp, nothing more nor less. You are in rebellion against your former masters. The tyrants of slavery have borne the sway here for forty years, and you have now rebelled and driven them out. Thus you are rebels, indeed! The question of the hour is, whether you have the ability, whether you have the knowledge of government which will enable you to take possession of the helm. Brownson said, with epigrammatic emphasis, ‘We do not want any more men on the Potomac ready to die; we want men there willing and ready to kill somebody.’ What I would say, in the same sense, is this: the North has given you 700,000 men ready to die; we do not want that. De Tocqueville said of a similar struggle to this—a struggle betwixt the nobles and the people (and this is exactly our attitude to-day)—‘The nobles went down, not because they were not willing to die, but because they were not fit to govern.’ What the South is called upon to show to-day is, her fitness to govern, not her readiness to die; she has shown that already.

“Now, the reason why I think so much of the President’s Message is, because I read in it *fitness to govern*. I do not think he has entered Canaan, but he has set his face Zion-ward. I love the Constitution; though I have cursed it a hundred times, and I shall curse it again if it does not mean justice. I have laboured nineteen years to take nineteen States out of this Union; and if I have spent any nineteen years to the satisfaction of my Puritan conscience, it was those nineteen years. The child of six generations of Puritans, I was taught at a mother’s knee to love purity before peace. And when Daniel Webster taught me that the Union meant making white men hypocrites and black men slaves—that it meant Lynch law in the Carolinas, and mob law in Massachusetts—that it meant lies in the pulpit, and gags in the Senate—when I was told that the cementing of the Union was returning slaves to their masters,—in the name of the God I love, and had been taught to honour, I cursed the Constitution and the Union, and endeavoured to break it, and, thank God! it is broken now. But when last summer I saw, or fancied I saw, that this Union could not exist unless it meant justice; when I fancied I saw nineteen millions of people already drifting with a current as inevitable as that of Niagara, and when, to-day, I hear the voice of the President, as I believe, uttering the same sentiment, I cannot but accept the whole thirty-four States. I am a Yankee born, and will buy Union at any time at a fair price.

“The first line of the President’s Message recognises this crisis. It says in effect—‘Gentlemen of the Border States, release your slaves, we will pay you for them.’ The Constitution in peace gives him no warrant; the Constitution in war gives him an absolute warrant, even to pour out the treasury of the United States at the feet of Kentucky. He recognises the Constitution; he recognises the fact that in war-time the Constitution is the root of the power of the Government, but that its branches spread beyond all constitutional limits. When the emergency of the State requires it, he can do anything. He can interfere with slavery to any extent; he can trample it under his feet, or he can buy it out.

“The President, in his Message, has opened the door of emancipation a foot, and, if he holds out and continues in the right, I shall be able to drive right through with a coach and six, with William Lloyd Garrison as a driver; that is, the President recognises what I believe to be the constitutional right of the Government, to do anything to save the State. He recognises the right to throw the cargo overboard to save the ship. In other words, it was heretofore believed that he hadn’t emigrated from Kentucky—that he hadn’t got his eyes opened yet any wider than would enable him to see the limits of the State of Kentucky alone.* That Message proves that he takes in the whole Union; that he sees the necessity

* Lincoln, though a naturalized citizen of Illinois, was born and bred in Kentucky, and married to a Kentucky lady.

of the hour. He says, virtually, 'Gentlemen, it may be possible that we cannot conquer with the cannon; we shall have to conquer with emancipation; and I, Abraham Lincoln, announce that if that exigency comes upon me, I am ready to adopt it.' He treads as far on the thin ice as he dares do; let us assure him that the ice is strong, and bid him go a-head. I value this Message, not because Mr. Lincoln speaks, for he can neither preserve slavery nor kill it. It does not lie in the power of any single individual to do either. It lies in the Government—in the public. What I desire is to impress you with a deep conviction of the responsibility which rests upon you as a part of the nineteen millions. You cannot expect the President to do this work alone. We are his right hand and his left. How much will you do? He has come out from the Cabinet, and held out his hand. To how much will the people respond? I, for one, say, 'Go on, old man, I am with you.'

"I think that we are too much accustomed to make light of the crisis. We think the South is broken and battered out: she doesn't draw much water. Donelson and Henry have been surrendered, and our troops are moving backward. We begin to regard them as powerless and foolish. Yes; for I used to read in the *Herald* and *Tribune*, in regard to the *Merrimac*, that she was so severely battered out and loaded down with iron, that she couldn't float. Southern folly had made the same mistake in science—so our

newspapers asserted—that she had in statesmanship. They tried to establish a Confederacy, but it wouldn't float, and now they had a vessel that was in the same condition. But one day she steamed down to Fortress Monroe, and frigates lay in wrecks on either side: what stayed her destructive progress? Being, so to speak, a soldier down in the trenches, I know but little of the doings of the Cabinet, but I think if we had depended solely upon the defence that was provided from the White House or the Admiralty, we should have been but badly off. But the people sent down the little *Monitor*. They got her up, and paid for her themselves to spite the Administration, and flung her right into the face of the navy. She went down and came out victorious. This is a significant fact, a representative fact. It is the people coming up with their impulsive, instinctive, and ready common-sense, making up for a deficiency of the Government; and, I believe, the anti-slavery sentiment of to-day is like the round-house of the *Monitor*, it spreads itself on all sides, and nothing can get out of reach: that is the meaning of the President's Message.

“So, to-day, as an Abolitionist, with this evidence of the willingness of the Government—with this response of the more than willingness of the people—with this rebuke of ‘Cotton is king’—with this education of the North to the crisis, I believe that the back of slavery is broken. Whether you think that the stars

and stripes mean liberty or not, the slaves know that such is their meaning. The slave will recognise in that old flag the emblem of freedom, and, flocking to its standard, will refuse to be driven from beneath its folds. As an Abolitionist, therefore, I have no considerable interest in this war. The only interest I have is as a citizen ; is as a man with some feeling of responsibility for the institutions of the nineteen States. It is as such that I survey the operations of Government, and count and scrutinize them in regard to their influence on the issues of this war. I think there are two paths leading out of it : one is the path of peace, radical, profitable, solid, and permanent ; the other is the path of peace obtained through compromise, second-rate power, and, in the end, disaster.

“The action of the Government which to me is the most promising for the future of this Union is the restoration to command of John C. Fremont. The *Herald*, supported by the bankerdome of the North, indicted him for inefficiency and lack of integrity. The Grand Jury met at the White House, and wrote *ignoramus* on the indictment.* That I read, I think, in the act of the President in sending him to the mountains. If John Brown cannot have the mountain, I know of no one to whom its care would be better entrusted than John Fremont. My first choice would have been

* This was just after the appointment of Fremont to the command of the army in the mountain district of Western Virginia.

John Brown, but I bow to the dispensation of Providence and Virginia, and take John Fremont. We have many bright spots on the battlefields of our history, but the brightest spot in our history is not on the battlefield. It was when a successful general, on the eve of victory a thousand miles from the Capitol, sheathed his sword at the bidding of the Government, and came back to submit in silence to gross suspicion. The charge of his bodyguard at Springfield was a gallant deed; but it falls before the Roman silence—the more than Roman submission—of the general. We may say now to the proud courts of Europe, ‘Democracy breeds heroes.’ Never, since Washington, has man been privileged by God to do such credit to republican institutions as that general at the height of his triumph, when he bowed his head and came back in silence. All hail, John Fremont!—we thank you for vindicating Democracy.

“As a citizen, not as an Abolitionist, I am anxious which path Government takes in this war. I care very little about the technicalities of the Constitution—very little indeed. I think Daniel Webster was a very bad lawyer, though a great statesman, when he said, “If one section of the Constitution is voluntarily broken, there is no obligation on the other to abide by it.” He knew well that, in strict legal phrase, the sections were not parties to the Constitution; and he knew quite as well that one wrong does not justify another.

He was aware of the fact that the Constitution was no partnership—it was a Government resting upon the people; but he knew also that there did underlie this Constitution a great compact, a great compromise between rival institutions. He knew that in the time of 1787, the South, essentially a nobility, essentially an aristocracy—an aristocracy based on skin, an aristocracy based on race, based on money!—that they made a compact with the North, essentially a Democracy, and that that compact was virtually this: Slavery is a sin, slavery is an evil, slavery is a weakness; the country is in perilous circumstances; we, in fact, dare not trust God; justice seems to be a sin. Now we cannot believe that doing right is sinning—we cannot rise to the level of that Christianity of yours, but we make a compromise: If you let slavery be at peace, if you allow her to come under the normal and persistent influence of free ideas, if you will assimilate her among other institutions of the country, we grant you so much: we will advise the father to forget his children, the husband his wife, the mother to sacrifice her cradle—we will grant it all: and the compensation shall be, that you shall keep that system quiet under the broad influence of free ideas; and our reward shall be, that in the ultimate result, as an atonement for this temporary injury, our ideas may mould, assimilate, and gradually melt away this abnormal institution. That was the essential compact. Our fathers said—We can't

make justice the existing law of the land, but we will plant the seeds that shall produce it in the future. The South said—We will remain in, and we will keep quiet. The North said—We will trust to the inevitable, the irrepressible conflict of ideas. So we have gone along for thirty years. Now slavery breaks this bond. South Carolina takes her four hundred thousand bondsmen out of the reach of Massachusetts ideas: she breaks the pledge that she had made to Massachusetts. The Pilgrim State went down on her knees and returned Anthony Burns. What was the equivalent? The equivalent was, that if you leave slavery under our general influence it will melt away. Now South Carolina tries to take her four hundred thousand bondsmen out of the reach of this general influence. Well, last spring I said, ‘Go.’ I didn’t then entertain the same opinion of the North as I do now, and that was the reason for my saying, ‘Go.’ And I think to-day, that unless this war result in liberty, it would be better if she had gone—ininitely better. Unless within twelve months, or twenty-four, Maryland, Delaware, and half Virginia are Free States, and we be enabled to look east and west of this marble Capitol on free-soil, would to God that that building with this City of Washington had been shelled to ashes!—for it is nothing but a bribe tending to keep the North quiet.

“And now I say, to all who are responsible for the future, the question is whether liberty or slavery shall

rule this great continent, and South Carolina knows it—she has the statesmanship to know it. She said to Massachusetts in 1835, ‘Abolish free-speech.’ What she really meant was that she could not live with free-speech, and she cannot. The real question is to-day as to what extent she can trample free-speech under her feet. The South is as sincere as we are in this struggle. Ten millions of people grapple twenty millions by the throat, and literally, enthusiastically, and from the bottom of their hearts believe they are fighting for an idea that holds the salvation of the world. I honour South Carolina for her sincerity—there is no doubt as to her believing what she says: she wants to have her ideas govern the continent. Our fathers fancied those ideas and our own could be moulded together. They tried it, and I am willing, for one, that they should have tried the experiment for two generations—perfectly willing. They tried, under the Constitution, to see whether Massachusetts and South Carolina could live together. They united us in a bond of parchment. They put powder and fire into a cannon, screwed up at the muzzle, and hoped thus to assimilate the two. Mr. Webster died supposing those ideas had been assimilated, but the convulsion has come and caused an explosion. We stand to-day amongst the pieces, and, almost till now, the Cabinet say, and the Democratic Party say, and the weak-kneed Republicans re-echo the words: Put the pieces carefully back in their places—put the

same powder, the same fire inside—say the Constitution backward instead of your prayers, and there will never be another convulsion. Now I don't believe it. It is no caprice. This war didn't spring out of the ground. It is nobody's fault—neither my fault nor John Calhoun's. It is the inevitable result of the seeds which our fathers planted seventy years ago. It is a struggle between the slaveholders and the people. Every nation has faced it once in its life. England faced it when the Cavalier and the Puritan came in contact at Naseby; France faced it nearly a hundred years ago, and it is not ended yet. We have begun it. This is its epoch of battle. The South comes up to the southern bank of your Potomac, without either men, munitions, or money—nothing but an idea; and the North goes up with men, munitions, money, and major-generals, and the only thing she lacks is an idea. This contest is one betwixt the slaveholders and the people; it never will or can cease. Yonder Congress may make what truces they please—the Democratic Party may intrigue what compromises they please; but it never will cease, any more than any other war of ideas ever did, until one or the other goes under.

“I do not believe that Democracy is on trial. What I believe is on trial to-day, is the effort of our fathers to have Aristocracy and Democracy dwell together in the United States. I believe they tried to mould into our Democracy an alien institution; and, for one, I thank

God that 1861 comes up to the record and says it is a failure—that the slave-clauses of the Constitution are buried beyond resurrection. I do not believe, however, that it is an experiment ; I believe it is done and settled. Friends, let me say one thing further. You may ask me what I demand of Government : I will tell you. I am not going to criticise—it does not belong to me. I would not criticise the various schemes by which yonder Senate means to meet the ultimate result—they are all indifferent to me : whether the elaborate and, as I think, sound system of Mr. Senator Sumner, or the profound philosophical analysis of our situation which Mr. Conway of Kansas has given us, be adopted by Government (and they are identical in many respects), I don't care. And it seems to me that as slavery began this war—for without slavery it never would have been—the Government has a right, through the rebellion, to smite slavery to the dust. I want it done, I don't care what is the method. I thank God he created Beauregard (if He did) ; I thank every South-Carolinian who has come up to the southern bank of the Potomac, because, in my view, they have given Government a right to abolish slavery by law. Abraham Lincoln sits to-day surrounded by thunderbolts which South Carolina has forged for him. He has but to lift one and hurl it at the system, and it is a victory to-day and peace for ever. Now, therefore, if you will allow me a few minutes, I desire to tell you how I, one of the people, arrive at

this conclusion. I believe, with John Quincy Adams, that the Government has the power and authority to abolish slavery by the Constitution—I mean by the Constitution now.

“I cling to the Constitution to-day, because it has got into that position which means justice. It cannot live, in my opinion, unless it does mean justice : it has no other source of life but justice. It is a neck-and-neck race between Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, which shall get the negroes on his side. Davis is on the other side of the Potomac uttering his words, and the President is on this side, in Washington. I think Congress has the right to abolish slavery, while Congress has done away—or the Government, for I do not wish to make any distinction, any odious distinction ;—I say while the Government has done away with my right of *habeas corpus*, I could be sent to Fort Warren for making this speech, and you for listening to it. The Government has put its hands into our pockets, and, by the legal-tender clause, has taken out ten dollars out of every hundred of the value of every acre in New England. That is a very despotic measure, but it is a good one: it saves the Union. The Government has allowed up to this moment every general of a division to return fugitive slaves, if he fancied it necessary. That, certainly, finds no warrant in the Constitution ; still, I bow to the military despotism. The Government goes to Charleston, fills up the harbour with stones in the

service of the Union : I, for one, have no cause of complaint to utter. But if Congress has tampered with land, has tampered with *habeas corpus*, has tampered with our Southern ports, why can it not act in a similar manner in removing the causes of this rebellion?—why can it not tamper with the laws that bind the negro to his master? But I myself go further than this doctrine of the Constitution. I have very little respect for parchment. I remember that slavery has ruled this Government for sixty years. I remember that when Jefferson wanted the mouth of the Mississippi, he said, and John Quincy Adams concurred, ‘There is no right in the Constitution, but America needs it.’ He purchased it, and to-day it is the jewel in our Western Colonies. Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin will pour out their blood thicker than the waters of the Mississippi, before they would surrender it. And to-day the North has said, ‘We own down to the Gulf, and we will have it in spite of the Carolinas.’

“When slavery believed she needed Texas, she stole it, and added it to this Union. And this is said to be constitutional! The weapon slavery has forged for me for seventy years, shall I not use it? Shall despotism do great things illegally for two generations, and liberty do nothing at all according to law? This constitutional maxim, which the South has taught me, and carried into execution, while she held me bound like a spaniel to her footstool, in order to build up the Union, have I no

right to take it, and forge it into a weapon in the service of justice? Is the Union all on one side? May the South fight with free feet and free hands, while we must go into battle with General McClellan having both feet and both hands bound? No! I say, all that the Constitution has given us for seventy years I claim to-day. I claim it in behalf of the negro, who has been ground down for seventy years under its exercise. My fathers promised the 400,000 negroes of the Carolinas that they would not quit them until they saw them free. I don't intend to. They promised them the ultimate influence of Massachusetts ideas before they would let them go. I believe to-day in the rightful constitutional power, according to the strictest letter of the law and according to the repeated precedents of all administrations, that what the time finds necessary and what the future acquiesces in is law. I claim that to-day. Anything that a nation finds necessary, it is bound to adopt in order to save itself.

“Why, gentlemen of Washington, you have spent for us two million dollars per day. You bury two regiments a month, two thousand men by disease, without a battle. You rob every labouring-man of one-half of his pay for the next thirty years by your taxes. You place the curse of intolerable taxation on every cradle for the next generation. What do you give us in return?—what is the other side of the balance-sheet? The North has poured out its blood and money like water; it has

levelled every fence of constitutional privilege, and Abraham Lincoln sits to-day a more unlimited despot than the world knows this side of China. What does he render to the North for this unbounded confidence? Show us something, or I tell you that, within two years, the indignant reaction of the people will hurl this Cabinet in contempt from their seats, and the devils that went out from yonder Capitol—for there has been no sweeping or garnishing—will come back seven times stronger: for I do not believe that Jefferson Davis, driven to the Gulf, will go down to the waters and perish, as certain brutes mentioned in the Gospel did. I believe that when he finds the battle won't serve him, he will accept compromise. I believe that it is possible that the Democratic Party of the North may work so far on public indifference, that even President Davis may consent to come back into the Senate of the United States. Yes, it is possible that even this convulsion may pass by and we reap nothing—that we may go through all this expense of blood and treasure, and, politically, may reap nothing. I do not mean that you can stop ideas. I think, however, you have lost the golden moment. When John Brown took possession of Harper's Ferry, and on that Sunday held it in his right hand—when the disheartened town believed that there were two thousand men in arms on the mountains, he might have gone to the hills, and there made his preparations, and then, instead of Virginia only trembling, the whole

South would have trembled. He sat down with Colonel Washington in endeavouring to conciliate friendly slaveholders. Monday's sun rose upon him, the golden hour of his actual purpose was gone, and God lifted him to a gallows that made him the most influential man of his generation.

“ I think it possible that the Government may, in the same way, have lost its golden opportunity—that all we may gain from this war will be its influence on ideas, unless you will rouse the Government to a full sense of its responsibility. I never shall believe that the Government is aware of it until its organs use a different tone in regard to the black race. We are all looking and wanting to know about experiments with the blacks. The Government is said to hesitate what they shall do with the negroes. Well now, as an Abolitionist, all I want is that you shall fight. Go right down into the Slave States, encamp a hundred thousand white men in South Carolina, and I venture to say that one hundred thousand black men would rally to their assistance. The South, in despair, would initiate Emancipation, and thus Liberty would come. You see I believe in the blacks. All I want you to believe is that black men have the same feelings and are influenced by the same motives as white. The general opinion in reference to the negro is, that he is a very incomplete being, and that we have got to complete the creation—that we shall have to expend a whole treasury and

a vast amount of brains in taking care of him. All you are required to do is to leave the negro to look after himself. I am tired of hearing about the negro experiment. What I beg you to remember, citizens of of this great Republic, is that we ourselves are an experiment according to the European standard. What the negro is among races, Democracy is among Governments. We are the negro of Governments.

“My text, then, is—seize your opportunity. All nations grow up by seizing their opportunities. All statesmen are great, not by honesty, but by ability. I don't doubt the honesty of the Cabinet: they mean well—they mean very well; and, meaning well, will save their souls up there, but it won't save the Union down here. We want ability—we want a policy. I don't believe in subjugating South Carolina. If Major-General McClellan could plant the stars-and-stripes either at Charleston, Montgomery, or New Orleans to-night, the work would only be begun. You have your elephant, what are you going to do with him? This is no short work. There are two things you cannot do. You can't save slavery, however much you try: you can destroy slavery with a very little indifference, but you cannot save the Union without long years of trouble. God demands of us an atonement commensurate with our sins. For seventy years we have planted unrighteousness—we have got to gather the harvest of trouble. You cannot get out of this war without a

long and toilsome trial. All the virtue and statesmanship in the world won't save you; the poison has entered the whole public mind. The South is honest—honest to the backbone. I believe in her honesty to make up one portion of the effect of Emancipation. The South-Carolinian, who has come up to Manassas, leaving his wife and children to the care of his slaves, honestly believes that they, the slaves, would fight for them; he thoroughly believes it; it is the record of all slavery in all ages. In San Domingo, when the French Commissioners proclaimed Emancipation in order to avert invasion, a planter had armed his slaves, and trusted them, until that majestic word, liberty, was pronounced, and he saw them shrink from his side. He addressed them in an affectionate manner, asking them if it was possible that they, who had been in his family for upwards of thirty years, could now desert him? Their answer was, 'Yes, massa; though we love you much, we love our freedom more.' So it is. God has planted common-sense so deep that all slavery cannot reach down to root it out.

“If the North has any right to predominance in this Union, it is because she has the ability to show, and ought to show, that she loves justice and civilization. Standing in this position, when you conquer the Carolinas, you carry with you the seeds of conversion. Carolina can never be one with Massachusetts until you make her like Massachusetts. To save the Union,

don't conquer Carolina—convert her, change her ideas, apply a policy; and let that policy be the education of the ignorant, the relief of the oppressed, the instilment of a love for the Union into the breast of the deluded, and the emancipation of the slaves. Suppose Abraham Lincoln to-day should conquer South Carolina, what does he gain? He has not uttered a word that the blacks can respond to. The poor whites hate him; the slaveowners hate him, of course; in fact, there is no one in South Carolina that does not hate him. Will anything be gained, by conquering, on the policy pursued at present? But suppose, on the contrary, the policy of Emancipation should be adopted, the blacks will thank him from the bottom of their hearts, and render him all the assistance in their power. I would send 100,000 men into South Carolina, and force our Government into a policy: and when the yellow-fever of the South drove out our men, I would garrison the forts with acclimated negroes under white officers, and hold them against the world. The loyal slaveholder, if there be any such, would, no doubt, give us his sympathy and his co-operation. Better that he should be allowed to put his hands into the Treasury up to his elbows rather than that this money should be wasted on rascally contractors. As to the inveterate slaveholders, estimated at four thousand, let them be colonized rather than the four millions of slaves. I wish them no worse fate than this, for I am opposed to capital punishment.

“So you see that my policy includes all the elements. I should put conversion behind my cannonballs. In other words, I love Carolina: she has stood side by side with Massachusetts—she supported our fathers in the dark hours of the revolutionary struggle: God bless her! I would give all the brains that New England schools have given me, in order to keep the pledge of my fathers of Massachusetts. When the record of this Republic is written, I would have it said, that in 1862, in our struggle, she kept the promise of her youth; that she did justice to the negro, and to the white man of the South—giving to one liberty and to the other all the benefits of our republican institutions. Why should we not? Let us put Europe to shame.

“And now, at last, the golden hour on the clock of the century has struck. Up! men of ideas—up! children of the Puritans in the nineteen States! Seize the golden moment! Hurl at the system the thunderbolt the hour has given you! Proclaim justice to Carolina! bless her with liberty and prosperity! Have but one race from the Atlantic to the Pacific—one race for ever, as indivisible as the granite that underlies this continent, to rule this magnificent inheritance, and have no nation in Europe that dare dictate to us how we shall fill our harbours—”

I have given this speech somewhat at length, because it seemed to me the ablest popular statement of the views of the Abolitionist Party that I came across in America.

Of all the anti-slavery men that I met with, Wendell Phillips was, in my judgment, the only one who faced the question logically, and was prepared to admit, even to himself, that if the Union could not be maintained without preserving slavery, then the Union was not worth maintaining. The majority of the party laboured under the fatal weakness, from their own point of view, that, holding slavery to be a national sin, they yet could not reconcile themselves to the conclusion, that the Union had been hitherto the stronghold of the very system they inveighed against. They were always seeking to serve both Freedom and the Union, and, seeking this, they failed to preserve either. I do not wonder at their weakness, but I wonder all the more at the mental independence of the few who, like Wendell Phillips, were able to rise above the influences, amongst which they were reared and bred.

The mere perusal of this summary, meagre and broken as it inevitably is, can hardly give the reader any impression of the effect produced by it on the audience. No doubt the circumstances under which it was delivered, the state of passionate excitement with which his audience were then hourly expecting to hear tidings from the army of the Potomac, had much to do with it. There was something impressive, too, in the reflection, which every one of the hearers must have made for himself, that, twelve months before, the orator could no more have delivered such an address in the capital of

the Union than a Christian could go into the Mosque of St. Sophia, and there preach against the doctrines of Mahomedanism. Even as it was, there was known to be risk of an assault upon the speaker; and the impression that, in some sense, he carried his life in his hands, amidst a population half of whom were interested in slavery, gave a somewhat similar excitement to the performance, to that which forms the real attraction of Blondin's exhibitions.

Still, with all this, even after the sensation had passed away, it seems to me that, as a mere oratorical display, the address was a very remarkable one. It was curious to notice how the audience warmed beneath its delivery. During the first few minutes, the speaker was interrupted with occasional hisses, but gradually he appeared to acquire the mastery over his hearers, and to be able to work upon their feelings as he chose. The political parts of his speech—the attacks upon McClellan, the eulogy of Fremont, the sneers at England, and, above all, the prognostications of the future of America—created immense enthusiasm, compared with that which greeted the purely anti-slavery portions of his speech; but, towards the end, the excitement had grown to such a height that there was nothing, I think, which Phillips could have said, which would not have been cheered enthusiastically. The charm of the speaker consisted in the perfect self-possession, the lucid fluency, and the never-faltering sequence with which his words

were spoken. His delivery reminded me of that of the Bishop of Oxford, accompanied, however, with an apparent earnestness which I never was fortunate enough to see exhibited in any speech of the English prelate. How far the speech was absolutely impromptu, I was not able to satisfy myself. No notes were used, but then, with a speaker who, like Wendell Phillips, lectures perpetually on the same subject, it is impossible but that a great part of what he says one night should be a repetition of what he has said before. Much of it, however, must have been spoken for the occasion, and on the spur of the moment. I remember one passage, that I have not quoted in my summary, because I was not able to recall the order in which it was spoken, which created a great sensation. The bill for the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia was at that time being passed through Congress, and, though its passage was certain, yet it had been delayed by the opposition of the Border State Democrats. Wendell Phillips was speaking of his personal hatred to slavery: "I have never," he said, "set foot on slave ground." There was an expression of disapprobation from the back benches, which recalled to his mind the fact that Washington was still a slave territory. "No!" he went on, "I am wrong; I have this day, for the first time, and, I hope, for the last, set foot on ground where my fellow-men are slaves, and for this, if for no other cause, I bear no love to the men whose

obstinacy has caused me to forego the resolve of my life." Passages like these read tamely afterwards, but, at the moment, they produced an effect upon the audience which was absolutely startling; and when he finished speaking, after two hours or more, the audience still lingered in their seats, as though they were unwilling to break the spell.

THE PROCLAMATION AND THE BORDER STATES.

I HAVE often heard it asserted, and I have seen the statement constantly repeated in the English press, that slavery had nothing to do with the questions at issue between the North and South. I can only say, that during my residence in Washington, I heard little talked about except the question of slavery. At the time I arrived there, the chief discussion was, whether the President would or would not issue a proclamation advocating emancipation. At last, after much hesitation, Mr. Lincoln published the manifesto of the 6th of March, proposing gradual emancipation throughout the Slave States. The gist of that proclamation lay in the first paragraph. "The United States ought to cooperate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolition of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by it in its discretion to compensate for the inconvenience, public and private, produced by such change of system." This step, unimportant as it

may appear, was the first of that long series of measures which has culminated in the final decree of abolition. It is as such that I write of it.

I remember, at the time the proclamation appeared, speaking to Mr. Sumner upon the subject. He pointed out to me the imminent danger lest the state of feeling existing between England and America should sooner or later lead to a war between our two countries ; and suggested, as the only hope he could see of escaping the calamity, that England should join America in crushing out what he then conceived were the last struggles of the insurgents. To this remark my answer was one which I conceive most Englishmen would have made, that, with our Government there was no possibility of such a step being taken, unless the country was strongly in favour of the North, and that the only way to rouse public feeling in England in favour of the North was to convince Englishmen that the war was being carried on for the *bonâ fide* abolition of slavery. Mr. Sumner's reply was, "Is it possible that England can fail to see that this war is being carried on for this object after the publication of the President's message?"

Now there is no question that England did fail to see this. I suspect that most Englishmen, who, like myself, hate slavery, read this message at first with disappointment. "Is this all?" was my conclusion at its perusal. Here, at the crisis of a nation's fate, when, for the first time, the power is in the hands of the North ; when the

South, in popular opinion, was soon to be at the mercy of the victorious Union, the utmost that the Government proposed was, that the *status quo* should be restored as regarded slavery, coupled with an abstract resolution, that if any Slave State, of its own free will and good pleasure, chose to abolish slavery, the United States Government should assist it in its good intentions by pecuniary aid. Such, I own freely, was my first impression. But subsequent conversations with American politicians led me to believe that the Emancipation Message, as it was called at the time, was capable of a far higher and more hopeful construction. Subsequent events, I need hardly say, have convinced me that, in this instance, second thoughts were the best.

In the first place, then, this step was the furthest one which the President at the time could take consistently with the Constitution. The great mistake which foreigners appeared to me to make in arguing about America is the assumption that the Government, if it likes, can do everything. Assuming that the Crown, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, or, in other words, the Government of England, were agreed together, it is hard to say what measures they might not pass legally. And I observe that Englishmen generally assume that, practically, the American Government could do the same. Now, the vital defect of the Union seems to me to be that it exists by means of, and in virtue of, a written Constitution, and that by

this very constitution the absolute as well as the relative powers of the different bodies in the State are so clearly defined, that, in cases not provided for by the Constitution, Government action is paralyzed.

The States which composed the Union, in the words of Justice Story, "yielded anything reluctantly, and "deemed the least practical delegation of power quite "sufficient for national purposes." This, to my mind, is the key to the whole American Constitution. The course of events, the progress of civilization, has gradually increased the practical power of the Central Government, but the *legal* rights of the component States remain unimpaired. Now, if there are two privileges clearly guaranteed by the Constitution to the different States, they are—the right of each State to regulate its domestic institutions, and the existence of the Fugitive Slave Law. To amend the Constitution requires a majority of three-fourths of the legislatures or conventions of the States composing the Union; and, therefore, if the Government of the United States wished to abolish slavery in the different States, they must either have declared that the consent of the insurgent States was not required, which was tantamount to confessing that the Union was at an end, or else they must have broken through the Constitution, in strength of which alone they had any legal existence. The State of New York might to-morrow re-establish slavery as an institution consistently with the law, and, by the same law, the

Federal Government can no more abolish slavery in Georgia, *proprio motu*, than it can place an export duty on any single article exported from any State in the Union. No doubt the *war power* might have covered, as it has since been made to cover, any breach in the letter of the Constitution, but at this period, both in the opinion of the President and the people, the time for the exercise of this *ultima ratio* had not arrived.

In ordinary years, before the Revolution, this excuse for inaction was valid enough; and I think now that we in England were unjust to the Government of the United States in throwing upon it the obloquy of upholding slavery at a time when it was absolutely powerless to deal with it in the Slave States, except by overthrowing the Union, or by trampling under foot the very Constitution in virtue of which it had its being. With the insurrection, however, a new state of things came in. If advantage was not taken of this opportunity, the blame, if blame there was, must rest with the American people, not with the United States Government. The Government throughout has followed, and not led. Had any man of genius arisen at this crisis, had there been a Cromwell, a Mirabeau, or a Jefferson, the result might have been far different. But neither Lincoln, nor Seward, nor, still less, McClellan, were men to shape a nation's destinies. The one principle which the President adhered to constantly, was, that he was placed in office to carry out the will of the people.

It was with the people, and the people alone, that the real decision of policy rested. The national vote which brought Lincoln into power was a vote against the extension of slavery, not a vote against its maintenance. When the insurrection broke out in force, and the nation awoke to its danger at the attack on Fort Sumter, the popular cry was not to abolish slavery, but to preserve the Union. The preservation of the Union was the overwhelming national instinct. It was this instinct which attempted to suppress the insurrection, and which, if possible, will suppress it in the end. It is only by working on this instinct that any of the political parties in the States can hope to achieve their ends.

Both of the extreme parties have failed hitherto to achieve their object. The pro-slavery faction has one great argument with which they seek to work on public opinion. The secession movement (so they allege, and with justice) is due to a belief in the South, whether well or ill founded, that slavery was in danger from the abolition cry in the North. Renounce this abolition theory, convince the South that slavery is not in danger, and there is an end of secession. In the early stages of the insurrection, this party had great weight; but their policy was unsuccessful, partly because the pride and principle of the North refused to follow their counsels heartily, still more, because the South rejected madly the last overtures of conciliation. It was during their temporary success that the resolution

of Congress, proposing still further to limit its own power with regard to legislation on slavery, was proposed and carried. The success of the abolitionist party, *pur et simple*, has hardly been more decisive. A sort of political John the Baptists, preaching in the wilderness, the number of their followers has fluctuated according to the apprehension of the coming danger. Their text is as simple as it is earnest. Slavery is the one cause of secession. Between the Free North and the Slave South there can never be union as long as slavery exists, and therefore, for the sake of the Union (not so much, remark, for the sake of the sin), slavery must be suppressed. Obviously the strength of such a cry varies inversely with the probabilities of simple military success. Whenever the fortunes of the North seemed lowest, the abolition cry has been most powerful. At the time when this proclamation was issued, and it seemed likely that the insurrection would be suppressed without any *pronunciamento* as to slavery, the abolition appeal had lost half its weight. The Union victories for the hour suspended the progress of the anti-slavery sentiment. "Six months ago," I remember a friend of McClellan's saying to me about this period, "we were all abolitionists, now we are all for the Union."

What the numerical strength of the pro-slavery and abolitionist parties was when secession broke out, it is impossible to ascertain accurately. I am convinced, however, that either of them formed a very small minority

compared with what might fairly be called the great Union majority. That majority had no political organization, and was probably composed pretty equally out of the democratic and republican parties. We should be unjust of accusing it of any sympathy with slavery; we should be doing it more than justice in asserting that it had any deliberate purpose of suppressing slavery. To account for this almost universal acquiescence in the maintenance of the *status quo*, the following facts should be borne in mind:—The popular instinct, more acute and intelligent than we can conceive in Europe, taught the people that any outspoken decision on slavery would have alienated the loyal Slave States, and thus retarded, if not destroyed, the prospect of restoring the Union. Again, any vigorous action as to slavery was inconsistent with the Constitution; while the whole strength of the North, at the first outburst of the war, lay in the fact that it was upholding the Constitution. In England we have been accustomed to assert that during this insurrection—revolution as yet it is not—the Federal Constitution has been frequently violated. Whether this opinion is right or wrong in the abstract, it matters not: it is enough to say that it was not the opinion of the Americans themselves. To the written letter of the Constitution they clung with a, to me, surprising tenacity—partly, I fancy, because the national reverence for the founders of the Union is a matter of almost religious sentiment, partly because of

a general conviction that strict, unswerving adherence to the Constitution is the one bar to a rule of unbridled democracy. It was for this cause that the chief opponents of any unconstitutional action on the subject of slavery were the native Americans, while the German emigrants were the staunchest supporters of Fremont and revolutionary measures. The fear of alienating the Border States, the dread of revolution, and the respect for the Constitution, were the great principles which then actuated, and still actuate, the policy of the majority. The Union before all, and above all, now and for ever, one, and indivisible, was their watchword and their rallying cry.

The question at issue, moreover, was not one of principle only, but of immediate action. The capture of Fort Donelson and the evacuation of Nashville had restored the Western portion and the capital of the State of Tennessee to the Union, before either people or Government had decided upon, or even dreamed of deciding upon, any policy with regard to the manner in which the seceding States should be dealt with after subjugation. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," has been throughout the one principle of national policy, and, possibly, it may prove a wise one. There is a story reported of Blondin, that when some one asked him how he ever had the nerve to proceed, when he reflected on the long stretch of rope over which he has to pass, he answered, "I never think of anything

except how to take the step before me." So it has been with the North; and thus, when the condition of Tennessee called for some immediate action, there was no policy prepared. To re-establish the power of the Union was the one thing which a nation could see its way to, and so Andrew Johnson, a Tennessee slaveholder, was appointed Provisional Governor; all questions as to the domestic institutions of the revolted State or its relations to the Union were left to decide themselves; and the *status quo* was re-established.

It was hardly to be expected that a Government like that of the United States should do more than side with the decision, or rather the indecision, of the nation. This is what Mr. Lincoln did. His proposition, he stated explicitly, "sets up no claim of a right of a Federal authority to interfere with slavery within State limits." In other words, he recognised the constitutional existence of the revolted States, and their continued possession of a right, as States, to deal with their own domestic institutions.

The step, small as, at the time, it may have seemed to us, was a great step forward. For the first time in the history of abolitionism, a distinct, if not a feasible plan was proposed for the emancipation of the slaves. For the first time, also, in the history of the United States the expediency of Abolition was announced as a principle of Government. The *delenda est Carthago* was uttered, timidly and apologetically if you will, but

still officially. On the eve of expected victory, the President called upon Congress to declare that the abolition of slavery was in itself desirable, and that the Central Government ought to aid in its extinction. A leading Abolitionist said to me at the time, "It has taken us two months' constant pressure to induce the President to issue this message." The sensation with which it was received throughout the States showed the importance popularly attached to its issue.

To understand the feelings with which the nation entered on this, the first step in the Abolition programme, it may be well to quote some expressions of the different organs of political opinion in the North upon this edict, uttered at the time of its appearance.

Let me quote, first, a paragraph from an article published at this period on the subject of the Message from the *New York Tribune*, the organ of the moderate anti-slavery party:—"No one who has not thoughtfully
"and carefully and earnestly considered President
"Lincoln's proclamation will be likely to realize how
"admirable and comprehensive are its suggestions, and
"how surely their adoption will conduce to national
"integrity and internal peace. Look for a moment at
"the question of negro expatriation, which is one of the
"chief difficulties of our position. There are many
"worthy and good men, and ten times more of the
"other sort, who hold, that whenever slavery is abolished
"the negro should be sent out of the country. We

“ have much charity for this opinion, for we once held
“ it, but we are now convinced that it is an error. That
“ the negro race, wherever free, will gradually migrate
“ southward, colonizing the less populous West Indies,
“ Central America, and the adjacent portions of South
“ America, we believe. Climate, soil, natural pro-
“ ducts, ease of obtaining a rude yet ample subsistence,
“ and the ready fraternisation of blacks with the Indian
“ and mongrel races who now exist in those regions,
“ and who are nowise above our Southern negroes in the
“ social scale, not even in their own opinion, will all
“ attract them that way. But if slavery were ended to-
“ morrow, we are confident that even South Carolina
“ would be in no hurry to expel from her soil the most
“ industrious and productive half of her people ; that
“ portion amongst whom drunkards and profligates are
“ scarce, while its office-seekers, bar-room loungers, and
“ pot-house brawlers have yet to be developed. A State
“ can spare its idlers far better than its workers, and it
“ is only from dread of their influence on the slaves
“ that a slave-holding people ever desire the expulsion
“ of their free blacks. Were slavery dead this day,
“ even the Carolina aristocracy would prefer, as
“ labourers on their plantations, the negroes to whom
“ they are accustomed, and whose manners are re-
“ spectful and submissive, to any immigrants by whom
“ they could be promptly replaced. It is quite likely
“ that in time white labour would demonstrate its

“ superior energy and intelligence by driving out the
“ black. But for the present the Carolina planters
“ would generally hire their ex-slaves more satisfac-
“ torily to themselves than they could replace them
“ from any quarter.

“ The President’s proposition leaves this whole sub-
“ ject to the respective States. If any State chooses to
“ exile its negroes, it will do so. The nation will not
“ meddle with the matter in any way. When slavery
“ dies the national peril is averted, and the national
“ concern ceases. All beyond is remitted to local dis-
“ cussion and control. So with regard to paying for
“ slaves, the nation extends pecuniary aid to the States
“ in order to rid itself of a great danger. But it has
“ nothing to do with paying for slaves. . . . Nor do
“ we believe the payments to the States would be at all
“ so heavy as seems to be generally supposed, though
“ we trust it will be liberal; for it is just as certain
“ as that air is lighter than water that the banishment
“ of slavery from a State largely enhances the value of
“ its land. The census shows that the arable soil of a
“ Free State is worth double to treble that of a Slave
“ State, there being no other ground of disparity; and
“ it would be most unjust to ignore this fact in settling
“ the cost of emancipation. . . . In fact, were slavery
“ abolished to-morrow, and three hundred million dollars
“ fairly apportioned among the Slave States, in payment
“ for their supposed losses by such abolition, they would

“ every one be richer and stronger next day—nay, they
“ would sell for more at auction as soon as the country
“ is quieted than they ever yet were worth. But we do
“ not here raise the question of how much, nor consider
“ how far, the compensation accorded is to be affected
“ by rebellion. Let all such questions be decided in
“ due time, while we improve the present in one unani-
“ mous and hearty rally around President Lincoln, for
“ the speedy restoration of the Union, and the final
“ overthrow and demolition of whatever can raise even
“ a doubt of its perpetuity and internal peace.”

Such being the judgment of the Abolitionists, let me now take an article from the *New York Herald* of the same date, as an exposition of the views of the pro-slavery democrats. It should be remembered that the *Herald* has always prided itself upon being an organ of the Administration for the time being. Thus, though the one political principle to which it has been uniformly faithful is a hatred to Abolition, yet the fact of its assumed Government connexion caused it to deal more tenderly with the President's edict than it would naturally have done.

The President's proposal is dismissed with the following lukewarm approbation:—“ The measure will most
“ probably prove agreeable to the Conservative feeling
“ of the North and South alike, substituting, as it does,
“ a moderate and practical view of the question of
“ Emancipation in place of the extreme and impracti-

“ cable views of the Abolitionists.” This faint approval was designed by the *Herald* to give greater force to an attack it then proceeded to make in the following words on Senator Sumner’s proposal to confiscate the slaves belonging to the revolted States, which was then before the Senate.

“The progress of the debate is developing the Conservative Constitution loving sentiment in Congress. “ It is a struggle of law and order against anarchy and “ revolution. The observations of Senator McDougall, “ of California, are well worthy of the attentive consideration of the whole people ; and their indorsement by “ Mr. Cowan is a most gratifying evidence of patriotism “ amidst the fierce passions of party spirit. ‘ Shall we,’ “ says the latter gentleman, ‘ stand by the Constitution, “ or shall we open wide the field of revolution, and go “ back to the doctrines of feudal ages, and introduce “ feuds which centuries cannot quiet? This is what “ the bill proposes. The passage of such a bill will “ make the whole Southern people our enemies. The “ scheme of colonization is entirely impracticable.’ . . . “ This covers the whole ground ; and what is Mr. “ Cowan’s opinion about emancipation? He says: ‘ I “ protest against that section of the bill for freeing the “ slaves, as an entire departure from the principles of “ the Constitution, and especially impolitic at this time : “ because we are in a war, we ought not to make a law “ which was unconstitutional before. What have the

“ negroes done to secure freedom at this time, when the
“ course of their masters seems especially to invite
“ them to strike for liberty? Nothing; they simply
“ rely on their masters with a sort of blind instinct.’
“ This is the language of a patriot; and if all men in Con-
“ gress had only so spoken and acted from the beginning,
“ neither civil convulsion nor disunion would exist to-day.
“ There is one great result produced by this war. The
“ eyes of millions of men at the North are open to the
“ real character of the negro, and they have discovered,
“ from the experience of our troops and generals, what we
“ have so long proclaimed to them in vain, the natural
“ inferiority of the negro to the white man, which can no
“ more be removed than the colour of his skin by any
“ amount of legislation. It is the negro’s nature to be
“ the servant of the Caucasian race. ‘ He relies on his
“ master,’ says Mr. Cowan, ‘ with a sort of blind instinct.’
“ It is evident, therefore, that that part of the bloody
“ programme which contemplated servile insurrection is
“ already exploded. The negro is happier and better off,
“ physically and morally, socially, and religiously, under
“ the mild, Christian servitude of his white master at the
“ South, than he ever was in any other condition since
“ the dawn of creation, or ever will be till the coming
“ of the millennium. To leave the negro to himself, and
“ put him into competition with the white man, is to
“ destroy him as effectually as our civilization has de-
“ stroyed the red man of the forest. Servitude is the

“ negro’s normal condition. It is calculated to preserve
“ the race from extinction, and to render it happy and, at
“ the same time, subservient to the happiness of the
“ white man. That white men should wage a war of ex-
“ termination against white men, to change the condition
“ of blacks for the worse, is an absurdity too great for the
“ common sense of any people, and much more of the
“ intelligent and practical people of the United States.
“ Mr. Lincoln recognises the fact, and therefore, even if
“ the fanatics in Congress should succeed in carrying
“ their bill, it will be met with his veto.

“ It is evident, however, by the President’s Message,
“ that Mr. Lincoln thoroughly understands the whole
“ question involved in this stormy agitation on the
“ confiscation of property in the rebel States, and that
“ he has taken a sensible and Conservative view of it,
“ which, while it will undoubtedly provoke the indigna-
“ tion of the Abolition crew, will be received with satis-
“ faction by the Conservative element both in the North
“ and South.”

Besides the Abolitionists and the Democrats, there was a third party of the more moderate Republicans, whose chief representative was Mr. Seward, and who were disposed to look very jealously on any proposition to interfere with the domestic institutions of the seceding States. Just at this time a great emancipation meeting was held at New York, at which Mr. Montgomery Blair was invited to attend. This gentleman,

the Postmaster-General in Mr. Lincoln's Administration, is a Maryland man. By one of the political combinations so universal in American politics, he had been selected by the Republican party to fill this post on Mr. Lincoln's accession, not because he held anti-slavery views himself, but because it was believed that, out of personal connexions, he would support Mr. Chase, who did. The result, however, proved that on all questions connected with slavery he sympathised far more strongly with Mr. Seward than with the Abolitionist portion of the Cabinet. His dereliction of strict anti-slavery principles had long been surmised; and in his letter declining to attend the above-mentioned meeting, he stated very distinctly the grounds on which he differed from his more Republican colleagues. It was in the following words that he expounded his views:—

“ No one who knows my political career will suspect that I am influenced by any indisposition to put an end to slavery. I have left no opportunity unimproved to strike at it, and have never been restrained from doing so by personal considerations; but I have never believed that the abolition of slavery, or any other great reform, could, or ought to be effected, except by lawful and constitutional modes. The people have never sanctioned, and never will sanction, any other; and the friends of a cause should especially avoid all questionable grounds, when, as in the present instance, nothing else can long postpone their success.

“ There are two interests in slavery—the political
“ and property interests, held by distinct parties. The
“ rebellion originated with the political class. The
“ property class, which generally belonged to the Whig
“ organization, had lost no property in the regions
“ where the rebellion broke out, and was prosperous.
“ It was the Democratic organization, which did not
“ represent the slaveholders as a class, that hatched
“ the rebellion. Their defeat in the late political
“ struggle, and in the present rebellion, extinguishes at
“ once and for ever the political interest of slavery. . . .
“ It is not merely a question of constitutional law or
“ slavery with which we have to deal in securing per-
“ manent peace. The problem before us is the practi-
“ cal one of dealing with the relations of masses of two
“ different races in the same community. The cala-
“ mities now upon us have been brought about, not by
“ the grievances of the class claiming property in slaves,
“ but by the jealousy of caste, awakened by the Seces-
“ sionists in the non-slaveholders. It is this jealousy of
“ race which is chiefly to be considered. Emancipation
“ alone would not remove it. It was by proclaiming
“ to the labouring whites who filled the armies of re-
“ bellion that the election of Mr. Lincoln involved
“ emancipation, equality of the negroes with themselves,
“ and consequent amalgamation, that their jealousy was
“ stimulated to the fighting point. Nor is this jealousy
“ the fruit of mere ignorance and bad passion, as some

“ suppose, or confined to the white people of the
“ South. On the contrary, it belongs to all races, and,
“ like all popular instincts, proceeds from the highest
“ wisdom. It is, in fact, the instinct of self-preserva-
“ tion, which revolts at hybridism. Nor does this
“ instinct militate against the natural law, that all
“ men are created equal, if another law of nature,
“ equally obvious, is obeyed also. We have but to
“ restore the subject race to the same, or to a region
“ similar to that from which it was brought by violence,
“ to make it operative. And such a separation of
“ races was the condition which the immortal author of
“ the declaration himself declared to be indispensable
“ to give it practical effect. A student, not living in a
“ community where divers races are brought together
“ in masses, may stifle the voice of nature in his own
“ bosom, and, from a determination to live up to a
“ mistaken view of his doctrine, go so far as to extend
“ social intercourse, but few, even of such persons,
“ would pursue their doctrines as far as amalgamation,
“ and other legitimate consequences of their logic.
“ Indeed, for the most part, such persons in our
“ country, like the leading spirits in Exeter Hall, are
“ so far removed by their circumstances from any
“ practical equality with working people of any race,
“ that they have little sympathy for them, and nothing
“ to apprehend for themselves from the doctrine of
“ equality. Not so with the white working-man in

“ a community where there are many negroes. In such
“ circumstances, the distinction of caste is the only pro-
“ tection of the race from hybridism and consequent
“ extermination. That this jealousy of caste is the in-
“ stinct of the highest wisdom, and is fraught with the
“ greatest good, is abundantly attested by its effects on
“ our own race, in which it is stronger than in any
“ other. We conquer and hold our conquests by it.
“ The difficult question with which we have to deal is,
“ then, the question of race ; and I do not think it is
“ disposed of, or that our difficulties will be lessened by
“ wholesale emancipation, even if such an act was con-
“ stitutional. It would certainly add to the exaspera-
“ tion of the non-slaveholding whites of the South, and
“ would unite them against the Government, and if so,
“ they would be unconquerable. As matters now stand,
“ we can put down the rebellion, because the people of
“ the natural strongholds of the Southern country are
“ with us. It is chiefly in the low-lands, accessible
“ from the ocean, and navigable rivers and bays, that
“ treason is rampant. The mountain fastnesses, where
“ alone a guerilla war can be maintained, are now held
“ by Union men, and they are more numerous, more
“ robust, intelligent, and independent than the rebels.
“ It is chiefly the more degraded class of non-slave-
“ holders, who live in the midst of slavery, who are
“ now engaged against the Government. But the non-
“ slaveholders of the mountain and highland regions,

“ whilst for the Union, are not free from the jealousy
“ of caste ; and the policy I object to would, I fear, if
“ adopted, array them against us. Nor could we succeed
“ in our object, even if they were finally subdued and
“ exterminated, if we had to leave the negroes on the
“ soil ; for then other whites would take the country
“ and hold it against the negroes, and reduce them
“ again to slavery, or exterminate them. I am morally
“ certain, indeed, that to free the slaves of the South,
“ without removing them, would result in their massacre.

“ But this antagonism of race, which has led to our
“ present calamities, and might lead to yet greater if it
“ continues to be ignored, will deliver us from slavery
“ in the easiest, speediest, and best manner, if we re-
“ cognise it as what it is—the real and invincible cause
“ of trouble—and deal with it rationally. We have but
“ to propose to let the white race have the land intended
“ for them by their Creator, to turn the fierce spirit
“ aroused by the Secessionists to destroy the Union to
“ its support, and, at the same time, to break up the
“ slave system, by which the most fertile lands of the
“ temperate zone are monopolized and wasted. That is
“ the result which the logic of the census shows is being
“ worked out, and which no political management can
“ prevent being worked out. The essence of the contest
“ is, whether the white race shall hold these lands, or
“ whether they shall be held by the black race in the
“ name of a few whites.

“ The blacks could never hold them in their own
“ name, for we have seen how quickly that race has
“ disappeared when emancipated. Experience proves
“ what might have been inferred from their history,
“ that they have not maintained, and cannot maintain,
“ themselves in the temperate zone, in contact and com-
“ petition with the race to which that region belongs.
“ It is only when dependent that they can exist there.
“ But this service-relation is mischievous, and the com-
“ munity so constituted does not flourish and keep pace
“ with the spirit of the age. It has scarcely the same
“ claim to the immense area of land it occupies which
“ the aborigines had ; for, though the Indians occupied
“ larger spaces with fewer inhabitants, they did not
“ waste the land as the slave-system does. No political
“ management or sentimentalism can prevent the natural
“ overthrow of such a system in the end any more than
“ such means could avail to preserve the Indian posses-
“ sion and dominion. This rebellion, like the Indian
“ outbreaks, is but a vain attempt to stem the tide of
“ civilization and progress. The treachery, falsehood,
“ and cruelty perpetrated to maintain the possession of
“ negroes, scarcely less than that of the savages, mark
“ the real nature of the contest. Nevertheless, I believe
“ it might have been averted, if we had adopted Jef-
“ ferson’s counsels,* and made provision for a separation

* In 1780 Jefferson introduced a bill before the Legislature of Virginia, proposing that, after a certain period, all negroes born

“ of the races, providing suitable homes for the blacks
“ as we have for the Indians. It is still essential, in
“ order to abridge the conflict of arms and to fraternise
“ the people when that is past, to follow out Jefferson’s
“ advice. This most benevolent and sagacious of states-
“ men predicted all the evils which it has been our
“ misfortune to witness, unless we should avert them by
“ this, the only means which, after the most anxious
“ consideration, he could suggest. No statesman of our
“ day has given the subject so much reflection as he did,
“ or possesses the knowledge or ability to treat it so
“ wisely. Let us, then, listen to his counsels ; by doing

within the State should be free, and afterwards, at an adult age, be transported to some foreign country. The measure was never passed, and forty years afterwards, but a few years before his death, he wrote the following passage concerning it :—“The principles of the
“ measure were agreed on in the Committee ; that is to say, the
“ freedom of all born after a certain day, and deportation at a proper
“ age. But it was found that the public mind would not yet bear
“ the proposition, nor will it bear it even at this day (1821). Yet
“ the day is not distant when it must bear and adopt it, or worse will
“ follow. Nothing is more certainly written in the Book of Fate
“ than that these people are to be free ; nor is it less certain that
“ the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government.
“ Nature, habit, and opinion, have drawn indelible lines of distinction
“ between them. It is still in our power to direct the process of eman-
“ cipation and deportation peaceably and in such slow degrees as that
“ the evil will wear off insensibly, and their place be, *pari passu*, filled
“ up by free white labourers. If, on the contrary, it is left to force
“ itself on, human nature must shudder at the prospect held up. We
“ should in vain look for an example in the Spanish deportation or
“ deletion of the Moors. This precedent would fall far short of our
“ case.”—SMUCKER’S *Life of Jefferson*, p. 95.

“ so we shall establish a fraternity among the working-
“ men of the white race throughout the Union, which
“ never has yet existed, and give real freedom to the
“ black race, which cannot otherwise exist. Nor is it
“ necessary to the restoration of harmony and prosperity
“ to the Union that this policy should be actually and
“ compulsorily put in force. It is only necessary that
“ it should be adopted by the Government, and that it
“ be made known to the people that it is so adopted, in
“ order to extinguish hostility in the hearts of the masses
“ of the South towards the people of the North, and
“ secure their co-operation in putting an end to slavery.
“ No greater mistake was ever made than in supposing
“ that the masses of the South favour slavery. They
“ did not take up arms to defend it. The fact that
“ they oppose emancipation in their midst is the only
“ foundation for a contrary opinion. But the masses
“ of the North would be equally opposed to it if the
“ four millions of slaves were to be transported to their
“ midst. The prohibitory laws against their coming,
“ existing in all the States subject to such invasion,
“ prove this. On the other hand, the intense hostility
“ which is universally known to be felt by the non-
“ slaveholders of the South towards all negroes ex-
“ presses their real hostility to slavery, and it is the
“ natural form of expression under the circumstances.

“ It needs, therefore, but the assurance, which would
“ be given by the mere fact of providing homes for the

“ blacks elsewhere, that they are to be regarded as
“ sojourners when emancipated—as, in point of fact,
“ they are, and ever will be—to insure the co-operation
“ of non-slaveholders in their emancipation. Nor would
“ it require any immediate, universal, or involuntary
“ transportation, or that any injustice whatever be done
“ to the blacks. The more enterprising would soon
“ emigrate, and multitudes of less energy would follow,
“ if such success attended the pioneers, as the care
“ with which Government should foster so important
“ an object would, doubtless, insure; and, with such
“ facilities, it would require but few generations to put
“ the temperate regions of America in the exclusive
“ occupation of the white race, and to remove the only
“ obstacle to a permanent union of the States.”

These three views will give a fair impression of the state of feeling with which the North entered upon the question of Emancipation. I believe, myself, that a very large majority of the Northern people were represented fairly by Mr. Blair. I have entered elsewhere into the question of how far that antipathy to the negro race was reasonable or otherwise. As a matter of fact, the North, and Mr. Lincoln himself, dreaded the prospect of unconditional emancipation. The *Tribune*, which advocated emancipation on anti-slavery grounds, expressed the opinion of a small minority. The *Herald*, which supported the “peculiar institution” on pro-slavery arguments, represented a still smaller one. The

general feeling of the North upon the subject was an equal desire to make an end of slavery, and to get rid of the negro.

But throughout all these different opinions one desire reigned predominant, and that was, the desire to maintain the Union, The *Herald* was ready to sacrifice slavery, Mr. Blair to give up deportation, and, I almost fear, the *Tribune* to forsake emancipation, in order to preserve the Union. It was by appealing to this national instinct that each party sought to carry out its ends; and if the Abolitionists have triumphed, or will triumph, it is solely in virtue of the fact that circumstances have given weight to their appeal. I remember at this time a leading Abolitionist saying, in the presence of myself and of several Republican senators, "My only hope for the abolition of slavery rests upon the wilful obstinacy of our opponents, not the resolution of our supporters." The event, I think, has justified his words.

NOTABILITIES OF WASHINGTON.

No man, we all know, is a hero to his own valet ; and thus, whatever there may be of heroic amongst American public men, is hard to discern from the proximity at which you view them. American majesty has no externals to be stripped off, and you see her public men always *en deshabelle*. Accessibility seems the especial and universal attribute of American statesmanship. There is never any difficulty about seeing anybody, from the President downwards. Of course, the overwhelming pressure of State business during the civil war rendered public men more chary of their time than they would have been otherwise. But even then, the readiness with which Washington politicians received visits from strangers, and the openness with which they discussed public questions and the characters of public men, were to me perfectly astonishing. No doubt, as would be the case everywhere, a well-accredited foreigner is treated with less reserve than a chance

native visitor. But I was many times in the company of men holding high official positions in Washington, when strangers, not only to myself, but to most of the gentlemen in whose company I was, happened to be present, and yet the conversation was as unguarded as if we had been all friends, on whose discretion complete reliance could be reposed. And this state of things, I think, is due, not so much to the perfect social equality prevailing in the States, as to the general good-nature so common with Americans. In consequence of the total want of *solidarité*, to use a French word, existing between public men, everybody seems to stand on his own merits, to expect no support from, and to acknowledge no responsibility towards, his own colleagues, whether in office or in Congress. If a casual stranger were to ask Earl Russell whether he was really on cordial terms with Lord Palmerston, or if Mr. Gladstone were to state in a public room that he had absolutely no opinion of Sir Charles Wood, these remarks would hardly be stranger than many I have heard made of and by public men in America. With such a state of things, gossip is an institution of the country. Before you have been a week in Washington, you may learn the private history, friendships, and antipathies of every public man in the place, if you choose to listen to the talk you hear around you. With regard to the President himself, everybody spoke with an almost brutal frankness. Poli-

tically, at that time, Abraham Lincoln was regarded as a failure. Why he, individually, was elected, or rather, selected, nobody, to this day, seems to know. One thing is certain, amidst many uncertainties, that the North had no belief that his election would lead to the secession movement. Had this belief been entertained, a very different man would have been chosen for the post. Whether, under such circumstances, a Republican candidate would have been chosen at all is doubtful, but there is no doubt that Lincoln would not have been the man. As it was, the North desired to make a protest, and the name of Lincoln was as good a one to protest in as any other. It was for his negative, not his positive qualities that he was chosen, and the wonder is, that his positive merits have turned out as decided as they have done. A shrewd, hard-headed, self-educated man, with sense enough to perceive his own deficiencies, but without the instinctive genius which supplies the place of learning, he is influenced by men whom he sees through, but yet cannot detect. "An honest man" may be the "noblest work of God," but he is not the noblest product of humanity, and when you have called the President "honest Abe Lincoln," according to the favourite phrase of the American press, you have said a great deal, doubtless, but you have also said *all* that can be said in his favour. He works hard, and does little; and unites a painful sense of responsibility to a still more painful sense, perhaps, that his

work is too great for him to grapple with. Personally, his aspect is one which, once seen, cannot easily be forgotten. If you take the stock English caricature of the typical Yankee, you have the likeness of the President. To say that he is ugly is nothing: to add that his figure is grotesque is to convey no adequate impression. Fancy a man six-foot high, and thin *out of* proportion, with long bony arms and legs, which, somehow, seem to be always in the way, with large rugged hands, which grasp you like a vice when shaking yours, with a long scraggy neck, and a chest too narrow for the great arms hanging by its side; add to this figure, a head cocoa-nut shaped and somewhat too small for such a stature, covered with rough, uncombed and uncombable lank dark hair, that stands out in every direction at once; a face furrowed, wrinkled, and indented, as though it had been scarred by vitriol; a high narrow forehead; and, sunk deep beneath bushy eyebrows, two bright, somewhat dreamy eyes, that seemed to gaze through you without looking at you; a few irregular blotches of black bristly hair in the place where beard and whiskers ought to grow; a close-set, thin-lipped, stern mouth, with two rows of large white teeth; and a nose and ears, which have been taken by mistake from a head of twice the size. Clothe this figure, then, in a long, tight, badly-fitting suit of black, creased, soiled, and puckered up at every salient point of the figure—and every point of this figure is salient—put on large,

ill-fitting boots, gloves too long for the long bony fingers, and a fluffy hat, covered to the top with dusty, puffy crape ; and then add to all this an air of strength, physical as well as moral, and a strange look of dignity coupled with all this grotesqueness, and you will have the impression left upon me by Abraham Lincoln. You would never say he was a gentleman : you would still less say he was not one. There are some women about whom no one ever thinks in connexion with beauty, one way or the other—and there are men to whom the epithet of “gentlemanlike” or “ungentlemanlike” appears utterly incongruous, and of such the President is one. Still there is about him a complete absence of pretension, and an evident desire to be courteous to everybody, which is the essence, if not the outward form, of high-breeding. There is a softness, too, about his smile, and a sparkle of dry humour about his eye which redeem the expression of his face, and remind me more of the late Dr. Arnold, as a child’s recollection recalls him to me, than any other face I can call to memory.

On the occasion when I had the honour of passing some hours in company with the President, the gathering was a very small one, and consisted of persons with all of whom, except myself, he was personally acquainted. I have no doubt, therefore, that he was as much at his ease as usual, and yet the prevailing impression left upon my mind was that he felt uncomfortable. There was a

look of depression about his face, which, I am told by those who see him daily, was habitual to him, even before the then recent death of his child, whose loss he felt acutely. You cannot look upon his worn, bilious, anxious countenance, and believe it to be that of a happy man. In private life, his disposition, unless report and physiognomy both err, is a sombre one ; but, coupled with this, he has a rich fund of dry, Yankee humour, not inconsistent, as in the case of the nation itself, with a sort of habitual melancholy.

It was strange to me to witness the terms of perfect equality on which he appeared to be with everybody. Occasionally some of his interlocutors called him "Mr. President," but the habit was to address him simply as "Sir." There was nothing in his own manner, or in that of his guests, to have shown a stranger that the President of the United States was one of the company. He spoke but little, and seemed to prefer others talking to him to talking himself. But when he did speak, his remarks were always shrewd and sensible. The conversation, like that of all American official men I have ever met with, was unrestrained in the presence of strangers to a degree perfectly astonishing. It is a regard for English, rather than for American rules of etiquette, which induces me to abstain from reporting the conversation that I overheard. Every American public man, indeed, appears not only to live in a glass-house, but in a reverberating gallery, and to be abso-

lutely indifferent as to who sees or hears him. This much I may fairly say, that the President asked me several questions about the state of public feeling in England, and obviously, like almost all Americans, was unable to comprehend the causes which have alienated the sympathies of the mother-country. At the same time, it struck me that the tone in which he spoke of England was, for an American, unusually fair and candid. There are, perhaps, one or two Lincolniana which I may fairly quote, and which will show the style of his conversation. Some of the party began smoking, and Mr. Seward, who was present, remarked laughingly, "I have always wondered how any man could ever get to be President of the United States with so few vices. The President, you know, I regret to say, neither drinks nor smokes." "That," answered the President, "is a doubtful compliment. I recollect once being outside a stage in Illinois, and a man sitting by me offered me a cigar. I told him I had no vices. He said nothing, smoked for some time, and then grunted out, 'It's my experience in life that folks who have got no vices have plaguey few virtues.'"

This reminds me, by the way, of the almost incredible manner in which stories are coined about Mr. Lincoln. Some time afterwards, in the West, I travelled with a gentleman, who professed to be an intimate personal acquaintance of the President. After telling me a number of anecdotes to illustrate his reputed free and

easy manner, he told me that he had once been present in a Western law court, where Mr. Lincoln was engaged to defend a prisoner for murder. He came late, apologized to the judge for his detention, owing to his having over-slept himself, and then stated that he was never comfortable until he had smoked his morning cigar, and proposed, with the judge's permission, that they should have cigars all around. The permission being granted, he proceeded, with his cigar in his mouth, to defend his client. Now, unless I had had personal reason for knowing that Mr. Lincoln was not a smoker, I should certainly have recorded this with a variety of other similar anecdotes, as gospel truth, coming as they did on such apparently indubitable evidence. From all that I saw and heard myself, I have no doubt that Mr. Lincoln would say hosts of things which seem to us utterly undignified, but he is the last man to say anything which would seem undignified to himself. Unlike most Western politicians, he was noted for not being "hail fellow well met" with every bar-room loungee that he came across. He is a humourist, not a buffoon.

But to return to our interview. A gentleman present happened to tell how a friend of his had been expelled from New Orleans as a Unionist, and how, on his expulsion, when he asked to see the writ by which he was expelled, the deputation, which brought him the notice to quit, told him that the Confederate Government had made up their minds to do nothing unconstitutional,

and so they had issued no illegal writ, but simply meant to *make* him go of his own free will. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that reminds me of an hotel-keeper down at St. Louis, in the cholera time, who boasted that he had never had a death in his hotel. And no more he had, for, whenever a guest was dying in his house, he carried him out in his bed and put him in the street to die." At another time, the conversation turned upon the discussions as to the Missouri Compromise, and elicited the following quaint remark from the President:—"It used to amuse me some (*sic*) to find that the slaveholders wanted more territory because they had not room enough for their slaves, and yet they complained of not having the slave-trade because they wanted more slaves for their room."

While I am talking of these Lincoln anecdotes, which used to fill the columns of the American newspapers, let me mention a few which I have reason to believe authentic. Shortly after Mr. Cameron's resignation, an old acquaintance called upon the President, and, after American fashion, asked him point-blank why, when he turned out the Secretary of War, he did not get rid of the whole Cabinet. "Well, you know," was the answer, "there was a farmer, far West, whose fields were infested with skunks, so he set a trap and caught nine; he killed the first, but that made such an infernal stench that he thought he had better let the rest go." Again, at the first council of war,

after the President assumed the supreme command-in-chief of the army, in place of McClellan, the General did not attend, and excused himself next day by saying he had forgotten the appointment. "Ah, now," remarked Mr. Lincoln, "I recollect once being engaged " in a case for rape, and the counsel for the defence " asked the woman why, if, as she said, the rape was " committed on a Sunday, she did not tell her husband " till the following Wednesday? and when the woman " answered, she did not happen to recollect it—the " case was dismissed at once." The wit, indeed, of many of these anecdotes is too Aristophanic to be quoted here, but there is one other which will bear repeating. When the rebel armies were closely beleaguering Washington, two gentlemen insisted, late one night, on seeing the President, in order to inform him of a plot they had discovered on the part of some government officials for communicating with the enemy by means of signals. The President listened attentively to their story, which was clearly of the *gobemouche* order, and on inquiring what remedy his informants proposed, was told, after some hesitation, that the best plan would be to replace the traitorous officials by loyal men like themselves. "Gentlemen, " gentlemen," was the President's comment, "I see it " is the same old, old coon. Why could you not tell " me at once that you wanted an office, and save your " own time as well as mine?"

Stories such as these read dull enough in print. Unless you could give also the dry chuckle with which they are accompanied, and the gleam in the speaker's eye, as, with the action habitual to him, he rubs his hand down the side of his long leg, you must fail in conveying a true impression of their quaint humour. This sort of Socratic illustration is his usual form of conversation amongst strangers, but I believe in private life he is a man of few words, and those simple ones. Let me close my description with one remark he made of a more reflective character, and which, though perhaps not of great value in itself, is curious as coming from a man who has achieved distinction. Speaking of the fluency of American orators, he said, "It is very common in this country to find great facility of expression, and common, though not so common, to find great lucidity of thought. The combination of the two faculties in one person is uncommon indeed; but whenever you do find it, you have a great man."

For very obvious reasons the public press of the North was, at this period, almost unanimously, in favour of Mr. Lincoln. The Republican papers could not criticize their own nominee—the champion of their first triumph—without damaging their own party. The Democratic journals were afraid of driving the President into the arms of the Republicans, and therefore outvied their rivals in the ardour of their encomiums. From these

causes, to judge from the language of the press, you might have supposed that the whole hope and confidence of the country was reposed in "Abe Lincoln." But the truth is, that the talk then current of proposing him for re-election was not a genuine one, and that when the President leaves the White House, he will be no more regretted, though more respected, than Mr. Buchanan. When Wendell Phillips described him as "a first-rate second-rate man," he uttered one of those epigrammatic sarcasms which stick to their victim for ever.

So much for Mr. Lincoln. At the time when I was in Washington, Mr. Seward did not stand high in popular favour. His career as Minister is curiously illustrative of the working of American politics. When Mr. Lincoln's administration was formed, Secession was not believed in as a serious contingency, and the ministers were selected by, or rather chosen for, the President, not as the fittest men to grapple with the situation, but in order to satisfy the conflicting sections of the political party which had carried the Presidential election: New York was the head-quarters of the moderate pro-slavery, or, more fairly speaking, un-anti-slavery Republicans, and Mr. Seward and Mr. Thurlow Weed were the leading politicians of the party in New York State; the latter gentleman being supposed to be the Moses, and the former the Aaron of the partnership. To satisfy this section—the most influential one of the Republicans, Mr. Seward was appointed Secre-

tary of State ; he was the one man of sterling ability and thorough energy amongst the ministers ; and, partly by talent, still more by sheer self-assertion, became for a time almost a dictator in the Cabinet ; he had, too, the merit of first recognising that the North was in earnest, and his passport system, his arrests, and his suspension of the *habeas corpus*, ill-advised, perhaps, as they may have been, were, at the time, welcome to the nation as a proof that the Government was in earnest also. If he could have kept from writing despatches, he would have remained invincible ; but, after all, explain it as you will, the *beau rôle* in the *Trent* affair was not that of the United States, and the Americans are too sharp a people to be able long to delude themselves with the flattering unction that they had won a great diplomatic victory : hence the Secretary of State suffered, perhaps unjustly, as the scapegoat for the national humiliation. For a time, General McClellan became, practically, the chief person in the State and in the Cabinet ; and on his comparative decline in popularity, Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, directed the Presidential policy ; but after every reverse, sooner or later, the Secretary of State has re-established his position by virtue of his intellectual ability.

My first reflection, I remember, at meeting Mr. Seward, was one of wonder that so small a man should have been near creating a war between two great

nations—a man, I should think little over five feet and a half in height, and of some sixty years in age, small made, with small, delicate hands and feet, and a spare, wiry body, scanty, snow-white hair, deep sunk, clear, grey eyes, a face perfectly clean shaved, and a smooth, colourless skin, of a sort of parchment texture. Such were the outward features that struck me at once. He was in his office when first I saw him, dressed in black, with his waistcoat half-unbuttoned, one leg over the side of his arm-chair, and a cigar stuck between his lips. Barring the cigar and the attitude, I should have taken him for a shrewd, well-to-do attorney, waiting to learn a new client's story: you are at your ease with him at once; there is a frankness and *bonhommie* about his manner which renders it, to my mind, a very pleasant one. In our English phrase, Mr. Seward is good company. A good cigar, a good glass of wine, and a good story, even if it is *tant soit peu risqué*, are pleasures which he obviously enjoys keenly. Still, a glance at that spare, hard-knit frame, and that clear, bright eye, shows you that no pleasure, however keenly appreciated, has been indulged in to excess throughout his long, laborious career; and more than that, no one who has had the pleasure of seeing him amongst his own family can doubt about the kindness of his disposition. It is equally impossible to talk much with him without perceiving that he is a man of remarkable ability; he has read much, especially of

modern literature, travelled much, and seen much of the world of men, as well as that of books. His political principles seem to me drawn from the old Whig school of the bygone *Edinburgh Review* days, and you can trace easily the influence that the teaching of Brougham, and Jeffreys, and Sidney Smith have had upon his mind. What struck me most in conversation with him was a largeness of view, very rare amongst American politicians. The relative position of America with respect to Europe, and the future of his country, are matters he can discuss with sense as well as patriotism. That his intellect is practical rather than philosophical, and that he is unduly impatient of abstract theories, I am inclined to suspect. In other words, he is a man of action rather than thought—a politician, not a reformer. The stories circulated over here so freely about Mr. Seward's being a man addicted to intemperance, I am convinced, are utterly unfounded. Conviviality has not gone so much out of fashion across the Atlantic as it has with us, and the Secretary of State is a man not likely to be more rigid in his observance of social rules than the society he lives amongst; but whatever Mr. Seward's indulgences may be, or may have been, they are never of such a nature as to incapacitate him from the discharge of his public duties. It is reported that not long ago some politicians of influence and of strict Puritan principles urged the President to remove the Secretary of State on the

ground of incompetency, to which application the answer was made that a man who worked three times as many hours, and did three times as much in one hour as any of his colleagues, could hardly be incompetent, whatever else might be his failings.

Mr. Seward's conversation is not epigrammatic, and, though pleasant and sensible, has not much in it which will bear repeating. He talked to me on one occasion for a length of time upon the possibility of re-constructing the Union, and the purport of his remarks resembled very closely the gist of Mr. Blair's letter, which I quoted in my last chapter—so much so, indeed, as to suggest to me that, in all probability, the speaker had dictated the document. The great point on which he laid stress was, that English critics failed to appreciate the difference between slavery as a social and slavery as a political institution. The two, in his opinion, were totally distinct. The effect of the present war—he was speaking then in last March—had been to destroy the political power of slavery. The Southern politicians had taken up the advocacy of “the peculiar institution,” not for love of the system, but in order to establish their political predominance. When once it became clear that slavery was a decaying institution, no party, either North or South, would identify its fortunes with their own. The Democrats, or whatever new organization corresponded to the defunct Democratic party, would give up slavery, just as the English land-owners have given up protection. Henceforth, every

man who wished to rise in political life, would profess anti-slavery opinions, for exactly the same cause as hitherto he might have professed pro-slavery ones. The rising generation would assume Christian antipathy to slavery as part of their political creed, and the support of the system would be confined to a small and decreasing minority. This view, of course, was based upon the idea that in a fair fight the power of the Slave States would have succumbed to that of the Free States, and that, therefore, the whole prestige of slavery would be gone. When once the supremacy of the North was clearly established, the South, so he held, would reconcile itself to its fate. People in this world do not continue long fighting for a cause that is absolutely hopeless; and, if it could be proved that the cause of slavery was hopeless, its adherents would fall away from it with marvellous rapidity. In America public opinion changes with a suddenness which older States can scarcely credit; and, therefore, the fact that at this moment the South appeared to be unanimous in favour of slavery, was no reason that, in a few months' time, the majority, even of the Slave States, might not have reconciled themselves to abolition. Of the future of the negro, he did not speak sanguinely. Right or wrong, he obviously shared the ordinary American opinion as to the impossibility of the black and white races associating on equal terms. By the action of the same laws, which had operated already in New York and New England,

the negro would die out unless protected by the artificial legislation of the slave system. His own observation throughout life had led him to the conviction that the climate and habits of the North were fatal, in the long run, to the health and prosperity of coloured citizens. In his own house, he could recall, when a boy, half a dozen members of different negro families [emancipation did not take place in New York till 1820]; but at the present moment, though he had kept in sight the negroes of his father's household, and their descendants, he did not believe that there were three or four of them left; while the white members of the same household, whose history he had also followed, now counted the number of their descendants by hundreds. In the colonization project, as it appeared to me, he had little faith; and he obviously looked to the solution of the negro question by the gradual dying out of the black race, as soon as emancipation had really begun to work.

Probably the most striking-looking of the ministers is Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury. His head would be a treasure to any sculptor as a model of benevolence. His lofty, spacious forehead, his fresh, smooth countenance, his portly figure, and his pleasant, kindly smile, all seem to mark the stock old philanthropist of the stage, created to be the victim and providence of street-beggars. One wonders how so kind-looking a man can find it in his heart to tax anybody; and I believe this much is true, that a man of less ability

and sterner mould would have made a better financier than Mr. Chase has proved. Mr. Blair, though a Maryland man, is the only one of the ministers who has what we consider the characteristic Yankee type of face—the high cheek bones, sallow complexion, and long, straight hair. Of Mr. Gideon Welles, the Secretary for the Navy, who expressed such premature approval of Capt. Wilkes, there is little to be said, except that he wears a long white beard, and a stupendous white wig, which cause him to look like the heavy grandfather in a genteel comedy, and that there is such an air of ponderous deliberation about his face, that you ask yourself whether the “modern Rip-Van-Winkle,” as the *Herald* used to style him, has ever clearly realized, in so short a time as one year, that America is in a state of civil war. Mr. Stanton was laid up with illness most of the time that I was in Washington, so that I saw but very little of him. In look, he is the least distinguished of any of the ministers, and the expression of his face is by no means a pleasant one. Mr. Bates, of Missouri, the Attorney-General, is a shrewd, quiet lawyer, very much like elderly legal authorities in other parts of the world.

Americans complain constantly that *we* know nothing of their public men. The complaint is hardly a fair one, as there are barely half a dozen English statesmen to whom Americans attach the slightest individuality; and the names of our minor celebrities, such as Lowe and Layard, would convey as little to American ears as

those of Colfax or Conkling would do to us. Amongst men not in power at this period, the one, I own, that impressed me most was Caleb Cushing, known, and that not altogether favourably, to the English public as Attorney-General under President Pierce's administration, during the Frampton difficulty. From his connexion with the old Democratic party, and his reputed sympathy with the Secession leaders, he was out of favour with the country and the Government, and, above all, with his own State of Massachusetts, where a bitter personal prejudice exists against him. Having had the pleasure of meeting him frequently and intimately, I found him to be a man of extreme acuteness, and immense and varied reading, and, indeed, one of the pleasantest companions whom it has been my fortune to meet with in life. While the war lasts, he has little chance of re-entering public life. But I am much mistaken if a man of his power and ability does not, before long, play an important part in the politics of his country.

This record would be incomplete unless I were to say something of Mr. Sumner. He is too well known in Europe to need much description. Many of my readers are acquainted, doubtless, with that great, sturdy, English-looking figure, with the broad, massive forehead, over which the rich mass of nut-brown hair, streaked here and there with a line of grey, hangs loosely; with the deep blue eyes, and the strangely

winning smile, half bright, half full of sadness. He is a man whom you would notice amongst other men, and whom, not knowing, you would turn round to look at as he passed by you. Sitting in his place in the Senate, leaning backwards in his chair, with his head stooping slightly over that great, broad chest, and his hands resting upon his crossed legs, he looks, in dress, and attitude, and air, the very model of an English country gentleman. A child would ask him the time in the streets, and a woman would come to him unbidden for protection. You can read in that worn face of his—old before its time—the traces of a life-long struggle, of disappointment and hope deferred, of ceaseless obloquy and cruel wrong. Such a life-training as this is a bad one for any man, and it has left its brand on the senator for Massachusetts. There are wrongs which the best of men forgive without forgetting, and, since Brook's brutal assault upon him, those who know him best, say they can mark a change in Charles Sumner. He is more bitter in denunciation, less tolerant in opposition, just rather than merciful. Be it so. It is not with soft words or gentle answers that men fight as Sumner has fought against cruelty and wrong.

MR. RUSSELL AND MR. STANTON.

IT is one of the unfortunate elements in the relations between England and America that the Americans should combine such an almost morbid desire for English appreciation, with such a fatal ingenuity in offending English taste. There probably has been no action on the part of the American Government which created such disgust, and such reasonable disgust, throughout England, as the treatment of Mr. Russell. I am not going in any way to defend the conduct of the Washington Cabinet. I only wish to point out the facts which render the act less inexcusable than it may appear on this side the Atlantic. Let me say at starting, that I trust no word of mine will be understood as written in disparagement of Mr. Russell. It is superfluous to say that I have the highest admiration for his remarkable literary ability. To any one who knows him it is equally superfluous to add, that even a very slight acquaintance is sufficient to create a feeling towards him of genuine friendliness. My whole object

is to state what I believe to be the true state of the case. The actual circumstances of the refusal on the part of the Government at Washington to allow Mr. Russell to accompany the Army of the Potomac were given in his own correspondence. Nothing could be more accurate or temperate than his statement which he published in the *Times*. There are some points on which, I consider, he does more than justice to his adversaries. The fact of his approaching departure to join the expeditionary force was, as I can testify, a subject of common conversation in Washington society for days beforehand, and it is incredible to me that the Secretary of War should not have been aware of the fact, and that, therefore, the delay in informing Mr. Russell that he could not be allowed to prosecute his journey till he was actually on board the steamer, which was to convey him down the Potomac, should not have been purposely intended as a petty slight. There is also, to my mind, something inconceivably small in the excuse put forward by Mr. Stanton. The order which professed to exclude all newspaper correspondents whatever, was simply issued in order to exclude Mr. Russell, and as soon as this object was accomplished, was rescinded, as far as American correspondents were concerned. That this explanation of the Secretary of War's conduct is the correct one, was proved by a statement in the *New York Tribune*, of April 6th, which at that period was Mr. Stanton's especial organ:—"It turns out," the *Tribune*

wrote, "that the order from the War Department prohibiting all correspondents from accompanying the army was framed merely for the purpose of excluding Russell. . . . Secretary Stanton's order of prohibition has been revoked." Finally, I consider that the commonest courtesy to a stranger and a gentleman, required that Mr. Russell's repeated personal and written requests for an interview should at least have been honoured with an immediate reply from the War Department.

On all these points I should, if I had been subjected to the same treatment, have spoken more bitterly than Mr. Russell did at the time, or has done since. But, in justice to the Government, it should be understood that the act was Mr. Stanton's individual one, not the collective one of the Cabinet. The most extraordinary feature about the American Government in foreign opinion is the utter absence of any *solidarité* between its component parts. It is possible, and, from what I learnt privately, I believe certain, that Mr. Stanton's decision to deny Mr. Russell the right of joining the army was not communicated to, and still less sanctioned by, any other member of the Ministry. I have reason to know that both the President and Mr. Seward expressed personal regret at the occurrence, though they admitted, reluctantly, that it was not a case in which they were justified in over-riding the judgment of their colleague. I know, too, that the influence of General McClellan,

which at the time was rapidly on the wane in Washington, was exerted in Mr. Russell's favour. The credit or discredit of the act was due to Mr. Stanton, and Mr. Stanton alone. The slight, it is also fair to add, was a slight to Mr. Russell as correspondent of the *Times*, not as an Englishman. Mr. Russell himself repeatedly expressed his sense of the unvarying courtesy and consideration he had received in the North, both officially and privately. In common, too, with every other Englishman who has visited America during the war, I am certain he would join with me in bearing witness to the fact that, far from one's character as an Englishman exposing one to annoyance, it is, in itself, almost a guarantee for a kind and hospitable reception. Whatever animosity there exists towards England, does not extend, as yet, to Englishmen as individuals.

The motives which induced Mr. Stanton to take such a step were much canvassed at the period in Washington. The assigned reason was obviously a mere pretext. No letters of Mr. Russell could possibly have afforded valuable information to the enemy. Within a day or two of the date of this order Mr. Stanton stated publicly that the Federal army *must* be in Richmond before another fortnight, and therefore any intelligence communicated to the Confederates five or six weeks after date could not have been expected to be of damage to the Federal expedition. Moreover, the information received by the Confederates was so

accurate and copious, that they had no need to look for it in foreign newspapers. The frontier-line between Secessia and the North is too long a one, and the sympathizers with the South in the Border Slave States are too numerous, for news to be kept from passing. A small circumstance came under my own observation which convinced me of this notorious fact. Just after McClellan had landed at Yorktown, a party of senators and their friends went down to Fortress Monroe; the fort stands on a peninsula connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of land, so that any unauthorized communication would appear to be impossible; yet on the morning following their visit, a full report of the party and their doings appeared in the papers published at Norfolk, which was then in the possession of the Confederates. Moreover, while the American newspapers were allowed to report progress day after day, it is absurd to suppose that the files of an English journal could add to the intelligence of the enemy's progress received by the Confederates. Mr. Stanton never obtained in his own country the estimate for ability which at one time was assigned to him by English critics. His sole claim to distinction was that he possessed, or rather was presumed to possess, resolution and energy. He owed his popularity to the fact that he had acuteness enough to perceive that in revolutionary times the most determined party was certain to gain the upper hand, and that, perceiving

this, he threw all his influence into the scale of the anti-slavery Republicans. There were, of course, all kinds of rumours as to the motives of his apparent animosity towards Mr. Russell; the common impression was, that he took offence at some comments on himself in the *Times'* correspondence. I was told, indeed, by one who moved much behind the scenes of political life at Washington, that the antagonism at this period between the Secretary of War and the Commander-in-Chief was much stronger in appearance than in reality, and that it was owing to some allusion as to the existence of a private understanding between McClellan and Stanton that Mr. Russell fell under the latter's displeasure. For my own part, I much doubt the truth of any of these stories; nor do I believe that the act was due to personal pique. Mr. Stanton was then bidding for the next Presidency, and the main object of Mr. Russell's expulsion was to gain popularity, and make political capital for the Secretary of War. That the step should have been a popular one is not altogether so unnatural as it may appear to us.

The impression formed in America of Mr. Russell's letters was based much more on general ideas than on actual perusal. Washington is the only capital I have ever lived in where there was not a single reading-room, or hotel, or coffee-house which took in an English newspaper. During the whole of my journey, New York and Boston were the only towns where I could

get a sight of the *Times*. The American newspapers, during the latter part of Mr. Russell's sojourn, never copied the *Times'* correspondent's letters in full. All that they gave from time to time were short, and often garbled, extracts, quoted with a view of exposing misstatements of fact, or erroneous prophecies, which the editors believed they had discovered in Mr. Russell's correspondence. Most unjustly, too, he had the credit of inspiring, if not of writing, every ill-natured or disparaging remark that appeared in the *Times* on the subject of America. Moreover, the *New York Herald* pursued "Bull Run Russell," as it used to style him, with a virulence rare even in that journal. The stories daily circulated about him refuted themselves by their very inconsistency. Sometimes, he was stated never to have been near the battle-field of Bull Run at all; sometimes, to have seen the whole battle, and deliberately falsified his account; and, finally, to have caused the defeat by creating a panic through the rapidity of his flight before the battle commenced. Still, according to the old proverb, "if you throw mud enough, some of it is sure to stick;" and, undoubtedly, Mr. Russell was injured in popular estimation by the libels of the *Herald*. There was a general, though unfounded impression, among the American people, that his whole mission was to misrepresent their country, depreciate their victories, vilify their public men, and support, indirectly, the

cause of disunion, by creating an unfavourable feeling towards the North throughout England. The removal, therefore, of Mr. Russell was, in itself, acceptable to the North; and with that confusion between braggadocio and courage so natural in an untried nation, which understands neither its true weakness nor its real strength, the manner in which Mr. Stanton contrived to dismiss the *Times* correspondent appeared to the popular Yankee mind rather a fine act of devil-may-care dignity. That this should be so, is not a pleasing or creditable trait of the American people. Still, in judging of it, we ought to remember—(what Englishmen rarely seem to me to remember at all)—that this is a civil war, and different in its whole nature from any war that we have known in our own country during modern times. Supposing, during the Indian Mutiny, there had been an American correspondent with the British army, whose letters created a sensation throughout the world, and who was supposed to take the side of the Sepoys, and to doubt the massacres of Cawnpore, or the justice of British vengeance; I ask any candid Englishman, how long he thinks that correspondent would have been allowed to remain unmolested?

I have expressed freely my views with regard to Mr. Russell, as I did at the time, at the risk of giving offence to my American friends; and, therefore, I may fairly add, that it is unjust if the opponents of the North argue from the fact of Mr. Russell's dismissal

either that the Government of Washington was afraid of the truth being known, or that virtual freedom of the press did not exist during the civil war. The whole nature, indeed, of the censorship exercised over the press has been extremely exaggerated. Personally I hold an opinion, which is shared in by many Americans, that the censorship system was a fundamental mistake. It was impossible to hinder the enemy from obtaining information; and if the nation had known fully what the army was doing, I believe the increase in the national enthusiasm throughout the North would have more than compensated for any loss in military action. The war must be considered a popular volunteer war, not as a regular military contest—a fact to which the Government were then but gradually opening their eyes. It is only very slowly in America that, in every department, new modes of thought and action are developed, so as to suit the genius of the New World. The first tendency of the American mind is to try, in every case, the remedies and systems of the Old World. That a people's war might be conducted with a perfectly free press was too go-a-head an idea for an Anglo-Saxon country to grasp at once, and so, there being a war, it was supposed that there ought to be a censorship of the press as well.

At the accession of Mr. Lincoln, the telegraph office, like every other institution in the district of Columbia, was filled with Secessionists, and it was discovered that

all messages sent by the Government were telegraphed, in duplicate, to the South ; in consequence, the direction of the telegraph was taken into the hands of the War Department. When McClellan assumed command of the army, he sent for the correspondents of the different American journals, and informed them that their being permitted to remain at Washington was conditional on their not sending news of any military movements without authorization. It should be remembered that at this period the outposts of the Confederate army were within sight of the Capitol. There was no revision exercised over a correspondent's letters, but he wrote on *parole*, and at risk of dismissal. No despatch, however, could be forwarded by telegraph without previous perusal by the Government authorities ; and this censorship was carried out with great rigour. It was found out after Mr. Stanton's accession to office that the *Tribune* was allowed free license to use the telegraph. The proprietors of the other American newspapers remonstrated in a body, and the right of telegraphing at all was removed, in consequence, from all correspondents of the press at Washington ; so that no intelligence could be "wired," according to the American phrase, except such as the War Department considered fit to communicate. When the advance of the Potomac Army became imminent, Mr. Stanton stretched still further the limits of his authority, and required written despatches of correspondents to be submitted to Govern-

ment approval before transmission. This rule, however, referred only to military matters ; on political questions, and on the political bearing of military measures, there was perfect freedom of discussion, as far as the Government was concerned. On one or two occasions, some of the Ministers, including Mr. Seward, tried to suppress the publication of comments on political topics which were not in accordance with their own views ; but the press always resisted the attempt, and with success. No doubt, on military movements, the censorship was absolute. For a fortnight after the Army of the Potomac had left Washington, and sailed down the river to Fortress Monroe, no distinct statement of the fact was allowed to appear in the New York papers. What possible use there could have been in not mentioning a circumstance known to every soul in New York, who had any interest in finding it out, and known at Richmond as soon as at Washington, is a question hard to answer ; but any step which had the appearance of energy was very welcome at that moment to the American people.

Nobody who read the Northern newspapers could entertain any doubt as to their perfect freedom of speech, with regard to the institutions and statesmen of the country. In political matters there was a reckless license of discussion which sometimes made me regret the absence of a censorship. Whatever interference there was with the freedom of the press came

from the tyranny of public opinion. How far a newspaper advocating openly secession views would have been tolerated in the North is a point on which it is difficult to form an opinion. At the outbreak of the war, Benjamin Wood's paper, the *Daily News* of New York, which was supposed to favour secession, was refused conveyance by the Government mails, a refusal which proved fatal to its existence. The only prominent instance of mob interference with the press was after the fall of Fort Sumter, when a mob collected round the *Herald* office, and were only prevented from pulling the place down by Gordon Bennett's coming forward and displaying the Union flag from his windows. I suspect the law would have gone hard with any editor who laid himself open to the charge of treason, by advocating secession outspokenly; and an American jury would probably have awarded slight damages for any assault on his person or property. Still, I feel that if there was an invasion of England, I would not give much for the safety of any newspaper which proposed submission to the French. When a free people is excited and almost unanimous, there never can be perfect liberty of opinion for a dissentient minority. It may be urged, with some reason, that though hitherto freedom of the press has been allowed in political matters, yet the censorship on military discussions is the first step to a general censorship. This question is connected with the wider one, as to the possibility of a

military dictatorship, which should be discussed separately. Let me only say, that the safety of the country from this danger, if it exists at all, lies in the size of the army. The army itself is too vast to acquire the military *esprit du corps*. A Napoleon, with a compact force of one hundred thousand men, might be a source of peril to free government, but, in America, the volunteers have amounted to from six to seven times that number. They have been drawn from every class of society, and are connected with the several interests of every separate State, and, above all, they have never had a general abler than McClellan. "Freedom of the press," wrote Jefferson, "freedom of the person, under the protection of the *habeas corpus*, and trial by juries impartially selected, are the principles which have guided our steps. Should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety." This, in spite of the eccentricities of Mr. Stanton, was, and is still, the creed of the great majority of Americans.

GLIMPSES OF SLAVERY.

THERE are some things an author has a right to assume. I am perfectly justified in asserting, as a fact, that the earth moves round the sun, though, in company with nineteen-twentieths of my readers, I am utterly unacquainted with the grounds on which Galileo's discovery was established. So I do not consider it necessary to prove to my readers that slavery is a bad thing. If their knowledge of the world, and their experience of their own hearts, does not teach them what tyrants we should all be if we held irresponsible power over our fellow-creatures, let them study the records and evidence of the anti-slavery reports in the days before emancipation; and if they are not convinced that slavery is an evil to master as well as slave, I hardly know what to say to them. As to the people—if there be any such in England—who *bonâ fide* believe the stories such as I have read in *Blackwood's* veracious pages, of slaves with gold watches, and monies in the savings-banks, and an intelligent preference for slavery, I can

no more argue with them than with lunatics of any other description.

It is not necessary—at least, I hope and trust it is not necessary—to demonstrate the evils of slavery to the vast majority of my readers. During my residence in the States, I had neither opportunity nor inclination to make researches into the cruelties of the slavery system. The sight of misery one cannot in any way relieve is a very painful one ; and personally I have such a hatred of slavery, that, while in the Slave States, I always preferred to give myself the benefit of the doubt, and try to fancy, as long as it was possible for me to do so, that the negroes I came across were free negroes, not slaves. I see little good in quoting the individual cases of cruelty or barbarity which I heard reported privately. I had not the power to trace out the truth of any particular instance, and I doubt the use of quoting exceptional instances. Like every traveller, however, who keeps his eyes open, and who is willing to see what passes before him, I caught some glimpses of the slavery system. Let me point out a few which are matters of public notoriety, resting on unquestionable documentary evidence, not on hearsay report. There may be little, perhaps, of novelty in them, but there are some facts which should be kept before the world in season and out of season ; and of such, in my mind, are the facts about slavery.

Of course we all know, or if we do not know it is

not for want of telling, that the slaves are contented and happy, and have no wish for freedom. It may be so; but if so, it is hard to explain why the papers of the Slave States are filled with advertisements of run-away slaves. Every day, for instance, in the *Baltimore Sun*, which I used to see constantly at Washington, there appeared a row of advertisements, of which the following may be taken as types:—

“3d March, 1862.

“25 dollars (5*l.*) reward. Ran away, March 2d, from the farm of Mrs. S. B. Mayo, in Anne Arundel county, negro boy, John Stewart. He is 19 or 20 years of age; 5 feet 9 or 10 inches high; very prominent mouth and large front teeth; *light* complexion; has a stupid look when spoken to; his father lives in Annapolis. Any one who will arrest and secure him in jail can receive the above reward.

“T. H. GAITHER, *Howard Co^y.*”

Mr. Gaither is the owner of John Stewart, of light complexion, and had hired him to Mrs. Mayo. Doubtless, on his delivery at home, the misguided lad would have the fatted calf killed for him, in honour of the prodigal's return.

“13th March, 1862.

“200 dollars reward (40*l.*). Ran away from the subscriber, living in the upper part of Calvert county, in September last, my negro man Thomas, who calls

“ himself Thomas Jones. He is about 5 feet 6 to 9
 “ inches high ; dark chestnut colour ; stout and well
 “ built ; very likely ; large white teeth ; with full suit
 “ of hair (plaited when he left home) ; the whites of
 “ his eyes show very much when spoken to ; had on
 “ white fuiled (*sic*) cloth peajacket, dark cloth panta-
 “ loons, and cloth cap. I have no doubt that he is in
 “ or about Washington or Bladensburgh, as he left a
 “ day or two before Colonel Cowdin’s regiment left ;
 “ or, if in Baltimore, he is with the Jones’ or Kayes’,
 “ his free relatives. I will give the above reward, if
 “ taken out of the State of Maryland or the district
 “ of Columbia ; one hundred dollars if taken in the
 “ district of Columbia, or any county of the State
 “ except Calvert ; and fifty dollars if taken in Calvert
 “ county. In either case, to be delivered to me or
 “ secured in jail, so that I get him again.

“ JONATHAN Y. BARBER,

“ *Friendship A. A. Co^y.*”

It is melancholy to reflect, that six months’ absence
 from the delights of home should have failed to con-
 vince Thomas of his mistake. What can one expect
 of a human being valued at 40*l.* sterling, and provided
 with cloth pantaloons, who prefers the society of mean
 free men of colour to involuntary servitude, and who,
 reversing the example of Mr. Herbert of Clytha,
 has actually the audacity to appropriate the name of

Jones? It is really pleasant to consider that Jonathan Y. Barber, of Friendship, does not yet despair of Thomas's repentance. It is not every slave who has been demoralized by permission to use a surname, as the next advertisement will teach us :—

“20th March, 1862.

“180 dollars (36*l.*) reward. Ran away from the subscriber, near Bladensburgh, boy Anthony, commonly called ‘Toney.’ He is 5 feet 5 inches high; very black; short hair; grum countenance when spoken to; with a small scar over one of his eyes. Went away with a black jacket and United States’ buttons on it, casinet pants, and yellow gauntlet gloves. I will give 180 dollars to any one who will bring him home to me.

“FIELDER MAGRUDER.”

Probably a short experience of the sorrows of freedom will amend “Toney’s” moral nature, and teach him to look pleasant when spoken to by Fielder Magruder.

But to me the saddest of all these exhibitions of human depravity was contained in an advertisement which appeared for days together. It was as short as it was sad :—

“15th March, 1862.

“Ran away from the subscriber, 13th March, negro woman, Ellen, aged about forty years, and her boy

“ Joe, aged seven years. They are both yellow colour.
“ Ellen has a defect in one eye ; Joe is bright yellow.
“ I will pay a liberal reward for their arrest.

“ JOSHUA M. BOSLEY.”

At last the advertisements stopped. Was the search given up as useless ? or, was the liberal reward earned and paid ? God knows.

Down in the Southern States, the course of proceeding was more business-like. In Utopia it is clear that it will be the finder of a purse, not the loser, who advertises it. If it were certain that we all followed the Christian precept of doing to others as we would that others should do to us, we should be aware that every one who found our lost property would leave no stone unturned to restore it to us. It is pleasing to find that in the chivalrous slaveholding South there is an approach to Utopian honesty. It is the finders of stray human property there, not the losers, who advertise the fact. There is an obvious economy of labour about this arrangement. It is much cheaper for the Post Office to publish a list of unclaimed letters, than for every person who expects a letter which has been misdirected to advertise for its discovery. So it is with slaves in the South. Any slave found straying is sure to be committed to jail ; so that there is no necessity for a lost slave to be advertised for. Every slaveholder is always ready to do his duty.

So, in the Slave States, the number of advertisements for runaway slaves are few, but the number of advertisements of runaways committed to jail are plentiful. In Tennessee, I observed, in one day, in one paper, thirty advertisements of commitments to jail, which ran as follows :—

“Committed to jail of Davidson county, 21st April, 1862, a negro woman, who says her name is Lucinda, and belongs to William Donalson, of Davidson county. The said woman is about 28 or 30 years old, dark copper colour. The owner is requested to come forward and prove property, and pay charges as the law directs.

“ JAMES M. HINTON,
“ *Sheriff and Jailor, D.C.*”

Of these thirty human chattels committed to the jail of Nashville till their owners could come forward and prove property, three were women, twenty-four were men, and the rest were, according to their own statement, *free* men of colour. This latter fact is worth noting. Read as follows :—

“Committed to jail of Davidson county, 4th April, 1862, a negro man, who says his name is Joe Bartlett: said boy claims to be a free man of colour; about 24 years old; says he lives in Henry county, Kentucky; *light* copper colour, scar on the right

“ side of the neck ; weighs about 175 or 180 lbs.; 6 feet
“ 1 inch high.

“ J. M. HINTON,
“ *Sheriff and Jailor, D.C.*”

Now, this advertisement is dated 20th April. If Joe Bartlett's story was true, here was a free man, a native of Kentucky, no more subject to the laws of Tennessee than I am to the laws of Russia, imprisoned for sixteen days, on account solely of a “light copper-colour.” Truly a benevolent custom. If Joe Bartlett is a slave, he is restored to the tender care of a fond master ; if he is free he remains in prison, in involuntary servitude, till he can prove his freedom ; and when he does prove it, he has no claim for compensation, or redress for his captivity. On the contrary, he, Joe Bartlett, has to pay the costs which the State of Tennessee has incurred in imprisoning him ; and, if he cannot, well then he is provided with an owner, who can pay for him, and, slave or free, he is sold back into slavery. It is a benevolent custom, startling perhaps in itself, but inevitable to the “peculiar institution.” The necessity is obvious. There exists amongst slaves a peculiar malady called “drapetomania.” In plain English, slaves are addicted to an inexplicable and unaccountable malady, which, without cause or reason, prompts them to run away from their masters. If slaves are to be of any value, as property, this disease

must be remedied, if it cannot be cured. For the protection of the slave (and the slaveholder) any slave found at large suffering from this malady (of which absence from home without written authorization from his owner is the invariable symptom) must be confined in jail, by any good white Samaritan, who should find him in danger of falling amidst thieves. Granted this conclusion, a second follows. Another symptom of drapetomania is a tendency on the part of the sufferer to repudiate his home, to deny his lord and master, and to degrade himself by the assertion that he is a free man. There is no possibility of discovering the truth or falsehood of these statements by internal evidence. If the man of colour has not papers with him, to attest his freedom, he must, in the interest of runaway slaves, be treated as a slave. Here follows a third conclusion; that the captive, if free, must pay the cost of his own captivity. If the State had to pay the expenses, State authorities would be slow to commit men of colour to jail, who might prove to be free men, and hence drapetomaniacs might be allowed to carry out their madness to their own destruction. In a Christian state, this idea cannot be thought of. In all legislation somebody must suffer. It is better that one innocent free man should be sold into slavery, than that a hundred slaves should escape into freedom. Given the peculiar institution; the imprisonment of Joe Bartlett, and his sale into slavery for the expenses of

his own imprisonment, is a logical and righteous consequence. "*Qui veut le fin,*" says the French proverb, "*veut les moyens.*" Slavery may be a good thing; but if it is good, so are the many peculiar consequences, of which Joe Bartlett's case is one, which follow inevitably from the peculiar institution. Of the runaway advertisements, there is one trait worth recording. In no Free State is there a single newspaper, however pro-slavery in its politics, which will publish hue-and-cry advertisements of escaped slaves. In no Slave State is there a paper that will refuse to publish them. By the Fugitive Slave Law, a runaway slave may be captured in free Ohio, just as well as in slave Kentucky, but no Free State newspaper can be found to promote the practical execution of the very law, which, as a matter of theory, it may defend in its columns.

I have seen lately, in certain English pro-slavery journals, a statement based upon the evidence of intelligent and high-minded Southern gentlemen, that the separation of negro families by sale is practically unknown, and forbidden, if not by the letter of the law, by the moral sense of the community. The statement in itself is improbable. Anybody who chooses to think upon the subject must perceive, that for one purchaser who wishes to buy a whole family there must be dozens who want to purchase some one member of it, and that, therefore, far higher prices can be realized by selling a slave family retail instead of wholesale. This being so,

the temptation for a needy slaveowner to divide families must be enormous ; and if division of families was really forbidden by the moral sense of the public, it is pretty certain that the possibility of public sensibility being outraged by the unscrupulousness of any embarrassed slaveholder would be removed by a law interdicting divided sales. In no Slave State does any such law exist. As to the evidence of candid, intelligent, and high-minded slaveowners, it must be taken for what it is worth. Where evidence is conflicting one must judge by inherent probabilities. Let me give two particles of evidence on the subject which came under my own knowledge. A friend of mine, by no means an Abolitionist, resided for some time in the Slave States. The subject of slavery was an unpleasant one, which he avoided ; but on one occasion his host, a slaveowner, began to complain to him of the calumnies circulated against the South, and asserted that in the whole course of his experience he had never known an instance of a mother being separated from her children. My friend naturally enough believed the statement. On the very same day, however, it happened that some of the family began talking about a little negro boy of theirs who had been drowned a short time before, and describing how shocked they were when the poor child's corpse was carried up to the plantation. My friend asked whether the mother's grief was very terrible to witness ? " Oh," answered his informant, " the child's mother

belongs to Mr. —, who lives at the other end of the State, so that we know nothing about her." The fact seemed difficult to reconcile with his host's assertion of the morning; and so, prudently enough, he did *not* ask for an explanation of the inconsistency in the two stories. The accuracy of this story I can answer for; and it is corroborated by an incident which happened to myself. One day, after the retreat of the Confederate army from Manassas, I fell in, near Alexandria, with a party of runaway slaves, working their way northwards. They asked our party about the road, and we put a few questions to them in return. One of them, the least helpless-looking of the lot, was a young worn woman carrying a child of some three years old. She was going to Washington, so she told us, to look after her husband, who, she believed, was in service there, though it was two years since she had been parted from him. Of course I shall be told this case was an exceptional one; I only hope it was; but, somehow or other, all cases of cruelty are always exceptional.

If breaches of the law or of public sensibility are exceptional, it can hardly be assumed that the laws themselves are exceptional. I have before me the Maryland code of slavery, which, till last April, was in force at Washington. If you want to know what slavery is by law, note the following specimens of slaveowners' justice:— "No negro, or mulatto

“ slave, or free negro, or mulatto born of a white woman shall be admitted and received as good and valid evidence in law, in any matter or thing whatsoever depending before any magistrate within this province, wherein any white Christian person is concerned.”* This Act is not a dead letter. During the present session of Congress a bill was passed by the Senate, authorizing coloured persons to be employed as letter-carriers by the Government. The bill was thrown out by the House, upon the ground that, in a Slave State the evidence of a coloured man could not be received, and that, therefore, if a white post-office servant was to steal letters in a Slave State, it would be impossible to prove his guilt by the evidence of coloured letter-carriers.

Again, in order to suppress the assembling of slaves, it is ordained, that in case the constable shall find at any house within his district any slaves not belonging to the house, and not authorized by his master to be present, then “ it shall and may be lawful for the said constable,” and he is by this act required, to whip every such negro on the bare back, at his discretion, not exceeding thirty-nine stripes.† With the view of protecting the white man in execution of his duty, it is further ordained, that “ if it shall so happen at any time that any negro, or other slave, shall strike any white person, it shall and

* Maryland, Act 1717, c. xiii. § 2.

† Ibid. 1719, c. ii. § 2.

“ may be lawful, upon proof made thereof, either on the
 “ oath *of the party so struck*, or otherwise, before any
 “ justice of the peace, for such justice to cause one of
 “ the negro’s or other slave’s ears so offending to be
 “ cropt.”* The penalties against any attempt to escape
 are equally severe : “ Where any slave shall be guilty of
 “ rambling, riding, or going abroad in the night, or
 “ riding horses in the day-time without leave, or running
 “ away, it shall and may be lawful for the justices of
 “ the county-court, and they are hereby obliged, upon the
 “ application or complaint of the master or owner of
 “ such slave, on his, her, or their order, or on the appli-
 “ cation or complaint of any other person, who shall be
 “ anyways damnified or injured by such slave, imme-
 “ diately such slave to punish, by whipping, cropping,
 “ or branding on the cheek with the letter “R,” or
 “ otherwise, not *extending to life*, or so as to render
 “ such slave *unfit for labour*.†”

It was found, however, that the justices did not always pay due regard to these last provisions, and that the owners of slaves were shy of subjecting themselves to the loss of their property, and that, therefore, many guilty slaves escaped punishment through their masters neglecting to commit them to justice. It was, therefore, enacted, that in case any slave should be condemned to

* Maryland, Act 1719, c. ii. § 4.

† Ibid. 1751, c. xiv. § 2.

death, his value should be appraised by the court, and the amount due paid over at once to the owner, at the public expense.

These are some of the provisions of the so-called Black Code of Maryland, still in force in that State, and, till within a few months, in force at the Capitol. I am told that these provisions have fallen into disuse. Why, then, are they allowed to disgrace the statute book? And yet more, why did the Southerners in Congress always resist with success any attempt to modify the code on the part of the Anti-Slavery Party?

This legislation dates, undoubtedly, from Colonial days, when the whole of our English law was pervaded by a spirit of brutal ferocity. It was adopted, however, by the United States Government as the law for slaves in the District of Columbia, in 1801, and was never repealed till the abolition of slavery. The following, however, are somewhat later commentaries on its practical working, supplied by the legislation of the Washington municipality. By an act passed in 1827, for the better discipline of the coloured population, free blacks or mulattoes are prohibited from giving a party at their own house without permission, from gambling or being present at gambling, and from being at large without permission after ten o'clock at night, on penalty of being fined. All slaves found offending against these provisions "may be sentenced to receive any number of

“ stripes, not exceeding thirty-nine, on his or her bare back.” *

By the same act, any negro or mulatto found at Washington, and who shall not be able to establish his or her title to freedom, shall be committed to jail as an absconding slave. †

There is a still more recent act of slavery legislation. The act against assemblages of coloured people was found insufficient, and the following was passed:—
 “ All secret or private meetings, or *assemblages whatsoever*, and all meetings for *religious worship*, beyond the hour of ten o'clock at night, of free negroes, mulattoes, or slaves, shall be, and they are hereby declared to be, unlawful,” under a penalty of six dollars fine for each offence, if the offender was a free man or colour, or of flogging on the bare back if the offender was a slave. By this law, therefore, passed only twenty-six years ago, eight years after we passed the Catholic Emancipation Bill, any female slave who attended a prayer-meeting of any kind after ten at night was sentenced to be flogged on her bare back, with any number of stripes not exceeding thirty-nine.

I need say no more. These are a few of the glimpses of slavery, which caught my eye, unwillingly, during my residence in slavery. Thank God, that as far as Washington is concerned, I have been writing of the past!

* Act 1827, § 4.

† Ibid. § 10.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BEFORE I part with Washington, it may be well to say something now, once and for all, as to the feeling entertained by Americans towards England. In the metropolis of the Federal States this feeling is exhibited in its most rational and least offensive form. There is no mob at Washington, no strong commercial interest, and more of cosmopolitan sentiment about its temporary residents than is found in other parts of the North. There is no doubt, strange as it may seem to us, that the feeling against England is strongest in those parts which are most akin to the mother-country. In New England, and in Boston, there is far greater animosity expressed towards this country than in New York, or in the West; why this should be the case, I will speak of presently.

Let me state, first, without comment of my own, the case of America as against England, as I have often heard it given in substance by men of education, well acquainted with Europe. The sins, then, alleged

against us, are rather of omission than commission. We are blamed, not so much for what we have done as for what we have left undone. The recognition of the Confederates as belligerents is believed, whether justly or not, to have inflicted incalculable injury on the North, by raising the hopes of the insurgents in foreign intervention, and thus giving the rebellion a tenacity of life, which it could not otherwise have acquired. But still, candid Americans do not profess to believe that this step was deliberately taken by our Government with a view to injure the North. The unfortunate precipitation with which our proclamation of neutrality was issued four-and-twenty hours previously to Mr. Adams' expected arrival, created, not unreasonably, a good deal of annoyance. It is a pity that an act which, whether well advised or not, could not fail to be offensive to a nation preparing to fight for its existence, should have been done in such a form as to give unnecessary offence. Our subsequent proceedings with regard to privateers are admitted by temperate critics to be the logical and inevitable consequence of our having once admitted the belligerent character of the South, while, with regard to the *Trent* affair, it is owned, though reluctantly, that England was in the right, even if she exacted her full right to the extreme letter. It is not for what we did, but for the manner in which we did it, that we are condemned. To understand this feeling, it is necessary

to appreciate the estimate which the Americans form themselves of the history of the insurrection.

When secession first began (I am giving, let me repeat, the opinions I heard constantly expressed, without now endorsing them as my own), the country was utterly unprepared for war, disbelieved even in the possibility of war. The Government was still in the hands of men who supported secession, passively in all cases, actively in most. The North was divided among itself, and even in the Free States a numerous and powerful party looked with distrust and dread on the incoming Administration. The fall of Fort Sumter startled us, so Northerners would say, out of a dream. We had had no serious foreign war for half a century ; the very idea of a civil war was as strange to us as it is to you—a soldier was almost unknown in our streets : what troops, and ships, and ammunition we had, were chiefly in the hands of the insurgents. We had few generals or statesmen, and of those we had, we could not tell who was faithful to our cause. Under these circumstances we claim it as a credit that we did not despair of the commonwealth. When the nation once awoke to the consciousness that the existence of the Union was at stake, and the Capitol itself in danger, there was neither delay nor doubt. From every portion of the North volunteers flocked to the defence of the country ; from every class and state, men left their homes, forsook their businesses, and risked their lives at the call of

duty. In four months' time we, who on the fall of Fort Sumter had not 12,000 available troops, had raised, without conscription or compulsion, 500,000 men in arms, undisciplined if you will, but still prepared to fight. Unused to war, and over-confident in the force of numbers, we pushed on to action hastily; fortune did not favour us. Partly from mismanagement, partly from ill-luck, still more from want of training, we endured a succession of repulses, inflicted in a manner most disheartening to the spirit of the people; still, not for one moment did the North despair—we were confident in our strength and in our cause. Throughout the long months of trying inaction, the country consented to bide its time; and even when things seemed darkest, there was no cry for submission or compromise; no voice heard except to demand resistance to the death. In the midst of our troubles we found ourselves in a position in which, whether from our own fault or not, we had to choose between a galling act of national humiliation, extorted from us by a foreign power, and the surrender of our hopes of restoring the Union. Here, again, there was no hesitation; we were ready to submit to anything, sacrifice anything, sooner than fail in maintaining the integrity of our country. This was the unanimous voice of the nation, and we acted on it; as we have begun, so we shall continue till the end. We may be mistaken in our views—the end we are fighting for may not be

worth the struggle, but, right or wrong, the resolution of the North is a matter of which, as a nation, we are justly proud. When our trouble began, we reckoned confidently on the moral support, if not the actual aid, of England. Our resolution to stop the advance of slavery was the cause and occasion of the insurrection : we were fighting in such a war as England has waged many a time, in order to maintain our empire, to preserve our honour, and to establish free government. We believed that you, of our own race, and faith, and language, would judge us fairly, if no one else did, and would wish us God speed ! We imagined that old grudges had been forgotten, on your side as well as ours, but we found ourselves mistaken. Not only did your Government make haste to disavow any appearance of sympathy with our cause, by recognising the South as belligerents with unwonted promptitude, but the people of England repudiated at once all fellowship with our cause. Every disaster of ours was magnified by your press, every success was derided, every effort refused acknowledgment ; we were ridiculed in your public prints, treated as degenerate, held up by you to the contempt and laughter of the Old World, and offered counsels of submission, which you yourselves would have regarded as an insult. It was not only by the press of England that we were so treated : your statesmen, and writers, and politicians openly prognosticated the downfall of our country, and rejoiced in the prospect of our

dismemberment. In your society sympathy was with the South from the beginning, and even the few public men and the few organs of popular opinion that advocated our cause, did so rather on abstract principles than from any avowed sympathy with a great people fighting in a cause which is great and noble. We have been taught a bitter lesson. It is by ourselves alone, against the wishes, if not in spite of the efforts, of England, that the Union will have to be saved.

How much in this estimate there is that is false and unreasonable, I need not dwell on. Unfortunately it is only too moderate an expression of the condition of American feeling at the present day, with regard to England. It is not, however, so unnatural a one as it may seem on this side the Atlantic. In the first place, the Americans, from their isolation, immensely overestimate the relative importance of their own affairs. That American politics are only one, and not the chief, of the many influences that operate on our Government and people, is a fact they can hardly realize. The general ignorance of Englishmen about American affairs, they believe to be either affectation or else wilful blindness. If you try to explain to them that English feeling has been, not unreasonably, outraged by the language of the *New York Herald*, and by the series of slights, to use the mildest term, offered us by successive Federal Governments, they answer you, with truth, that the *New York Herald* does not represent

American feeling, and that the slights offered to England were, invariably, the doing of Southern statesmen, for whom the North cannot justly be held responsible. But when you proceed to urge that it is not reasonable to expect the English nation should understand these explanations instinctively, or should appreciate the difference between different journals and conflicting parties, they obviously cannot believe that Englishmen are, as a class, unacquainted with the real working or private history of American politics. They look upon the popular opinions of England with regard to America, as if they were those of a community thoroughly conversant with American affairs, and caring for, or thinking of, little else. In fact, both in England and America, the extreme similarity between the two nations is, paradoxical as it may seem, the cause why they understand each other so little. With regard to a foreign nation, they would both make great allowances for different standards of thought and feeling. But two people so like each other can make little allowance for the points of unlikeness. When the Scotch laird thanked God that his French guests had left the room, "because they were " no better than the brute beasts of the field, and never " took a drop more than they wanted," he qualified the condemnation by the remark that, "perhaps, as Frenchmen, they knew no better." Had they belonged to an English-speaking nation, the excuse would not have been proffered so readily.

It is difficult also for Englishmen to appreciate the almost morbid anxiety which Americans feel for the judgment of England. The invariable question which every American asks you, before you have talked to him ten minutes, "how do you like the country?" is utterly unlike in tone to the manner in which a Frenchman might ask you a similar question, with a supreme conviction that it was morally impossible you should *not* like France; or to the mode with which an Englishman would ask it, with absolute indifference whether you liked England or not. The truth is—though I am afraid my Northern friends will dispute the truth of my remark—England is the real arbiter of opinion to whom educated America looks up. The affectation so common there of being like the French, is an affectation only. They speak less French, they read less French, they know less about France, than we do ourselves. More I cannot say. Their tone of thought is English, their literature is English, and their history is English also. Thus it is that even in spite of their avowed professions, the good opinion of England is a matter of so keen an interest to them. And thus it is, also, that they have felt so bitterly the coldness, to say the least, of English opinion on their behalf. "We could stand," I remember reading in the *New York Tribune*, "the railing, abuse, and systematic depreciation of the British journals. It is their affectation of candour, of impartiality, of sublime exaltation

“ above such paltry matters as American discussions, that aggravates us. Such trifles are all remembered over here, and will, in due time, be requited.” There is, I fear, too much truth in this outburst of hostility. In private life, as far as my experience goes, men resent real personal injuries far less bitterly than they do ill-natured speeches; and what is true of individuals, is true of nations also.

Moreover, this utterance of the *Tribune* confirms the fact, to which I have before alluded, that the greatest bitterness towards England is entertained by the Republican party. The abstract and somewhat sentimental hostility to slavery, which had been the fashion in England ever since the time of West Indian emancipation, and which rose to a climax in the days of the *Uncle Tom* mania, was appreciated in the North at more than its real value. The moral opinion of England had always been the great argument on which the Abolitionists based their cause, as against their own countrymen. In a war wherein slavery was at issue, they had always believed that they should have the support of England, and had expressed their belief constantly and confidently. It was a cruel disappointment to them to find that these assertions were ungrounded, and that the great patron of the anti-slavery cause, whose example they had always quoted, and whose opinion they had taught others to reverence, stood aloof from them when sentiment

had to be exchanged for action; and the reaction of feeling among this party was proportionate to the extent of their previous pro-English sympathies. I recollect a lady, who was a very strong Abolitionist, telling me that just before the secession of South Carolina, she was talking to Mrs. Jefferson Davis about the absurdity of the Secessionist scheme. On remarking that the Confederacy could have no hopes of support from England, on account of our known hostility to slavery, Mrs. Davis answered—"My dear Mrs. —, you don't know England as well as I do. She dislikes slavery very much, but she loves cotton a great deal more, and before six months are over, we shall have all England sympathizing with our cause." And my friend concluded by saying, "I never felt so much sorrow in my life as when I found that I was wrong and Mrs. Davis right." I quote this instance as illustrative of a state of feeling which is almost universal in the Abolitionist party; and I hardly think it is so monstrous as our English critics appear to assume, that men like Ward Beecher and Wendell Phillips should surpass other American orators in the vehemence of their feeling against England.

How far the existing and, I fear, increasing sentiment of hostility which the tone of England has, reasonably or not, produced, will prove a lasting one, is very hard to judge. For my own part, I believe and hope that the very susceptibility to the blame or depreciation of England, which has created such bitterness of feeling

amongst Americans, will also render them, perhaps, unreasonably susceptible to any reaction of feeling on the part of the mother country ; and if, at last, England begins to admit, what I feel more and more convinced is the truth, that amidst much exaggeration and absurdity, the struggle between the North and South is a grand cause grandly fought for, then there will be a return of the same kindly feeling as was exhibited, not three years ago, when the Prince of Wales visited America.

POLITICAL SPECULATIONS.

THE outlook for the future of America occupies far more attention amongst foreign observers than it does at home. The crew of a vessel labouring beneath a hurricane, are not likely to devote much attention to the consideration of what they are to do when they get safely into harbour ; and so, in like manner, in the midst of this insurrection there is little time or care to think of anything but how it can be suppressed. After all, what is to be done, or rather what is to happen hereafter, is still a matter of abstract speculation ; and the Americans, as a people, have an Anglo-Saxon distaste and incapacity for abstract speculation of any kind. The men by whom the country is ruled and represented are, as a body, shrewd, self-made men, with very little appreciation for the philosophy of government. Though the average culture of America is probably higher than that of any country in the world, yet, at the same time, any very high degree of intellectual culture is uncommon. There are no public

men here of the class of Mill, Gladstone, or Lord Stanley ; and if there were, their influence on the country would be very limited. It is a land of workers, not of thinkers.

Still, making all allowance for this, and for a natural reluctance to face the belief that the Union is not in itself a remedy for every evil, it seemed strange to me to observe how little thought there appeared to be in the public mind about the inevitable future. The future, too, was not only inevitable, but appeared so near at hand. The prevalent belief at this time was, that the South was at its last gasp. All the plans of the Government, during the spring of 1862 (and in saying this I am not expressing merely a private opinion, but an official conviction), were based upon the idea, that by the end of June, at the very latest, the insurrection would be so far suppressed as to present no further military dangers. At this time, a stop had been put to further enlistment, contracts for army supplies were curtailed, and sufficient funds had only been provided to meet the current military expenditure for some ten weeks more. Within three months it was expected that the Federal Government would have to re-organize its rule over the revolted States ; and yet neither Government, nor Congress, nor people appeared to have any definite idea or prospect of how that re-organization was to be effected. The truth is, the country was drifting towards peace just as it drifted towards war. In

order to understand the history of the crisis through which America was passing, it may be well to say something here of the political speculations which were rife at the period when the "Army of the Potomac" had set forth in its full pride and strength, and when the suppression of the insurrection was believed to be imminent.

The only political question towards which public attention had been directed, so far as to form any definite ideas regarding it, was that of the Negro. The subject, indeed, was an unwelcome one, but still it forced itself upon the public mind. Almost every day, amongst the petitions presented to Congress at this period, there was a request, from somebody or other, begging the House to leave the negro alone, and attend to business. There was something almost pitiable in the painful anxiety expressed by newspapers, and politicians, and the leaders of private society, to ignore the question of the everlasting negro. Abolitionists were unpopular, because they kept on thrusting the wrongs of the negro upon unwilling ears; pro-slavery men were unpopular, because they kept dinning the rights of negro ownership on an unsympathetic public; and the men who were popular were the prophets of the "Seward stamp," who spoke pleasant things, and who recommended the people to wait upon Providence (or, in stock phrase, "Not to interfere with its manifest interposition") for the ultimate solution of the Negro question. Still, the question cropped up at every

moment. Runaway slaves came constantly into the Federal lines; large districts were deserted by their owners as the Northern armies advanced; and the plantations which could not be destroyed, together with the slaves who could not be removed, were left to the charge and embarrassment of the United States Government. "What shall we do with them?" was the question that everybody in the North was asking unwillingly, and to which nobody could find an answer. Meanwhile, it was growing daily clearer, that beyond the slavery question—difficult enough in itself—there lay the Negro question, almost more difficult to grapple with.

I am no great believer in Providence doing for anybody what one ought to do oneself; but still I think that, without much decided action on the part of the Government, there was, in the event of Northern success, a necessary solution to the mere slavery question. Either (and this was the view of the most far-sighted American politicians I met with) the insurrection would be speedily and hopelessly crushed, or else it would hold out for some time longer, with varying success. In the latter case, there would be an end to slavery at once—a rough and sharp one. The vindictiveness of the North would be roused, revolutionary measures would be required, and the first and chief of these would be compulsory emancipation. The result, I need not say, has justified these anticipations. In the former event, the

decline of slavery would be less rapid, but not less certain. Hitherto, slavery had been the badge and cry of the great ruling political faction in the country. Any man who wanted power, and office, and success in public life, was obliged to put on slavery colours. With the election of President Lincoln the supremacy of this party was broken, and anti-slavery views became the political creed of the winning side, just as pro-slavery views had been formerly. As a political party, the slave-faction had lost its power, and it was the consciousness of this fact which impelled them to Secession. Still, if they had abided by constitutional measures, this party would always have possessed strength, from the fear that, if driven to extremities, the South might secede, and, under the influence of this fear, might possibly have recovered the reins of Government. Now, supposing the insurrection to be crushed, they will have played their last card, and failed lamentably. Henceforth there will be no terror for the North in the threat of secession. The South will not fight again a battle that has been fought and lost, and the slaveholders will be a small and declining faction in the State. Every ambitious politician, and every office-seeker who wants patronage, will profess anti-slavery views. With a free Government, such as the American, the influence of public opinion is overwhelming; and with the tide of public opinion set dead against slavery, State after State will throw off the degradation attached to the institu-

tion, and the system will fall to pieces by its own adherent weakness.

The objection to this optimist view is, that it does not take into account the extraordinary social influence of slavery. As long as slavery exists in a State, the pride of race makes the maintenance of the institution popular, even with the very classes who suffer most from its inevitable consequences. Not one white man, perhaps, in ten or twenty, even in the most populous of the Slave States, owns negro property; but then, every non-slaveowner looks forward to the possibility of enrolling himself amidst the privileged class. Moreover, the meanest and poorest of white citizens in a Slave State belongs to the ruling caste. He is the recognised superior of the whole coloured population, and the more wretched his own condition is, the more highly he values the one dignity belonging to him, as a white man, in a slave-country. Undoubtedly, the popular sentiment, even in the most loyal Slave States, was bitterly averse to any measure which could place the negro on an equality with the white man. Thus in Kentucky—the staunchest of the Border Slave States, and in which, within the last ten years, the white population has increased in a ratio of more than three to one to the slave—the State Legislature, in answer to the President's proposal of a scheme for voluntary and compensated emancipation, passed a resolution, "That any person who advocates the doctrine

of the abolition or emancipation of slavery in the State of Kentucky, either directly or indirectly, or who sympathizes with the same, shall be disfranchised for life, and requested to leave the State within ten days." Happily, the majority of forty-eight to twenty-nine, by which this resolution was passed, was not sufficient to make it valid ; but the fact shows the strength of the anti-abolition sentiment. Still, in spite of this and many similar indications, I think it probable that the view quoted above (which I know to be that of leading American statesmen) is substantially correct, and that, as a system, slavery is doomed, supposing always the insurrection to be finally suppressed.

But when slavery is abolished, what is to become of the slaves ? There are three solutions possible for the Negro question : Amalgamation with the white race, emigration or enforced colonization, or settlement in the States where they are stationed at present, as a free population of distinct race. The first of these solutions is, at first sight, the obvious one to a philosopher. Unfortunately, instincts of race are too powerful to admit of its adoption. It is hard for an European to quite appreciate the intensity of American feeling about colour ; but still, when an American asks you the usual question, whether you would like your sister to marry a negro ? I own that candour would force most Englishmen to answer in the negative. A black brother can be tolerated, but a black brother-in-law is an idea

not pleasant to the Anglo-Saxon mind. And if you plead guilty to this weakness in a hypothetical case, it is not difficult to understand the aversion with which, in real life, a proud hard race, like the American, regards the notion of any infusion of black blood in their veins. That a negro should ever sit in Congress, is to the Yankee intellect a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*—a moral anomaly, from the contemplation of which even the *New York Tribune* shrinks reluctantly. Moreover, even supposing this aversion to be removed, there seemed to be physiological objections to any amalgamation of the races. Those persons who have studied the subject most profoundly, all agree that the mixed race is not a healthy one. The intellectual capacity of the mulatto is very great, but his physical power is inferior to that of the pure white or black man; and with each successive intermixture, the race becomes feebler and, as a rule, dies out with scrofulous diseases. Physiology is a science which has been so little studied in America, and the whole subject of amalgamation has been obscured by such a variety of conflicting prejudices, that it would be unsafe to attach implicit confidence to the above assertions. As a practical matter, however, it is sufficient to say, that this belief as to the deterioration of the mixed race is universally entertained in the North, and thus any statesman dealing with the Negro question, has to assume this doctrine as an acknowledged truth.

Colonization on a large scale presents enormous practical difficulties in its execution. The expense of transporting or providing for four millions of people, is a gigantic task, which it must take scores of years before America is in a position to undertake. Moreover, the negroes, like most nations whose intellectual faculties are but imperfectly developed, have strong local attachments, and have absolutely no desire to quit the home of their birth, cruel as that home may have proved to them. There remains, then, as the sole alternative, the settlement of the black race, in the existing Slave States, as a free population. The political difficulties, of which the advocates of slavery talk so much, do not seem to me insuperable. There is no reason why, after emancipation, the several States should extend the franchise to the coloured population; and I fear there is little hope that the blacks would agitate to obtain political rights for themselves. With the exception of three or four of the Eastern States, coloured citizens have not the right of voting in any of the Northern States; and except as a matter of abstract justice and logical consistency, about which the Americans trouble themselves very little, the free negro might as well remain disfranchised for the present. The difficulty is a social one. In the Northern Hemisphere, the negro is an exotic, and does not flourish except under an artificial system. Now, though nobody is more adverse to slavery than I am, the logic of figures

compels me to admit that, from the rapid increase of population in the Slave States, the slaves must, on the whole, have been kept in physical comfort. An amount of work was abstracted from them, which no inducement but force would urge them to undergo ; and in return for this, they were, as animals, treated with consideration. Remove the necessity of bondage, and, in a northern climate, where his energies are deadened, the negro will not, as a rule, work enough to keep him in more than bare existence. I have my own doubts about the truth of our received English doctrines as to the dignity of labour, and as to work being the one essential end and aim of human existence. It seems to me possible that, even in this world, Lazarus, when the sun shone upon his rags and sores, and the crumbs thrown out to him were sufficient for the day, may have been as well off as Dives, with his hardly earned riches. Still, as a matter of fact, one cannot doubt that a people to whom work is naturally distasteful, cannot stand a chance, on the same soil and under the same conditions, with a race which works for the sake of work itself, as well as for gain. Supposing emancipation take place, the stigma to be removed from labour, and free white labourers to pour as they would into the Slave States, black labour would not, I think, stand the competition, and would gradually be driven out of the field. The probability seems to me that, in the event of abolition, the fate of the American negroes

will not be unlike that of the Indians. A portion will move gradually further south, till they reach a climate where white labour cannot compete successfully with their own. Those left in the existing Slave States will slowly die out, by a diminution of their prolific powers, and will disappear with more or less of suffering. It seems as though, by some inscrutable law of Nature, the white man and the black cannot live and work together, on equal terms, on the same soil. Where the white man comes, the black man has disappeared hitherto, and I fear that America is not likely to prove an exception to the rule.

The difficulties of the problem are indeed fearful, and I own that the abolitionist solution is the simplest if not the most philosophical. The Negro question—they say virtually, if not avowedly—is one with which we have nothing as yet to do. When it comes upon us, we must do our best to alleviate the working of natural laws, over which we have no control. Meanwhile, for the sake of any ulterior consideration, we have no right to maintain a system which is an outrage on the laws of God and man. The Negro question we must leave to Providence, but the Slavery question is one we can deal with, and are bound to deal with, for ourselves. And this, like all simple solutions, commends itself to the plain popular instinct.

The never-ending Negro question is only the most pressing, perhaps not the most difficult, of those the

country has to deal with. Throughout almost all English speculations on American affairs, there runs a constant assumption that the United States Government resembles our Old World Governments, and possesses unlimited powers of action, if only it chooses to exert them. Now the truth is, that by the very nature of its Constitution, the powers of the Government are so strictly defined, that in all cases not provided for by the express letter of the law, it has no authorized means of action. Thus in Europe, the refusal of the Federal Government to recognise formally the fact that the Confederates were belligerents, appeared dictated by a childish reluctance to acknowledge an unwelcome truth. In reality, it was constitutionally impossible for the North to admit the belligerent character of the South. The Federal Government has power by the Constitution to suppress an insurrection in the supposed interest of the insurgent State—it has no power whatever to make war upon a State. In order to keep within the Constitution, it was essential for the Federal Government to assume the theory that the insurgent States still form part of the Union. Yet the adoption of this theory involves inconceivable difficulties in practice. If the States are still within the Union, they must be dealt with by the laws of the Constitution. Thus, to quote one simple instance, the insurgents must be tried in their own State, by a jury taken from the State; and no Southern jury would ever convict an insurgent

of treason. Again, all taxes, by the Constitution, must be uniformly imposed on all the States. It would be therefore impossible, if the war was over, to tax the insurgent States, so as to make them bear the expenses of the war. These are no theoretical difficulties, but practical and pressing ones. During the height of the war, a cavalry officer with whom I was acquainted made an expedition into Virginia. He was in extreme want of horses to mount his men, and seized fifteen horses belonging to notorious rebels ; but on reporting the fact, he received orders from headquarters to restore the horses at once, as there was no constitutional authority for seizing the property of insurgents : and yet at this time the Federal Government was purchasing horses right and left, at prices ranging from two hundred dollars and upwards. This scrupulous regard for the theory of the Constitution may seem inconsistent with the practical character of the American mind ; but, in fact, the adherence to the letter of the Constitution is a matter of practical rather than abstract interest. If the broad principle is once admitted that the welfare of the Commonwealth overrides all State interests and justifies any stretch of power, then the doctrine of State rights is virtually defunct in the North as well as in the South—in the Slave States of the Union as well as in the Slave States of the Confederacy. The Border Slave States, therefore, fight against any recognition of this doctrine, which would

be fatal to the existence of slavery ; and even the Free States of the North are unwilling to do anything, or permit anything to be done, which may involve the loss of their separate independence. Added to all this, the whole nation has been taught, so long and so sedulously, that the Constitution is the great bulwark of their liberties—the grandest triumph of legislative power, that they cannot yet, and dare not yet, realize the truth, that this Constitution has been tried and found wanting.

Still, with all this, all Americans of reflective minds whom I have talked to, admitted that the nation would shortly have to deal with a work for which the machinery of its Government is not adequate. They allowed too, though generally with reluctance, that the machinery would have to be modified ; but how, or in what direction, they could form little idea. The possibility of a military revolution, which was much canvassed in Europe, was not a contingency even thought of in America. You cannot live any time in the North, without coming to an instinctive conviction that a military despotism is not an event upon the cards. To any one who knows France, it would be impossible to prove, by any amount of arguments, that she was ever likely to adopt the government of an aristocratic oligarchy ; and so you perceive, possibly without being able to state your reasons for it, that the whole nature and genius and development of the American people

(I am speaking of the North) is opposed to military rule. The moral tendency of the present civil war has not been to create a *prestige* in favour of military rule. "The great lesson of this war," said an old American politician to me, "will be the power of self-government. The people has done everything, the Government nothing; the people has led, and the Government has followed." Whether this view is altogether correct or not, it is the prevailing one, and will have its influence on the destinies of the nation. Then, again, this war has brought forth no Dictator, either political or military. As an old Polish exile, who had fought in every European revolution for the last forty years, remarked to me: "There is one good thing about this revolution, and that is, we shall have no fathers of the country, no saviours of society left when the war is over." The gigantic size of the army is in itself a protection for the future against an undue exercise of military power. As far as I could learn, of the 672,000 men who had been in arms up to last spring, under 100,000 belonged to the regular army. Amongst the volunteers the regular military spirit has not, and could hardly have, been developed. With officers chosen from amongst themselves, and in many instances by themselves, they are not likely to merge the volunteer in the soldier. The great majority of the volunteers look forward to returning to their former pursuits the moment the

war is over. "And then," as one of the privates said within my hearing, "the first thing we shall do is "to show our officers we are as good as they "are." The regular army, with its strict discipline, poor pay, and slow promotion, will present little attraction to the disbanded volunteers, in a country where labour can command its own price; and the wild life of the Backwood States will attract those restless spirits who cannot live without excitement. Still, though the volunteer army will disband itself, yet its members will be scattered throughout the States, and their knowledge of war would present a strong obstacle to any attempt of the military power to encroach on the liberties of the country. Besides, the enormous extent of the territory of the United States is, in itself, a fatal bar to any military dictatorship. If France, with an area of 208,000 square miles, is presumed to require an army of half-a-million to maintain a military *régime*, what would be the force required to keep up a like system in America, with its 3,250,000 square miles of territory, where every institution and custom is opposed to centralization? I have often heard the Federal Government sneered at for the bulk of its unwieldy army; but the truth is, that the territory of even the Southern States is so vast as to require an enormous army to occupy it in any way. The English officers who came down to Washington to inspect the army were always very con-

fidant in their assertions that it would have no chance against a small force of well-trained troops. I agree with them so far, that I think it possible that a French army of 50,000 men might march from New York to New Orleans, and defeat every force it met on its path ; but when that was done, no vital result would be produced ; and with 50,000 men, it would be impossible to occupy more than a single State.

For all these reasons, I doubt the possibility of a military dictatorship being amongst the eventualities of the United States. Nor, as I before stated, is any apprehension of it entertained in America. The loose talk one reads in the *New York Herald*, and other papers of the same class, about military dictatorships and Napoleonic *régimes*, are of the nature of sensation paragraphs. The literary taste of America is not highly developed, and to the ordinary newspaper reader vehemence of language is identical with powerful writing. A skirmish is always either the most disastrous defeat, or the most heroic victory, ever witnessed in both hemispheres, and a discharge of cannon always shakes the earth to its very foundation. In the same way, a dictatorship is talked of when, in our more sober language, we should speak of an energetic Government ; and the term is understood not to be used in its simple signification.

A more reasonable fear for the stability of the Government, and one more generally entertained by

Americans, is derived from the vast influx of the foreign emigration. It was to this fear that the short-lived Know-nothing Party owed its existence, and there is no doubt that the native Americans still look with fear on the strength of the foreign element. The new settlers are men who know neither Washington nor his works ; who have, most of them, strong revolutionary traditions if not principles, and who have little respect for the Constitution in itself. The fact, however, that the powerful Know-nothing organization broke down by its own weakness, is a proof that this fear had no strong hold upon the country, and I think with reason. The power of the Anglo-Saxon element in absorbing the other foreign elements is something wonderful. Of those Americans who know the name of their grandfathers, a vast proportion will tell you that they have foreign blood amongst their ancestors ; but by the third generation there is no trace left, except physically, of foreign parentage. The only two races who preserve a marked individuality are the Irish and the Germans—about the negroes I am not speaking now ; and the children of Irish settlers born in the North soon lose every trace of Ireland, except an hereditary dislike to England. A friend of mine told me that a priest went once to an Irish neighbour of his, and asked him for a subscription to found Catholic schools in the parish. The Irishman, who was well-to-do, readily agreed ; but when the priest added, that he

hoped he would send his own children to the Catholic school, he refused point-blank. "They must go," he said, "to the public schools, for I can't have them learn to speak the brogue." This feeling is a universal one: and the natural desire of Irishmen that their children should become genuine Americans, operates strongly against the efforts of the Catholic priesthood to keep them apart from Protestant influences. The Germans, no doubt, keep their individuality much longer, especially in the outlying districts of the West. Still, they are an orderly, law-loving people naturally; and they have shown so little talent for organization at home, that it is not likely they will develop it in America. Moreover, the extreme disproportion, as yet, between the area and the population of the United States, has scattered the settlers so widely, that any combined action on their part is almost impossible. No doubt in New York and Philadelphia, where the lowest class of emigrants always take up their abode at first, the influence of the German and Irish population is very powerful, and in some respects alarmingly so. But as long as the State system endures, neither New York, nor Pennsylvania, nor any individual State or town, can rule the country; and the influence of a mob in any one of these cities does not extend, at the farthest, beyond its own State. The probability too is, that the present troubles will greatly check the tide of emigration, and thus give time

for the existing foreign population to be thoroughly absorbed in the native one.

I do not believe, therefore, that the only two forces which could effect a revolution in the Government—the power of the army, or the influence of the foreign element—are likely to be called into action. Supposing the Union to be restored, the Government must be changed somehow; but the change would, I think, be an orderly and a gradual one. The difficulties of restoring the *status quo* in the insurgent States will convince the popular mind of the necessity of a more united and centralized Government. To secure this end, the States would have to surrender many of their individual rights. The one clearest result of this war has been to bring the people of the States together—to give them common recollections, common interests, and common dangers. This, in itself, must lead to a more real Union. Again, for years to come, the country must be subject to a heavy taxation. The inevitable necessity of keeping up a large standing army will cause a much heavier expenditure than has been the case hitherto. This taxation will create a far keener interest in the management of the Central Government throughout all the States: and probably the conviction will become general, that a system of thirty-four separate Sovereign Governments is a very expensive and cumbrous one. The tone of politics will be wider and more national; and with a higher tone, a higher class

of men (morally, I mean, rather than socially) will be entrusted with the direction of State affairs. Such, at least, were the hopes of those Americans who seemed to me to judge most philosophically of the political future, and the results that the war would produce upon it.

AMERICAN SOCIETY.

I MAY say without vanity, that during my sojourn in the States I had considerable advantages in entering society. I was amply provided with letters of introduction : I came at a time when foreign travellers were rare ; and also, from an impression that my sympathies were more Northern than those of the bulk of my fellow-countrymen, I was received with, perhaps, undeserved kindness. Still, my great passport to society consisted in the fact that I was an Englishman. That this should have been so, is a fact which throws a good deal of light on American Society.

An American once said to me : “ I always envy you to
“ whom England is a home ; but, then, I think you ought
“ to envy us for our feelings when we visit England.
“ To you, after all, it is only a country, more or less in-
“ teresting, where you make and spend your money :
“ to us it is a sort of enchanted land, where everything
“ that is old to you is new to us. You look upon Eng-
“ land as a husband looks on his wife ; we see her as a

“lover sees his mistress.” The words were spoken half-jestingly, but there was still a good deal of truth in them. The average of educated Americans know as much about English literature, and more, perhaps, about English history, than the average of educated Englishmen. Their language, their history, their literature are those of England. There are few who cannot remember relatives that have come from the Old Country—who do not know of some town or village in the United Kingdom in which they have something of a personal interest. A visit to Europe and, above all, to England, is the great dream of all Americans who have not crossed the Atlantic—the holiday-time, as it were, of life to those who have performed the journey. I always found there was no subject on which Americans talked so willingly as about the recollections of their foreign travels. No doubt this sentimental feeling about England grows weaker with each succeeding generation, and, like all sentimental feelings, it gives place to the action of interests and passions. I often fancied that those Americans who entertained the feeling most strongly, were the most hostile to England. Indeed, my chief fear of a war with America arises from the fact, that Americans care too much, not too little, about England. The existence, however, of this national feeling is strong enough to create a very kindly sentiment towards individual Englishmen: and probably there is no country in the world where an English traveller

meets with so much kindness and so much cordiality, in virtue of his nationality, as he does in America.

Certainly, I found it so in my own case. I know that other English travellers tell a different story. Fellow-countrymen of mine have related anecdotes to me, of rude speeches and offensive remarks made to them purposely in the States, because they were Englishmen. I suspect, in most of such instances, the narrators were to blame. If you are offended because a waiter offers to shake hands with you, or a bar-keeper asks you to drink with him, or a labouring-man speaks to you without your speaking first to him—well, you had better not travel in America; but if you are willing to take people as you find them, you will get along very pleasantly. Speaking for myself, I can say that, during all my travels, I had never once an offensive or impolite remark made to me. The only occasion on which I ever met with anything like impoliteness, was in the smoking-room of a fashionable hotel in New York. A number of old gentlemen sitting round the fire were talking politics and abusing England; I was smoking silently, and it struck me they were talking at me. Now, I am by no means an enthusiastic believer in our English doctrine, that whatever England does is right; and, also, I made a rule to be a listener to, not a partaker in, political discussions. But still there is a limit to patience, at any rate to my patience; and at some remark about the mingled folly and knavery of English

policy, I spoke out strongly and, I fear, somewhat rudely. At once I was answered by a polite expression of sincere regret, that anything should have been said in my presence that could have given offence ; and, thereupon, the subject was dropped at once. The incident was trivial in the extreme, and the only reason why I remember it is because it was the sole instance of anything approaching to incivility I met with in the States.

To a stranger, there is something wonderfully pleasant about the first blush of American Society : the manners of your hosts appear to an Englishman so frank and cordial ; people seem so glad to see you, and so anxious to make you feel at home. And I believe that the appearance is not assumed. Life, hitherto, has flowed very easily for the American people. The country is so large, that there is room for all and to spare : the battle of life is not an arduous one, compared to what it is in older countries. The morbid dread of poverty, which is the curse of English middle-class existence, is almost unknown in the New World. If the worst comes to the worst, and an American is ruined, the world lies open to him, and in a new State he can start afresh, with as fair prospects as when he set out in life. The desire to provide for one's children, and to secure them a similar position in life to that which the parent occupies himself, is almost unknown. Public opinion does not require the

father of a family to do more than give his children a good education. As a rule, the daughters can always marry, and the sons can make their own way. Equal division of property amongst the children of a family is enforced by custom, though not by law. In the New England States, it has become very common for any wealthy citizen to leave a considerable sum towards some public object; and any one who fails to comply with this custom is hardly considered to have acted correctly. The result of this state of things is, that saving is very uncommon amongst the middle classes in America. Everybody, as a rule, spends the full amount of his income, and, in consequence, there is much greater luxury in Northern households than would be seen in English families of the same amount of wealth. Hospitality, therefore, is given very readily, and the wheels of life run more easily than they do with us. I was struck constantly with the extreme good-nature of the Americans in their private and social relations. I attribute it, not so much to the national character—which, owing to the climate, is a somewhat irritable one—but to the comparative absence of the sordid cares and petty considerations which the fierceness of our struggle for existence, and the exorbitant value attached by us to the respectability of wealth, give rise to perpetually in a densely-peopled country like our own.

Paradoxical as the statement may seem, I think I

have never known a country where money was less valued than in America. "The worship of the almighty dollar," which we are so apt to consider a characteristic of the Americans, cannot justly be charged to them in the sense in which we understand the phrase. The absence of all social distinctions, and the fact that there are no established positions to which birth, and rank, and station give an acknowledged entrance, render wealth the chief standard of distinction. In consequence, the natural ambition of every American is to acquire wealth, and thus distinguish himself in the only career which is practically open to the vast majority. Anybody who has known anything of Quakers will understand the working of the causes that I have attempted to describe. There is no body of men more liberal than the Society of Friends, and yet there is none more eager in the pursuit of money-making. So it is with the Yankee race. Money-making is the chief object of the nation; but they value the possession of the "almighty dollar" rather as a proof of success in life than as an end of existence. The mere ownership of wealth is less valued there than with us. The man who has made his own money is infinitely more respected than the man who has inherited it. Millionaires are rare in the second generation; and the bare fact of wealth gives a man fewer advantages in the North than in any Old World country.

I doubt, too, whether the accusation of extravagance,

which is brought so frequently against the Northerners, is a just one. Money is spent freely, just as it is made ; but, with the exception of New York, I was never in any American city where the style of living could compare for extravagance with that of the wealthy classes in the Old World. Americans in Europe are not, in this respect, fair specimens of their nation. They come over here for a holiday, and their expenditure is regulated on a holiday scale. But at home, the mode of living is in most respects remarkably simple. This is due, partly to the extreme difficulty of getting servants, and the impossibility of keeping a large household of domestics, but still more, I think, to a certain inherent simplicity of taste. Hours are much earlier than with us—equipages are few in number ; and dwelling-houses, though eminently comfortable, very seldom possess any claim to splendour or magnificence. In the article of dress, and also in the dainties of the table, Americans will go to an expense that English families of the same rank in life never think of indulging in. In New York, especially, the ladies must spend what we should consider an extravagant amount on Parisian toilettes. I hardly ever remember to have been present at a dinner-party in America where champagne was not distributed almost as plentifully as malt-liquor would be with us ; but in other respects, there is but little ostentatious expense visible to a stranger.

In a moral as opposed to a material point of view,

the most striking feature about American Society is its uniformity. Everybody, as a rule, holds the same opinions about everything, and expresses his views, more or less, in the same language. These views are often correct, almost invariably intelligent and creditable to the holders. But still, even at the risk of hearing paradoxes defended, you cannot help wishing, at times, for a little more of originality. I believe that this monotony in the tone of American talk and opinion arises from the universal diffusion of education. Everybody is educated up to a certain point, and very few are educated above it. They have all learnt the same lessons under the same teachers, and, in consequence, share the same sentiments to a degree which it is difficult to an Englishman to appreciate beforehand. This monotony is infinitely more striking in the men than in the women. Ninety-nine American lads in a hundred go through exactly the same system of training. Up to eighteen or nineteen, they are carefully, if not very deeply, grounded in all the branches of a good ordinary English education. Then they go into business, and from that time their intellectual self-culture ceases. Unless they happen to travel, they have very little time for reading anything except the newspapers. The women pursue their education even after marriage, and are in consequence better read and more intellectual in their tastes than English ladies. In the long run, however, the national tone of mind is always derived from the male

sex, and therefore the prevalent tone of America is not that of a highly-educated society. I do not mean to say, for one moment, that there are not hundreds and thousands of men of really first-class education in the Northern States. On the contrary, some of the most thoroughly-educated men it has been my lot to meet with have been Americans. I am speaking of the mass, not of individuals. This opinion of mine, if it is correct, explains a fact which otherwise would seem discouraging: I mean the small share taken by educated men—in our sense of the word—in American politics. The truth is, that if America were governed to any great extent by politicians of classical education, the country would not be fairly represented by its rulers. It is not the case, that the fact of a gentleman having received a refined culture is any disqualification to him in the eyes of the constituencies. On the other hand, it is a very small recommendation. I do not deny that this is, in itself, an evil; but the true nature of the evil is not that men of education are disqualified from entering a political career in America, but that they form so small a class that they possess no political influence. Just in the same way, there is no doubt that, relatively to the period, there were more highly-educated men in the Union half a century ago than there are now. The early settlers in any new country bring with them a higher degree of individual culture than they can impart to their children. In the same ratio, however, that the

education of the individual decreases, the average education of the mass increases, and, on the whole, the general tone of the nation gains in consequence. My friend Mr. Holmes once said to me: "We should find it very hard to match five thousand American gentlemen with five thousand English; but we could match five million ordinary Americans against the same number of your countrymen, without fear of the result." This explanation I believe to be the correct one with regard to the intellectual development of America.

The truth is, the great mistake that we English make in judging of America is the assumption that the New World ought to be the reproduction of the Old Country. We expect our social system, our hierarchy of castes and rank, our forms of thought and feeling, to be repeated amongst a people growing up under conditions totally different from that in which we have been trained for hundreds of generations. Every departure from our own standard we consider to indicate moral degeneracy, while in reality it is only a symptom of development. No one who has lived in America can avoid coming to the conclusion, that the Anglo-Saxon frame is gradually modifying itself to a form suited to the new conditions of climate and temperature under which it is called on to exist. What is true in the physical is true also in the moral world. By degrees, the imported civilization and culture of the Old World are developing themselves

into new forms and aspects. What will be the ultimate social system of America it is impossible to say. Never yet in history has a nation grown up under circumstances where all men have started equal, and where want and poverty have been practically unknown. That the product of these conditions will be a remarkable one, we are beginning to see already. I recollect a common Irishwoman I once travelled alongside of in the States, saying to me, when talking about her experience of her new home, "This is a blessed country, sir; I think God made it for the poor." And I have often fancied that this saying might be the clue to the future history of America.

I have been asked frequently, whether I should like to live in America?—and to this question my answer has always been, that that depends entirely upon circumstances. Men of highly educated tastes, used to the social pleasures of the Old World, will not find their wants gratified as easily and as fully in a new state of society as in an old. In fact, in plain English, if your tastes and your habits are those of men whose income is counted by hundreds, you had better stop where you are. But the man who has his living to earn is better off, in almost every respect, in America than he is in England. The very circumstances that render the United States unattractive as a residence for the man of wealth and refinement, are a positive boon to those who possess neither of the attributes; and I am

afraid that in this world the latter class is larger and more important than the former.

These reflections on American Society would be imperfect if I said nothing as to the great charm which surrounds all family relations in the North. Compared with Europe, domestic scandals are unknown; and between parents and their grown-up children, there exists a degree of familiarity and intimacy which one seldom witnesses in this country. If family life is the foundation of all permanent good in the social system, then, in spite of its present defects and shortcomings, the outlook for the American society of the future is a very bright one.

END OF VOL. I.

SIX MONTHS
IN
THE FEDERAL STATES.



SIX MONTHS

IN

THE FEDERAL STATES.

BY

EDWARD DICEY,

AUTHOR OF "CAVOUR, A MEMOIR," "ROME IN 1860:"
ETC. ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

London and Cambridge :
MACMILLAN AND CO.

1863.

[The Right of Translation is reserved.]

LONDON:
PRINTED BY R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR,
BREAD STREET HILL.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WAR	1
WESTERN VIRGINIA	32
OHIO	49
KENTUCKY	60
TENNESSEE	74
MISSOURI	95
SOUTHERN ILLINOIS	108
RACINE CITY	120
THE PRAIRIE AND THE MISSISSIPPI	132
CHICAGO AND THE WEST	151
BOSTON	171
THE NEW ENGLAND ABOLITIONISTS	182

	PAGE
THE CHURCH IN AMERICA	204
CAMBRIDGE, U.S.	214
CONCORD	226
NEW ENGLAND AND THE WAR.	235
INDEPENDENCE-DAY IN NEW YORK	251
THE DEFEAT OF THE CHICKAHOMINY	262
MASS MEETINGS AND THE LEVY	275
THE CASE OF THE NORTH	294
HOMEWARD BOUND	321

SIX MONTHS

IN

THE FEDERAL STATES.

NOTES OF THE WAR.

IF I had ever professed to be an amateur military critic, my experience in America would have disgusted me with the task. I used to hear and read so much of profound military speculations from men who knew even less about the science of war than I did myself, that I got almost to disbelieve in the existence of such an art at all. I plead guilty to an heretical belief that even the recognised professors of the science talk about a basis of operations, a concentrated movement, a system of strategy, in order to invest themselves with an uncalled-for appearance of profundity. I remember Mr. Hawthorne once remarking to me about a certain metaphysical philosopher, that he never knew a man who had such a talent for confusing a simple

question, and I confess that this talent seems to me to be largely developed amongst military critics. At Washington, during the war, every militia officer, and everybody who might have been a militia officer, and everybody whose friend had, might, would or could have been an officer, considered himself justified in talking about Jomini and Vauban and the science of strategics. My own impression is, that in the American war there was very little possibility for scientific operations of any kind ; and that if there was such a possibility, it certainly was not improved. However, right or wrong, I have no intention of filling my pages with descriptions of the military campaign. When I was in Italy two years ago, during the Garibaldian war, of all the facts and incidents connected with it, the one which brought the war nearest home to my mind, was a scene I once witnessed in the back streets of Naples. It was at the time when the siege of Capua was going on, and a decisive battle was hourly expected. I had been hunting up and down the low purlieus of Naples, to look after a refugee who was keeping out of sight, and to whom I was anxious to deliver a letter. I was passing up the narrow squalid staircase of one of the deserted palaces, where hundreds of poor families appear to burrow in one common wretchedness. I had not succeeded in finding the object of my search, and was making my way out as rapidly as I could, when an old woman rushed out, and,

in the rapid Neapolitan *patois*, besought me to tell her, for the love of God and of the Holy Virgin, whether it was true that there had been a battle. I tried to make her understand, in the best Neapolitan that I could muster up, that for twenty-four hours at least there was no prospect of a fight. "*Graz' a Dio!*" was her ejaculation, repeated many times; and then, turning to me, she said, in explanation, "*C'e il figlio unico nell' armata, Lei mi scusi*;"* and then she crouched down again upon the ground, praying and telling her beads. And I own that whenever I think of the Italian war, I think also of the widowed mother, praying in that gloomy, squalid alley for her only son.

So, what little I have recorded of this American campaign, are some few incidents in its course which came under my own notice. These, with the reflections that at the time they forced upon me, are the sole contributions that I shall give to the military history of the war.

In a book, too clever to have been so soon forgotten, I remember meeting, years ago, with a passage which, at the time, struck me strangely. I speak of the "Travels of a Roving Englishman." The recollection of the exact words has passed from me, but the sense of the passage was after this fashion. The writer told you how he stood one day at the latticed window of a high gable-roofed house, looking out upon the lime-

* "My only son is in the army. Your Excellency will pardon me."

shadowed market-place of a great city in the fair German land, when the loud, glorious music of an Austrian band came crashing by; and how, as the music died away, and was followed by the dull, heavy tramp of the soldiers' feet, the thought passed across him, that this grand music might have much to answer for in the nation's history; that the strains of glory and pomp and war, which the band seemed to send thrilling through you, were such as no people could listen to daily without danger.

While at Washington I recalled this passage often. From the windows of my lodgings, I looked out upon the mile-long Pennsylvania Avenue, leading from the broad Potomac river, by the marble palace of the President's, up to the snow-white Capitol, and every hour of the day almost I was disturbed while writing by the sound of some military band, as regiment after regiment passed, marching southwards. The Germans have brought with them into their new fatherland the instinct of instrumental music, and the bands are fine ones, above the average of those of a French or English line regiment. The tunes were mostly those well known to us across the water—"Cheer boys, cheer," the "Red, White, and Blue," and "Dixie's Land," being the favourites. For the war had brought out hitherto no war-inspired melody, and the quaint, half-grotesque, half passion-stirring air of

"John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,"

was still under McClellan's interdict. But yet, be the tunes what they may, the drums and fifes and trumpets rouse the same heart-beatings as in the Old World, and teach the same lessons of glory and ambition and martial pride. Can this teaching fail to work? is the question that I asked myself daily, as yet without an answer.

Surely no nation in the world has gone through such a baptism of war as the people of the United States underwent in one short year's time. With the men of the Revolution the memories of the revolutionary wars had died out. Two generations had passed away to whom war was little more than a name. The Mexican campaign was rather a military demonstration than an actual war, and the sixteen years which had elapsed since its termination form a long period in the life of a nation whose whole existence has not completed its first century. Twenty months ago there were not more than 12,000 soldiers in a country of 31,000,000. A soldier was as rare an object throughout America as in one of our country hamlets. I recollect a Northern lady telling me that, till within a year before, she could not recall the name of a single person whom she had ever known in the army, and that now she had sixty friends and relatives who were serving in the war; and her case was by no means an uncommon one. Once in four years, on the fourth of March, two or three thousand troops were collected in Washington to add to the

pomp of the Presidential inauguration ; and this was the one military pageant the country had to boast of. Almost in a day this state of things passed away. Our English critics were so fond of repeating what the North could not do—how it could not fight, nor raise money, nor conquer the South—that they omitted to mention what the North *had* done. There was no need to go farther than my windows at Washington to see the immensity of the war. It was curious to me to watch the troops as they came marching past. Whether they were regulars or volunteers, it was hard for the unprofessional critic to discern ; for all were clad alike, in the same dull, grey-blue overcoats, and most of the few regular regiments were filled with such raw recruits that the difference between volunteer and regular was not a marked one. Of course it was easy enough to pick faults in the aspect of such troops. As each regiment marched, or rather waded through the dense slush and mud which covered the roads, you could observe many inaccuracies of military attire. One man would have his trousers rolled up almost to his knees ; another would wear them tucked inside his boots ; and a third would appear with one leg of his trousers hanging down, and the other gathered tightly up. It was not unfrequent, too, to see an officer with his epaulettes sewed on to a common plain frock-coat. Then there was a slouching gait about the men, not soldier-like to English eyes. They used to turn their heads

round when on parade, with an indifference to rule which would drive an old drill-sergeant out of his senses. There was an absence, also, of precision in the march. The men kept in step ; but I always was at a loss to discover how they ever managed to do so. The system of march, it is true, was copied rather from the French than the English or Austrian fashion ; but still it was something very different from the orderly disorder of a Zouave march. That all these, and a score of similar irregularities, are faults, no one—an American least of all—would deny. But there are two sides to the picture.

One thing is certain, that there is no physical degeneracy about a race which could produce such regiments as those which formed the army of the Potomac. Men of high stature and burly frames were rare, except in the Kentucky troops ; but, on the other hand, small, stunted men were almost unknown. I have seen the armies of most European countries ; and I have no hesitation in saying that, as far as the average raw material of the rank and file is concerned, the American army is the finest. The officers are, undoubtedly, the weak point of the system. They have not the military air, the self-possession which long habit of command alone can give ; while the footing of equality on which they inevitably stand with the volunteer privates, deprives them of the *esprit du corps* belonging to a ruling class. Still they are active, energetic, and

constantly with their troops. Wonderfully well equipped too, at this period of the war, were both officers and men. Their clothing was substantial and fitted easily, their arms were good, and the military arrangements were as perfect as money alone could make them. It was remarkable to me how rapidly the new recruits fell into the habits of military service. I have seen a Pennsylvanian regiment, raised chiefly from the mechanics of Philadelphia, which, six weeks after its formation, was, in my eyes, equal to the average of our best-trained volunteer corps, as far as marching and drill-exercise went. Indeed, I often asked myself what it was that made the Northern volunteer troops look, as a rule, so much more soldier-like than our own. I suppose the reason is, that across the Atlantic there was actual war, and that at home there was at most only a parade. I have no doubt that, in the event of civil war or invasion, England would raise a million volunteers as rapidly as America has done—more rapidly she could not; and that, when fighting had once begun, there would only be too much of grim earnestness about our soldiering; but it is no want of patriotism to say that the American volunteers looked to me more business-like than our own. At the scene of war itself there was no playing at soldiering. No gaudy uniforms or crack companies, no distinction of classes. From every part of the North; from the ports of New York and Boston; from the homesteads of New England; from the mines

of Pennsylvania and the factories of Pittsburgh; from the shores of the great lakes; from the Mississippi valley; and from the far-away Texan prairies, these men had come to fight for the Union. It is idle to talk of their being attracted by the pay alone. Large as it is, the pay of thirteen dollars a month is only two dollars more than the ordinary pay of privates in the Federal army during peace times. Thirteen shillings a week is poor pay for a labouring man in America, even with board, especially during this war, when the wages of unskilled labour amounted to from twenty to thirty shillings a week. It is false, moreover, to assert, as the opponents of the North are fond of doing, that the Federal armies were composed exclusively, or even principally, of foreigners. In the North, the proportion of foreign immigrants to native-born Americans is about thirty per cent., and the same proportions were observed in the Federal volunteer army. Judging from my own observation, I should say that the per-centage of foreigners amongst the privates of the army of the Potomac was barely ten per cent. But, in the West, which is almost peopled with Germans, foreigners are, probably, in the majority. The bulk of the native volunteers consisted of men who had given up good situations in order to enlist, and who had families to support at home; and for such men the additional pay was not an adequate inducement to incur the dangers and hardships of war. Of course, wherever there is an army, the scum of the population will

always be gathered together ; but the average *morale* and character of the couple of hundred thousand troops collected round Washington was extremely good. There was very little outward drunkenness, and less brawling about the streets than if half a dozen English militia regiments had been quartered there. The number of papers purchased daily by the common soldiers, and the amount of letters which they sent through the military post, was astonishing to a foreigner, though less strange when you considered that every man in that army, with the exception of a few recent immigrants, could both read and write. The ministers, also, of the different sects, who went out on the Sundays to preach to the troops, found no difficulty in obtaining large and attentive audiences.

The general impression left upon me by my observations of the army of the Potomac was a very favourable one. All day, and every day while I resided at Washington, the scene before my eyes was one of war. An endless military panorama seemed to be unrolling itself ceaselessly. Sometimes it was a line of artillery struggling and floundering onwards through the mud—sometimes it was a company of wild Texan cavalry, rattling past, with the jingle of their belts and spurs. Sometimes it was a long train of sutlers' waggons, ambulance vans, or forage-carts, drawn by the shaggy Pennsylvanian mules. Orderlies innumerable galloped up and down, patrols without end passed along the pavements, and at

every window and doorstep and street corner you saw soldiers standing. You had to go far away from Washington to leave the war behind you. If you went up to any high point in the city whence you could look over the surrounding country, every hill-side seemed covered with camps. The white tents caught your eye on all sides; and across the river, where the dense brushwood obscured the prospect, the great army of the Potomac stretched miles away, right up to the advanced posts of the Confederates, south of the far-famed Manassas. The numbers were so vast that it was hard to realize them. During one week fifty thousand men were embarked from Washington, and yet the town and neighbourhood still swarmed with troops and camps, as it seemed, undiminished in number. And here, remember, I saw only one portion of the gigantic army. Along a line of two thousand miles or so, from the Potomac down to New Mexico, there were at that time Federal armies fighting their way southwards. At Fortress Monroe too, Ship Island, Mobile, and at every accessible point along the Atlantic seaboard, expeditions numbered by tens of thousands were stationed, waiting for the signal to advance. At this time the muster-roll of the Federal army numbered 672,000 men, or, at least, that number were drawing pay daily from the Treasury, though a large allowance must be made for absentees and non-effectives.

Try to realize all this, and then picture to yourself

what its effect, seen in fact, and not portrayed by feeble description, must be upon a nation unused to war. The wonder to me is, that the American people were not more intoxicated with the consciousness of their new-born strength. Still the military passion—the lust of war—is a plant of rapid growth, and that, when the war is over, the nation will lay down their arms at once, and return to the arts of peace, is a thing more to be hoped for than expected. I recollect at the time reading an article in an English periodical of high repute, wherein the writer characterized as an acknowledged fact, the *essentially blackguardly nature* of the whole American war; and amidst some very clever discussion about the essence of a gentleman, paused to point a pungent paragraph by a sneer at the Federal army. Children play with lucifer-matches amongst powder-barrels, and, probably, the class of writers of whom this gentleman is a type, have not the faintest notion that, by words like these, they are sowing the seeds of war. Still, for the credit of their own country, I wish they would remember that power and strength and will, however misapplied, are never essentially blackguardly, and that there is something in an army of half a million men raised in six months' time, worth thinking about as well as sneering at.

How bitterly Americans feel this sort of ill-natured comment from English critics, it is hard for anybody who has not lived in the country to appreciate. I

recollect arguing once with a Northern gentleman, whose name as an author is known and honoured in this country, about what seemed to me his unreasonable animosity towards England. After a concession on his part, that possibly his feelings were morbidly exaggerated, he turned round and pointed to the portrait of a very near and dear relative of his—a brave, handsome lad—who had been killed a few months before when leading his men into action at the fatal defeat of Ball's Bluff. "How," he said to me, "would you like, yourself, to read constantly that that lad died in a miserable cause, and, as an American officer, should be called a coward?" And I own to that argument I could make no adequate reply. Let me quote, too, a paragraph from a letter I received the other day from another friend of mine, whose works have been read eagerly wherever the English tongue is spoken. "I have," he wrote, "a stake in this contest; which makes me nervous and tremulous and impatient of contradiction. I have a noble boy, a captain in one of our regiments, which has been fearfully decimated by battle and disease, and himself twice wounded within a hair's-breadth of his life." If you consider that in almost every Northern family there is thus some personal interest at stake in the war, it is not to be wondered at if the nation itself is also unduly impatient of contradiction.

But I have been wandering away from the subject

of the army. At the period when I reached Washington (the beginning of March) the advance of the Potomac army was daily expected. I took an early opportunity of visiting the camp. By the kindness of General McClellan—kindness which, I would add, was extended freely to every English visitor—I had a pass furnished me on any occasion when I wished to cross the lines. I have taken few prettier or pleasanter rides in my life than those which I made at different times through the broken uplands of Virginia. One morning I can recall in particular, when I started in company with Mr. Russell and two other English gentlemen, to visit Blenker's division. It was a lovely spring morning, and the trees, which are but little more forward than those of England, were just beginning to show their first buds. The whole way from Washington to Georgetown—a distance of some three miles—was an unbroken line of sutlers' waggons, carrying out provisions to the army. Anything more like the long, low English suburb of a northern manufacturing town, than Georgetown, it is not possible to conceive; and if it had not been for the hosts of negroes which swarm about this—the black—quarter of Washington, I should have fancied myself home in England. At the river-side we were stopped by the sentries, had our passes carefully inspected, and then allowed to pass.

Close to this bridge the tide on the Potomac stops. The difference in the look of the river above and below

Yorktown is very curious. Below, it is a great tidal river, as broad, though not as deep, as the Mersey at Liverpool. Above, it is a clear rapid stream, about the breadth of the Thames at Hammersmith. It was always a surprise to me that the planners of the City of Washington, who had a very definite conception in their heads of what they meant the capital to be like, seem to have contemplated making so little use of the river. Even if the original design of Washington had ever been carried out, the Potomac could hardly have been a feature in the town. Yet in any country but America it would rank among the grandest of rivers. As it is, Washington is just too far off to enjoy the view of the river, and too near to escape its odours. The White House, which stands nearer the Potomac than any other part of the City, is rendered very unhealthy by the accumulation of refuse and garbage, which the tide washes to and fro between the piles of the long chain-bridge.

With that quickness of invention which characterizes the Americans in all mechanical matters, the Federals had made a bridge across the Potomac by the device of letting the water out of a canal, which was carried over the river at Georgetown, and using the trough of the canal for a roadway. We rode at a foot's pace, in obedience to the sentry's orders, through the long narrow trench, which, with its planked sides, looked like an elongated coffin; and the moment we had emerged from it, we found ourselves not only in a new State, but in

a new country. There is a marked and curious difference between the natural aspect of Virginia and Maryland. The latter is a bare open country, not unlike Sussex. The former is a wild, broken district, covered with brushwood. Our road lay through Arlington Park, the residence of the Confederate General Lee. It certainly must have required a good deal of patriotism to induce any man to leave such a pleasant residence for the hardships of a camp. But then it must be remembered that when the General with his family left his mansion at the outbreak of Secession, he was confident of returning in triumph within a few weeks. When the Federals took possession of the house, and turned it into the head-quarters of General McDowell's division, they found the whole place just in the state that it would have been left if the owners had only intended to go away for a week's holiday. The ground belonging to the house must stretch over a space of some five or six square miles. Very little of the park is cultivated according to our English notion, and indeed it resembles much more nearly the hill-side of the vale of Albury, than Richmond Park or Blenheim. The timber, however—a circumstance which is rare in America—is remarkably fine, and the aspect of Washington owes the chief part of what little beauty it possesses to the wooded slopes of Arlington Heights, which face the city across the Potomac. Regard for this consideration, and for the

historical associations with which the house is connected, and, above all, the social influence which General Lee possessed, had induced the Federal officers to use every precaution in order to protect the house and grounds from injury. The greatest difficulty was experienced in hindering the soldiers from cutting down the trees ; and when at last Western regiments were stationed at Arlington Heights, it was found impossible to protect the timber. To soldiers from the backwoods' settlements it seemed simply absurd to suppose that any man could object to having his ground cleared for him ; and no amount of argument or expostulation could persuade them that it was not one of the rights of man to cut down any tree he came across. Hence, by this time the park had been sadly devastated. It had, too, that dreary, deserted look which a park always has when there is nobody to look after it. The ground was so covered with stumps of trees and broken fences, that it was with difficulty we could pilot our horses through the brushwood. The regiments which were formerly encamped here had now moved onwards towards Manassas, and the only trace of the army was to be found in the number of blackened circles, which showed where camp-fires had been. Every now and then we could hear the booming of cannon towards the front, and constantly we heard, too, the less pleasant sound of the whirr of a rifle bullet, which showed us that, according to the fashion

of the American army, some private or other was occupying his leisure in firing at any object he saw. Great attempts had been made to put a stop to this practice in the grounds of the park, where, from the dense character of the brushwood, it was extremely dangerous. But practically, with the extreme reluctance entertained to the infliction of any punishment on the volunteer soldiers, it was found impossible to enforce the prevention of this promiscuous shooting. After riding some miles across the park, we came out upon the main road, which led across the chain-bridge from Washington to the camp. At this period, the Government papers and the military authorities were all impressing on the public that, in the state of the Virginia roads, any immediate advance was out of the question. Now, on this and other occasions I saw the roads myself in their worst state, and in the very places where they had been most cut up by the passage of artillery. I confess frankly that the roads were shockingly bad. Like most of the American highways, they were hardly roads in our sense of the word, but mere tracks without any foundation. The soil of Virginia is a sort of sandy loam; and what with the rain and the passage of so many thousands of wheels, the surface of the high road had become a soft quicksand, or slush, into which you sunk from one to two feet. It was not pleasant riding when every hundred yards or so your horse would stumble into a hollow

and half bury himself and you in this "Slough of Despond." The only comfort was that, even if your horse fell down, the ground was so soft it was impossible for him to receive any injury. I saw artillery being dragged along these roads, and can bear witness to the fact that the task was one of great trouble and labour. Still, I doubt very much whether the condition of the roads was such as to render an advance impossible. They were not worse than many of the roads in the south of Italy, over which the Sardinian army marched in 1860. It was only for bits that these quagmires extended; and I suspect that, if any trouble had been taken to secure an efficient corps of road-makers, the roads might have been made passable without difficulty. It is possible that in this opinion I may do injustice to McClellan, but I fancy that the impassability of the Virginia roads was as much exaggerated as the impregnability of the earthworks at Manassas.

The rear of the army of the Potomac was then stationed three or four miles to the south of the river, while the front extended nearly as far as Centreville. It had been our purpose on this occasion to ride out as far as the outposts, but with that extraordinary variability which distinguishes the American climate, the sky had clouded over almost at once, and the temperature from that of summer had become as cold as it is with us in the depth of winter. The snow began

to fall in heavy flakes, and the wind blew as icy cold as if it came direct from the Arctic Ocean. In consequence, we changed our plans, and resolved to confine our visit to Blencker's division.

Of all camps I have seen, this of Blencker's seemed to me the most comfortable. Lying on a high tableland, the soil was dry ; and the temperature in Virginia is rarely such for any length of time as to make living in the open air a severe trial. Every precaution, too, was taken to make the tents as warm as possible. Indeed, tents they could hardly be called. Each hut was floored with planks and fenced in with logs some three feet above the ground. The canvas tents were drawn tightly down over these log walls, so that very little air could penetrate, and each hut was provided with a stove ; and except for the discomfort of having to sleep with two or three comrades in a space about eight feet square and seven high, I could not see that there was anything to complain of. The camp was arranged in a square intersected with broad passages parallel to each other. About the tents I looked into there was an air of rough comfort, and in many cases of luxury ; and both drainage and ventilation appeared excellent. The result of such care was shown in the excellent health of the troops. Out of a body of some thousand men there were only thirty or so in the hospital ; and most of these invalids were sufferers from drink or other maladies for which camp life is not

directly responsible. Whether the result was equally favourable in training the men to undergo the hardships of a campaign I doubted at the time, and have seen cause since to doubt still more.

Blenker's division were the *enfants perdus* of the Federal army. Their commander even then enjoyed a most doubtful reputation, and the men justly or unjustly shared in the repute of the General. They had been moved as far away from Washington as possible, and not without cause. In the Potomac army commanded by McClellan the number of foreign regiments was at that period extremely small, and almost all of them were attached to Blenker's division. The camp I visited was filled with the black sheep of every nation under the sun. The word of command had to be given in four different languages, and the officers were foreigners almost without an exception. In a party with whom we spent the afternoon, there were officers who had served in the Papal brigade, the army of Francis II., the Garibaldian expedition, the British and Spanish legions, the wars of Baden, the Morocco campaign, and I know not where else beside. Both men and officers were a fine dare-devil looking set of fellows, and might doubtless have been made excellent soldiers with strict training. The difficulty here, as to a less extent throughout the whole Federal army, was, that with a volunteer organization it was impossible to use the stern discipline necessary to break the troops into order.

At the time of my visit to Blencker's camp, the army was hourly awaiting orders to march on Manassas. Within a week or so afterwards, the news came, that the Confederates had evacuated the mud forts and quaker guns which had kept McClellan so long at bay, and were retiring upon Richmond. Ten days had not passed before Yankee energy had reconstructed the railroad which led from Alexandria to Manassas Gap; and the offer having been made me to accompany the first trial-trip after the completion of the line, I gladly availed myself of it. It was the loveliest of spring mornings when I left Washington early to join the expedition. A steamboat carried us from the foot of the chain-bridge to Alexandria. The wide river was covered with fleets of transports, dropping down with the tide to convey provisions to the army which had just begun to sail for the peninsula. The wharves of Alexandria were covered with troops waiting for embarkment. The great river-steamers, which lay alongside, were crowded with troops singing and cheering lustily. The whole nation was overjoyed at the thought that at last the day of the "masterly inaction" was over, and that the long-expected hour of victory had struck. The army shared in the general enthusiasm; and there were few, I think, who contemplated even the possibility of a temporary reverse. I own, laying claim as I do to no pretensions as a military authority, that I shared in that impression. It seems to me even now incredible at times, that that

grand army, which I watched for days and weeks defiling through Washington, should not have swept all before it; and I confess, that I still believe its failure was due to want of generalship. The nation, at any rate, at that time was confident, proud of its General, proud of its army, proud of its coming victory; and when the "Young Napoleon,"—with that affectation of the Napoleonic style he was so partial to—declared in the address he issued, almost on the day of which I write, that hereafter his troops "would ask no higher honour than the proud consciousness that they belonged to the "army of the Potomac," he uttered a boast which found an echo in every Northern breast.

My companions on the excursion, among whom were Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. N. P. Willis, were all Northerners; and all of them, the ladies especially, showed a natural feeling of pride at the appearance of the troops about to start on that ill-fated expedition. It struck me, however, curiously at the time, how all the party talked about our excursion as if we were going to visit a strange country. The sacred soil of Virginia seemed as imperfectly known to them as Ireland is to myself; and they looked upon their excursion with much the same sort of interest as I should do on a trip across St. George's Channel.

Half an hour's sail brought us to Alexandria. Like most of the old Virginia and Maryland towns, it has a very English air about it: the red brick houses, the

broad sleepy streets, the long straggling wharves might have been imported direct from Norfolk or Lincolnshire. The town itself was crammed with troops ; but neither then nor on the other occasions when I visited it was there anything to be seen of the inhabitants. They had left the place for the most part, or lived in retirement. Closely connected as the little town is with Washington, it was bitterly "secesh ;" and the citizens of Alexandria showed their dislike of the Federal army of occupation by every means in their power. The women, as may be supposed, displayed their animosity most outspokenly. Unless they were foully belied, they used to take pleasure in insulting the private soldiers with epithets which will not bear repetition. The common Yankee soldiers seemed to feel these insults from women with a susceptibility I felt it hard to account for. English soldiers, under like circumstances, would have retorted with language still more unmentionable, or would have adopted the spirit of General Butler's famous order without compunction. But the Americans appeared to writhe under these insults. The bad language of the Alexandria women was constantly complained of in the papers as a bitter personal injury. I remember one stalwart Massachusetts soldier in the hospital, who complained seriously, that when he was recovered, and went back to duty, he should be subjected again to the abuse of these Southern ladies ; and said—"It was so hard to bear." It was here, by

the way, that the first blood shed in the war was spilt by the murder of Lieutenant Ellsworth, when hoisting up the Union flag at the first outbreak of secession. A flag-staff, bearing the stars and stripes, had been erected on the house where he was killed ; and, on that morning, it floated bravely in the sunlight, as though in honour of the approaching Union triumphs.

At the wharf, a train was waiting to convey our party. It was the first which had started, and the resumption of the traffic was the sign of returning peace and order. But the event excited no comment in that sullen, gloomy town, and only a few boys and negroes were collected together to witness our departure. Slowly we moved on through the dead streets till we reached the camps outside the town, and then passing onwards at an increased speed, we were soon in the hilly Virginia country, which a few days before had been occupied by the Confederate forces.

The country through which our road lay impressed me strangely with a sense of desolation. If the reader knows the Surrey downs, near Albury, and can fancy what they would be, if the mansions and cottages were all removed, if the woods were replaced by pine forests, if the place of roads was supplied by mud tracks, and if the whole district was intersected by steep gullies filled with clear sparkling torrent streams, he will have a pretty good notion of what Northern Virginia is like. For miles and miles together you passed through long

tracts of pine-wood, broken by patches of deserted fields, where the brushwood was growing up again amidst the stumps of the forest trees, which had been cleared years ago. Every now and then you came to an open space, where you caught a glimpse of the distant Blue Ridge Mountains, and then you passed again into the gloomy pine-wood shade. Along the journey of twenty miles or so, you never saw a village; and the number of houses that you passed might be counted on your fingers. In the fields there was no one working; the snake fences were broken down; at the roadside stations there were no passengers; and the few people loitering about gazed sullenly at us as we passed. Actual traces of the war there were not many. We passed a few deserted camps, and a house or two which had been burnt down by one of the two armies which had occupied the soil in turn; but that was all. Indeed, the look of desolation could have proceeded but partially from the presence of the war. I never saw the same aspect elsewhere, even in States which had suffered as much from invasion. The state of the fields and fences, and roads and farmhouses, betokened a decay of much longer standing than that of a year's time. The exhaustion of the soil, even more than the havoc of men, was the cause of the deserted air which hung over everything. With the wasteful system of tobacco-growing and slave labour, Virginia is rapidly sinking back into its primitive desolation.

At last we emerged from the pine-woods, and began to ascend by a steep incline—an open table-land—at whose foot run the now famous stream of Bull Run. Here we had to move slowly, and stop every few hundred yards to remove huge logs, which had been rolled across the rails to obstruct the passage. Then, reaching the top of the incline, we found ourselves in the centre of Manassas camp. It had hardly yet been visited since the departure of the Confederates; everything which could be destroyed had been burnt before their retreat; and the whole ground for miles was covered with the *débris* of an army's stores. Smashed carriages, broken arms, empty coffins, charred planks, decaying skeletons of horses, pots, pans, and cartridges, lay heaped together in a weird disorder. A detachment of Federal soldiers were on duty there, collecting any remnants of the stores which were worth preserving; but, otherwise, there was not a soul visible. The few soldiers' huts which were left standing were knocked hastily together with the rudest planks, and swarmed inside with vermin of every description. A foul smell of charred animal matter hung about the place, and flights of crows were feeding upon the garbage strewn on every side. The whole ground was covered with stray leaves of tracts and bibles, which some Southern religious society had obviously been distributing amongst the troops. Letters, too, were to be picked up by dozens; and, indeed, the collectors of

curiosities amongst our party had their researches richly rewarded.

As to the value of the fortifications, I could form no opinion. To me they appeared of the rudest and poorest description of earthworks ; and I fancy were intended rather to protect the retreat of the army in case of a sudden attack, than to keep off the enemy. On the other hand, the position of Manassas in itself was obviously a strong one. The wide plateau on which it stood sloped down rapidly towards the North ; so that an army advancing from Washington would have had to mount this slope, exposed to the full fire of the enemy's batteries. At this time, by the way, there was an embittered discussion going on in the American press, as to whether the Confederates had manned their works with wooden cannon, in order to give a false impression of strength. The anti-slavery party asserted positively that such was the case, and that McClellan had been frightened from attacking Manassas by a scarecrow. The democratic party asserted as stoutly that the whole story was an invention. Curious to say, the fact of the existence of the "quaker guns" was never either demonstrated or disproved. I can only say, that soldiers I saw at Manassas assured me that they had seen the wooden cannon on their first arrival. On the other hand, persons who took more trouble to investigate the truth came to the conclusion that there was no evidence of the fact ; but to me the

definite result seemed to be that, from some cause or other, the Federal commanders failed invariably to obtain reliable information as to the position and movements of the Southern army.

Our visit was but a short one, for the train had to return early, in order to avoid the risk of travelling through that half-hostile country after dark. On our return to the cars, we came upon a strange living evidence of the results of this strange war. Huddled together upon a truck were a group of some dozen runaway slaves. There were three men, four women, and half a dozen children. Anything more helpless or wretched than their aspect I never saw. Miserably clothed, footsore, and weary, they crouched in the hot sunlight more like animals than men. They seemed to have no idea, no plan, and no distinct purpose. They were field-hands, on a farm some score of miles off, and had walked all night; so at least they told us. Now they were going North as far as Washington, which appeared to them the end of the world. They had no fear of being recaptured, partly, I think, because they had reached Northern troops, still more because their home seemed to them so far away. With the exception of one woman, who was going to look for her husband, who was hired out somewhere in the District of Columbia, they talked as if they had no friends or acquaintances in the new land they were travelling to. For the present they were content that they

could sit in the sun without being forced to work. Some of our party gave them money, and broken victuals which they valued more. I overheard one of the men saying to a woman, as he munched some white bread he had picked up, "Massa never gave us food like that." Poor things, if their idea of freedom was white bread and rest, they must have been disappointed bitterly! As strangers and guests of official personages, it was impossible for us to do anything for them. We got them a lift upon the truck to Alexandria. But whenever I think of that incident, I wish that we could have done, that we had done, more. Before we reached the town they got down, and our roads parted. What became of them heaven knows.

Instead of returning by the river from Alexandria, the train carried us to the foot of the long chain-bridge which crosses the Potomac in front of Washington. For hours we found it impossible to cross, as a division of 16,000 men were marching over on their way to Alexandria, to embark for the peninsula. With colours flying, and bands playing, regiment after regiment defiled past us. In the grey evening light, the long endless files bore a phantom aspect. The men were singing, shouting, cheering; under cover of the darkness, they chanted "John Brown's Hymn," in defiance of McClellan's orders, and the heavy tramp of a thousand feet beat time to that strange

weird melody. As the New England regiments passed our train, they shouted to us to tell the people at home that we had seen them in Dixie's Land, and on the way to Richmond. Ah, me! how many, I wonder, of those who flitted before us in the twilight, came home themselves to tell their own story?

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

TOWARDS the middle of last April Washington was growing empty. Willard's Hotel was rapidly losing its customers, and the managers were fast becoming oppressively civil, even to a single one-trunk-and-carpet-bag traveller like myself. Pennsylvania Avenue was no longer crowded with artillery and baggage-waggons. Officers had become few in number, passes had ceased to be required for crossing the now-deserted lines, and the weekly receptions of senators and representatives were being dropped one by one. All these symptoms were hints to a traveller to move elsewhere. Indeed, I should have gone some weeks before, but for three causes. The first was, that after some two or three weeks of spring as warm as most English summers, we had heavy falls of snow, covering the ground for days together; the second was, that my introductions had made society in Washington so pleasant to me, that it was with reluctance I parted from it; and thirdly, and lastly, I experienced a difficulty which

almost all travellers must have felt of making up your mind where to go to, when there is no particular reason why you should go to one place more than to another. Naturally, my first inclination would have been to go "on to Richmond" with the grand army of the Potomac, but unfortunately there were many objections to such a proceeding. In the first place, I had such confidence in the "masterly inactivity," as the *New York Herald* used to style it, of General McClellan's tactics, that I doubted, as it proved with reason, whether I might not be kept waiting at Fortress Monroe for weeks to come. In the second, I strongly suspected that if I did follow the army, I should see very little but the smoke of the cannon in the event of a battle; and, lastly—but why should I go on, unmindful of Queen Elizabeth's answer to the magistrates of Falmouth in the matter of their not ringing the town bells, and enumerate the reasons why I *did* not go with the Potomac army, when there was one simple and decisive argument, and that was that I *could* not. I was supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be connected with the English press, and on this ground was denied access to the Richmond expedition, by orders of the Secretary of War. It is useless trying to conceal anything in America. Before I had been a couple of weeks in the country, my name, antecedents, and history, and a good deal of personal intelligence that was perfectly novel to myself, was published in

the American papers. Under these circumstances, it was little use seeking to obtain permission to visit the peninsula, and I had received such uniform courtesy from all American officials I had hitherto come across, that I did not like to disturb the pleasing tenor of my recollections, by exposing myself to the probability of a discourteous refusal from Mr. Stanton.

So, in fact, my choice of directions in which to travel was limited. The orders of the War Department precluded my journeying East, the insurrection would not allow me to go South, and the cold forbade me from travelling North. The only path open to me lay westward in the track of the war, and it was this path I resolved to follow. My road lay through Western Virginia, whence the Confederates had just retreated, through Ohio, the great Border Free State, through Kentucky, the chief of the Union Slave States, whose loyalty, to say the most, had been a half-hearted neutrality, down to Tennessee, the stronghold and battlefield of the Confederates in the West.

I left Washington in the early morning, on the day when the President signed the measure for the emancipation of the slaves in the district of Columbia, a bright promise, as it proved, of a brighter future. By the way, the night before I left, a Washington friend of mine, the most lukewarm of Abolitionists, told me an incident worth relating: He had been driving that day in a

hired carriage, whose coachman, an old negro, he had known for years. To his astonishment the driver mistook his way repeatedly. At last my friend grew angry, and asked the man what ailed him. "Ah, massa," the negro answered; "all this matter about the emancipation has got into my head somehow, and I feel stunned like." Well, in the words of a dear friend of mine,

"God's fruit of justice ripens slow,"

and it is pleasant to me to think that I, too, have seen the ripening of one small fruit of justice. So as we passed on that morning through the dull barren fields of Maryland, I could not help watching the coloured folk in the cars with more than usual interest. I had not been long enough in the country to lose the sense of novelty with which the black people impress a stranger. To me they are the one picturesque element in the dull monotony of outward life in America. With their dark swarthy skins varying from the deepest ebony to the rich yellow hue—with their strange love for bright colours in their dress, no matter how stained and faded, and yet, gaudy as they are, arranged with a sort of artistic instinct—with their bright laughing smile and their deep wistful eyes, they form a race apart, a strange people in a strange land. Probably, if you lived amongst them, you would lose all sense of their picturesqueness just as we in England should see little romance about gipsies, if there was a Romany

camp squatted down in every village. As a gentleman, who is known as one of the acutest of observers, once said to me, "negroes are just like a man you meet, who is an uncommonly pleasant companion for half an hour, but whom you find a monstrous bore when you are shut up all alone with him for a long rainy day." While I remained in America I was still in the early stage of investigation, and could hardly appreciate the evident distaste which even the staunchest Free-soilers have for the black race. A very strong Republican confessed to me on one occasion that he could never shake hands with a negro without instinctive repugnance, and this feeling is, I suspect, a very universal one throughout the Free States. In Maryland, as in all slave countries, there prevails a more kindly feeling towards the individual negro. In the car in which I travelled from Washington, black men came in and out freely, and the white passengers seemed to have no objection to their contact. Indeed, in one or two cases, I saw men get up to make room for negro women, who, in justice I must add, were neither young nor pretty. By one of the barbarous laws of the black code of Maryland, the Washington railroad is forbidden to take free coloured people as passengers unless they can obtain a bond from some responsible householder, for a thousand dollars, to indemnify the company in case of their being claimed afterwards as fugitive slaves. Of course, this rule was always evaded, when-

ever the negro was personally known to the railroad officials, and during the war everything was in such confusion that, I fancy, it was rarely enforced. Barring this provision, coloured people may pass freely in the cars of the Baltimore and Ohio line. There is not, indeed, the absolute equality in American railway travelling that we fancy in Europe. I dare say the reader may have observed how on our penny river steamboats, where there is no difference of fares, and no division of classes, yet, somehow or other, the working poor generally congregate in the bows of the vessel, rarely in the more aristocratic stern. The same thing happens across the Atlantic. On all American lines there is always one car, generally the one nearest the engine, where, without notice or order, the common soldiers, the working men, and the negroes take their places naturally. There is nothing to hinder a roughshod, mud-covered soldier from sitting in the hinder cars, but he rarely does so. How far a man of colour might be liable to insult if he placed himself amidst the genteel society, I cannot say. It is certain he would feel uncomfortable, and avoids the experiment. The western line of the Baltimore and Ohio turns off at the famous Relay Bridge, the junction of the Washington and the Wheeling railroads, which the Confederates tried in vain to blow up at the first outburst of hostilities. The country was in look much the same as when I passed through it some six weeks before. The leaves

were but little more forward, and the fields and villages still bore the same dreary deserted aspect. But in one respect there was a marked difference. The camps along the line were removed, there were few roadside pickets, and the army had passed away. In Appleton's Handbook, which is the *Bradshaw* of America, the only notice taken of the civil war is that the time-tables of some half the railroads are left blank without notices of trains. Along the Border States the progress of the war might have been traced month by month, by watching the increase of new blanks, or the disappearance of old ones. When I first came to Washington, the Baltimore and Ohio route still presented a blank in the pages of the Guide Book. At that period the line was in the hands of the Confederates, and Western Virginia was in a great measure subject to the rule of the Government at Richmond. Now, within a few days' time, the line had been reopened, and the Confederate forces had been forced to retire from every point along the route. Still the railroad was not much in favour with the public. The whole of the railway officials, like all inhabitants of slave-holding States, were very lukewarm Unionists, and just before the reopening of the line a proposal that all the servants of the Company should be required to take the oath of allegiance was rejected by a Board of Directors at Baltimore, by a majority of sixteen to seven. There were stories, too, of Southern

“bush-whackers” wandering about in the wild mountain countries through which the line runs, and trying to tear up the rails and upset the trains. A long Italian experience had utterly destroyed my faith in brigands of any kind, and I certainly had no intention of going some hundred of miles out of my way in order to avoid an imaginary bush-whacker. Distances are so enormous in America that an Englishman finds it hard to realize them. My first day’s journey, which was to take me from the eastern to the western frontier of the single State of Virginia, was four hundred miles in length—as far as from London to Edinburgh.

At the Relay Bridge we first began our real journey into the quondam dominions of Secession. Our train was a short one of two or three cars in all, filled chiefly with soldiers returning to their regiments stationed along the line, a good number of way passengers, going to visit their property or friends in the recovered districts, and a few travellers, like myself, journeying towards the West. There was not much of political conversation in the carriages. Every now and then, as we passed a detachment of Union soldiers, some Northern ladies in the car waved their handkerchiefs; but the bulk of the passengers made no demonstration. A Baltimore lady, who sat next me, and who assumed—as I saw all Southern people did—that, being an Englishman, I was in heart favourable to the Confederate cause, communicated to me her indignation at

the treatment of the South ; and, informed me, amongst other things, that if the women of Baltimore could only catch Wendell Phillips, they would not leave a bone unbroken in his body. She was so perfectly frank in her statements, that I do not doubt her assertion, that she had never been in favour of secession, and that she had never been rich enough to keep slaves herself ; but the whole social creed in which she had been reared and bred was in favour of slavery ; and, woman-like, she never thought of doubting the foundations of the creed she had been taught. Of all the foolish assumptions I have seen constantly made in discussions on the slavery question, the most erroneous seems to me to be that, because there are only, say, 400,000 slaveholders in the whole Slave States, this small number measures the whole amount of persons who have any interest in, or care for, the existence of slavery. You might just as well argue that there are not one thousand persons in Great Britain who can really feel any interest in the existence of the peerage.

Our route lay across the Alleghany Mountains, along the troughs of winding valleys, by the sides of rivers whose very names—the Patapsco and the Potomac, the Shenandoah and the Monongahela—bear the rhythm of music with them. Jefferson said, that it was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to witness such scenery as that of the Upper Potomac ; and doubtless it is a scene

of great beauty. Still, like all the American scenery I have seen, it is wearily monotonous. Some years ago a Yankee brought to London a panorama of the Mississippi, of I don't know how many thousand yards length. The first hundred yards or so were extremely interesting; but when you had seen the same scene unrolled slowly, yard after yard, and hour after hour, the sight became so wearisome, that I doubt if any one ever saw the panorama to its close. So it is with American scenery, in reality as well as pictorially. One gets tired of the endless low hills of unvarying height; of the ceaseless forests in which the timber is all of the same small growth; of the scattered houses which never vary in size or aspect. After a long journey, you have much the same feeling as a pedestrian must have had who walked a thousand times over one mile of road in a thousand hours. Still, if you could have compressed the journey into one-tenth of its distance, it would have been a very lovely one. From Baltimore the road winds up a narrow gorge, with wood-clad granite cliffs on either side, and a deep mountain stream rolling down the midst. Every three or four miles you pass a cotton factory, and the high smoke-begrimed chimneys, the river-side mills, and the stone-built, slate-roofed houses, give it a strange resemblance to a valley in the mountain district of Lancashire. Then you come upon the table-land, at the summit of the Alleghany ridge, wild, desolate, and dreary, and then down rapid inclines,

under frequent tunnels, and over countless bridges, into the rich valley of the Ohio river. Such is the outline of the journey. Fill it up with long stretches of brush-wood forest, with stray fields surrounded with tumble-down snake-fences, with high cliffs of rock hanging over mountain torrents, with scattered wooden houses standing few and far apart, and with here and there a glimpse of a wide, rich champaign country stretching away in the far distance, and you will know as much as I can recall of the scenery of the Alleghany Pass.

The traces of the war were few. The country is too poor a one, too little peopled, and too scantily cultivated to leave much opening for destruction. Of banditti, or bush-whackers, I need hardly say we saw no sign. There were a few deserted camps along the wood, and a few pickets of Union soldiers, looking very desolate in that lone country. The two points, when you come across the track of the war, are at Harper's Ferry and Cumberland. The grand stone bridge across the Potomac, at the former spot, was blown up by the Confederates, when they evacuated the place in March. With true Yankee energy, a sort of make-shift wooden bridge of most unsubstantial look had been run up on the old stone buttresses, but on the day before I crossed, this temporary bridge had broken down, and our journey was brought to an apparent stand-still when we arrived at the river-side. However, in a short time a rope

was stretched across the stream, and passengers and luggage were ferried over the rapid swollen torrent to proceed on their journey by the return train from Wheeling. This stoppage caused a delay of some hours, and so I had time to wander about the ruins of what once was the town of Harper's Ferry. Here, a year before, stood the armoury of the United States, where 1,500 workmen were employed constantly. Now everything was destroyed. The walls alone were left standing, and the town was half in ruins. There is nothing grand about the *débris* of small red-brick buildings. Just after the fall of Fort Sumter, when the Confederates were expected daily to enter Washington, a friend of mine was passing the treasury buildings, with General Stone, who was afterwards confined at Fort Lafayette on a charge of treason. My friend said something to the General about the beauty of the marble portico, and the answer he received in reply was, "Yes; the treasury will make a fine Palmyra." So it would have done, but there is nothing Palmyresque about the ruins of Harper's Ferry. There is nothing but a look of squalid misery—of wanton destruction. The ground around the arsenal is strewed with fragments of the workmen's cottages that stood around it, and amidst the broken masses of brickwork the sign-post of some roadside inn, left by mere chance still standing, rose gibbet-like, with its sign-board riddled through with rifle-shot

creaking harshly on its rusty hinges. The town itself, which bore traces of once having been busy and prosperous, was almost deserted ; soldiers swarmed in every hole and corner, and sentries were placed at every turning, but otherwise the place seemed empty. There were few men visible, and even the women and children stood sullenly apart. Most of the shops were closed, and a few that remained open had little in them. There is no resurrection, I fear, possible for Harper's Ferry. Standing at the confluence of two rivers, the Shenandoah and the Potomac, between precipitous cliffs resembling the Avon at Clifton, only on a grander scale, it is one of the loveliest spots in America ; but ever since the war, a fatality seems to have hung over it. Since I saw it, it has changed hands four times over from Confederates to Federals, and the battle of Antietam was fought almost within sight of it. Ever since John Brown's insurrection it has never prospered. I was shown the little outhouse where the stern old Puritan was confined, after the failure of his mad attempt. It was here that, lying wounded, mangled, and at death's-door, he was tortured by the questionings of Mr. Mason. And now two years have scarcely passed, and Mr. Mason is in England, owing his liberty, if not his life, to the strength of a free country ; begging in vain for help to an insurrection as fatal as that of his quondam prisoner—his slaves escaped in a body—his house occupied by Massachusetts regiments, and his

property ruined—while the Northern regiments, as they marched across the Potomac into Virginia, shrouded by the dusk of the evening, used to sing in triumph that—“John Brown’s soul was marching on” before them.

After all, Harper’s Ferry was the property of the Federal Government ; and, therefore, the Confederates had perhaps a right to destroy it. But, if I had been the staunchest of Secessionists, and also for my misfortunes a shareholder in the Baltimore and Ohio line, I should have found it hard to excuse the wanton injury inflicted on private property in Cumberland. This was the chief railway depôt on the line, and before the Confederates evacuated it they destroyed every piece of rolling stock along the road. For miles on either side I passed burnt-up cars, shattered engines, and coal trucks, which, being of iron, could neither be burnt nor broken, and had therefore been rolled down the embankments. Fancy Wolverton burnt down, with everything breakable in its sheds smashed and battered, and you will know the look of Cumberland junction.

As long as we remained in the manufacturing districts near Baltimore, the aspect of the houses and people was comfortable and prosperous enough ; and, indeed, this region has been but little directly affected by the war. But, as soon as we left Maryland for Western Virginia, the scene changed. Here, for the

first time in the States, I saw the symptoms of squalid, Old World poverty. Miserable wooden shanty hovels, broken windows stuffed with rags, and dirty children playing together with the pigs on the dung-heaps before the doors, gave an Irish air of decay to the few scattered villages through which the railroad passed. Our train, owing to the necessity of proceeding with extreme caution during the night, through fear of the obstructions which Secessionist sympathizers might have laid across the line, moved on at a foot's pace, and our journey occupied some thirty-six hours, instead of the twenty-four which it was advertised to take. The snow, too, still lay on the high bleak uplands, and what with the cold, the weariness of sitting for hours on low-backed seats, and the constant stoppages at the shuntings in order to allow trains moving eastward loaded with soldiers and supplies to pass by us, our progress towards the end was a dismal and a dreary one.

There is one fact for which I shall always remember Wheeling gratefully—namely, that it was the first place where I was really hot since I left Italy, some eight months before. Otherwise, it is a quiet sleepy little town, without much to be said about it. Like all the Southern towns, too, I had yet seen, it was wonderfully English in appearance. The broad herring-bone flagged High Street; the small narrow-windowed red-brick houses, with their black chimney-pots; the shabby-looking shops, with the flies buzzing about the dirty

window-panes ; the long walls and tall factory-chimneys, all made the place resemble an English country-town, where the old county people had died out, and the new manufacturing element had not prospered. Still, Wheeling is a go-ahead place, in its way, for a Southern city, and has proved loyal to the Union. It will be the capital of the new State of Western Virginia, if it ever succeeds in establishing its independence ; and it is the head-quarters of the emancipation party in the State, probably because its German population is considerable. General Fremont had his head-quarters here, when in command of the mountain district, and the town was, therefore, filled with foreign officers. A crowd of new arrivals had just come in, as I was making my way to bed ; and there, sitting on the one hat-box which formed the whole of his luggage, composed, clean-shaven, and serene, was my old acquaintance, Major, Colonel, General, or whatever his rank now may be, Von Traubenfass. My friend is a mystery to me, as to every one else. What man about the press does not remember Traubenfass years ago, in the great military scandal case of ——. Well, it is a long time ago, and there is no good raking-up old sores. Where and in what strange medley has Traubenfass not been involved ? He has served, of course, in the Spanish legion—in the wars of the Rio Grande—in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign. He has been in the service of half a dozen Indian princes, and has a perfect galaxy of

orders from deposed potentates. When I met him last, twelvemonths before, he was a general unattached in the Garibaldian army, and received (and, what is more, was paid punctually) a very handsome salary for his unknown services. Then I heard of him as projector, manager, and secretary of an Italian railroad, which was to connect Sicily with the mainland. Now, he was instructor of cavalry, or inspector of horses, or military commissioner in the army of the United States. He informed me, with perfect equanimity, that he supposed the war would not last much longer, and then he should be on his legs again. But, meanwhile, he was certain that something else would turn up. What nation he belongs to, who he has been, where he comes from, or what his age is, are all questions I have often asked in vain, and doubt if he knows himself. He is perfectly quiet, temperate, and frugal, and the one weakness to which I have ever known him plead guilty, is a belief in an infallible system for winning at *rouge-et-noir*. After parting with Traubenfass, and indulging in a whisky cocktail, in augury of our next meeting in some unknown part of the globe, I retired to bed. What, I wonder, is the connexion between slavery and dirt—that in all Slave States the hotels and the beds are always dirty?

OHIO.

ACROSS the mud-stained Ohio river, down which great rafts of wood, covered with huts, as in the old Rhineland, were floating lazily, and then a long, hot day's journey through the length and breadth of the Ohio State. The early morning air was loaded with that dull, still closeness which foretels a day of sweltering heat, and the presage was fully realized. The cars were crowded with travellers ; and though, for a wonder, the stoves were not lit, yet the closed windows served to maintain that stifling warmth of temperature which seems essential to an American's idea of comfort. The car in which I happened to take my seat was filled with soldiers, most of them rejoining their regiments, and a few escorting a batch of Southern prisoners. These men were bush-whackers, captured in the mountains of Western Virginia by one of Fremont's flying columns, and were being sent to Columbus for imprisonment. The party consisted of some dozen or so, all well-dressed quiet-looking men, apparently of the rank of small

farmers. The younger men said nothing, and declined all conversation with their guardians ; but the oldest of the band—a man, I should think, long past sixty—talked very freely, and assured anybody who would listen to him, that his share in the insurrection had been entirely passive, and that the only reason he had not fought for the Union was because civil war seemed such an awful thing to him. “It’s the same old story, sir, they always tell,” was the remark of a private soldier, who had been one of the capturing party ; and, I suspect, myself, the objection to civil war was one of late adoption. The Federal soldiers, let me add, were as quiet and well-behaved as I always found them. Many of them were reading newspapers, and none talked loudly or offensively. In fact, I should never wish for pleasanter fellow-passengers ; but, pleasant as they were, they still made the car uncomfortably hot ; and before long, I, in company with some confirmed smokers, betook myself, in defiance of all rules, to the broad steps fixed behind the carriages. I don’t know that there is any more danger in sitting on the steps than in any other part of the cars. If there were a collision or a break-down, you, sitting there, would be tossed into the middle of the adjoining meadow, instead of into the face of your next-hand neighbour. But as a fact, the great respect for law, which prevails throughout America, hinders travellers from availing themselves freely of the seats upon the steps. At any rate, sitting,

as I sat there, with my legs dangling over the single line of rails, the ride was a very pleasant one.

Mile after mile, and hour after hour, the train carried us headlong through the same pleasant, rich, flat country. You seem to pass, so to speak, through the successive strata of the emigration era. Sometimes there were long tracts of forest-land, where the axe was yet unknown. Then you came to the half-reclaimed lands, where, amidst an undergrowth of bush-wood, the great trees stood, dead and leafless, ready for felling, killed by the fatal rim notched round their trunks. Then followed the newly-reclaimed fields, with black, charred stumps still standing in their midst, and marked out by the snake-fences, with their unfastened rails, piled crosswise one upon the other; and then, from time to time, you came upon a tract of field-land, hemmed in by tight post and cross-bar fences, with every stump and trunk rooted out, and with a surface as smooth, and rich, and green as that of a Leicestershire meadow. You could mark every stage of the settler's life, from the rough shanty run up in the midst of the uncut brushwood, to the trim, neat farm-house, with its lawn and flower-beds, and the children playing before the door. The New World lay before you in the process of its creation. New roads were making everywhere; new villages were springing up; teams of rough, sturdy horses were ploughing up the old fallow-lands; the swamps were being cleared of their dank, reedy

marsh-plants, and the broad, shallow streams were being banked and dammed into deep quiet water-courses. It was then that I first understood the poetry of the emigrant world—not romantic or spasmodic, but idyllic in its nature, of the Herman and Dorothea type. There was nothing grand about the monotony of the scene—not a house in a distance of a hundred miles of more than one storey high ; not a church-spire or a hill of any kind ; nothing that was old, except the forest, and that was vanishing. Still, throughout the whole district there was the same unbroken air of rough comfort, and ease, and plenty ; and of want or poverty there was no trace forthcoming. Years ago I had heard the crew of an emigrant vessel singing, “Cheer, boys, cheer !” as the ship unmoored from its anchorage, and dropped down the Mersey westwards, and I had fancied that the burden of the song was as vain as most poets’ promises ; but now, it seemed to me, that the promise had come true, and that this rich western country was, in very truth, the “new and happy land.” A long summer-day’s journey carried us through that pleasant State ; and, as we came near Cincinnati, we passed again into a settled country. For miles before we reached the city we rattled through its suburb-villages with their broad, clean streets, and their neat wooden houses, before whose doors the women, with their long stuff hoods, sat knitting in the evening twilight. Railroads branched out on every side—no longer rough, single tracks, but

smooth, broad, double lines of rail. Elegant brick-built stations succeeded the wooden sheds which did duty for stopping-places in the newly-settled districts, and the slopes of the low hill on either side were covered with green-shuttered stone villas, which looked as though they had been transplanted bodily from Kingston or Hampstead.

Of Cincinnati, the "Queen city of the West," there is not much that I need say. One American city is very like another. It is strange, after travelling for hundreds of miles through the half-settled country, to come in the Far West upon a great city, filled with every luxury and comfort of old-world civilization. The stalls, so it seemed to me, with their grand fronts and marble facings, were handsomer even than those of New York; and the music-shops, and print-depôts, and book-stands, which you saw on every side, all told of wealth, and education, and refinement. The hilly slopes, too, on which the city stands, the countless gardens, and the rows of almond trees which lined the streets, and which were then in full bloom, give the city a brighter look than you often see in the northern capitals. There was an air about the place, and I suppose not a fallacious one, as though trade were not thriving. The Mississippi and the Ohio are the great arteries of the whole western country, and with the great rivers barred up, the trade of Cincinnati was paralyzed for the time. Many of the stores and shops were closed: in most of

those open there being notices that, for the present, business could only be done for cash. The prices of the theatres and entertainments were advertised as "reduced to suit the times." There was little shipping about the wharves, and what goods there were being shipped were mostly military stores. Work was scarce, and there was much poverty, I was told, amongst the working classes, though the country is too rich for actual distress to be felt. The young men were gone to the war, and the hospitals were crowded with wounded soldiers—Confederates as well as Federal—who had just been brought up from the battle-field of Pittsburgh Landing.

But what struck me most was the German air of the place and people. It was hard, strolling through the streets, to realize that you were not in some city of the old German Vaterland. The great thoroughfares and the fashionable streets were American in every feature, and the only trace of Germany to be found *there* was in the number of German names—Hartmans, Meyers, Schmidt, and so on—written over the shop-doors. When, however, you passed into the suburbs, and the poorer parts of the city, everything, except the names of the streets, was German. A sluggish canal runs through the town, and, with one of those ponderous jokes so dear to the German mind, the quarter above the canal, where the Germans mostly dwell, is called "Ueber dem Rhein." Here, "across the Rhine," the Germans have brought their fatherland with them. Almost everybody that

you meet is speaking in the harsh, guttural, German accents. The women, with their squat, stout figures, their dull blue eyes, and fair flaxen hair, sit knitting at their doors, dressed in the stuffed woollen petticoats of German fashion. The men have still the woollen jackets, the blue worsted pantaloons, and the low-crowned hats one knows so well in Bavaria and the Tyrol. There are "*Bier Gartens*," "*Restaurations*," and "*Tanz Saale*," on every side. The goods in the shop windows are advertised in German, and the official notices of sheriffs' sales and ward-elections are posted up on the walls, in English it is true, but with a German translation underneath. There are German operas, German concerts, and half a dozen German theatres, the very play-bills of which are printed in the old, plain, small German style, undebased by the asterisks and repetitions and sensation headings which form the pride of an American theatrical placard. Here, in the free West, the Germans have asserted their right to spend Sunday as they like; and so "across the Rhine," the dancing gardens are open, and the *Turner* feasts take place, and the first representations of the opera are given on the Sunday as in their native land. It was curious to me to note the audience at one of the small German theatres I dropped into one evening. The women had brought their babies and knitting with them; the men had their long pipes, and both men and women sat drinking the lager beer,

and eating the inevitable sausages, and the "butter-brod und schinken" sandwiches. The play was full of true German common-place moralities, and the actors, inferior as they were, acted with that conscientious laborious carefulness which supplies the place of talent on the German stage. But more curious than the resemblance to the old country was the gradual development you could notice in the audience, by which the German element was being merged in the American. The older comers had already dropped the old-fashioned German dress, and when they talked to each other it was as often in English as in German. With many, too, of the younger generation, who had probably been born in the New World, the placid expression of the German face was already changed for the sharp anxious look so universal to the native-born American. The notion is, that the heavy taxation which must follow this war for years will stop the German emigration. If so, and fresh German blood is not poured into the old settlement, the German breed will soon be swallowed into the American; and fifty years hence, the existence of the old German quarter "across the Rhine" will be a matter of tradition.

From Cincinnati I went down the Ohio river, which forms the frontier between the States of Indiana and Kentucky as far as Louisville. "*La Belle Rivière*," as the early French settlers called the Ohio, must have been a term applied rather to the river itself, than to

the scenery through which it runs. If you took away the villa "chateaux" on its banks, and the picturesque old Norman towns with their Gothic churches, I don't know that the Seine would be an interesting river; and the Ohio is not unlike the Seine, without chateaux, or towns, or churches. The broad rapid stream, the low sloping hills on either side, the straggling brick-built towns scattered along the banks, form pretty well the only features that strike a traveller passing down the river. The first hour's sail is very pleasant, the second is monotonous, the third is wearily dull; and, after the third, you devote your attention much more to what is going on inside the vessel than to the external scenery. Happily, inside the steamer there is plenty of interest for a stranger. The boat itself, with its broad deck, on which the freight is stowed, its long cabin, raised on pillars above the deck, running from the bows to the stern, and its engines rising above the cabin, is a strange sight in itself to an European. The ladies, of whom we had few on board, sat at one end of the cabin, and the men gathered round the other, where they smoked, expectorated, read newspapers, liquored at the bar, and played the mysterious game of "euchre." It was your own fault if you wanted companionship. I made a chance acquaintance with a gentleman sitting beside me at dinner, and before half an hour was over, I had been introduced to, and shaken hands with, half of our fellow passengers, all of whom were strangers to both of

us. The sole objection to this promiscuous introduction is, that every one you are introduced to asks you to drink as a matter of politeness. Happily, American whisky is very weak, and as you are allowed to help yourself from the bottle, you can take as little as you please. I was struck then, by the way, as I had often been before, at the great liberality in standing treat, to use a common word, of the ordinary Americans. Men to whom, from their dress and air, money must really be a matter of consequence, will spend many shillings in paying for drinks for perfect strangers; and if any friend's friend is standing by, will press him to join him as a matter of course. There is no ostentation, as far as I can see, about this custom, but a simple feeling of rough hospitality, not over refined, perhaps, but still creditable in itself. I was struck, too, as I was frequently, with the extraordinary freedom with which, in the midst of this civil war, men of all opinions expressed their sentiments in public. We had many Union soldiers on board, several Government officials, and a good sorting of Secessionists. We had various political discussions, but all in perfect good humour and frankness; and the only opinion I did not hear expressed was Abolitionist, either because there were no Abolitionists in the party, or because Abolitionist doctrines are too unpopular in these border Slave States to be freely expressed. There was one old Kentucky farmer I was introduced to, who was just going home,

after having been kept in prison at Columbus as a Secessionist. He confessed openly that he was in favour of secession, but declared, whether truly or not, that he had taken no part for or against it, and that his imprisonment had been due to a malicious information given against him by the Union doctor of the village, whose conduct he had had to censure for immorality. "The only thing, sir," he said, "I thought *was* hard, was, that I was arrested on the very spot of ground where our regiment was encamped in 1812, when we were drawn out to fight the Britishers, begging your pardon, sir." Yet this old man was conversing in the most friendly way with another old Kentucky backwoodsman, who had sent three sons to fight in the Federal army, and was asking everybody if they could tell him whether his boys' regiment had been in the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, and who, when he was assured that the regiment had not been under fire, made the comment—"Well, I should have liked my boys to have been in at the battle." A gentlemen, by the way, who had just returned from the field of battle, assured me, that amongst all the dead bodies lying scattered over that hard-fought field, he saw but one, rebel or loyal, who had been shot in the back.

KENTUCKY.

It was in Kentucky that Secession received its first important check. Had Kentucky passed a vote in favour of seceding, the whole of the border Slave States would have gone with the South, and the suppression of the insurrection would have been indefinitely, if not permanently, postponed. The sentiments of Kentucky, being, as she is, an offshoot of Virginia, were all with the South, but her interests were all with the North. In this conflict of opposing forces she stood neutral. In all insurrections it is an invariable rule that whosoever is not with you is against you.* So it proved here. The famous declaration of neutrality, issued by the State Government of Kentucky, proved of no service to the South, and was disregarded by both parties alike. In utter defiance of their favourite doctrine of State rights, the Confederates resolved to force Kentucky into active co-operation, and it was for this purpose, according to his own confession, that General Sidney Johnston, the ablest, perhaps, of the

Confederate Generals, whose death at Pittsburgh Landing proved a heavy blow to the South, invaded Kentucky. His motive in so doing, as he stated in his report to Jefferson Davis, was political rather than military. Happily for the North, the Union feeling of Kentucky was roused at this attempt at coercion. Troops enough were raised in the State itself to check the Confederate advance until the Federal Government had time to form its armies. The result was that the Confederates were never able to establish themselves in any force farther than Bowling Green, which lies only a few miles north of the Tennessee frontier.

By a sort of moral retribution, the only State in the Union which proposed to remain neutral, has in reality suffered most from the effects of the war. I recollect, at the time of the annexation of Savoy, reading a statement in one of the imperialist Savoyard papers, to the effect that where their rivers run, there their hearts turned also. The saying might be far more truly applied to the Western States. Their very life flows with the course of their rivers. The stoppage of the Mississippi, and the streams which flow into it, is absolute death to the trade of the West. Free access to the Gulf of Mexico is essential to its development. Thus Kentucky, though up to this time it had been saved from much actual war, experienced more loss than all the other States. In the country districts, the actual suffering was not perhaps so great. Wheat and corn

and maize had fetched unusually good prices, while the demand for Government supplies created an artificial market for cattle. In the towns, however, there was nothing to neutralize the paralysing effects of the war, and the complete stoppage of the Southern trade. Louisville, the virtual though not the nominal capital of the State (for in Kentucky, as in most other States of the Union, the actual seat of government is placed purposely in some town of small importance), has suffered terribly. Out of seventy jobbing houses which carried on business here before the war broke out, only two are left standing. The others have failed or have moved elsewhere. The pork trade with the South, which was one of the staples of Louisville commerce, has completely fallen off. The carrying trade on the Ohio river came altogether to an end, except for Government stores. The iron and metal factories had all suspended work. There has not been any absolute distress amongst the working classes. The country is so fertile that absolute want was a thing still unknown, but there was a total stoppage of the growth of Louisville, or rather an actual retrogression in its career. Within forty years Louisville had grown from a city of four thousand souls to one numbering upwards of seventy thousand inhabitants ; but during the first year since the outbreak of the war, the population had diminished by some ten thousand persons.

The aspect of the city bore out these statements,

which were made to me by merchants resident in Louisville. In former times it must have been a place of great commercial activity, though of no great interest to the "uncommercial traveller." There is one striking peculiarity of a negative rather than a positive order, common to almost all American towns, and that is, that they have no sights. When you have taken your first half-hour's stroll about any town you happen to pass the night in, you know as much about it externally as if you had lived there for a month. Every town is built on the same system, has the same series of more or less lengthy rectangular streets, the same large spacious stores, the same snug, unpicturesque rows of villas, detached or semi-detached as the case may be, the same sombre churches, built in the architectural style of St. Clement Danes or St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, and the same nomenclature of streets—the invariable Walnut, Chestnut, Front, and Main streets—crossed by the same perpendicular streets, numbered First, Second, and so on to any number you like, according to the size of the town. I have often wondered how, supposing you could be put down unexpectedly in an ordinary American town, you could ascertain by observation that you were not in England. Of course the quantity of mules used for the carts is not English. The climate, at least between April and November, is not English. The street railroads are, or rather were, un-English, and the negroes you see loitering about the streets with the

coloured silk handkerchiefs, which, in all Slave States, they wear bound about their heads, are happily not English also. Still, the main difference is, that everything about you would look so new and so unfinished ; and this is a difference which it is easier to understand than to describe. I should think that even the compiler of a local handbook would find it difficult to say much about Louisville. When I was there, there was a sleepy, drowsy look about the place which could not have been usual to it. On every side you saw long rows of shut-up stores, and large factories whose gates were closed, and from whose chimneys no smoke issued. The river-side was crowded with numbers of steamers, laid up for want of freights. There were no trucks about the streets, and no appearance of goods being carried between the different stations. The common people to whom I spoke all told me the same story, that prices of living were uncommonly high, that work was unusually slack, and that instead of making money, as in former years, the most they could hope for was to be able to pay their way.

Still, with all this, the country round Louisville is so rich that it seems impossible to a stranger to associate the idea of distress with it. During my stay there, which I prolonged for some days, partly because there is one of the best hotels in all the Union at Louisville, I went out a good deal into the surrounding country. The institution of slavery has not been able to mar the

appearance of physical prosperity, and that is saying a good deal. I doubt whether even a Bourbon *régime* could destroy it under a century. Even more than the State of Ohio, Kentucky is the garden country of the States. When you get out into the little country towns, you seem to have got into an England where the sun shines, and where there is no poverty. The German element has no great strength there, and the old English element of Virginia is still in the ascendant. In Frankfort, or in Lexington, or in any of the country towns of what is called the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, you require the sight of the railroad running along the streets to show you that you are not in an English county town. The main street, with its quiet little shops, its depôts of agricultural implements, its small town houses standing a little way back from the road, and fronted by the plots of lawn, and its whole sleepy, lazy air, is the exact counterpart of an English High Street. The inns, too, are not called "houses," or even hotels, but inns, with old-fashioned English signs of the Phoenix and the Lion swinging over their doors; and the stages which meet the trains at the different stations are like resuscitated four-horse coaches, only that the drivers are negroes. All round the towns there are small country houses standing in their own grounds, which might have been transported bodily from the old country. In the early May time, when I was

there, the weather was like that of an English summer, and the pasture lands were as green, and the crops as rich, and the fields as carefully tilled and hedged in, as they would have been in Warwickshire. There was hardly a trace of that shiftless slovenliness I observed in every other Slave State, and the slaves themselves were better dressed, and brighter looking. In the houses, too, whose doors and windows were thrown open to let in the cool air, you saw the negro children playing about carelessly in a way that seemed to bespeak a considerable degree of kindness on the part of their masters. From all inquiries I could make, I gathered that the feelings of Kentucky with regard to secession were of a very mixed character. Up to the beginning of the spring, the southern portion of the State was more or less subject to the Confederate government. The first of the Union victories was that of Mill Springs, in Kentucky, where General Zollikoffer was killed. But, with this exception, there had been then little actual fighting in the State, and, with the evacuation of Bowling Green, the authority of the Union was restored without resistance. In the Federal armies there were thirty-two Kentucky regiments, which would represent a force of some twenty-five thousand men, and there were supposed to be about six thousand Kentuckians in the Confederate service. At the battle of Shiloh, two Federal Kentucky regiments charged a Confederate one from their own State, and the belief

is, judging from their own heavy loss, that they destroyed full half of it. In Kentucky, perhaps, more than anywhere else, the civil war produced that division of families and friends which forms the most fearful incident in the struggle. I suppose there is scarcely a Kentuckian who has not friends or relations fighting on each side. As far as I could collect, whenever there was a direct political issue laid before the State, the Unionists carried all before them. During the palmiest days of the insurrection, the largest secession vote ever given in Louisville was nine hundred out of nine thousand votes. At the last election, Mr. Crittenden, the Union candidate, was carried by a large majority against an opponent who was supposed to be friendly to secession ; but last spring, when this gentleman, who is one of the most popular and respected men in the State, wished to resign his seat in the House of Representatives, in order to be elected Senator, the Union Electoral Committee requested him not to do so, as, with a candidate less personally popular than himself, they could not be sure of carrying the election.

There was, however, a very large, and what is more, a very noisy secession element in Kentucky. Residents in Louisville, Unionists as well as Secessionists, assured me that the number of sympathizers with the South was very great, and that any reverse of the Federal forces would be the signal for an Anti-union demonstration.

The Confederate prisoners whom I visited seemed in good condition and in high spirits ; and the gaolers complained to me that there was much more charity shown by private families in Louisville towards the rebels than towards the wounded Federal soldiers. If the charitable donations of the friends of secession included soap, I can only say that their *protégés* made a thankless return for the kindness displayed. It was a startling fact, also, that the Government had to prohibit the public burial of Confederate soldiers in Kentucky, on account of the secession demonstrations to which they gave place. Shortly before I was there, at the funeral of a Confederate officer, at Louisville, over three thousand persons assembled to escort the corpse. It is true that the officer in question was well known and respected in the town, and that his wife was the daughter of the most popular of the Episcopalian clergymen in the city ; but still these facts would not account for a tenth part of the crowd. Again, soon after the battle of Shiloh, a wounded Confederate soldier of Louisiana, a private, who died of his wounds on the voyage up the Ohio, was left at the little town of Owensburgh for burial. He was not personally known at the place, but this was the account of his funeral, as given by a local paper :—“ A meeting was called by the Southern citizens
“ of the town, and preparations made for a suitable
“ burial. Long before the appointed time, our streets
“ were crowded with people, from all sections of the

“ county, who had come to witness the solemn cere-
“ mony. At two o’clock the remains were conveyed to the
“ Methodist church, where an impressive and eloquent
“ funeral oration was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Nicolson.
“ The number of spectators at the church was variously
“ estimated at from one thousand to fifteen hundred.
“ After the exercises at the church were concluded, the
“ procession repaired to the cemetery, where they depo-
“ sited the remains of the brave but unfortunate soldier,
“ who died while nobly battling in defence of his
“ country and his country’s cause. It may be some
“ consolation to the friends of the deceased to know
“ that, though buried amongst strangers, in a strange
“ land, he was interred in a manner becoming his cause,
“ and that thousands of sympathizing tears were shed
“ over his grave for the loved ones at home, and many
“ a fervent prayer offered up to God for his safe deliver-
“ ance to that haven of rest where strife, dissensions,
“ and *abolitionism* never enter, and where peace and
“ harmony reign for ever.”

I have quoted this article, not only as a proof of secession feeling, but as evidence of the extreme liberty of speech allowed by the Federal Government in Kentucky. Even in Ireland, the *Nation* could hardly be more outspoken without danger of suppression. At the public bar-rooms in Louisville, I myself was present at conversations in which open sympathy for the South and bitter animosity towards the Lincoln Government

was expressed as freely as it could have been in Mr. Mason's drawing-room in London. In the towns it was found necessary to exclude all women suspected of Secession proclivities from the military hospitals, because they insulted the wounded Federal soldiers. In fact, the feeling of Kentucky towards secession is entirely different from what it is in the North. Events have proved that the majority—the great majority—of Kentuckians were opposed to secession, and were ready to suppress it at the cost of war. They looked upon it as unwise, destructive to their own interests, and unjustified by law, but they did not, as Northern men did, look upon it as unprovoked. They sympathized keenly with the sentiment of secession, though they disapproved its active manifestation. In plainer words, Kentucky is a slave-holding State, and therefore against her judgment, and in spite of her interest, could not help sympathizing with slaveholders. The bitterness against the Abolitionists and the Administration was extreme. The constant cry in all the border State newspapers was, that Northern Secessionism must be put down, as well as Southern, and that Wendell Phillips and Sumner deserved the same punishment as Davis and Floyd. Here is a specimen of the sort of article which appeared daily in the Kentucky and Tennessee papers, and which I picked out of the *Nashville Union*, the official organ of the military governor, Mr. Andrew Johnson, who had just been selected for the post by the Cabinet at Wash-

ington :—"The *Louisville Journal* contains a scathing " notice of Wendell Phillips. It is a well-merited casti- " gation of that flashy, blasphemous incendiary, and half " crazed Jacobin. Phillips is as vile a dis-Unionist as " Jeff. Davis or William L. Yancey. May the devil " seize the tribe!" As early as last spring, in Ken- tucky, the Washington Administration was regarded as completely in the hands of the Abolitionist party. The emancipation of the slaves in the district of Columbia had given great offence, and was stated openly by Union men to be a certain step towards prolonging the war. In talking to an old Kentucky statesman—the staunchest of Union men, and a member, some years ago, of the Federal Government—about a rumoured intention of the border States members to withdraw from Congress, I learnt, to my surprise, that he completely approved of the idea, if, by rendering either House unable to form a quorum, it could bring the anti-slavery legislation to a dead lock. This gentleman, I should add, was not a slaveholder, and had never, as a matter of personal feeling, held slaves ; but as a Kentuckian, his sym- pathies were all with the Slave States.

Indeed, the old Democratic politicians, of whom my friend had been a leading member, reckoned confidently that as soon as the insurrection was suppressed, the insurgent States would resume their seats in Congress ; that, throughout the North, there would be a great re- action against the Republican party after the war, and

that in consequence there would be a return of something like the old pro-slavery Democratic rule. I believe myself this calculation would probably have turned out correct, and might still prove correct, at least for a certain period, if the insurgent States possessed wisdom enough to see their own interests, and accept frankly the restoration of the Union. On the other hand, the course of events in Kentucky and Tennessee, after the Union authority was restored, held out no probability that such would be the case. At this time I heard a leading Republican senator say to Mr. Sumner, "What will save us will be not our own merits, but the mistakes of our enemies;" and I take this to be the truth. Already, in the Free State papers you could see indications of impatience at the want of loyalty shown towards the Union in the border Slave States; and even in other than Abolition organs an opinion began to be timidly suggested that the power of the slaveholding interest was the one obstacle in the way of re-union. It was symbolical of this altered tone of feeling, that Mr. Maynard, a representative of Tennessee, and himself a slaveholder, declared, on his return to the House from a journey through his own State, that his visit had convinced him of the necessity of some measure of confiscation. So, in the Cincinnati papers, there were letters daily published, urging on Union, not on Abolition grounds, that the slaveholders must always be, hostile to the Union, and

that the power of hostility should be removed from their hands. All these things were indications which way the wind was beginning to blow. In truth, Kentucky, like all the so-called loyal Slave States, was about equally afraid of the triumph of its friends and of its opponents. The result was, that the State was still halting between the North and South. Its sentiments drew it towards the latter, and its interest towards the former.

Let me add, in passing, that Kentucky is the first State in the Union where I saw lottery offices in every street, and where the old notices in the shop-windows, that I remember so well in Italy, caught my eyes, requesting passers-by to tempt fortune, and to win five thousand dollars at the risk of one.

TENNESSEE.

THE road from Louisville to Nashville lay right on the track of the war, through Kentucky and Western Tennessee. The railroad had only been re-opened ten days or so before I passed over it. The Confederate forces had been till quite recently in possession of Nashville, and the first great battle of the Western campaign had been expected to take place along the railroad, at Bowling Green station, and would doubtless have taken place there, had not the Confederates evacuated the position on the advance of the Union troops. Still, the traces of the recent war, and of the march and retreat of great armies, were not so numerous as I expected. Where houses are so few and far between as they are in these new States, and where so much of the country is still uncultivated, it is difficult, even for wanton destruction, to produce much outward appearance of desolation; and, besides, from the nature of this civil war, both armies in these border States have proceeded on the assumption, that they were in a friendly country, and have, therefore, as a

rule, spared private property. Yet there were evidences enough of the war, after all. Along a line of some hundred and eighty odd miles, there was not a bridge that had not been burnt or broken down. Rickety wooden structures, which made a stranger tremble at the idea of passing over them, had been run up in their stead, and small detachments of Union soldiers were posted by these make-shift bridges to preserve them from destruction. The rails had often been torn up, for many hundred yards together, and the cars run over a newly-laid down trackway, side by side with the old line of rails. There were broken engines, too, and burnt cars lying alongside the line; and, wherever there were the traces of a Confederate encampment, there the blackened ruins of the roadside houses told you of the reckless destruction worked by the retreating army in the despair of defeat. The great Confederate fort of Bowling Green struck me, on a rapid view, as of no great military strength. But, long after the war is over, the earthworks of the camp on the Green River, and the shattered buttresses of the grand stone arches, will remain as tokens of the great insurrection.

But, in truth, this Tennessee country is so bright and pleasant a one, that it would take years of war to make it look other than prosperous, especially above all other seasons, in the early and short-lived bloom of a Southern spring. My impression of Tennessee, like most of one's impressions about the localities of the

Southern States, was taken from the old nigger melody of the darkie who fell in love with the "lovely Rosa Lee, courting down in Tennessee." For once the impression was a correct one; and, of all pleasant places to go courting in, it would be "down in Tennessee," in that sweet April time. As far as country goes, I should be hard put to choose, if I had to fix my dwelling-place in Ohio or in Tennessee. In the latter State the climate is softer, and more Southern; but there is less life, less energy, perhaps, about the Slave State—less sign of rapid progress. The fields are worked by gangs of negroes. Every now and then, too, you see the wretched wood hovels, telling of actual poverty—things which you do not see in Ohio; and, also, I grieve to say, when you look closely into the Tennessee paradise, the garden of Eden is somewhat of a dirty one.

Of all American cities, which I have seen, Nashville, or "Naseville," as they call it, in the soft Southern lisp, is the most picturesque. Perched upon a high steep ridge hanging over the Cumberland river, the "Rocky City" is perforce divorced from that dismal rectangular system so fatal to the beauty of American towns. The streets run up and down all sorts of slopes, and at all kinds of angles. The rows of houses stand terrace-like one above the other; and, highest of all, the State Capitol towers grandly above the city. The main thoroughfares are broad and bright, shaded over pleasantly by the rows of lime and chestnut trees, which grow on

either side. All round the city, on every inequality of the broken ground, there are placed well-built stone villas, and the whole place had a sort of New World Bath air about it, which struck me curiously.

In happier days, Nashville must have been a very pleasant dwelling-place ; but when I saw it, the whole aspect of the city was, even for a stranger, a dreary and dismal one. An American—a staunch Union man himself—described its state as being like that of Italian cities he had seen, shortly after the Austrians re-occupied them in '49. But, I own, to me this description seemed, externally, rather overdrawn. I should say myself that Nashville looked more like a city still stunned by the blow of some great public calamity. Outwardly, it had not suffered much from its various military occupations. The Louisville trains stopped on the northern side of the river, at Edgefield, for the great railway-bridge which spanned the Cumberland was blown up by the Confederates on leaving. With a reckless wantonness, the beautiful suspension bridge was cut to pieces at the same period, so that all communication between Nashville and the North had to be carried on by boats and ferries. Otherwise, the city had received little material injury ; but I think this absence of external ruin rather increased the effect of the general depression visible throughout the town. When Mr. Seward went over to Winchester, on its first occupation by General Banks' division, Mr. Sumner, who had often disputed with him as to the existence of a

strong Union sentiment in the South, asked him what he thought of the look of things at the Virginian town? "Well," he answered, "all the men were gone to the war, and all the women were she-devils." The same description would not, I suspect, have applied badly to Nashville. The town had a deserted air. If you took away the Union soldiers, there would have been very few people about the streets at all. There were numbers of negroes, apparently idling about the town, but the white population seemed scanty for the size of the place. Young men you met very seldom about—and, indeed, the proportion of women to men was unusually large. What is stranger still, the children seemed to have been sent away. At any rate, contrary to the custom of other American towns, they were not visible in the streets. The Union regiments quartered here were from the neighbouring States, and, one would suppose, would have had many acquaintances in the town, but there was, avowedly, little intercourse between the military and the inhabitants, while the soldiers complained bitterly of the manner in which the Nashville women expressed their dislike on every possible occasion. Half the shops were closed, and in the few of any size still open the owners sat moodily among empty shelves. Trade, however, was gradually reviving. In every shop there were notices put up of "no Southern money taken:" and the shopkeepers seemed willing enough to sell what goods they had at exorbitant prices to the Federal

soldiers. On the walls there still hung the tattered half-torn-down official notices of the Confederate government, and on a building right in front of the hotel where I lodged you could still read an inscription over the door, "Head Quarters of the Confederate States' Army," while displayed openly in the windows of the stationers, I saw copies of patriotic Confederate dance music, headed "the Confederate Prize Banner Quadrille," "the Lady Polk Polka," and the "Morgan Schottische." Of any pro-Union exhibition of feeling on the part of private individuals I could see little trace. Over the public buildings the stars and stripes floated gaily; but on no single dwelling-house could I see an Union flag. In the shop windows there were no prints of Federal victories, no display of the patriotic books and pamphlets so universal throughout the North. In the way of business, indeed, nothing seemed stirring, unless it was the undertaking trade, which, from the number of coffins I saw about, ought to have been thriving. Of the women I met, a majority were in deep mourning, not so much, I fear, as an exhibition of political sentiment, as in memory of husbands, and sons, and brothers, who had fallen on the slaughter field of Pittsburgh Landing. Martial law was not enforced, but after dark the streets were almost deserted; sentries were posted at frequent intervals, and ever and anon the death-like stillness of the town was broken by the jangle of swords and spurs, as the

mounted patrols rode slowly past. The theatre had been re-opened, more, I should fancy, from political motives than from any prospect of pecuniary profit. The house was almost exclusively filled with Federal soldiers, and on the two occasions when I went there I only saw one lady amongst the audience, and she was a Frenchwoman. The wealthier inhabitants were daily leaving the town, on account of the general depression which prevailed there. Politics seemed to be a tabooed subject in private conversation. In several houses that I went into, I found that the heads of the family were under arrest, and there were constant rumours, though I believe mostly exaggerated ones, of collisions between the inhabitants and the soldiery. All bar-rooms were closed by military orders, a circumstance which must in itself have been a bitter grievance to a liquor-loving, bar-frequenting people, and neither for love nor money could a stranger obtain a drink more intoxicating than lager beer within the bounds of Nashville.

The press of Nashville represented, curiously enough, the disorganized condition of society. The editors of the old local papers, who were all bitter Secessionists, had left the town at the approach of the Federal forces, and their papers were either suspended or suppressed. The existing press of Nashville consisted of two small single sheet papers, the *Nashville Union* and the *Nashville Dispatch*. The former, of course, was the official organ of the Government. Com-

mercially, I should question its having been a paying property, as every day there appeared piteous appeals to the loyal men of Tennessee to support "the uncompromising organ of Union," by sending in subscriptions and advertisements, and thus "to keep the flag of the Union, of law and order, streaming defiantly in the very face of the enemy, as he retires sullenly to the Gulf." One great object of the paper professed to be "to bring to light hundreds of crimes and outrages committed by the rebels during their ascendancy, and which the guilty authors believed would never be brought to light." This part of its programme was amply redeemed, for the greater part of its meagre reading matter consisted of revelations of Confederate misrule, during the last few months. The stories quoted and the comments on them reminded me constantly of the revelations of Austrian and Papal cruelties, which used to be published in the Italian papers after the revolution of 1859, except that, to do the Confederates justice, in none of the documents quoted was there much proof of great personal cruelties. It is, I admit, extremely illegal and tyrannical to exile and imprison men on mere suspicion, to force recruits against their will into the ranks, and to confiscate property devoted to charitable purposes. But necessity knows no law, and if it was justifiable for the State of Tennessee to secede at all, I hardly think the steps by which the insurrectionary government sought

to carry out the revolution, were in themselves crimes of any very deep dye. This, however, naturally enough, was not the opinion of the *Union*. The Confederate Government of Nashville appropriated two million dollars, belonging to the public school fund, for the purposes of the war, and on this outrage the *Union* harped perpetually in a series of short paragraphs, of which the following are average specimens:—

“ Why should a child treat a rebel teacher with
“ respect? That teacher is the servile follower of
“ rebel leaders, who, to the disgrace of humanity,
“ plundered the noble fund of two million dollars,
“ which this State had created as an inviolable legacy
“ for the education of her children. Shame on such
“ villany!”

“ The rebel government and rebel legislature of
“ Tennessee plunged their hands into the charity fund
“ of the State’s poor children, and took from it two
“ million of dollars to purchase for themselves an
“ eternal infamy.”

“ Every time a rebel teacher sets foot in a school-
“ room, the robbed and plundered children should
“ rise from their seats and cry, ‘ Give us back the two
“ million dollars, which the State provided for our
“ education, and which your political idols stole from
“ us. Give it back! Give it back!’”

And so on indefinitely. The regular leaders were alternately attacks on the Secession movement and on

the Abolitionists, though, as the paper is a Government organ, and subsidized by the Government, no attacks were allowed on the President or on his Administration. To the credit, too, of the *Union*, I should state that even in a period of such excitement, and in a paper conducted with such vehemence, there were no personal assaults on private individuals, no denunciations by name of suspected Secessionists. The advertisements were very few in number, and what there were were chiefly official ones. In fact the majority were notices of runaway slaves detained in the county gaol. It seemed strange to an Englishman to read a long string of advertisements like the following :—

“ On the 8th day of May, 1862, I will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court House, Yard Gate, in Nashville, one negro boy named William, levied on as the property of Sharp and Hamilton, to satisfy sundry executions in my hands.”

Again, amongst the committals to the gaol I came across the following :—

“ April 21, 1862. A negro woman, who says her name is Lucinda, and belongs to William Donaldson, of Davidson County. The said woman is about 28 or 30 years old ; dark copper colour.”

“ April 18, 1862. A negro man, who says his name is Andrew. Says he belongs to R. L. Brown, of Davidson county. Dark copper colour. Scar on the

“left side of his cheek. About 28 years old. Weighs about 158 pounds, and is 5 ft. 7 in. high.” And at the end of each advertisement the owner is requested “to come forward, prove property, and pay charges, as the law directs.” Then there were the advertisements of free negroes, confined to gaol on the suspicion of being runaways. Thus :—

“March 16, 1862. A negro man, says his name is George Mosely. Says he is a free man of colour. Says he lives in Indianapolis, in Indiana. About 37 years old. Weighs about 187 pounds. Has whiskers and a moustache, a small scar on corner of left eye. Dark copper colour, 5 ft. 10 in. high.”

In fact, if it were not for the “peculiar institution,” the advertisement department of the *Union* would be but shabbily provided.

The principles of the *Nashville Dispatch* were, according to the statement of its rival, “as nearly secessionist as it can be to keep out of Johnson’s clutches,” and the accusation was probably well founded. It was obviously written to suit a public to whom the successes of the Union were, to say the least, uninteresting. It professed no political principles, but it contained no prognostication of Federal victories, and, in fact, seemed disposed to ignore secession generally. I always believed that the *Giornale di Roma* had an unrivalled talent for conveying the minimum of news in a given number of columns, but I think the *Nashville*

Dispatch was no unworthy rival in the same laudable endeavour. What little news it gave, was composed of items of southern intelligence, reprinted from the northern papers, and, except in the official telegrams, the name "rebel" was never used, but always supplied by that of "Confederate." The leaders were generally on miscellaneous subjects, utterly disconnected with the war, and often consisted of short moral discourses on the benefits of forbearance and strict integrity. The trade advertisements were rather more numerous than those of the *Union*, but it had not the official ones of negro sales or committals to gaol. The space lost in this way was filled with a romantic story of love and seduction. Of the two, there was more "grit," to use a Yankee phrase, about the *Union*.

The whole policy, or rather want of policy, of the Federal government, with regard to the reconquered States, was exhibited at Nashville in its practical working. To suppress the rebellion was the one idea that either government or people had been able to grasp as yet; and, with regard to the future, the only vestige of a policy adopted was a general intention to restore, as much as might be, the *status quo* before the war. As soon as Nashville was retaken, Mr. Andrew Johnson was sent there as military governor. A Tennessee man himself, and a slaveholder, he was selected for the post, not only on account of his unswerving adherence to the Union, but because it was considered that his

appointment would be a guarantee to the people of Tennessee that no violent interference with their property was designed. For the immediate purpose of pacification, the appointment was a wise one. Every step, consistent with a vigorous suppression of active secession, was taken to win back the allegiance of the people, and, as far as the language of the governor went, nothing could be more satisfactory to a slave-owning State. At the period of my visit, when reviewing a Minnesota regiment, quartered at Nashville (Minnesota, be it remembered, is a free State), Governor Johnson used these words:—

“ It had been charged by the apostles of treason
“ that the North had come here to set negroes free. He
“ knew the North, had travelled among her people,
“ and he repelled the charge with scorn. There were
“ abolition fanatics there, it was true—sectionalists,
“ traitors, brothers of Southern secessionists—but these
“ creatures constituted but a fraction of the great body
“ of the North. The voice of the overwhelming mass of
“ the North, as well as of nine men out of ten who
“ stood before him was, ‘ We care nothing for your ne-
“ groes. Manage them as best suits yourselves, but the
“ Union shall be preserved, and you must obey the
“ laws ;’ ” and, according to the official report, this enun-
ciation of principles was loudly cheered by the soldiers.

How far this patchwork policy will prove ultimately successful in re-establishing a pro-Union feeling, time

alone can show. It had had little time to act, when I was at Nashville, and it was hard to judge what progress it had made. There was, indeed, no disguising the fact that the Federal Government had not received the sympathy it counted upon in Tennessee. The belief in the North had been that the Union armies would have been hailed as deliverers by a large portion of the population, but, hitherto, they had met, at the best, with a sullen acquiescence. It should be added, that the Union party made no attempt to represent things as more favourable than they were, and confessed the absence of Union sympathy as frankly as they admitted all their other failures and shortcomings. Indeed, the best sign, nationally, I saw about the Americans was the resolute fearlessness with which they looked facts in the face, even when telling against themselves. Thus, in Nashville, the Government party admitted openly, that since the occupation there had been no public expression of any love for the Union exhibited in this part of Tennessee. As evidences of returning loyalty, the *Nashville Union* quoted, I remember, with great pride, how one old lady had sent a Federal flag to the Governor, with the request that it might be hung up in some public spot; and how the city council had at last, after nearly a month's deliberation, passed a resolution, that "they cordially thanked the officers and soldiers of the United States for the unexampled kindness and courtesy hitherto extended

“ to their fellow-citizens, and that as men striving in
“ the common work of re-establishing the Government
“ of their fathers, they pledged their most sincere and
“ hearty co-operation.”

It was impossible to help feeling, that if the Unionists were gratified by demonstrations of such doubtful loyalty, they were easily contented. Of any practical manifestation of Union feeling there was little indication. With East Tennessee and Memphis still in the possession of the enemy, there could be no question as yet about how the Senators and Representatives of Tennessee were to be elected, and therefore, for the moment, this difficult question was postponed ; but extreme difficulty had been already experienced in filling up the civil offices with loyal men. The corporation, by rather an arbitrary stretch of power, was required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States ; and the greatest reluctance was exhibited by them in acceding to the requisition. For three weeks after Governor Johnson arrived, it was found impossible to induce any one to undertake the office of postmaster ; and a yet longer period elapsed before an editor could be found bold enough to conduct a Government newspaper.

However, this absence of Union feeling was not so strange nor so disheartening as it might appear at first sight. There can be no doubt that the common people of Tennessee, like the inhabitants of all the Southern States, believed sincerely that the “ Lincoln hordes” were coming

down to destroy their property, burn their houses, and murder their wives and children. Extraordinary as such an illusion was, it could be accounted for partly by the comparative isolation of the South, partly by the extent to which the lower classes received all their intelligence and all their opinions from their leaders, and, still more, by the morbid nervousness which the existence of a slave population is sure to beget amongst the dominant race. By degrees the people of Tennessee were becoming convinced that the Northerners had no intention of interfering with their property, or of treating them as subjects of a conquered country; and that, in fact, life and property were far safer under a Federal Government than they had been under the Confederate rule. Again, the war was too near at hand, and the danger too imminent for Tennessee to appreciate fully that the battle had been fought and lost. It was easy enough for an indifferent spectator in the North to see that the Confederates were fighting a losing fight in the border States, and that even a return of fortune to their arms would only prolong a hopeless struggle; but, to men living in Tennessee, it was not so easy to take a wide view of the case. If Beauregard had won the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, or had defeated the Federals at Corinth, it was quite possible, though not probable, that Nashville might have been re-occupied for the time by the Confederates; and their return would have been the sure

signal for a reign of terror of which all, who had given in their adhesion to the new Government, might reasonably have feared to be the victims. Moreover—and I believe this to have been the chief explanation—as long as the war lasts there can be no cordial restoration of Union feeling in any Southern State. Men may grow convinced of the folly of secession, may even wish for the triumph of the Union; but their hearts must be, after all, with the side for which their kinsmen and friends are fighting. I suppose there is hardly a family in Tennessee which has not some member in the ranks of the Confederate army. It is this conflict of affections which makes all civil war so hateful. How hateful it is, in truth, never came home to me till I saw it actually. I have known myself of a wife whose husband was fighting for the South, while her father and brother were in the Federal army. I knew, too, of a mother who had only two sons, one in the North, and the other in the South, both fighting in the armies that were ranged opposite to each other in front of Yorktown. So I, or any one, could name a hundred instances of father fighting against son—brother against brother—of families divided—of homes where there was mourning whenever the news of battle came, no matter which side had won the victory. I have dwelt thus somewhat at length on the reasons why I think the sullen attitude of Tennessee might be accounted for, because I am anxious not to convey the impression that I believe in

the Southern or rather the Confederate doctrine of an innate and unconquerable aversion between the North and South. If once the insurrection were suppressed, and order restored, I have little doubt the Southern States would acquiesce in what was inevitable. There is no difference in race, or language, or religion, or geographical position to keep the two divisions of the Union apart. Whether the difference in domestic institutions would prove an insuperable cause of disunion, I cannot say. If it should so prove, the North will suppress or remove this cause, before it consents to the disruption of the Union. This is the only fact of which I feel positive.

In old English books about travel in Switzerland, it used to be a stock remark that you could tell whether a canton was Protestant or Catholic by the relative cleanliness or dirtiness of the towns. How far the fact was true, or how far, if true, it established the truth of the Protestant religion, I could never determine; but a similar conclusion may certainly be drawn with regard to the Free and the Slave States. You may lay it down as a rule throughout America, that wherever you find slavery, there you have dirt also. Nashville, as I said before, is one of the cleanest and brightest of towns at a distance; but when you come close the illusion vanishes. There is no excuse there for want of cleanliness. The position of the town makes drainage easy; the stone used so plentifully is clean

of itself; and water is abundant. The only thing wanting seemed to be energy to keep the place clean. The hotel where I was stopping was in itself an institution (in American phrase) of the country. It was the best in the city; and Nashville was always celebrated as one of the most thriving and prosperous cities in the South. Hotel-keeping was not suffering, like other trading concerns, from the depression of the moment. This hotel was crammed with guests, and had been crammed throughout the previous winter. Outside it was handsome enough, but internally, I say without hesitation, it was the dirtiest and worst managed hotel it had been ever my fortune to stop at. The dirt was dirt of old standing, and the mismanagement must have been the growth of years long preceding the days when secession was first heard of. The bar, as I mentioned, was closed by order; but the *habitués* still hung about the scene of their former pleasures. In the hall there were a number of broken shattered chairs, and here, with their legs stretched in every conceivable position, a number of well-dressed respectable-looking persons used to loaf all day long, smoking and chewing. They did not seem to have anything to do, or much to say to each other; but they sat there to kill time by looking at one another. The floor was as dirty as successive strata of tobacco-juice could make it; and, at the slightest symptom of chill in the air, the stove was kindled to a red-hot heat, and the atmosphere

was made as stifling as the cracks in the doors would permit it to become. The passages were as filthy as want of sweeping could make them; and dirty cloths, slop-pails, and brooms were left lying about them, all day and every day; the narrow wooden staircases were such as you would hardly see in England leading to the poorest of attics; and the household arrangements were as primitive as was consistent with the dirtiness peculiar to civilized life. As to the meals, their profusion was only equalled by their greasiness, and by the utter nondescriptness of their component victuals. The chicken-pie tasted uncommonly like the stewed mutton, and both were equally unlike any compound I ever ate before. I could understand why it was thought unnecessary for the negroes to waste soap and water on washing; but the same reason could not apply to their jackets and shirts, which I presume once were white. The servants were all negroes, and all, naturally enough, devoted their minds to doing as little work and taking as long about it as possible. What seemed more odd than all, none of the habitual residents—some of them persons of property—appeared to be aware that the establishment was dirty and uncomfortable. The heat of the house must have been fearful in summer and the smells pestilential; for, with a southern climate, the style of building maintained was that of the small rooms and narrow passages of England. Nor was this a single instance. The other

hotels in the city were worse ; and some of my friends who have travelled through the Southern States have assured me that, except in the very large towns, the hotels are invariably of the same description. The truth is, that where the whites think it beneath them to work, and where the negroes will not work unless they are forced, you cannot expect domestic comfort.

MISSOURI.

“IF the visitor at St. Louis,” writes the local handbook, “should chance to be benevolent, or literary, or educational, he will perhaps like to look at”—a number of institutions, which I grieve to say I did not go to see. It is an unpleasing reflection that I did not fall under any one of the above three categories, and must rank among the vulgar herd, for whom the guide-book adds, by way of consolation, that, “let them seek pleasure as they will, here are the opportunities to find it.”

I confess that I sought and found my pleasure wandering about the streets of St. Louis. The place itself was a constant marvel to me. I found myself there, between eleven and twelve hundred miles from New York. Travelling night and day by express trains, you reach St. Louis from the Atlantic in forty-five hours—more than twice the time, and at about the same rate of travelling that you take in going express from Boulogne to Marseilles; and yet there are not two points in Europe separated by a couple of hundred miles, which

are not far more unlike each other than New York and St. Louis. It is the capital city of the great West, the frontier town between the prairie and the settled country. Westwards, the railways only reach as yet a distance of a hundred and odd miles. The great overland caravans for the Pacific Ocean start from here during their short summer season, which was to begin in the middle of May, about a week after my arrival, and to end in the middle of August. The Indians still come to the city at times to barter; and furs and peltries are stock articles of St. Louis commerce. Yet even in the far West, on the edge of the prairie land, I found myself in a vast city, as civilized and as luxurious as any city of the New World. The story of its growth reads fabulous. Thirty years ago it had about 6,000 inhabitants. Twenty years afterwards, it had upwards of 100,000; and to-day its numbers are supposed to be some 30,000 more. The city is worthy, indeed, of the river on which it stands. The praise is not a low one, for to my mind the rivers of America are the one grand feature about its scenery. Here, twelve hundred miles from the sea, the Mississippi is as noble a river as one could wish to see; and yet, for two thousand miles above St. Louis you can sail up the Missouri, the true parent stream of the Mississippi river.

When once you have seen the Mississippi, you understand the feeling of the Western States about the possession of the river. Union men and Secessionists,

Abolitionists and slaveowners, are all agreed on this one point, that come what may, or rule who may, the West must go with the Mississippi. You might as well ask Liverpool to allow the mouth of the Mersey to be held by a foreign power, as propose any arrangement or compromise to the West, by which the command of the Mississippi should pass from its hands. If the Father of Waters had poured into the Atlantic where the Potomac does, the Confederacy might have been a possibility; but the possession of the Mississippi has proved fatal to the existence of the South, as an isolated power.

The waters of the Western rivers were, at the time of my visit to St. Louis, higher than they had been for years, and for miles before you reached the Mississippi the railroad passed through flooded fields, and swamps expanded, for the time, into vast shallow lagoons. The river was full of great trunks of trees, torn up by the roots, and broken-down fences and dismembered rafts. The steamer ferry that carried you across landed you at the long quays, lined with stores and warehouses. There was not a sailing vessel on the wharves, as the current is too rapid for sailing craft to ascend the river; but, for a mile in length, the wharf was lined with the huge river-steamboats. Trade was slack when I was there, as it was everywhere along the Mississippi, but still there were boats enough coming and going constantly to make the scene a lively one. Up

the steep slope of the hillside, on the western bank, the city rises in long, broad streets, parallel to the quay, and, when it has reached the hill's brow, stretches away far on the other side across the prairie of the "Champ des Noyers," which still bears the name given it by the early French settlers. There is no look left about St. Louis of a newly-settled city. The hotels are as handsome and as luxurious as in any of the elder States. The shop-windows are filled with all the evidences of an old civilization. In the book-stalls you see, not single copies, but whole piles of the last *Blackwood's*, and *Edinburgh*, and *Westminster Reviews*; rows upon rows, too, of handsomely bound library books, such as Humboldt's *Cosmos*, and Macaulay's and Prescott's *Histories*. There are numbers of foreign book stores, where, if you liked, you could have bought Varnhagen von Ense's "Correspondence," or "Les Miserables" of Victor Hugo. Eight or nine daily newspapers (three of them, by the way, German, and one French) are hawked about the streets. The street railroads stretch over the town in every direction, but yet there are crowds of handsome carriages standing about for hire. You may ride for miles and miles in the suburbs, through rows of handsome private dwelling-houses, the occupiers of which in England (where, on the whole, living is cheaper than in America) could not possess less than 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* a year. All the private houses are detached, two stories high, and built

of Dutch-looking brick. The door stands in the middle of the house, not on one side, and the windows are high, narrow, and numerous, as in our own houses of the ante-Pitt era. In all Western cities, the streets are so broad, and the houses so frequently detached, standing in their own plots of ground, that a Western city of one hundred thousand inhabitants covers perhaps three times the space it would in Europe. There may be poverty at St. Louis, but there is no poor, densely-populated quarter. In Missouri, the smokeless anthracite coal is not to be had, and therefore the great factories by the river-side cover the lower part of St. Louis with an English-looking haze of smoke ; but the sun is so powerful, and the sky so blue, that not even factory smoke can make the place look dismal.

Of all the slave-cities I had seen, St. Louis was the only one where I could not observe the outward effects of the "peculiar institution." It is true that the number of slaves in the city is small, that it is almost surrounded by Free States, and that the German population is immensely large ; still, to admit the truth, St. Louis is, in spite of slavery, one of the most prosperous cities I have travelled through in the States. The Attorney-General, Mr. Bates, a citizen of Missouri, told me, and I have no doubt with truth, that the result of the existence of slavery had been to check the rapidity of the growth of St. Louis, as new emigrants always settled in a Free in preference to a Slave State, but

though an Abolitionist himself, he said he was glad of the result, for otherwise the State would have been altogether overrun by foreign emigrants. Certainly there is already a foreign look about St. Louis. The climate, in the first place, is too hot—even at an early period of the year—for men to bustle about as they do in Northern cities. The shops thrown open to the air, the people sitting about the door-steps beneath the shade, and the closed lattice shutters of the houses are signs of the South. But, more than this, the actual proportion of foreigners is very large. In the names of the suburbs, such as the Carondelet, there are traces of French settlers; but the German emigration has swallowed up every other. In the streets one hears more German spoken than English. In talking to the class of persons, waiters, servants, shopmen, and porters, whom a traveller chiefly comes across, it is quite as well to speak in German as in English. Bock bier, lager bier, and mai-wein, are advertised for sale at every turning. Americans drink freely, and Germans drink copiously; and when the joint thirstiness of Americans and Germans is developed by a southern sun, it is astonishing the quantity of liquor that can be consumed. I should think, without exaggeration, that one-tenth of all the shops in St. Louis must be establishments where, in some form or other, liquor is drunk on the premises. I know, in the main street, I counted that, out of a line of fifty houses I took at hazard,

twenty were bar-rooms, or wine stores, or lager saloons. German habits, too, have been imported into the city. Even in the lower American theatres, the audience smoke and drink beer, handed them by German waitresses. There are public "lust gartens" about the town, where German bands play at night, and where whole families, fathers, mothers, and children, come and sit for hours, to drink beer and listen to the music. Let me add, that having been in several of these places of entertainment, the audience was, for all I could see, as well behaved, though not so quiet, as it would have been in Germany. At one of these summer theatres, by the way, there was a troop of nigger minstrels, who sung a patriotic song, of which the chorus was, "The Union for ever, and freedom for all." Considering that Missouri is a Slave State, and the singers were, or were believed to be, negroes, there was a sort of bathos about the performance which it required an American education *not* to appreciate. I recollect, when Father Prout was in Rome, acting as correspondent of an English newspaper, he was invited to an American dinner, in honour of Washington's birthday. He was said to have been annoyed at finding he was expected to give an account of the festivities; at any rate, he closed his report with the following incident, which the other guests did not happen to remember:—"The chairman then proposed the toast of the evening—'Hail, Columbia, the land of freedom!'"—

“and called upon the Vice to acknowledge the toast “by singing a nigger melody.” The story was *ben trovato*, but here it was more than verified. It is a curious illustration of popular feeling, that the great comic song of the evening was one sung by a negro, and called, “What shall a poor nigger do?” One verse I recollect was loudly cheered, and ran as follows:—

“Den dere’s de dam’ Secessionists,
 And dere’s de dam’ ’Bolutionists,
 But neiders on ’em right ;
 For dey spoil de Union, bof on em,
 And set de country in a fight,
 Den what shall a poor nigger do?”

It is possible the negro minstrels, in spite of their colour, were artificially black. One curious circumstance I noted also, that the leader of the theatrical orchestra, most of whom were Germans, was an undoubted and indubitable negro—a thing which would not be tolerated in the Northern States.

The town, moreover, is crowded, like a Bavarian or Papal one, with the offices of the State lottery. It shows the practical working of the American Constitution, when you consider that the United States Government has no more power to hinder every State in the Union from establishing lotteries than we have to require Belgium to suppress the gaming tables at Spa ; and it shows, too, the wise action of the State Governments, that in only three out of the thirty-six States, and these all

Border Slave States—Kentucky, Delaware, and Missouri—are lotteries permitted by the local laws. The system is even more iniquitous for the players than the Papal one, a thing which beforehand I thought impossible. There are 78 numbers, of which 13 are drawn. It is easy enough to see that the chances of your guessing one, two, or three of the numbers drawn are within a fraction, $\frac{6}{30}$, and $\frac{30}{273}$ to 1; yet, if you do happen to win, you only get once, twice and a half, and twenty-five times your stake respectively, and from these winnings 15 per cent. is deducted for commission. The lottery is drawn twice a day, instead of once a week, as it is in Rome; and you can stake any amount you please, from a shilling upwards. From the number of offices about, the business must be a thriving one; and this fact may possibly account for the State taxes being very light in Missouri, and for there also being a great deal of poverty.

As yet the manufacturing element of St. Louis is little developed. There are great beds of iron ore in the State, and coal-mines are within easy access by river. Had it not been for the political troubles, large iron factories would have been set up in the city before now, but for the moment all progress has been suspended. Still, in a few years' time, St. Louis will probably be the great iron manufacturing city of the West and South, if not of the whole Union. For the present, its great trade is as a depôt of agricultural produce. In 1860,

the last year during which the river was open, the shipments from St. Louis by the New Orleans boats alone, not to mention the shipments by railroad, were—

Indian Corn	1,209,678 sacks.
Wheat	26,518 ,,
Oats	456,016 ,,
Pork	112,271 barrels.
Whisky	25,383 ,,
Potatoes	182,737 bushels.

I have only taken the six principal articles of export out of a list of some four-and-twenty. St. Louis, too, is the starting-point and depôt of the Prairie carrying trade, in which over three millions sterling are said to be invested annually. In 1860, there were employed on this trade, during its short season, 11,691 men, 844 horses, 7,374 mules, 67,930 oxen, and 6,922 wag-gons, to transport about 18,000 tons of freight. The greater portion of the freight is conveyed to, and the means of transport supplied at, St. Louis.

Political feeling, as far as I could learn, has run extremely high in Missouri. Ever since the war broke out, the State has been a battle-field between North and South, and has suffered fearfully. Up to the present day, the Southern part of the State is more or less in the hands of the Confederates, and has been successively devastated by rival bands of guerillas. Amongst the native settlers, the Secession party is very strong, as in all Slave States. The chief St. Louis paper—the

Missouri Republican—was in favour of neutrality and compromise till after the fall of Fort Sumter. In May last, though a staunch advocate of the Union, it obviously disliked the Abolitionists far more than it did the Secessionists, and kept hinting constantly its desire for such a compromise as would bring the South back with its institutions unimpaired. It deprecated strongly bitter language being used towards the Southerners, and threw doubts (and I believe with truth) on the Northern stories of the atrocities committed by the Confederate soldiery. On the other hand, the party represented by the *Republican* was not the most powerful numerically, though the most influential one. The Germans, who command the elections in St. Louis, are Black Republicans, followers of Fremont and Carl Schurz and Sigel. Their Abolitionism is not dictated by moral feelings, like that of the New England States, but is founded rather on a practical conviction that slavery is a vicious system of labour, than on any absolute regard for the negro. To do them justice, however, they have much less antipathy to the coloured race than the native Americans, and are to a man opposed to the legislation which seeks to exclude free negroes from the State. Moreover, though their Union feeling is very strong, their reverence for the Constitution is small, and their respect for State rights still less. I remarked that even the native Republican papers were shocked at the irreverence with which their German colleagues spoke

of the Constitution, and implored them not to broach the heresy, that if the Constitution did not work it must be changed forthwith. It was easy to see how this different "stand-point"—to use a German word—was beginning to work practically in electoral matters. In August, the election for members of Congress was to come on in Missouri, and, in May, the electoral campaign was beginning. Mr. Blair, the brother of the Postmaster-General, who was supposed to represent President Lincoln's views in Congress, was offering himself for re-election, and the native Republican party were supporting him strongly. He is, and has been for years, an Abolitionist, and, still more, the staunchest of constitutional Union men. The Germans, however, were dissatisfied with him. They stated, and not without reason, that his Abolitionism was of no practical service, as he was not willing to interfere with the States or with their rights of deciding the question of slavery; and that the scheme of deportation, of which he was supposed to be the chief advocate with the President, was not only impracticable, but unjust, both to the taxpayer and the negro. Mr. Blair had written a letter to the Germans of St. Louis to try and justify his opinions, but, up to that time, without effect.

Till early in last year, St. Louis had been under military, not martial law, and Secession partisans were supposed to be very active, if not numerous. In all the bar-rooms you could still see notices, that the license had been granted

by the Provost Marshal, subject to the holder taking an oath that he was, and would be, faithful to the Union for ever, and that any breach of the oath might be punished by death. At the same time, the evidences of a strong Union feeling were numerous, and St. Louis was the only Slave State city I visited where the Federal flag was frequently hung out of private dwellings.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.

ALL railroad systems are perplexing to a stranger, and the American is about the most. What with State divisions, and impassable rivers, and competing lines, and the enormous distances you have to travel over, it would be hard to steer one's course aright through the railroad labyrinth, even if you had available local time-tables to steer by. But what makes the matter worse is, that nowhere except at the railway stations, and not always there, can you find any time-table at all. There is no revealed evidence as to American railroads, and so you have to base your faith on natural laws, and support it by undesigned coincidences from the reports of hotel-keepers and fellow-travellers. Still, as in matters of more importance, knowledge so derived is not conclusive, and you may possibly argue falsely.

I myself was a case in point. On the walls of the Galt House at Louisville, there hung an advertisement, brilliant with all the colours of the rainbow, stating in every variety of type that the shortest route to Cairo,

St. Louis, Kansas, and the Pacific Ocean was by the Ohio and Mississippi and Illinois Central, and that the express train started nightly at eight o'clock. The report was confirmed by collateral testimony on the part of the landlord, and trusting to it I set forth on my journey, under the belief that, barring accidents, I should be carried to my destination without unnecessary stoppage. The train was in truth an express one, and throughout the night I slept luxuriously in the sleeping cars, rocked to sleep, not unpleasantly, by the swaying motion of the train as we dashed onwards through the level lands of Indiana.

But joy in this instance did not come with the morning. It is not pleasant at any time to be woke up at five A.M.; still less to be tumbled out, chilled, half-awake, and out of humour, on the platform of a lonely road-side junction; and least of all to be then and there informed that the branch train does not leave for fourteen hours. The fact was, that, according to the appropriate American phrase, "I had not made good connexions," and the result of my error was, that I had to spend a livelong broiling summer day at Odin Junction. In the "Dame aux Perles" of the younger Dumas there is a long account of how the artist-hero, in his hunt after the pearl-clad duchess, was detained (if I remember rightly, by want of funds) for some awful period at a railway junction in the plains of Galicia. The story had well-nigh faded out of my

memory, but as I stood there, shivering on the platform of Odin City Junction, the whole narrative rose to my mind, and I recalled with dismal distinctness how the luckless Oscar or Adolphe loitered about that dreary lonely station, where there was nothing to read, nobody to speak to, nothing to do, nowhere to walk, nothing even to watch for except the arrival and departure of the trains. There may seem no great hardship in being kept a day in a strange place, when you can spend some hours at least in strolling about and making yourself acquainted with it; but the fatal peculiarity of my case was, that when you had once walked up and down the platform you literally knew the whole country as well as if you had been settled there for years. It is impossible to conceive a country more hopelessly and irredeemably flat and bare and unbroken. As far as the eye could reach, the rich green pasture-lands of Illinois stretched away unchequered by a single tree, like the surface of a vast billiard-board. I have read somewhere that when you stand on the sea-shore you can see fifteen miles of water ahead. If so, from the platform of the station, which was raised a foot or so above the ground, you must have seen fifteen miles of plain in every direction. In the far distance, on either side of the line, there rose a grey belt of trees where the prairie ended and the swamps began; but this belt, and the telegraph poles, and a score or two of scattered houses, were the only

objects which rose above the dead level. The narrow single track of the railroad seemed to be drawn out like a line of wire till it dwindled out of sight, the two furthest points visible at either extremity being in one straight line with the spot on which I stood, and for miles and miles away you could watch the railway trains after they had left the station.

In half a dozen years there will probably be a large town at Odin Junction, and already, as the inhabitants told me, the city had made a surprising start; but as yet it required an American's faith in the doctrine of development to foresee the coming greatness of Odin. You could number its houses on the one hand. There was the station, the hotel, one settler's house alongside, and two shells of houses—all wooden by the way—in the process of building. Within a walk you could see about as many more scattered over the fields. And this was all. The odd fact, however, about this, as about all new American settlements, was, that it had not to develop from a village into a town; but that it has started into existence as the fragment of a city. So, here in Odin (why the Junction should be named after the Northern god I could not discover), there was an hotel large enough for a town of a thousand inhabitants. The one completed settler's house was as pretty and comfortable a cottage *ornée*, with its snow-white hall and green Venetian blinds and neat outhouses, as you would see in Boston; and the two houses in the

course of building will be, when finished, of a like size and look. The ground was already marked out for the church and the schoolhouse ; and you could see that the buildings were carefully arranged so as to form the main street, with the railroad passing through it. When that is finished, there will run out Walnut and Chestnut Streets parallel to it, intersected at right angles by the numbered thoroughfares, and the houses now built or building will take their places naturally in Odin city.

It must not be presumed, however, that the whole of these reflections were made upon the platform. Odin Junction, like many other things in America, turned out better on near acquaintance than at first sight. The hotel, like all hotels in the Free States, was clean and comfortable, and as the owners were Germans the cooking was wholesome. Somehow or other the day passed lazily. We breakfasted at six, dined at twelve, had tea at six, and supped at eight. All these were strong substantial meals, each the counterpart of the other, and consisting of steaks, eggs, ham, cakes, and coffee. Our company at table was composed of one or two travellers detained like myself, of the railway officials, guards, clerks, and porters, of the workmen who were putting up the houses hard by, and of the landlord's family. Eating took up a good deal of time, and the process of digestion occupied a good deal more, and watching the new houses building was a quiet and not laborious amusement. The builder was an English-

man, who had emigrated young, had been an overseer in Alabama, then turned cattle driver in Kansas, had made money there, set up a store in St. Louis and failed, and now, when an old man, was beginning life again as a carpenter. He had not touched a tool for years, as he told me, and had never learnt the trade of carpentering, but he had a knack that way, and when he came to Illinois and found there was no carpenter round about Odin, he turned his hand to the trade, and seemed sanguine of building the whole of the city. He had orders on hand already, he told me, for twelve houses. Most of the inhabitants in Odin were Germans, and preferred talking German to me when they found I understood it, but the children spoke English, and hardly understood their mother-tongue.

There was one beauty, and one beauty only about the scenery. On that flat pasture prairie-land, and beneath that burning sun, the shadows cast by the passing clouds swept to and fro in deep dark masses. In our own hilly, wooded, hedge-divided country you never witness the sight of a cloud-shadow projected in its full glory. It is only in the Roman Campagna and in the western prairies that this spectacle is possible. Watching the clouds pass lazily, I speculated on an idea that often crossed my mind in America. What must be the effect on a nation's character of being born and reared and bred in a country where there is nothing old to reverence, and nothing grand about the

scenery, where even such beauty as there is, is so protracted and extended that it becomes monotonous by repetition. One obvious effect has been produced already, and I think inevitably. The single grand feature about American scenery is its vastness; and so for the American mind, sheer size and simple greatness possess an attraction which we in the Old World can hardly realize. There is much that is absurd about the manifestation of this sentiment, and English critics have taken hold freely of its ludicrous side. But I am not sure that there is not also something grand about it. When a settler at Odin boasted to me of the future greatness of the city, the boast struck me at first as ridiculous, but I reflected afterwards that it was this pride and this belief in future greatness which had settled and civilized the New World whereon I trod. And so the day passed by and night came on almost at once, as it does in these southern countries after the sun's setting.

A long night again on the rail, and then another early waking, this time not on a platform, but in the middle of a swamp. Some eight miles above Cairo the whole country was under water, and the line was flooded. However, alongside the embankment, in the midst of a forest standing knee-deep in water, there was a flat, platform-shaped barge, with a steam-engine in the middle, which, in some mysterious way I am not engineer enough to explain, propelled the raft, for it was nothing else. We were a long time getting off, as

the train was loaded with medical stores, on their road to Corinth, in expectation of a second battle. It was hard work, shoving the unwieldy cases down the steep embankment; and harder still dragging on board the coffins, of which there were numbers, sent by friends far away, to receive the remains of soldiers who had died at Pittsburgh Landing. Whatever may be the faults of Americans, they work hard when they are about it; and, in the course of a short time, the raft was loaded, till it sank flush with the water's edge. Fortunately the water was not deep; and, moreover, I had firmly impressed upon myself the advice which a Northern friend gave me when I set out on my journey, that the one thing needful in American travelling is unquestioning faith. I presume that, in ordinary times, a road runs through the forest over whose track we sailed. At any rate, we followed an opening through the trees. Our raft, which was about as unwieldy in steering as the *Monitor* (judging from what I saw of that much over-vaunted miracle), had a way of jamming herself in between trunks of trees, and then had to be strained round by ropes back into the current. At other times she got aground, and had to be punted off with poles; and when she was clear afloat, she would run foul of floating "snags," and swing round the way she was wanted not to go. Happily the current was so rapid that it carried us over every difficulty, and, somehow or other, dodging our heads constantly, as we passed under the over-

hanging branches, we made way slowly. It was a pretty scene enough, in the bright fresh morning, when the leaves wore the first green tint of spring, and the shadows of the great trees were reflected in the water beneath the rays of the rising sun. So, winding our way through the forest swamp, we came out on the Ohio river, and there transhipped ourselves and our freight on board a steamer, which bore us down the rapid stream to the point where its waters joined the Mississippi, at the city of Cairo.

There are some places in the world which, when you get to, your first thought is—how shall I get away again ; and of these Cairo is one. A Yankee legend states, that when the universe was allotted out between heaven, earth, and hell, there was one allotment intended for the third department, and crowded by mistake into the second ; and that to this topographical error Cairo owes its terrestrial existence. The inhabitants boast, with a sort of reckless pride, that Cairo is also the original of the “valley of Eden,” in which the firm of Chuzzlewit and Co. pitched their location ; and a low hut is pointed out, which is said to be the identical one that Dickens had in his mind, when he described the dwelling where Mark Tapley immortalized himself. The description of the Chuzzlewit journey down the Mississippi is utterly inconsistent with this hypothesis ; but I felt it would be cruelty to deprive my informant of the one pleasant reminiscence which his city could afford. The Missis-

Mississippi and the Ohio meet at an acute angle, and on the low narrow neck of land which divides the two, stands Cairo. The whole town is below the level of the river, and would be habitually under water, were it not for the high dykes which bar out the floods. As it is, Cairo is more or less flooded every year, and when I was there the whole town was under water, with the exception of the high jetty which fronts the Ohio. On this jetty, the one great street of the town, the railroad runs, and opposite the railroad are the hotels and stores, and steam-boat offices. On the land side of the jetty there stretches a town of low wooden houses standing, when I saw them, in a lake of sluggish water. Anything more dismal than the prospect from the windows of the St. Charles Hotel, out of which I looked over the whole city, can hardly be conceived. The heat was as great as that of the hottest of the dog-days with us; and the air was laden with a sort of sultry vapour we scarcely know of in England. A low mist hung over the vast waters of the Mississippi and the Ohio, and stole away across the long unbroken line of forest which covered their muddy banks. The sun burnt down fiercely on the shadeless wooden city; and whenever there came a puff of air, it raised clouds of dust from the dry mounds of porous earth of which the jetty is formed. The waters were sinking in the lagoon, and the inhabitants paddled languidly in flat-bottomed boats from house to house, looking to see what damage

had been done. A close fetid smell rose from the sluggish pools of water, and fever seemed written everywhere. Along the jetty alone there were signs of life, and even that life was death-like. Long trains of empty luggage vans were drawn upon the rails on which the poorer settlers had taken refuge, when they were driven out of their dwellings by the flood, and in these wretched resting-places whole families of women and children, mostly Irish, were huddled together miserably. The great river steamboats were coming-up constantly from the camp before Corinth, bringing cargo loads of wounded and sick and disabled soldiers, who lay for hours upon the jetty, waiting for means of transport northwards. There were piles, too, of coffins—not empty ones this time—but with the dead men's names inscribed upon them, left standing in front of the railway offices. The smoke of the great steamboat chimneys hung like a pall over the town, and all day and all night long you heard the ringing of their bells and the whistling of their steam as they moved to and fro. The inhabitants were obviously too dispirited to do what little they could have done to remedy the unhealthiness of their town. Masses of putrid offal, decaying bones, and dead dogs, lay within eye-sight (not to allude to their proximity to the nasal organ) of the best dwellings in the city. The people in the street seemed to loaf about listlessly, the very shopmen, most of whom were German Jews, had barely

energy enough to sell their goods ; and in all Cairo there was not a newspaper printed, a fact which, in an American city, speaks volumes for the moral as well as the physical prostration of the inhabitants. The truth is, that the town is a mere depôt for transshipping goods and passengers at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and the great Illinois Central railroad. There is money to be made there, and therefore people are always found to come and settle at Cairo for a time. But the time, either by choice or stern necessity, is always a very short one. At first, the wounded soldiers from the army at Shiloh were sent up to Cairo, but the mortality amongst them was found to be so great, that the hospitals were closed, and the sick shipped up the river to Louisville and St. Louis, far away as they lay from the scene of action.

It had been my purpose to go on from Cairo to the camp of the western army, and the battle-field of Pittsburgh Landing. Shortly, however, before my arrival, I found that very stringent orders had been issued by General Halleck, then in command, against allowing civilians to visit the army on any pretence, and an attempt to obtain a pass would have necessitated a reference to head-quarters at Washington, and consequently a delay of many days at Cairo. There were ague and fever in the bare idea, and so unwillingly I turned my steps northwards to the States of the free West.

RACINE CITY.

OF my journey through Illinois it is not necessary that I should speak. One journey in the West is the exact counterpart of the other, and I have said already all that I have to say on the subject. The point of my destination was the city of Racine, where I happened to have friends settled. It lies just beyond the extreme northern frontier of Illinois, while Cairo is at the extreme south. I travelled straight, almost as the crow could fly, along the line of which General McClellan was chairman not long ago, with even less profit to the unfortunate shareholders than he has afforded to the American people. Yet such are the enormous distances in the West, that travelling almost without stopping, at the rate of some five-and-twenty miles an hour, my journey occupied a day and a half.

Very few of my readers will probably be aware that there is such a city in the world as Racine, still less where it is placed. It must be a map of pretty recent date to have the name inscribed on it. It will be sufficient, however, to say, that it is on the western

shore of Lake Michigan, sixty miles north of Chicago city, and if the reader does not know where the lake and the city are, he can find them by referring to his atlas. There is nothing remarkable or worthy of description about Racine, and it is for that very reason—pardon the paradox—that I wish to describe it. Years ago, there was a man who invented a machine which turned out hexameters,—real Latin ones, not nondescript ones of the Clough or Longfellow type. There was no meaning in them, but the words placed in the machine were so selected that, in whatever order they happened to turn out, they arranged themselves in hexameters. If you had wanted to give a specimen of a machine-made hexameter, you would not have picked out a line in which, by some strange chance, there was a faint glimmering of sense or poetry, but one with the true standard meaningless monotony. Now all western cities seem to have been turned out by a city-making machine, warranted to produce a city of any size, at the shortest notice, and therefore, in describing the cities of the West, any average one will stand for all—the more average a one the better. Private circumstances, moreover, caused me to see a good deal of Racine; and, indeed, made my stay so pleasant there, that I shall always think gratefully of the dull little town on the shores of the great inland sea.

Racine stands upon the Root river. Whether the town is named by translation from the river, or the

river from the town, is a moot point on which the historians of the place are divided. Some persons suggest that the connexion between the names of the town and river is purely accidental, and that the city was named after the great French tragedian. It may well be so. There is no limit to the eccentricities of American nomenclature, and there are probably a dozen towns in the United States named after Racine, Rousseau, and Corneille. Whatever doubt there may be about the reasons to which Racine owes its name, there is as yet no legendary uncertainty about its birth and origin. There are men of middle age, now living in the place, who have lived through the whole life of the city, and who yet came here as full-grown men. A quarter of a century ago, when General Jackson, as Democratic President, suppressed the State Bank of the Union, which owed its origin to the Whigs, hundreds of new private banks sprang into existence, and deluged the country with an extemporized currency. There followed a period of wild speculation, chiefly in the lands of the North-Western territories. Steamboats were then first coming into full use, and, through the chain of the great lakes, hundreds of thousands of emigrants from Europe and the Eastern States were carried by steamboats to the western shores of Lake Michigan. After a time the banks failed; there was a commercial crisis, the speculators were ruined, but the emigrants remained. The

prairie land was fertile, the Indians were few and peaceable, and communication with the civilized world was cheap and expeditious. In a few years, the country was colonized far and wide, and towns sprang up in every direction. It was then that Milwaukee, and Chicago, and Racine were founded. *Veni, vidi, edificavi*, should be the motto of Western settlerdom, so rapid is the growth of cities in the West. From some cause or other, of the three sister cities Racine has been the least prosperous. Chicago and Milwaukee have gone a-head so fast that Racine has been altogether distanced in the race, and bears the reputation in the West of a sleepy, humdrum place. To an Englishman, however, its quarter of a century's growth appears wonderful enough.

Along the shores of the lake there stretches a low, steep, sandy cliff, and upon its summit stands the city of Racine. Looking out on the great lake, there is little at first to tell you that you are not standing on the shore of the ocean. There is no trace of tide, and the breeze brings with it no savour of the salt sea ; but the horizon on every side is bounded by water alone. Great ships, with snow-white sails, may be seen passing into the far distance, and when the wind blows from the lake, the waves roll in upon the coast with a deep roar and splash, as though they had been driven across the ocean. The Root river, too, with its docks and warehouses, and schooners and swing-bridges, has a

sea-port air about it, which, if not the real marine article, is a wonderful imitation. Along the brow of the cliff runs the Main-street of Racine, and, as usual, a series of streets parallel with, and at right angles to, Main-street, completes the town. The whole place looks very new.—newer even than it ought to look after some six and twenty years of existence. Houses in this part of the world are short lived. All Western cities hold to the earth by an easily-snapped cable. As fast as a settler makes money, he pulls down his house, and builds up a new one. If a householder gets tired of his position, he puts his house on wheels and decamps to another quarter. The lake has of late made inroads on the cliffs of Racine, and, when I was there, many of the residents on the sea-shore were moving their houses bodily to a safer locality. What with frequent fires, and a passion for house-building, there are probably few dwellings in Racine which remain such as they were when they were first built; and the settlers are now far older than their houses. Thus the Main-street of Racine is one of the most straggling and irregular of thoroughfares. Every now and then there is a block of stone office buildings, which would not be out of place in Broadway or in Cannon-street. Next door, perhaps, there is a photographic establishment, consisting of a moveable wooden hut; and, in the aristocratic extension of Main-street, a sort of suburban avenue, there is every style and grade of building. The favourite order

of architecture is a sort of miniature model of the Madeleine at Paris, in wood. Even the office where the local dentist tortures his patients, is entered beneath a Corinthian portico, supported by fluted wooden pillars, of six feet in height. But amidst these wooden dwellings, each standing in its own garden, there are to be found stone mansions such as you might see in Palace Gardens, or in the more aristocratic terraces of Upper Westbournia. Then there is a public square, a park, a court-house, a dozen churches and chapels, and meeting-houses of every denomination. The town is rather at a stand-still at present, in the matter of internal improvements, as, by different jobs and speculations, the corporation has contrived to run itself about eighty thousand pounds into debt. The street-lamps, therefore, as in many of the Western cities, are not lit, though there is a gas-factory in the town; and the roads are left pretty much as nature made them. However, better times are expected for Racine. A line was to be opened within a few weeks of my visit, connecting it directly with the Mississippi, and then it is hoped that it will compete successfully, in the grain trade, with its rival Milwaukee, and that the harbour, on which twelve thousand pounds have been expended by the town, may become the great port for the Eastern traffic.

It is curious, as you stroll about the streets of Racine, or for that matter, of any other small Western city, to

notice the points of dissimilarity between it and an English county town. The differences are not very marked ones. You never see in England a High-street like the Main-street of Racine, but each single house might stand in an English street without attracting especial notice. There are some slight features, however, about the place, which would tell you at once you were out of England. The footpath is made of planks; the farmers' carts, with which the street is filled, are very skeletons of carts, consisting of an iron framework supported by high narrow wheels, on which a small box is swung, barely large enough for the driver to sit upon. Big names are in fashion for designating everything. The inns are houses or halls, the butcher's is the meat market, the dentist calls himself a dental operator, the shops are stores, marts, or emporiums, and the public-houses are homes, arcades, exchanges, or saloons. There is nothing indeed corresponding to the old-fashioned English public-house. The bar-rooms, of which there is a plentiful supply, are, externally, like common shops, except that the door is covered by a wooden screen, so that the drinker is not exposed to the gaze of the passers in the streets. Here, by the way, as everywhere in the States, you never see a woman even in the poorest of bar-rooms. The shops themselves are about as good or as poor as you would find in a town of the like size (Racine has 12,000 inhabitants) at home. What is un-English about them is the number

of German labels and German advertisements exhibited in their windows.

The amusements of Racine are about as limited as if it stood in our midland counties. Judging from the posters of ancient date which hung upon the walls, a passing circus, an itinerant exhibition of Ethiopian minstrels, and an occasional concert, were all the entertainments afforded to the inhabitants. Some of the street advertisements would have been novelties to English townsfolk. A Mrs. Francis Lord Bond was to lecture on Sunday evenings on spiritualism: a fancy fair was to be held for the Catholic convent of St. Ignatius, and a German *choralverein* was to meet weekly for the performance of sacred music. Then, even in this remote and far away corner of the States, there were the war advertisements. The Mayor announced that a great battle was expected daily before Corinth, and requested his townspeople to provide stores beforehand for the relief of the wounded. The Ladies' Aid Committee informed the female public of Racine that there would be a sewing meeting every Friday in the Town Hall, where all ladies were requested to come, and sew bandages for the Union soldiers; every lady to bring her own sewing-machine. Then, too, there was the requisition of the Governor, calling for recruits to fill up the gaps in the ranks of the Wisconsin regiments, who were cut to pieces on the field of Shiloh.

Of course, a town of the importance of Racine must

have a press. In more prosperous days there were three dailies published there; but times were bad, and the dailies had collapsed into weeklies. These were the *Advocate*, the *Press*, the *Democrat*; and a German paper, the *Volksblatt*. As a sample of a Western country newspaper, let me take a copy I picked up of the *Racine Advocate*. It is of the regular unwieldy English four page size, and costs six shillings annually, or five halfpence a single number, and is headed with a poetical declaration of faith, that

“Pledged but to truth, to liberty and law,
No favours win us, and no fears shall awe.”

The advertisements, which occupy two of the four pages, are chiefly of patent medicines, business-cards, and foreclosure sales. The local news, as in all American country papers, is extremely meagre, and there are no law reports or accounts of county meetings. The politics of the papers are staunch Republican and anti-slavery, and the leading articles are well written, and all on questions of public not local politics, such as the Confiscation Bill, General Hunter's Proclamation, and Federal Taxation. There was a short article headed “L.L.D. Russell,” which bore traces of Irish origin. “It was with no little satisfaction,” so the *Advocate* stated, “that the loyal people of the North “saw the announcement that ‘Our Own Correspondent’ had engaged passage back to England. We

“pity the readers of the *Times* who have got to unlearn all that they have been taught to believe of us for a year past. We’ll venture a prediction, that in less than six months the *Times* will discharge the L.L.D., and make him the scapegoat of its malice and traitor-bought attacks on the Federal Government.” With the exception of this outburst on the subject of Mr. Russell, the language of the *Advocate* was sensible and moderate enough. There were letters from the war, copied out of New York papers, and lists of the killed and wounded in the Wisconsin regiments; but fully one page of the paper was occupied by short tales and poems. When I say that their headings were, “How the Bachelor was Won,” “A Girl’s Wardrobe,” “Gone Before,” and “Katie Lee,” the reader will have no difficulty in realizing to himself what the description of intellectual varieties afforded by the *Advocate* consisted of. If he cannot do so by the light of his own experience, let him read any number of the *Family Herald*, and he will do so at once without crossing the Atlantic. Before I leave the subject of journalism at Racine, let me mention one incident I learnt about it, which is characteristic of the old as well as of the new country. The *Racine Advocate* built a handsome block of buildings, which quite eclipsed the office of the *Press*. Unfortunately, the proprietor of the *Press* discovered that the windows

of the *Advocate's* new printing-room could be shut out from the light if a taller store was erected alongside; and so he built an office next door to the *Advocate*, in order to block up its windows! Country editors, it seems, remain the same race of men in the New World as in the Old.

Society in Racine is still in a primitive stage. Dinner-parties are unknown, and balls are events of great rarity; but tea-parties, to which you are invited on the morning of the day, are of constant occurrence. Probably there is as much scandal and gossip here as in an Old World country-town; but there are not, as yet, the social divisions which exist with us. If you inquire the names of the owners of the handsomest houses in Racine, you will find that one, perhaps, began life as a stable-boy, another was a waiter a few years ago in an hotel of the town, and a third was a bricklayer in early life. On the other hand, some of the poorest people in the place are persons who were of good family and good education in the Old World. A short time ago, the two least reputable members of the community were an ex-member of a fashionable London club and a quondam English nobleman. This very mixture of all classes which you find throughout the West gives a freedom, and also an originality, to the society in small towns, which you would not find under similar circumstances in England. If I were asked whether I

would like to live in Racine, my answer would be an emphatic negative; but if the choice were put to me, whether I would sooner live there, or in an out-of-the-way English county-town, I am afraid that nothing but patriotism would induce me to decline Racine.

THE PRAIRIE AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

IN company with the friend at whose house I was stopping in Racine, I went out into the prairie to visit the town of Lanark, situated on the extreme north-western frontier of Illinois. It is no good referring to any map of the United States to ascertain the locality of this city. It had not then completed the first year of its existence, and was inscribed on no chart or map as yet designed. Probably, beyond the circle of twenty miles round Lanark, there were not a score of people who knew that there was such a place in the world, still less that it was a rising locality. In the far West, cities start into existence like Aladdin's Palace. You read of this mushroom growth in books of travel, but it is hard to realize it without seeing it on the spot. You pass through the vast city of Chicago, along its splendid streets and quays and avenues, and are told that thirty years ago no buildings stood there except an old mud fort, raised to keep off the Indians, and that the first child ever born in the city was only married the other day. You are told so, but you hardly believe it,

or, at any rate, you form no idea of how the solitary fort grew into the mighty city. To understand the process of development, you must take a baby-town just beginning to stand alone, and not the full-grown giant of a metropolis. It is for this reason, and because, in French phrase, I have "assisted" at the birth of Lanark City, that I have taken it as the specimen of a Western settlement. I was not, indeed, the first representative of the English Press who had been at Lanark. Six months before I was there, Mr. Russell had visited the place with the same friend who brought me thither; but at that time the town was an idea only, and Mr. Russell passed the day shooting over the ground on which the town now stands. I may fairly claim therefore, in a literary point of view, to have discovered Lanark, and, discoverer-like, wish to lay before the world the result of my discoveries.

Between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River lies the prairie-land of Illinois. From the river to the lakes there run a host of railroads, and amongst them there is one, now in process of construction, called the Racine and Mississippi Railroad. If you take any map of the West, and draw a straight, or what the Americans call an "air-line," from Racine to the nearest point of the Mississippi, you will have before you the exact course of the railroad in question; and twenty miles or so from the river lay the then terminus of the line, Lanark City. It was in company with Mr. George

Thomson, the English projector of the railroad and the founder of the city, that Lanark and I made acquaintance with each other. The course of emigration, naturally enough, caused the borders of the great river and lake highways to be first occupied by settlers; and it is only slowly, as population increases, that the inland districts of the Western States become settled. Thus the interior of Northern Illinois is still a great prairie country, dotted here and there with new cities. Railroads are not constructed there to connect existing towns, as much as to open out new ranges of country; and if the Racine and Mississippi had to depend upon the custom of the inhabitants settled along its route before the line was made, its chance of profit would be a small one. For miles and miles our road lay along the silent, almost deserted, prairie — every now and then a low cutting through a hillock, sometimes a short embankment over a hollow, and then a flat bridge carried on piles across a marshy stream; but as a rule, a long level track, scarcely raised above the ground, and stretching without curve or bend for miles before and miles behind you. Right in the middle of the prairie, the rail came to an end at Lanark.

Alongside the depôt there stood a sort of railway caravan, which had been the first house of Lanark. When the rail was finished, there was not a hut or covered dwelling of any kind on the spot, and so this caravan was sent down there as a shelter for the rail-

road servants. By this time it had served its purpose, and I heard the order given for its transmission back to Racine, in order to be used elsewhere for a like object. Close to the station there was an hotel built already, not a pot-house or a roadside tavern, but a genuine, well-ordered inn. Of course, being in America, it had a bar-room, a public room with long tables, and public meals at fixed hours. It was clean too, and neatly furnished, as hotels in the Free States mostly are. The only national institution in which it was deficient was a gong. The first landlord—there had been three already—had levanted, taking that inevitable deafening instrument of torture with him on his departure, and happily it had not yet been replaced. There was a piano in the house, belonging to the wife of a gentleman employed on the line, and in his room I found copies of Macaulay's History, and of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." The hotel was the property of the Company, and had been built by them to induce settlers to come to the place, and it seemed to be doing a good business. Meanwhile, the town was fast growing up around it.

Lanark, like all Western cities, is built on the simplest of plans. The owners or projectors of the settlement buy a certain number of acres, draw out a plan of the town, dividing it into streets and lots, and allow any purchaser to build any sort of dwelling on his lot he likes. The houses may be as irregular and unlike as possible; but, as the spaces allotted for the streets are not

allowed to be encroached upon, the general plan of the town must correspond with the chart. The map of the city had been drawn out by a Scotch clerk in the service of the railroad, who had undertaken the task of naming the streets. To display his nationality, he had given Scotch names—Bute, Argyle, Forth, Moray, and Macs innumerable—and had only condescended to American prejudices so far as to permit of there being a Main and a Chesnut Street. Most of these streets, however, were still streets of the future, and the influx of population had as yet only called Main and Bute Streets into existence. The first of these is the commercial thoroughfare of Lanark, and in it there were some twenty shops already established. I noticed two competing ironmongers and tinmen, whose stores seemed plentifully stocked, two or three rival groceries, two saddle and harness makers, and a couple of beer and oyster saloons—a tailor's, a shoemaker's, and a lawyer's office. Besides these, there were two large stores building, one of which was to be a furniture warehouse, and the other, I think, a dry-goods shop. Bute-street consisted of private cottages. A number of shanties, too, were scattered round the place, but not close enough yet to one another to form streets. Every house in the place was of wood, many of them two, or even three, storeys high. The majority of the houses had curtains and green veranda shutters, and even the poorest I looked into were far superior in

comfort to an ordinary English labourer's cottage, not to mention their being clean and airy. The streets were mere tracks of prairie-land, hardened by the wheels of teams, of which the town was full ; but there were planked footpaths raised along Main-street.

The object, indeed, for which Lanark has been founded is to form a depôt for agricultural produce. The fertile plains of the vast prairie will produce boundless supplies of wheat and corn. There is no clearing to be done before these plains can be cultivated. For some cause or other, which nobody appears to me to have explained as yet satisfactorily, trees do not grow spontaneously upon the prairie, fertile as it is ; and for miles on every side of Lanark there was scarcely a tree to be seen. A New England farmer, who had lately removed there, told me he should never feel at home until he had brought some rocks from the Pilgrim State, and planted trees between their crevices, so as to form a miniature Massachusetts of his own. The richness of the soil is something marvellous. You have but to turn it up some three inches deep, and the land will yield crops year after year without rest or manure. An acre will bear from thirty to forty bushels, and wheat fetches from half-a-crown to three shillings a bushel. Indian corn, or "corn" as it is called there, is so plentiful that in many winters it is burnt for fuel. With such prices the only thing which stops the cultivation of wheat is the difficulty and expense of bringing

it to market ; and as fast as the railroad removes this difficulty, the cultivation extends rapidly. On one day, within a few weeks of the railroad being opened, three hundred team-loads of wheat were brought to the single station of Lanark. The population therefore of the city consists of farmers, and of dealers who have come to provide for their wants. There is, of course, a great deal of luck about Western towns, as about all other speculations in a new country ; and it is impossible as yet to say whether Lanark will succeed in becoming the depôt of its district ; but its prospects are flourishing. Its population, as far I could gather, numbered already about 300 persons. There was no church yet built, but every week there came some minister or other, who preached in a room at the hotel. The people were already making arrangements for establishing schools. One of the chief settlers, with whom I had some conversation, talked of raising 1,000 dollars in the town for this purpose, and said that he hoped to get as much more from the Education Fund of Springfield, the county town of Lanark district. The first public meeting in the town was to be held the week following my visit, to consider the school question, as the railway company had offered to give land for the school buildings at unusually low prices. The site of a church was, I understood, fixed upon, and I had pointed out to me a long square of prairie-land, which is to be hereafter the park of Lanark. If, a dozen years hence, the park were

to be surrounded by stone mansions, the growth of Lanark would not be more surprising than that of other Western cities.

The railroad was pushing on fast toward the Mississippi. It was strange to any one who, like myself, had seen a good deal of European railroad-making, to watch the rough-and-ready way in which this line was carried forward. The low mound of earth, on which the single line of rails was placed, was heaped up hastily from a trench cut on either side. You would have fancied that the weight of the engine would crush down the embankment, and break through the flat bridges supported on the slender wooden piles. But, somehow or other, American railroads work well and serve their purpose. The cost of construction was low enough to make the mouth of an English shareholder water, being under two thousand pounds a mile. This, however, is unusually cheap even for America; and I believe the cost of the Illinois Central, over as easy a country, was about eight thousand pounds per mile. What makes this cheapness of construction the more remarkable is, that wages were high. The rate of pay for common unskilled labourers varied from four to six shillings a day; and the teams, gangs of which were brought in to the work by farmers settled in the neighbourhood, were paid for at the rate of ten shillings daily. It is probable, moreover, that the farmers worked at a low rate, as the funds for the line were chiefly provided by

promissory notes given by them, and secured by the mortgage of their farms. A very large proportion of the workmen were Irish; and the meadows along the line were covered with shanties and gipsy-tents, where Irish women and children huddled together, in as close a proximity to their state of native dirt as the fresh air of the prairie would permit of. The sale of whiskey or intoxicating liquors was prohibited, by a sort of extempore lynch-law; and I was struck by hearing the American overseer go round to the different shanties and tell their inmates, that if he heard of their having liquor on the premises he would pull down the huts over their heads. From what I saw of my friend Mr. Smith, I have not the slightest doubt that, though the most goodnatured man in the world, he would have kept his word to the letter.

In this out-of-the-way spot, as everywhere in the West, the war was the one subject of talk. It was too far North for Secessionism, and the people to a man were staunch Unionists. A report came while I was at Lanark, that Richmond was taken. There was a flag-staff in the main street, and at once the stars and stripes were hoisted in honour of the supposed victory. It was striking, too, to observe how thoroughly all these farmers and settlers were "posted," in American parlance, on the events and politics of the war. To most of them, as Illinois men, Lincoln and McClellan (from his connexion with the Illinois Central) were known per-

sonally, and their merits, as well as those of other American statesmen, were discussed freely and often ably. Mr. Stanton seemed the most popular of the public men of the day, chiefly on account of his anti-slavery views. Indeed, in these Northern States of the West, popular feeling appeared to me to be more genuinely Abolitionist than in any part of the Union. There was little sentiment expressed about the negro's wrongs; but there was a strong feeling that slavery is a bad system, and a disgrace to the country; and, still more, there was a bitter hostility—almost a personal antipathy—to the slaveholding aristocracy of the South. Half-measures, or patched-up compromises, found little favour with those plain matter-of-fact Western men: “The slaveowners have made the rebellion, and they ought to pay for it. The North has been half-ruined by the South, and the South is rightly punished if she is ruined altogether. Compensation to rebels is absurd, and loyal men ought not to be called upon to pay for the property of rebels. If the South chooses to burn its cotton, and produce a famine in its own territory, so much the better. The more slaveowners are ruined, the better for the Union.” Such was the purport of the sentiments I heard expressed; the form of expression was, in general, a great deal too emphatic to be repeated literally. McClellan, with his supposed pro-slavery views, was looked on with open distrust, and spoken of, even at that period, with undisguised

contempt. Lincoln, with his compensation scheme, was thought not to be up to the mark ; and the policy which seemed to please this village public best was that of General Hunter, which gave a knock-down blow, for once and for all, to slavery and slaveowners.

Still, in this western world of the North, it was only the rumour of war, not the war itself, that the traveller came across. The great tide of the civil war had not spread so far northwards. Illinois and Wisconsin regiments there were in the fight, and plenty, but the States themselves had been but little affected directly. According to the popular English view, the whole country is in a state of revolution, trade is bankrupt, and the entire progress of the nation stopped for years to come ; yet here, in the West, in the very heat of the war, there was a great country growing into existence by rapid strides. The great march of civilization was still, as ever, tending westwards, building railroads, clearing forests, reclaiming wild lands, raising cities, and making the wilderness into a fertile country. This progress westwards across the prairie is the great fact of American history ; and those who want to understand the real character of the present civil war, must remember that this progress is still going on without ceasing. The growth of Lanark is one little incident in the history of the West, and it is as such I have dwelt upon it.

It was near Lanark that I first caught a real glimpse

of the Prairie. We have all laughed, or by this time ceased laughing, at the story of the Irishman who brought a brick from the Pyramids, to show his friends what the Pyramids were like. Yet I know not that the Prairie could be described better, to those who have never seen it, than by bringing home a spadeful of prairie-sod, and telling the spectators to multiply that sod in their minds by any multiple of millions they choose to fix upon. In truth, there is nothing to describe about the prairie except its vastness, and that is indescribable. I suppose most of us in our lifetime have dreamt a dream that we were wandering on a vast boundless moor, seeking for something aimlessly, and that in this dreary search after we knew not what, we wandered from slope to slope, and still the moor stretched before us, endless and unbounded. Such a dream I, for my part, remember dreaming years ago; and as I drove for a mile-long drive across the prairies of Northern Illinois, it seemed to me that the dream had come true at last.

East, west, north, and south—on the right hand and on the left—in front and behind, stretched the broken woodless upland. Underneath the foot a springy turf, covered with scentless violets and wild prairie roses; overhead a bright cloudless sky, whence the sun shot down beams that would have scorched up the soil long ago but for the fresh soft prairie-breeze blowing from across the Rocky Mountains; low grassy slopes on every side, looking

like waves of turf rising and falling gently. Not a tree to be seen in the far distance ; not a house in sight far or near ; not a drove of sheep or a herd of cattle ; no sign of life except the dun-coloured prairie chickens whirring through the heather as we drove along—nothing but the broken woodless upland. So we passed on, coming from time to time upon some break in the monotony of the vast dreamlike solitude. Sometimes it was a prairie stream, running clear as crystal between its low sedgy banks, through which our horses forded knee-deep, and then again the broken woodless upland ; sometimes it was a lone Irish shanty, knocked up roughly with planks and logs, and wearing a look as though it had been built by shipwrecked settlers, stranded on the shore of the prairie sea. Farther on we came upon a herd of half-wild horses, who, as we approached, dashed away in a wild stampede ; then upon a knot of trees, whose seeds had been wafted from the distant forests, and taken root kindly on the rich prairie soil ; now upon an emigrant's team, with the women and children under the canvas awning, and the red-shirted and brigand-looking miners at its side, travelling across the prairie in search of the land of gold ; and then again the silent solitude and the broken woodless upland.

These scanty breaks, however, in the monotony of the scene, were signs of the approach of civilization—warnings, as it were, that the days of the Lanark

Prairie are well-nigh numbered. The railroad in which my companions were interested went right through the heart of the district. To my English ideas, the line looked like the realization of the famous railroad which went from nowhere in general to nowhere in particular. But American experience has amply proved that a railroad in the Far West creates its own constituency. In three or four years time the prairie over which I travelled will be enclosed; the rich soil will be turned up, and bring forth endless crops of wheat till, as a settler told me, the wide expanse looks at harvest-time like a golden carpet; and large towns may very likely be raised on the spot where the Irish shanties stood when I passed. Every year the traveller in search of the prairie has to go further and further west; but its extent is still so vast, that generations, perhaps centuries, must pass away before it becomes a matter of tradition. Settlers in the country tell one that it is necessary to live for some time upon the prairie-land in order to feel its charm, and that, when its charm is once felt, all other scenery grows tame. It may be so. I believe, without understanding it, that there are people who grow to love the sea, and feel a delight in seeing nothing but the wide expanse of the ocean round them for days, and weeks, and months together: so, for some minds, the endless sameness of the prairie may possess a strange attraction. For my own part, the sense of boundless vastness hanging over the scene was rather

overpowering than impressive, and I plead guilty to a feeling of relief when we got out of the open land into the tilled fields and green woods, and cheerful villages which spread along the banks of the Mississippi river.

Of many pleasant river sails it has been my lot to make in different parts of the world, my two days' sail up the great Western river is, I think, the pleasantest. I came upon it some sixteen hundred miles from its source, and nearly the same distance from its mouth, far away in the north-west, where it forms the frontier line between the States of Wisconsin and Iowa. The spring freshets had been unusually high, and the floods were only beginning to subside, so that the expanse of water was grander even than it is in ordinary times; the flat shifting mud-banks, which the river forms year by year from the deposits of its rich alluvial soil, were covered with the flood, and in many places the water spread from bank to bank for a distance of three miles and upwards. How the steamer found its way amidst the countless channels and between the thousand islands, all covered with the rich rank forests, and all the counterparts of each other, is a mystery to me still. If ever there was a river worthy of the name of the "silent highway," it is the Mississippi. The great saloon steamers, with the single wheel placed at their stern, glide along so noiselessly, that to me, used to the straining and creaking of an English steamboat, it seemed difficult to believe that the vessel was in

motion. The vast shallow flood rolls along without a swell, almost without a ripple. The silence of the great forests along the banks is unbroken by the sound of birds or of any living thing. For miles and miles together not a village or house is to be seen, and the river flows on as silent and as solitary as it must have flowed when De Soto first struck upon its course two centuries ago, and hailed it proudly as the "Father of many waters."

On either side the river rise high cliffs or "bluffs" as they are called there, of reddish sandstone. At a distance the great masses of rock, twisted into all sorts of fantastic shapes by the action of the water, ages and ages ago, look like the ruins of some old Norman castle. Sometimes the Mississippi rolls at the very foot of the overhanging cliffs; at others, a low swamp land, covered with close-set forest trees, lies between the river and the cliff. But to me the great beauty of the scene lay in the richness of the colouring. The woodlands of England are tame and colourless compared with the green forests of the Mississippi in the first burst of summer, and the towering masses of rock, the patches of bare sandstone, and the hill-sides of the steep gullies that run down to the river, shone out with a depth and gorgeousness of colour that I had fancied was not to be found under a northern sun. As for sunsets, you should see them on the Mississippi, when the river, in one of its hundred twists

and turnings, bends for a space westwards. Then you seem to be floating down the current towards a vast canopy of fire and flame and golden glory. There, indeed, you behold a sunset such as the fancy of Turner alone might have pictured, and sought in vain to realize.

Trade was dull on the Mississippi. At this early summer season the boats would have been crowded only two years ago by hundreds of Southern families flying from the deadly heats of New Orleans, but now we had scarce a score of passengers on board. There was but little life upon the river; two or three times a-day we passed steamers bound to St. Louis; and sometimes we came upon a string of huge lumber-rafts punted cautiously along by gangs of wild-looking red-shirted boatmen. But this was all. Every couple of hours or so, we touched at some small town on the river-side, to take up passengers, of whom there were few forthcoming. These towns are all alike, differing only in size. A long street of low houses, stores, and wharves fronting the river, a large stone building, generally an hotel which has failed, a few back streets running towards the bluff, perhaps a row of villas on the hill-side, and very often a railway depôt; these are the common characteristics of a Mississippi town. The one beautiful thing about them is their position, nestling as they do at the foot of the cliffs, and this is a beauty which even the ugliness of the towns themselves cannot destroy.

There are still many traces in this part of the Mississippi of the early French settlements. Prairie du Port, Prairie du Chien, and Dubuque are names which bespeak their own origin. Along the river there are several French villages, or rather parts of villages. The inhabitants are a queer race, "jumbos," as the American settlers call them—half French, half negro, and half Indian. In this admixture of half-breeds the French element has kept the mastery, and they still speak a broken French and are all devout Catholics. They also retain the passion of the French peasant for his land. No price will induce a half-breed to part willingly with his land, but he is content to possess it without seeking to improve it. Indeed, the development, physically as well as morally, of this mixed breed has not been such as to strengthen the cause of the advocates of amalgamation between the white and the coloured population. They are a wild, handsome, gipsy-looking race, though not of sturdy growth. As a rule, they are an inoffensive people, but are dirty, ignorant, and indolent. They live chiefly by fishing and hunting, and die away gradually in the villages where they are born. As far as I could learn, there is no particular prejudice against them amongst the Anglo-Saxon settlers any more than there is against the Indians. Both races, half-breeds as well as Indians, are so obviously dying out that the feeling of the Americans towards them is one rather of pity than of jealousy. At Prairie du

Chien, or "Prare doo Shane," according to the popular Western pronunciation, stand the ruins of large barracks. It seems strange in this land of railroads and steamboats and great cities to learn that these barracks were erected only thirty years ago, in order to protect the soldiers of the United States against the Indians in the famous Black Hawk war. The barracks are useless already, for the Indian has retreated hundreds of miles away. By these ruins I came upon the first party of genuine Indians I had seen. There were four of them, two men, father and son, with their squaws. They were very dirty, very ragged, and painted with all kinds of colours. They had bows and arrows with them, of the rudest kind, but their chief livelihood, I suspect, was derived from begging. They told us, in broken English, that they were very miserable, which I have no doubt was true; and the only trace of dignity I could see about them was that they took the small alms our party gave, with absolute apparent unconcern. The one piece of luggage belonging to the tribe was carried by the younger squaw, and that—alas! for Mohican romance!—was a teapot of Britannia metal.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

OF all American commercial cities, Chicago is, to my mind, the handsomest. Thirty years ago, not a house was standing there. Now, with its miles of wharves and warehouses, its endless canals and docks, its seventy churches, and its rows of palace-like mansions, Chicago is probably, both in size and importance, the third or fourth city in the States. There is an unusual uniformity about the buildings, from the fact that they have all been built almost at the same time, and the monotony of the straight rectangular streets is somewhat relieved by the Dutch-looking canals which intersect them in every direction. When, however, you have made the stock remark that, within a quarter of a century, a Trans-Atlantic Liverpool has been raised upon the swampy shores of Lake Michigan, you have said pretty well all that is to be said about the metropolis of the West. If a poor neighbour becomes a millionaire, you think it a remarkable occurrence, and possibly you regard him with envy; but I don't think,

judging from my own ideas, that you are struck with a reverential awe. So, in like manner, when you have once realized the idea of how Chicago has grown out of nothing in no time, you have about exhausted the subject. Barges, and drays, and steamboats, and factories, are much the same all the world over. Goethe is constantly reported to have said (though I own I never came across the saying in any of his writings), that there was more poetry in a spinning-jenny than in the whole Iliad of Homer. It may be so, but Goethe never tried to write a poem about a factory, and so I defy any one, except a land agent, to expatiate on the beauties and glories of Chicago. To me it is remarkable and noteworthy, chiefly as the centre of the New World, which is growing up with a giant's growth in those Free States of the North West. A commercial panic, a change in the route of traffic, might destroy Chicago, but no human power could destroy the great corn-growing region of which, for the time, it is the capital.

At the period of my visit, Illinois was undergoing one of those periodical revolutions which seem so strange to English politicians. The whole State was about to throw off its Constitution as a snake casts its slough, and Chicago naturally enough was the headquarters of the agitation, such as there was. Politics run high in Illinois. It is the State, by birth or by adoption, not only of President Lincoln, but of Stephen

Douglas, his great Democratic rival in the late Presidential contest. The struggle in Illinois was a bitter and a close one. Lincoln polled 172,161 votes against 160,215 for Douglas, and of the 7,000 and odd voters who wasted their strength in behalf of the Whig candidate, Bell, and the pro-Slavery candidate, Breckinridge, probably nine-tenths would have voted as between the two for Douglas against Lincoln. There was no free Western State where the Republican majority was so small, or where the Democratic party had so great an influence. It is very hard for an English student of American politics to understand the meaning in which party names are used in the North, and probably most Englishmen who were asked to define the difference between American Republicans and Democrats would state, that the former were anti-Slavery men, and the latter pro-Slavery. At best, this is a half truth. In our English sense of the words, Republicans and Democrats approach much more nearly in politics to Liberals and Conservatives. When an Englishman reads, as he does in all American political discussions, that the Slaveocracy of the South supported itself by an alliance with the Democracy of the North, his impression is, that the Democratic party advocated all that class of measures which would be in favour with an Old-World Democracy. The impression is erroneous, because the demos of the New World (I am speaking especially of the Western States) exists under essen-

tially different conditions from the demos of the Old World. Where everybody is a voter, and where every voter is a man of some property, and generally of some landed property, the ruling demos will be a demos of small landholders, and both the prejudices and principles of such a class are essentially Conservative in many ways. A love for local institutions, a dislike to government interference, a jealousy of any privileged class, an ignorant aversion to taxation, a strong regard for the rights of property, and bitter national prejudices and vanities, are pretty sure to be amongst their distinguishing characteristics. Political parties must be judged by their relative, not by their actual, principles. An American Conservative, *if* he supported the same measures in England that he does in America, would be far ahead of Mr. Bright in Radicalism, just as under like circumstances an English Tory would be an ultra-Democrat in Austria. Still, for all that, there is in each country a distinct Liberal and Conservative party. Thus, in reality, the Republicans are the Liberals, and the Democrats the Conservatives of America. It is hardly fair to the Northern Democracy to allege that it tolerated slavery simply for the sake of Southern political support. Any national interference with slavery was an interference with State rights, and the essence of Democratic Conservatism is to support vested rights and local independence against the action of the Central Government. *Stare super antiquas vias*, "the Con-

stitution as it is, and the Union as it was," is thus the rallying cry of the American Democracy. If the reader can picture to himself what the politics of England would be if there was no unrepresented class, and if the vast majority of the voters were small householders or landholders, he will have little difficulty in seeing what would be the politics of the party which bid highest for the support of the majority. Free trade would be attacked as vehemently as the game laws. Toleration would be as unpopular as tithes, and a demand for tenant-right would be accompanied by a cry of "England for the English." Under very different conditions, a somewhat similar state of things exists in America.

Thus, even if the Slavery issue were removed tomorrow, the struggle between Republicans and Democrats would continue, possibly under different names, and new party organizations, but still the same in principle. The struggle then going on between the two parties in the State of Illinois had little directly to do with Slavery, and illustrated the tendency of American politics, as well as the working of State Government. The present constitution of the State has been in force since 1847. It is one of the most democratic, in our English sense of the word, of any of the State constitutions. There is manhood suffrage, and one year's residence is sufficient to qualify a stranger for citizenship. The Governor, the Senate, the House of Repre-

sentatives, and the Judges, are all elected directly by the people, and no property qualifications are required. In 1860, when the last State elections took place, the Republicans were in the majority, and, as usual, filled the Assembly and the public offices exclusively with members of their own party. The Republican majority was a narrow one, and since that time the Democrats had regained strength, and had carried a number of casual elections; so that they believed that they could command a majority in the State, as they already did in the Assembly. In the natural order of things they must have waited till 1864 before they could elect a Democratic governor, or replace their party in office. The Governor's term of power is for four years, and, during that time, in the State, just as in the national Government, there exists no possible method, short of impeachment, for removing the head of the State, or turning out the Ministry. Two years, however, was a long time for hungry office-seekers to remain out of power; and, moreover, it was by no means certain that the course of public events might not shortly restore the prestige and fortunes of the Republicans in the State of Illinois. Under these circumstances, the Democrats hit upon an ingenious idea. There had long been a talk of passing some slight amendments to the Constitution. The Democrats improved upon the idea, and passed a vote in the Assembly, that a Convention should be held to submit a new Constitution to

the electors. If the new Constitution was ratified by the people, all existing offices would be vacated, *ipso facto*; and the Democratic party would be able to secure their nominees a four years' lease of power, as, even in Illinois, a new Constitution would not be passed again much under ten years' time. A new Constitution therefore was drawn up by a Convention, in which the Democrats were in the majority, and was on the eve of being submitted to the people at the time of my visit. In form and spirit of government there was little difference between the old and the new Constitutions. The real object of the reform was to secure a change of office; and the alterations introduced were chiefly designed to attract the favour of the voters. The nature of these new provisions, or bids for popular support, threw some light on Illinois politics. In the first place, economy was promised in the public administration. Under the old Constitution, the Assembly had the power of voting supplementary grants to Government officials for extraordinary expenditure. This power had given rise to abuse, and the Governor's salary had been raised "by indirection," according to a new-coined phraseology of the West, from three hundred pounds to six hundred pounds annually. So, also, the annual compensation allowed by law to members of the Assembly amounted to eighteen hundred pounds in all. But, by various grants, for postage, newspapers, and sundries, the amount expended amongst them reached

nearly six thousand per annum. By a self-denying ordinance, it was proposed to do away with all "indirection" in future, so that every servant of the public should receive his salary and not a cent extra. In obedience to the same economical principles, various offices were to be consolidated. The expense of printing private bills was to be borne by their promoters, the number of judges was to be decreased, and grand juries (which cost the State twelve thousand pounds in 1861) were to be suppressed, except in cases where the punishment was death or penal servitude, and even then the number of their members was to be reduced from twenty-three to fifteen. What would have been the amount of these various savings was not stated by the Convention, but was left so hopelessly indistinct, that the Republican papers asserted, with much plausibility, that it would have been more than swallowed up by the power proposed to be given to the Assembly, of fixing themselves the salary of all public officials, including their own, after the first election had taken place. Several of the principal alterations in the Constitution were proposed with the view of catching the support of the working-classes. It is a very common thing for Western railroads to get hopelessly embarrassed. On many of the lines the labourers and officials have had their pay kept back for months, and sometimes have been finally defrauded of it. To remedy this evil, the rolling-stock of railroads

was henceforth to be regarded as personalty, not as real estate; and was to be liable to seizure for contract debts, "so as not to be beyond the reach of judgments "in favour of the honest working-man, whose toil has "built the road, or whose supplies were furnished to "it." Provisions also were to be made "to secure and "enforce a lien in favour of the mechanic and pro- "ducer, upon the result of their labour and material "combined." As most of the Western railroads have been built with Eastern or foreign capital, these clauses would read ominously to me, if I were unfortunate enough to be a shareholder in an Illinois railway. By another proviso, the Homestead Law was to be introduced, by which a married man's dwelling is secured to him and his family against any claim for debt "in "order to protect and guard the families of the poor "against the rapacity of creditors."

In the great panic year of 1857, from which the West has never thoroughly recovered, every corporation and public body of any kind was involved directly or indirectly in speculations. In railroad companies alone the indebtedness of counties and cities in the State exceeded three millions sterling, and many a town is still crushed by the failures of that year of panic. The collapse of the speculative mania had caused the popular instinct to fly into the opposite extreme; and by the new Constitution, every municipal corporation was forbidden either to take shares in, or to guarantee

in any way whatever, any chartered company. The effect of this act, if enforced, would have been to stop all the internal improvements so much needed in the State ; but, for the moment, the proposal was popular as a precaution against over-trading. From similar causes, banks of issue were out of favour in Illinois. By the laws of the State, every bank was required to guarantee its issue by depositing a certain fixed amount of the stocks of some State of the Union with the local Government. The banks naturally bought the stocks of the Southern States, which always stood lowest in the market ; and as after secession these stocks became absolutely unsaleable, the Illinois banks stopped payment, while the securities held by the State could not be realized. To obviate a recurrence of this calamity, the new Constitution proposed that no new banks at all were to be created, and no old charters extended ; and that no notes or promises to pay of any description whatever were to be issued by the existing banks after 1866. How the currency was to be supplied was a difficulty which never seemed to have struck the Convention. "An influx of gold and silver will supply the deficiency." This was an assertion made confidently ; but what was to be given by the State in exchange was a question not considered worth entering on.

The most striking clause, however, proposed by the new Convention was that about negroes. It ran thus :—

“No negro or mulatto shall migrate to or settle in this State after the adoption of this Constitution;” and further, “No negro or mulatto shall have the right of suffrage, or hold any office in this State.” Every other clause was expounded, and defended at length, in the Report of the Convention. This one, I hope because its authors were ashamed of it, was passed over without a word. Its insertion formed a strange indication of the power of popular prejudices. The Democratic party have not a stronger feeling of personal dislike to the free negroes than the Republicans, but the class is unpopular with the people of Illinois, partly on account of race, partly because there was an ignorant idea that a large negro immigration would follow emancipation, and thus lower the wages of labour. So, in order to secure votes for their party, the Democrats raised the cry of “Illinois for the white man! A similar clause was appended to the existing Constitution, but was rejected at its adoption in 1847. The Republican papers were extremely confident that the new Constitution would not be adopted, and still more positive that the negro clause, which was to be voted for separately, would be rejected by a large majority. On the other hand, the Democrats were equally positive that both would be carried. The result proved that either party had over-calculated their strength. If the Democrats could have succeeded in their attempt to tack the vote against the negroes on to the vote for

the Constitution, they would probably have succeeded in their main object. Baffled in this, they failed to secure popular support. The clause excluding free negroes from the State was passed by a large majority, but the proposal for a new Constitution was rejected by a majority nearly as decisive. It is, by the way, a curious fact that the Illinois soldiers in the army of the West, who were stationed in Slave States, voted almost unanimously against the negro clause.

Another incident in Illinois State politics, which occurred at this period, is a strange instance of the strength of the old State-right's feeling. By the laws of Illinois all State taxes must be paid in gold and silver. After the act of Congress was passed making Treasury-notes a legal tender, the tax-payers sought to pay their taxes in Treasury-notes. The State Treasurer refused to receive them, not on account of there being any loss to the State by taking them, as Treasury-notes were then at par, but because he was forbidden to take anything but bullion by the State laws. A friendly suit was instituted by the authorities of the State, in order to investigate the rights of the case. On being tried before the Illinois Circuit Judge of the Supreme Court, this suit was decided in favour of the State. It is true that the Supreme Court was nominated during the reign of the old Democratic party, and has always favoured extreme State-right doctrines; but still, this decision, just or unjust, gave a severe

blow both to the value of the Treasury-notes and the authority of the central Government. If a State law, passed to regulate its own local affairs, over-rides a law of Congress passed for the whole nation, it is difficult to see how the same principle may not be extended to many other and far more important questions.

So much for the politics of Illinois, on which I have dwelt as illustrating in their most settled form the tendencies of Western administration. The West, however, is so vast a region, and comprises States of such different physical and geographical conditions, that ultimately the different portions of the district will doubtless exhibit distinctive features of their own. At present, the fact that each Western State has been colonized much at the same time and much in the same manner, has given a temporary character of uniformity to their systems of politics. As years go on, new forms of society will doubtless develop themselves there. The West is pre-eminently the country of the future. When Prince Napoleon travelled, at the outbreak of the war, through the Western States, he remarked to an acquaintance of mine, that, in not many years to come, the valley of the Mississippi would be the centre of civilization. The remark was probably dictated in part by the natural desire of a Frenchman to say something gratifying to his entertainer, but in part also by the far-sightedness of a Napoleon. It must be an unobservant traveller who

goes through this region without having the conviction forced upon him that the West is destined to play a part, and that no insignificant one, in the world's history. Everywhere railroads are building, towns are growing up, and, above all, the wild soil of the prairie is being turned, almost without an effort, into the richest corn-growing country. Rapid as the progress of railroads is, the growth of the soil is more rapid still. In many parts of the West there are said to be three years' crops of wheat stored up, waiting only for delivery till the means of transport are provided. Indian corn is so plentiful that it is burnt for fuel, and on the prairie there is pasture-land for all the herds of cattle which the world can boast of. Centuries well-nigh must pass, even with the astonishing increase of population, before absolute want is known in the West by any class, or before it ceases to be the granary of the New World, if not of the Old also. These are the economical conditions under which the West is rising into national existence: the political conditions are not less remarkable. All the North-western States have been founded by individual enterprise: they owe nothing to Government aid, or support, or patronage. Every farm and town and State has been created by the free action of settlers—doing as seemed best in their own sight. The West, too, more than any part of the Union, has been colonized by one uniform class. There have been no aristocratic families amongst the first colonists, as in

Virginia or Maryland, and even, in some measure, in Kentucky and Tennessee; no original Dutch settlement, as in New York; no dominant religious leadership, as in the New England States. In the West all men are equal as a matter of fact, not at all as a matter of abstract theory. The only difference between man and man is, that one man is richer than another. But fortunes are made and lost so easily in this part of the world that the mere possession of wealth does not convey the same power or importance as it would in an older and more defined civilization. I quite admit that this dead level of society has its disadvantages. For a man of refined tastes, and imbued with the teachings of Old World culture, the West must be a wearisome residence. It would be so, I think, for myself. As the undergraduate said, when he was asked to describe the structure of the walls of Babylon, "I am not a bricklayer." Not being a bricklayer of any kind, social or political, I have no taste for living in brick-fields; and the West is nothing more as yet than a vast political and social brick-field, upon which, and out of which, some unknown edifice is to be raised hereafter, or, rather, is raising now. Still, there are some lessons which may be learnt already from the young history of the West, and chief amongst them is the force of self-government. There is little power to compel obedience to law, still less is there any superintending authority to tell men what they ought and ought not to do; but, somehow or

other, there is a general security, a respect for law, and a peaceable order, which seemed to grow up without any forcing process. Wherever you have slavery, you have rowdyism also; but, in the Free States of the West, the rowdy proper is as unknown as the slave.

But the more pressing question with regard to the West is, what its influence will be on the war. We in Europe look upon the struggle as solely one between North and South, and can scarcely realize the fact that the West will, in a few years, be more powerful than the North and South put together, and is virtually the arbiter of the struggle between the two. As Mr. Hawthorne once remarked to me, "We of the Old States are nothing more than the fringe on the garment of the West." Now, about one fact there is no doubt whatever, and that is, that the West has thrown its whole power into the cause, not of the North, but of the Union. Two essential conditions are required for its development—one, that it should have free access through the great lakes to the Atlantic; the other, that it should hold the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico: and the only way by which both these conditions can be satisfied is, by the whole country between the lakes and the river being held by one Government; while the only Government which can so hold it, as a matter of fact, is one which more or less resembles the old Union. So much for the present. The future of the West, which is not a dream, but an unfulfilled reality,

requires an extension of the same conditions. During the present generation the great Pacific railroad will become an accomplished fact. Then the whole influence of the growing States of the Pacific sea-board will be thrown into the scale of the West, and will enable it to demand even more imperatively than at present that free access to the Atlantic which can only be secured by the whole country between the two oceans being subject to one Government. It requires no great amount of thought or education to understand these conclusions, and the Western men are sufficiently educated by the free-school system and the more important teaching of political self-government to appreciate them fully. The West means to preserve the Union, and is as determined as the North—perhaps more so, though on different grounds. It was curious to note the difference of tone about the war in the West and in the North, as expressed both in the press and in conversation. There was much less of regard for the Constitution as an abstraction, much less of sentimental talk about the “fathers of the country,” or the wickedness of secession. On the other hand, there was a greater regard for individual freedom of action, and a greater impatience of any Government interference. The truth is, the enormous German element in the Western population has produced a marked effect upon the state of public feeling. To the German settler the fame of Washington inspires no particular reverence.

The names of Franz Sigel and Carl Schurtz and John Fremont carry more weight than those of Jefferson and Hamilton and Madison ; and the traditions of the War of Independence are not so vivid as those of '48 and the campaign of Sleswig-Holstein. They are attached to the Union because it secures the prosperity and development of their new country, and because it has proved a good Government to them, or rather, has allowed them the unwonted privilege of governing themselves. The German element, it is true, is modified with wonderful rapidity into the dominant American one ; but still, in the process of absorption, it modifies the absorbent.

In like manner it is easy, as I have remarked before, to trace an essential difference of feeling with regard to the question of Abolition in the Free West and in the North. With the New England States, Abolition is a question of principle and of moral enthusiasm. In New York and the great Central States, the abolitionist feeling is checked and hampered by the national reverence for the Constitution. Even amongst the most ardent Abolitionists in the North there are few logical or sincere enough to admit that the maintenance of the Constitution *may* prove incompatible with the abolition of slavery ; and Wendell Phillips is the only Abolitionist who faces this dilemma boldly, and asserts that, if it should arise, then the sooner the Constitution perishes the better. Now, in the West, abolitionism is

practical, not sentimental. Two propositions with regard to slavery have established themselves firmly in the Western mind. The first is, that slavery in the West is fatal to the progress of the country; the second, which has been adopted chiefly since the outbreak of Secession, is, that the existence of slavery at all is fatal to the peace and durability of the Union. Given these propositions, the West draws the conclusion that slavery must be abolished; and, if emancipation should prove inconsistent with the Constitution, then the masterwork of Washington must be modified. To do the Germans justice, too, they are, with the exception of the poorer Catholics, anti-slavery on principle. In the school in which they learnt democracy, the doctrine of the rights of man was not qualified by a clause against colour.

These remarks of mine must be taken as expressing rather the general tendency of what I saw and heard in the West, than as a description of the exact state of public feeling either then or at the present day. Like all America, the West, though in a less degree perhaps, is in a state of political upheaving. Politics and parties and principles vary from day to day, with the events of the war. The one point on which all Western men seemed agreed was, that the insurrection must and should be suppressed; and the war, in every railway car and tavern and house you entered, was the sole topic of talk and interest. You could not forget the

war, even if you had wished. Every carriage on the railway trains was laden with sick or wounded soldiers, travelling homewards to be nursed, and, if I could judge their faces rightly, to die. So far, the West had done the hardest part of the fighting, and still appeared ready to fight on to the end. With this mention I must pass on from the West. I trust it may never be my fortune to settle in a new country; but, if it should be, my prayer is, that it may be in the Free West, on the country watered by the Mississippi river.

BOSTON.

“THE oldest house in all Boston, built MDCLVI.” This was the notice over a mercer’s shop in Washington Street, which caught my eye in entering Boston. The shop was one of those little wooden pill-box houses you see about seaport towns at home, which might as well have been built yesterday or a thousand years ago. In itself it contained nothing noticeable ; but what rendered it remarkable was that, in this new world, age should be considered any recommendation. It is, I think, Swift who suggests that in an ideal State, all citizens who attained to the age of sixty should be removed as public nuisances. Throughout the West there is a like feeling with reference to inanimate objects. If an hotel is old, travellers cease to fréquent it ; if a house is old, the owner begins to rebuild it ; if a tree is old, it is cut down at once. It is not that the Americans have no reverence for antiquity ; but that, settlers in a new hemisphere, they bear with them, unconsciously perhaps, the traditions of the old. Methuselah would not

have attached much value to an heirloom bequeathed by his great grandson to *his* great-great grandson; and, in like manner, the Americans, whose language and whose race is that of Hengist and Horsa, can hardly consider it a point of great interest, whether a building is two, or twenty, or two hundred years old. In fact, the feeling of Americans towards England is a mixed and often a contradictory one. An American is almost always offended if you tell him that America is very like England. He has a conviction—not altogether I think an absurd one—that his country ought to have a separate individuality, which makes the idea of his nation being the copy of another almost repugnant. At the same time he has an opposite conviction, which I would not gainsay, that, equally with the native-born Englishman, he is the descendant of the England of Shakespeare, and Hampden and Bacon. It is this conflicting state of sentiment which causes half the difficulties between England and America. America is at once proud of England and jealous of her; and I see little prospect of a state of stable equilibrium in the matter of friendship between the two countries, till America has got what she is fast getting, a literature and a history and a past of her own.

This, however, is rather a roundabout manner of coming to the conclusion I wish to draw from my observation of the mercer's shop in Washington Street, Boston, which proclaimed its antiquity as a recommen-

dation to the public. Here, in New England, alone perhaps in all America, is such an inscription possible. Coming, as I did, to Massachusetts from the Far West, my prevailing feeling was, all along, that I had got back to an Old World civilization. Having reversed the ordinary route of European travellers—having made Boston my terminus, and not my starting-point—I was perhaps more struck with the oldness of New England than with the characteristics which belonged to it as a portion of the New World. Montalembert said once, that when he was weary of despotism, he came across the Channel to take a bath of freedom. So, if I were settled in the Western World, I should come to New England from time to time, to take a bath of antiquity. Old and new are relative terms, and the change is as great in coming from Chicago to Boston as it is in passing from England to Massachusetts. Be the cause what it may, I felt, and felt pleasantly, that I was getting home. One must have wandered, as I did for months, through new cities and new States and new locations, to know the pleasure of coming back to a country where there is something older than oneself. The olive-leaf which the dove brought back to the ark was welcome as a token of the older world rising above the dull level of the flood; and so this one inscription of a building that dates from two centuries ago was welcome as a memory of the past to one who was well-nigh weary of the promises of the future.

But, indeed, it needed no Western training to find Boston pleasant in the month of June. After six weeks' residence there, I was unable to discover on what plan the city was built, if, which I doubt, it was ever built on any plan at all. The very names of the streets are good English names, which tell you something about their several histories—nothing about their relative location. There is no such address in Boston as “No. 1000A Street, between 100 and 101Z Street.” The street cars do not take you, as elsewhere in America, to Pekin, Peru, Paris, Constantinople, and Jerusalem; but to old-fashioned English suburbs—Cambridge and Charlestown, and Roxbury and Watertown. So State Street—it used to be King Street—Fremont, Beacon, Leveret, Mount Vernon, and a hundred other streets, run in and out of each other at all kinds of angles, up and down all kinds of slopes, in a perfect chaos of disorder. Somehow or other you always keep coming upon the sea in all sorts of unexpected places; and, whichever way you strike out, you always get back to Washington Street. This is all that I could learn as to the topography of Boston. But even though you do lose your way, it is pleasanter to an ill-regulated European mind to go wrong in Boston than to go right in St. Louis or Chicago. There is even a pleasure (I make the confession with a sense of humiliation) in being received at an hotel where the waiters wear white neckties and are pompous

as well as civil. There are no mammoth hotels, no rows of commercial palaces, no stores of gigantic height, resplendent with marble facings ; but, on the other hand, there are streets upon streets of solemn, cosy Dutch-brick houses, looking as though a dozen generations had been born within their walls and carried out from behind their doors. Before each house there are little patches of grass-plot gardens hemmed in by iron railings of substantial respectability. At the corners of the streets, perched in the most inconvenient localities, there are old stone-built churches which must have heard our King Georges prayed for on many a Sunday. There is a State-house with a yellow gilt dome of the Brighton Pavilion order of architecture, which it could have entered into the head of none but an English architect to conceive. In quaint nooks, right in the city's heart, stand old-fashioned English graveyards, looking as if they had been brought over from the city in the days while city trees still were green ; and, in the very centre of Boston, there is a fine old park full of ups and downs, and turf and knots of trees, which must have been the especial charge of the King's forester, whose house you can still have pointed out to you not far from the city.

Putting aside the dreary six months' winter of ice and snow, I would choose Boston for my dwelling-place in the States. The town itself is so bright and clean, so full of life without bustle ; and then the

suburbs are such pleasant places. Bunker's Hill, I own candidly, I did not go to. Talking of Bunker's Hill monument, there is a story told in Boston which is worth repeating. An English nobleman, who visited America not long ago, was taken to see the stock sight of Boston. "It was here, my lord," said his American guide, "that Warren fell." "Dear me!" replied the peer, staring at the monument in blissful ignorance of who Warren was, "I hope he did not hurt himself." Let me add, that during my stay at Boston, I learnt two facts about the battle of Bunker's Hill, of which, to judge from myself, I think the English public are completely ignorant. The first is, that the battle was fought on the same day as the battle of Quatre-Bras. The second is, that it ended in a British victory, though a victory of the Cannæ kind. On learning this, I felt absolved from the necessity of visiting the monument.

The truth is, there are so many pretty places about Boston, that it is hard to choose among them. On every line by which you enter the city, you pass for miles by hundreds and thousands of pleasant country-houses, sometimes grouped together in villages, sometimes in knots of two or three, sometimes standing alone in their own gardens. There is no superstition in New England about the neighbourhood of trees being unwholesome, and in the early summer the houses are almost buried beneath the green shade of the over-

hanging foliage. Out of the city itself the houses, with few exceptions, are built of wood. Stone is more plentiful there than timber; in fact, the whole State of Massachusetts is little more than a great granite boulder covered over with a thin layer of scanty soil. Wood, however, is preferred for house-building, partly because a wooden house requires less labour in construction, and labour is expensive and far from plentiful, partly because wooden dwellings dry more quickly, and are more habitable than stone ones. To show how scanty skilled labour is still in New England, I may mention that some friends of mine, who live a few miles from Boston, wanting in last May to have a store-closet fitted up with shelves, sent for the only carpenter within reach. The man was quite willing to undertake the job, but could not find time to *fix it up* till the following August; and so it being Hobson's choice, my friends had to wait till he was disengaged.

It can only be the high price of labour which hinders Massachusetts from being a very poor country. I have never seen fields elsewhere at once so picturesque and so barren. They are very small for the most part, sometimes surrounded with stone fences built up laboriously, at others divided off by hedge-rows reminding me of Leicestershire, rich in stones beyond description, and bearing the meagrest of crops. Great masses of rock rise up in their midst, and the ploughs seem to have turned up three handfuls of stones to

one of earth. The system of agriculture, I should say, was very primitive, but painstaking. Indeed, the life of New England farmers is no easy one. They rise early, work hard, and toil year after year with bare returns for their labours. Why a man is a farmer in Massachusetts, or, for that matter, anywhere, is a mystery. I can only account for it by the, to me, unintelligible passion for the possession of land. The farms in the country districts have many of them remained in the same family from the earliest days of the colony. Property, as in almost all parts of America, is divided equally by custom not by law. Any man is at perfect liberty to make whatever disposition of his estate he thinks fit. As a rule, the eldest son of a New England farmer takes the farm, mortgages it deeply, to pay off his brothers' and sisters' shares in the estate, and then toils on, throughout his life perhaps, to clear off the incumbrances which eat up his scanty profits. Whenever the struggle becomes too hard, the great West is always open to give the settler a new start in life under kindlier auspices, and therefore real poverty is almost unknown in New England. As long, however, as the Massachusetts yeoman can make both ends meet in any way, he prefers to drag on his life at home.

Yet with all this, I saw nowhere the trace of poverty. I drove for miles along the pleasant country-roads, with their broad roadside strips of turf and their English hedge-rows; I passed through villages without end;

and yet I never saw a cottage about which there was the unmistakeable stamp of want. It is true that white paint conceals a good deal of dirt, but still I saw no single cottage in which I should think it a hardship to have to live. Most of them had gardens, where wild vines and honeysuckles and roses were trained carefully. Through the windows you could see sofas, and rocking-chairs, and books, and lamps—all signs evidencing some degree of wealth, or at least of comfort. The poorest cottages were always those of the raw Irish emigrants, but still there was hardly one of them which was not a palace compared with the cottage of an ordinary English labourer, to say nothing of Ireland. It is curious, by the way, that there is a great deal of the old English prejudice against the Irish in New England. Intermarriages between the poor Irish and the poor New Englanders are almost unheard of, and it is a most unusual occurrence for an Irishman to be elected to any office in the State. However, the Irish make and, what is more, save money; and for the most part lose both race and language and religion in the third generation. The German element seems to be very small. A German name over a shop-door is a rare sight in the New England villages, and the names that catch a traveller's eye are good old English ones, such as Hurst, Bassett, College, Thompson, and Packard.

Of all country houses I have been in, some I know of near Boston seem to me about the pleasantest. There

is no style, and very little pretension of any kind about them. There are none but women-servants, and but few of them. There are no luxurious carriages, and if you want riding-horses you must hire them. There is no display of plate or liveries; and you dine at two o'clock, and do not dress for dinner. Possibly for this cause you are all the more comfortable. At any rate, you have everything that, to my mind, a country house ought to have. There are pleasant gardens and shady walks, warm rooms and large old grates, easy chairs without number, portraits of English ancestors who lived and died before America was ever heard of, good libraries, and excellent cookery. Added to all this, you are in an English atmosphere—very welcome to an Englishman. You find English books about you, read English newspapers, and are talked to with English talk. The latest English criticisms, the gossip of the English book-world, the passing incidents of English life, “Essays and Reviews,” and the Kennedy law case, are topics about which your hosts know as much, and perhaps care more, than you do yourself. Indeed, it often struck me that my Boston friends knew more about England than they did about America. I say this in no depreciation of their patriotism. It may seem strange to English critics—who are wont to assume, as a self-evident axiom, that America is a hateful country, and that the system of American Government is repulsive to every educated and refined mind—to discover, as they

would do by a short residence at Boston, that men of genius and men of letters—men whose names are known and honoured wherever the English language is read—feel as proud of their own country and as proud of their own institutions as if they had been Englishmen. I do not say, that the feeling towards England is more friendly in Boston than elsewhere in the States ; perhaps it is even less so. The community of feeling, and sentiment, and literature, between New and Old England has caused the New Englanders to feel more bitterly than other Americans what they consider, justly or unjustly, the sins of England towards the Union ; but, in spite of themselves, the old love for England still crops out, in the almost touching cordiality with which an Englishman is welcomed here. Just as the artist world of Europe, willingly or unwillingly, turns to Italy as the home of Art, so the mind, and culture, and genius of America turns, and will turn for many long years yet, to the mother-country as the home of her language, and history, and literature. That this should be so is an honour to England, and, like all honours, it entails a responsibility.

THE NEW ENGLAND ABOLITIONISTS.

DURING the early part of June, when I first came to Boston, the Army of the Potomac had advanced beyond York Town, and the North was expecting daily to hear of the capture of Richmond. Towards the middle of June, in the weeks that just preceded the Chickahominy battles, there grew up, for the first time, a feeling of popular anxiety about the issue of the campaign. The national hopes, though they had not yet begun to waver, were not very vivid. Even the New York papers were at their wits' ends to produce sensation paragraphs, and contented themselves with oracular statements, that "a gentleman of intelligence, recently returned from Richmond, was convinced that McClellan's plans must be crowned with ultimate success." The long-suffering patience, I may remark, with which the American people awaited McClellan's action was a remarkable trait of the national character. With the exception of the *New York Tribune*, and its namesake of Chicago, there was not a paper of any eminence in the North

which was openly hostile to him. With ten times the provocation, there was not one tithe of the invective poured by the American press on General McClellan for his unaccountable inaction that was heaped by our own newspapers upon Lord Raglan, for the tardiness of his movements in the Crimea. When I first came to America I believed it was impossible that, under a Democratic Government, popular impatience would leave General McClellan a long lease of power, unless he justified his claims by some brilliant action. Further experience showed me that I undervalued the good sense of the people. After the first few months, there never was any great popular enthusiasm about McClellan. It was not likely, indeed, that there should have been any. Throughout the spring, there was a growing conviction that the General commanding-in-chief was not strong enough for his post. An old Democrat, and a political partisan of McClellan's, in speaking to me, at the period of which I write, about his military capacity, remarked, "If McClellan was a great general, we should not be discussing, a year after his appointment, whether he really was so or not." This impression seemed to me, though expressed less openly, to be the prevailing one; and yet there was no public outcry for his recall. The broad sense of the matter was, that to have removed McClellan at this moment, in the midst of the campaign, and in front of the enemy, would have been so great an evil that it could only have

been wise to incur it if it became clear that the General was not merely relatively but absolutely incapable. There was no evidence as yet that this was the case, and therefore the people were content to wait. Possibly it may seem a paradox to the English reader to talk of the patience of popular government. I can only say, without entering on a theoretical discussion, that taken as a whole, the self-restraint, the moderation, and the patience of the American people in the conduct of this people's war, were in themselves facts worth noting.

The one circumstance, however, which in my belief contributed mainly to keep McClellan in power, was the vehemence with which the Abolitionist party assailed him. It is not that the Commander-in-Chief was popular with the vast majority of the North *because* he was a pro-slavery General, but there was a general and not ill-founded conviction that the attacks made upon him were due more to his politics than to his strategy; and therefore these attacks did him rather good than harm. Indeed, the position of McClellan threw considerable light on the *active* want of strength of the Abolitionists. The truth is, that the anti-slavery party had, as it were, two creeds, the exoteric and the esoteric. According to the former, the popular faith, slavery is a great evil, a calamity to any country addicted to it; and, like every other national evil, should, as far as possible, be checked by legislation, and still more by the force of public opinion; but,

above all, should in no way be promoted by any act of the Government. This is substantially the Republican creed ; and owing chiefly to the exertions of the Abolitionists, this Republican creed became practically the creed of the North. But amongst themselves the Abolitionists, *purs et simples*, have an esoteric creed, more logical perhaps, but less accommodating. With them slavery is an absolute sin—not an evil, but a crime. Slavery being thus in itself a crime, the nation is bound to suppress it at all costs and all dangers ; and if that should be found impossible, the nation has no choice but to put away the accursed thing, and to renounce all partnership in the profits of iniquity. This esoteric faith was held by a very small and, I suspect, at the moment, a decreasing party. New England was the head-quarters of the Abolitionists, and yet the outward evidences of their power—I might almost say of their existence—were few indeed. In all Boston, with its shoals of papers, there was not one Abolition daily newspaper. The *Courier*, the most largely circulated of any Boston paper, reprinted every morning at the head of its articles the resolution passed by the House of Representatives in February, 1861, with a view of averting the danger of Secession : “ *That neither the*
“ *Federal Government, nor the people or Govern-*
“ *ments of the non-slaveholding States, have a*
“ *purpose or a constitutional right to legislate upon,*
“ *or interfere with slavery, in any of the States of*

“*the Union.*” From this text the *Courier* preached regularly against the Abolitionists, and especially against Wendell Phillips, whom it pursued with a bitter personal animosity. The Boston *Herald*, a halfpenny paper, which has a large popular circulation, was still more fiercely anti-Abolitionist. Writing of the gradual emancipation project of President Lincoln, it stated that the scheme “meets with no favour, and is not acceptable “to even the Border Slave States. Emancipation, as “advocated by Mr. Sumner and others, is condemned “by all the States South, and by one half of the public “in the Free States.” The *Post*, which was a moderate Republican paper, and is perhaps the best-written and most respectable of American newspapers, used to declaim against bringing forward the question of emancipation at all, till secession was suppressed. Its text was, “that the people everywhere ought to insist that “partisanship shall stop, and that congress shall co-“operate with the President in the one simple object “to restore the national authority.” The other daily newspapers in Boston, the *Journal*, the *Traveller*, and the *Transcript*, approach very nearly to Mr. Bright’s ideal newspapers, seldom trouble their readers with leading articles, and, when they do, avoid carefully such subjects as Abolition, on which there is likely to be much difference of opinion. The *Advertiser*, whose circulation and influence are but small, was the most friendly of the Boston journals to the

Abolition cause, though its friendliness was of a passive rather than of an active kind, and consisted chiefly in abstaining from attack. In all Boston there was not a paper as outspoken on the subject of slavery as the *New York Tribune*; and though Governor Andrew and Messrs. Sumner and Wilson, the senators of Massachusetts, are pronounced anti-slavery men, there is not a leading newspaper in the Pilgrim State which supports the Abolitionists as a party. The official organ of the anti-slavery public in New England is the *Liberator*, a weekly newspaper of which Lloyd Garrison is the Editor. I should gather its circulation to be entirely a class one, as I never by any chance saw it offered for sale in the shops or streets. Besides this, there is a paper published in Boston called the *Pine and Palm*, which is supposed to be addressed to the free negroes. It has the regular tract-newspaper air of the quondam *True Briton* and the modern *Friend of the British Workman*; and like every paper in search of a public, has a debilitated tone about it. There has lately been a monthly review published in Boston, the *Continental*, which is well written, and avowedly Abolitionist in politics; but as yet I should judge its circulation to be extremely small. The *Atlantic Monthly*, the great New England Review, is very catholic in its politics, staunchly Unionist, and more or less anti-slavery; but still it is decidedly not Abolitionist.

On the whole, I should say that the tone of Boston society is very like that of the press. To advocate pro-slavery doctrines would be decidedly unfashionable ; to advocate immediate abolition would be hardly less so. Moderate anti-slaveryism is obviously the correct thing. Till within the last few years, to avow the Abolition creed in Boston was to exclude yourself from society. A person who openly advocated the voluntary system in a cathedral town, or who spoke against the game laws in a fox-hunting county, would have about as much chance of being well received in the local society as an Abolitionist would have had in Boston. With the "John Brown year," as the report of the Anti-Slavery Society termed the year 1860, a change came. For the first time almost, American Abolitionism emerged from the sentimentalism of the *Uncle Tom* phase, and became a living fact and a stern reality ; and its professors won that respect which society always accords to power. At the present moment, a prominent Abolitionist would be somewhat of a lion in Boston, like a foreign patriot or a renowned spiritualist medium ; and it would hardly now as formerly be made an objection to meeting any one at dinner, that he or she was an Abolitionist. Still, even yet the fact of being known to hold anti-slavery opinions is not a pass to society, but, if anything, the contrary. The different religious communions in New England still ignore to a great extent the question of slavery. The Episcopalians

and the Methodists, the two sects which have the greatest following in the South, have always decried any discussion of slavery as tending to produce schism in the Church. No denomination that I am aware of ever succeeded in passing a resolution to exclude slaveholders from its communion; and the Unitarians are, I believe, the only religious sect who offer up prayers in their chapels for the overthrow of slavery. The question how far the Churches in America were at liberty to enter on the topic of slavery is a very difficult one. Every allowance should be made, if their final decision was, as I think, wrong. It certainly has proved unfortunate. All parties agree that the clergy, who, twenty or thirty years ago, possessed immense power in New England, have now no political influence whatever. It is clear, too, that the date of their decline in authority coincides with the period when the question of slavery became the dominant question of the day, and the Church decided to abstain from its discussion. The great influence probably both of Emerson and Theodore Parker is due to the fact that their teaching grappled with subjects the Church was, and is, afraid to speak out upon openly. It was thus, on the very eve of secession, that the official organ of the Abolitionists described their position with regard to the Church:—

“The relation of the ecclesiastical bodies in this country to the slave system is mainly the same as heretofore. Whatever exceptional facts may be scattered

“ here and there, the year just gone has recorded no
“ such change of attitude or policy on the part of the
“ Churches generally as can relieve them from the long-
“ recorded charge of efficient partnership in the nation’s
“ sin. If a few small Churches, or some branches of the
“ larger, have spoken of it, and signified a purpose to act
“ toward it as befits their Christian name and profession,
“ the vast majority still hold their false position ; and
“ even of the few which have seemed to take a better,
“ some, if not most, have in great measure neutralized
“ their right words by neglecting to follow them up
“ with corresponding action.”

The rural districts are, I suspect, the stronghold of New England Abolitionism. In the country, much more of the old Puritan feeling is to be found than in the towns. During the access of the temperance mania, which had power to pass the Maine liquor law, but not power enough to carry it into effect, the Massachusetts farmers in many places cut down their apple-trees with their own hands, in order to hinder the possibility of cider being manufactured again. The same uncompromising spirit undoubtedly prevails still ; and wherever Abolition sentiments have made their way in the country villages, the descendants of the Puritans are for cutting down slavery, root and branch, without stint and without mercy. In the towns the feeling about or against slavery is much less strongly developed. Their trade interests were opposed to any collision

with the South, and trade interests in America are even more powerful than they are with us. Besides all this, a very large majority of the New Englanders were hostile to the Abolition movement, not from love of standing well with the fashionable "upper ten thousand," or even from pecuniary interest, but in a great measure from honest conviction. I don't think that we in England have at all done justice to the distinction between the Anti-slavery and the Abolition party. Every Englishman almost, I suppose, would say, if he were asked, that he disapproved of slavery. Yet, I suppose, also, that there is not one Englishman in a hundred, or in a thousand, who would admit that England was countenancing slavery by buying slave-grown cotton. The answer would be, and perhaps with reason—"England has nothing whatever to do with the internal institutions of her customers. We disapprove of slavery, and do not hesitate to say so, but we are not bound by this disapproval to break off all commercial or social relations with slaveholders. It is enough for us that we have done our own duty." Now this, with little alteration, is exactly the language of the New England Republicans. "We disapprove," they say, "of slavery; we have abolished it everywhere within our own jurisdiction; we have opposed any extension of the system for which we could be considered responsible; but we are not bound to exclude ourselves from all fellowship and connexion with

“ other States in which slavery is established.” Now, Abolition means, if it means anything, that any union or partnership with slaveholding communities is a sin. If the North is in duty bound to suppress slavery in the Slave States, at the risk of breaking up the Union, I am not clear that, by the same rule, England is not bound to decline the purchase of slave-grown cotton. The whole question is a most difficult and a most painful one ; and I should be sorry to condemn either the Abolitionist or the Anti-slavery party. It is, however, to my mind, most unjust to accuse the latter of want of sincerity because they do not and cannot endorse the creed of Abolitionism. That the result of this war may be the overthrow of slavery is my most earnest hope and prayer ; but I cannot blame those who, hating slavery, and resolved to check its extension, are not prepared to extinguish it in other States, unless the necessity is forced upon them by the instinct of self-preservation.

With the public, the press, the Church, and society hostile to them, it is not surprising that the progress of the Abolitionists proper should have been small. The society which represents them significantly enough does not bear the name of the “ Abolition Society,” but has adopted the more moderate, though less appropriate, one of the “ Anti-Slavery.” The direct influence of this body I take to have been small. During the “ John Brown year,” when the popular excitement

about slavery was at the highest, the whole receipts of the society were under three thousand pounds—a scanty allowance in this most charitable of States. In the list of the vice-presidents and committee you will not find one single name of public note, except that of Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips. The men whose names we know best in Europe, in connexion with the anti-slavery cause—Charles Sumner, Ward Beecher, Lovejoy, Wade, and Fremont—are not members of the Committee. The explanation of this is obvious. The fundamental tenet of the Abolitionists is that slavery is a crime with which an honest man can hold no communion. Now the whole of the United States' constitution rests upon the assumption that slavery, even if an evil, is not a crime which the Government is called upon to deal with. It is very difficult, therefore, for any man to be an Abolitionist, in our English sense of the word, and yet to take part in American public life. The Ultra-abolitionists say, that the Republicans have solved the problem of serving both God and mammon. Certainly, the creed of the Republicans consists in being as hostile to slavery as is consistent with loyalty to the Union and the Constitution; while the Abolitionists hold the converse doctrine, and are as loyal to the Union as is consistent with hostility to slavery. Between the holders of these conflicting doctrines there may be sympathy, but there cannot be co-operation.

In May, 1860, just before the presidential canvass which resulted in the return of Mr. Lincoln, the Anti-Slavery Society put forth the following resolutions as their programme for the year:—

“ Resolved—that in the language of Henry Clay,
“ Those who would repress all tendencies towards
“ liberty and emancipation must go back to the year
“ of our liberty and independence, and muzzle the
“ cannon which proclaims the annual joyous return.
“ They must revive the slave trade, with all its train of
“ atrocities. They must blow out the moral lights
“ around us, and extinguish that greatest torch of all,
“ which America presents to a benighted world, pointing
“ the way to their rights, their liberties, and their happi-
“ ness; and when they have achieved all their pur-
“ poses, their work will be yet incomplete. They must
“ penetrate the human soul, and eradicate the light of
“ reason and the love of liberty. Then, and not till
“ then, when universal darkness and despair prevail,
“ can you perpetuate slavery, and repress all sympathies
“ and all humane and benevolent efforts among free
“ men, in behalf of the unhappy portion of our race
“ doomed to bondage.

“ That they who are for suppressing the anti-slavery
“ agitation, are really labouring for the complete sup-
“ premacy and enduring sway of the slave power, that
“ they who are deploring the excitement of the times
“ arising from this question, are really lamenting that

“ there is any manhood or moral sentiment left in the
 “ land, and arraigning the Almighty for inspiring the
 “ human mind with a detestation of robbery, injustice,
 “ and oppression.

“ That to compromise with the dealers in human
 “ flesh, to accede to any of their demands, to enter into
 “ an alliance with them from which they shall derive
 “ strength and security, to acknowledge in any manner
 “ the rectitude or necessity of their cause, is to partici-
 “ pate in their guilt, to ensure general demoralisation,
 “ to lose the power of a virtuous example, and to be-
 “ tray the cause of freedom universally.

* * * * *

“ That the party which talks of the ‘ glorious Union’
 “ existing between the North and South, and of the
 “ duty of maintaining it as an object of paramount im-
 “ portance, is smitten with judicial blindness, talks of
 “ what has never been, and, in the nature of things, can
 “ never be possible, is either the dupe or the ally of a
 “ stupendous imposture, which an insane and criminal
 “ experiment of threescore years has demonstrated is
 “ working the overthrow of all the safeguards of free-
 “ dom, and consequently is a party neither to be trusted
 “ nor followed.

“ That in the words of the lamented Judge Jay, the
 “ Union is ‘ a most grievous moral curse to the Ameri-
 “ can people:—to the people of the South, by foster-
 “ ing, strengthening, and extending an iniquitous and

“ baneful institution—to the millions among us of Afri-
 “ can descent by rivetting the chains of the bondman,
 “ and deepening the degradation of the freeman—to
 “ the people of the Free States, by tempting them to
 “ trample under foot the obligations of truth, justice,
 “ and humanity, for those wages of iniquity with which
 “ the Federal Government rewards apostates to liberty
 “ and righteousness.’

“ That the ‘glorious Union,’ ever since its formation,
 “ has signified nothing but the supremacy of a Southern
 “ slave oligarchy, who have always dictated the policy
 “ of the nation, and who claim a Divine right to rule,
 “ according to their pleasure, alike the slaves and their
 “ plantations and the people of the Free States, with-
 “ out remonstrance or interrogation, and as the con-
 “ dition of the perpetuation of the ‘glorious Union,’
 “ aforesaid.

* * * * *

“ Resolved, therefore, that the motto of the American
 “ Anti-Slavery Society, ‘No Union with Slaveholders,’
 “ commends itself to the reason, conscience, and hearty
 “ adoption of every man claiming to be loyal to the
 “ Declaration of Independence; and it becomes the
 “ solemn duty of the North to carry it into immediate
 “ practice, as demanded by every instinct of self-pre-
 “ servation, and by all that is obligatory in the claims
 “ of justice and humanity.”

This, in American phrase, was the “platform” of the

Abolitionists. It is worth while to compare with it the profession of faith of the Republican party, as put forth in President Lincoln's inaugural address:—

“ Apprehension seems to exist among the people of
“ the Southern States that, by the accession of a Re-
“ publican administration, their property, and their
“ peace, and personal security, are to be endangered.
“ There has never been any reasonable cause for such
“ apprehension. Indeed the most ample evidence to
“ the contrary has all the while existed, and been open
“ to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the
“ public speeches of him who now addresses you,—I
“ do but quote from one of these speeches when I
“ declare that ‘ I have no purpose, directly or indirectly,
“ to interfere with the institution of slavery in the
“ States where it exists.’ I believe I have no lawful
“ right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.
“ Those who nominated and elected me did so with the
“ full knowledge that I had made this, and had made
“ many similar declarations, and had never recanted
“ them. And more than this, they placed on the plat-
“ form for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves
“ and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I
“ now read:—‘ Resolved, that the maintenance, invio-
“ late, of the rights of the States, and especially the
“ right of each State to order and control its own
“ domestic institutions according to its own judgment
“ exclusively, is essential to that balance of power

“ on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend ; and we denounce the lawless invasion, by armed force, of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the “ gravest of crimes.’ ”

It was impossible, as the reader will observe, for any one who adopted in their integrity the tenets of the Anti-Slavery Society to take part in a Government which its authorised exponents—even those who were personally most antagonistic to the system of slavery—expounded after this fashion. The consequence was, that the Abolitionists were debarred, by their own choice as much as by their personal unpopularity, from taking any share in public life. For the sake of principle, they not only suffered social martyrdom, but they allowed themselves to be excluded from office, from political distinction, and from participation in that great sphere of public activity which is open to all Americans of energy and talent. I do not believe myself that persecution is good for any man ; and I have little doubt that the Abolitionists, to a certain extent, have had their minds warped by the persecution they have undergone. Every man’s hand was against them, and therefore they had an irresistible sympathy with all isolated and unappreciated sects and doctrines. The Churches, one and all, were against them ; and so the Abolitionists have fallen away from the Churches, and have thus lost, in great measure, the support of the

religious world. Religion, I suspect, has suffered more than the Abolitionists by the separation ; but still the Abolitionists have suffered also. The great cause of Abolition has been mixed up with, and discredited by, the minor and distinct causes of Spiritualism, and Non-resistance, and Woman's Rights. Take Lloyd Garrison, for instance, as earnest and single-hearted a Reformer, I believe, as the world has seen ; yet, the influence of his gallant lifelong struggle against slavery has been disparaged by the fact that he has constituted himself the avowed advocate of every one of the many "isms" which New England has given birth to ; and in so doing he has been only too truly the type of his party.

Amongst the Abolitionists themselves there are different sections. The party, of which the Stowes and Beechers may be considered the representatives, approximates most closely to the outer world. The marvellous and almost unparalleled success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," raised this section to a temporary predominance. For my own part I was not impressed favourably by what I heard and saw of the Beecher-Stowe Abolitionists. They seemed to me to represent the sickly sentimentalism which is sure to attach itself to any cause however good. I believe that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did as much harm, by removing the question of emancipation from the domain of fact into that of fiction, as it did good, by calling public attention to the evils of slavery. It is possible that Mr.

Ward Beecher's oratorical theology may really influence a large class of semi-educated persons. To me it bore an appearance of affectation and want of earnestness, mixed up with a kind of undignified jocosity, which I found hard to reconcile with a belief in the preacher's real depth of feeling. It may be that I judge them hardly; but it always seemed to me that the Anti-slavery cause would have fared better without the services of the Beecher connexion. They laboured under the fatal objection that, wishing the end, they were afraid to assert their approval of the means. They professed certain doctrines which entailed inevitable consequences, and yet they shrunk perpetually from admitting the logical deduction of their own professions. Teaching a creed which was subversive of the Union, they had not courage to pronounce distinctly against the maintenance of the established order of things, and thus both friends and enemies looked upon them as half-hearted, and not altogether without reason. Then there was another section, which might be called the "Mountain" of Abolitionism, which went even further than the recognised leaders of the party. This section, of which Mr. Conway, the author of "The Rejected Stone," was the most prominent member, repudiated all connexion whatever with persons who did not hold their extreme views, and regarded men like Phillips and Lowell as traitors to the cause, because they conceived that they might lawfully accept the

assistance of others who, not holding their own opinions, were still willing, up to a certain point, to assist in carrying them into effect.

But both these sections of the Abolitionists were insignificant and uninfluential, as compared with that led by Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison. Of the whole phalanx, the former was the tower of strength. Gifted with great talents, with untiring energy, and, above all, with an eloquence which I have never heard equalled, he might have risen to any height in public life. But, for conscience sake, he refused to enter on a career which necessitated, to say the least, an outward acquiescence in the sin of slavery. He has laboured for years past, amidst ridicule and abuse and obloquy, to awaken the nation to a sense of their duty. It is difficult for an Englishman to conceive the amount of moral courage required by an American who preaches the doctrine that the venerated Constitution of Washington and Hamilton is in itself a compact with sin, an evil to be abolished. His friends say, that he is the Aaron of the party, while Garrison has been the Moses. It may be so, but the words and voice which have stirred up the hearts of the New Englanders for long years past have been those of Phillips. Whatever your opinions may be, I defy you to listen to that scathing burning eloquence of his, and not be carried away, for the time at least. Most of us have a heart somewhere about us, and the great Abolitionist orator has an unrivalled talent for

finding that heart out, and working upon its chords. When you once have heard him, agreeing or disagreeing, you cannot doubt the fact of his courage; proslavery, or anti-slavery, you cannot question the power of his eloquence. And his labour has not been in vain.

It was my good fortune, while in New England, to see a great deal of the Abolitionist party, and I have never come across a set of people whom I have admired and respected more. I should be sorry, therefore, if these remarks should convey an impression that in my opinion the influence of the Abolitionists has been small. It is to them in great measure, to their unceasing testimony as to the truth of the "higher law," that the existence of the Republican party is due. Directly, I should doubt the Abolitionists having increased of late, either in numbers or in influence. It is impossible to say how long it may be before the American people come to the conclusion that slavery is a crime which, like robbery, must be suppressed, and which no Christian government can permit. It is doubtful to my mind whether the people ever will come, as a nation, to this conclusion. But every day the conviction is spreading throughout the North that slavery is an evil to be tolerated at the utmost. This may not be the whole truth, but still it is a very large half of it, and from that conviction to the extinction of slavery the step is not a long one. When once slavery is abolished, abolition principles will, of course,

become fashionable, but I question whether the early Abolitionists will even then be personally popular. There are prophets whose prophecies are scouted at the time, and not appreciated when fulfilled, and I think that men like Wendell Phillips belong to this class. Happily their reward will be in the success of their labours, not in popular applause. The last two years, however, have already raised the social and political position of the Abolitionists. They are now advocates, instead of enemies, of the Union. As the nation became more and more convinced that the Abolitionist maxim is true and that the Union is incompatible with slavery, the men known hitherto as the bitterest opponents of slavery, came in popular idea to be regarded as the staunchest friends of the Union. Indeed, the recent policy of the Abolitionists is explained better by a saying of Wendell Phillips, than by any elaborate explanation. Some one asked him how he, who had been proclaiming for years, "that the Union was the fruit of slavery and of the devil," could be now an ardent advocate of this very Union. His answer was, "Yes; but I never expected then that slavery and the devil would secede from the Union." So it is; secession has brought the Abolitionists and the Republicans into the same camp, but the Abolitionists are still a distant outpost, a sort of *enfants perdus* of the army of the Union.

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

THE first thing almost which strikes a newly arrived traveller in the United States, is the immense number of churches. Every village has its half-dozen churches and chapels, Episcopalian, Unitarian, Presbyterian, Universalists, Calvinists, Independent, or any other sect you like to name. The country is dotted over with the wooden steeples, whose white painted sides, I must own, sparkle in the bright sunlight uncommonly like marble. Sunday is kept with a Scotch propriety ; not a shop or tavern is open ; the railroads are closed for the day ; and the omnibusses cease running. Happily with an inexplicable inconsistency, the horse-railroads are allowed to run, though omnibusses and steam-engines may not ; and therefore, there are some means of locomotion still left on the Sabbath. The churches are apparently crowded, and the number of church-goers you see about the streets is larger in proportion to the population than it would be in London. In fact, if you used your eyes only, the first attribute you would ascribe to the Americans would be that of a church-going people.

Yet, if you used your ears as well as your eyes, you would soon become aware of a second fact, equally remarkable, and apparently inconsistent with the first, and that is, that you never hear anything about religious opinions or discussions. Throughout the whole period of my residence in America I never met, in any newspaper, with any allusion to the religious opinion of any public man, nor have I ever seen any question connected with religion discussed in the press. I don't suppose one American in a hundred ever asked, or thought of asking, what Church Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, Mr. Stanton, or General McClellan, belonged to. I *believe* the first to be a Baptist, the second an Episcopalian, and the last two Unitarians, but I am by no means sure that I am correct in my impressions ; and as nobody I met was likely to know anything about the matter, I had no means of discovering with certainty, even if I had wished it, what denomination these gentlemen, or other public men, were members of. As far as I could gather, in public life, it is better for a politician to belong to some Church or other. The mere fact of doing so, like being married, or having a house of your own, is a sort of public testimony to your respectability and morality ; but which Church you select is a matter of absolute indifference to anybody but yourself. The only sect against whom there seems to exist any popular prejudice is the Catholic Church ; and this prejudice I take to be derived partly from the traditions of the Old

Country, partly from an impression, not altogether unsupported by evidence, that the power of the Papacy is hostile to the institutions of a free country. When Fremont was standing for the Presidency, an unfounded charge of being a Catholic was brought against him, and the fact of its being so brought, and deliberately disavowed, shows that some importance was attached to it. In private society religion—by which I mean controversial religion—does not seem to be a topic of general interest. It would be almost impossible for an American to mix much in English society without becoming aware whether his acquaintances were Episcopalians or Unitarians, High Church or Low Church, or without learning something of the ruling religious topic of the hour—the Gorham case, or Spurgeon, or Essays and Reviews, or Revivals, or whatever it might be. Now, of the hundreds of people I knew, to a certain extent, intimately in the States, I am not aware to what denomination more than a couple of them belonged, and in their case I only happened to become acquainted with their religious creed, because I learnt accidentally what Church they were in the habit of attending. If I had chosen, I might, no doubt, have discovered—just as any man curious in such matters might discover the family history of his acquaintances in this country. But, unless you take a special trouble to acquire the information, it is not of the sort which comes to you unconsciously. Toleration, apparently, is absolute, not

only in principle, but in practice. What Church you belong to, whether you change from one Church to another, or whether you belong to no Church at all, are questions which your own conscience alone has to settle. Anybody who is intimately acquainted with country life in England must be aware, that a well-to-do family would cease to be respectable, and would probably be looked upon unfavourably by the neighbourhood, if none of its members ever went to any place of worship. In America, dissent from the ordinary modes of faith entails no social disabilities. This state of things is not caused by public indifference as to religious matters; on the contrary, a direct profession of religion is much more common amongst men than it is with us.

I remember, when I first came to America, being astonished at hearing a young man say that, under certain eventualities, he should "join the Church." I questioned him as to which Church he intended to join, and found that he had no idea as yet. He was perfectly serious, however, and contemplated joining the Church in order to relieve himself from a *liaison* in which he was entangled, exactly as I might propose to join the bar in order to relieve myself from the necessity of serving on juries. Gradually, the meaning of the expression "joining the Church" became intelligible to me. In all the American Churches, with the exception of the Catholic and the Episcopalian, the fact of being

born of parents belonging to any sect does not constitute you *ipso facto* a member of it. The child of Methodist parents, for instance, can be christened, if they desire it; but he does not become a Methodist, nor is he admitted to their communion until he has formally announced his intention, after arriving at years of discretion, of joining the Church. So it is with the other denominations. Every sect has a number of half-members, who attend its services, but have never formally joined the Church, and do not share its communion. These half-members have a vote, and pay rates equally with the full-members. What spiritual privileges they possess, or are supposed to possess, is an open question. Of late years, the American Churches have looked unfavourably on their non-professing members, whose number has much decreased in consequence. The calculation is, that of the whole American adult population about one-fifth are professing members of some church or other. Probably the fact that the Episcopalian Church alone, amongst Protestant sects, does not require a distinct profession of faith is one of the chief causes of its comparative increase. In many of the sects, the act of joining the Church is not supposed to be necessarily preceded by spiritual conversion, but is simply taken as a declaration that the member is a professedly religious man. The result of this system is, that the relative proportion of avowedly religious persons is larger than in England,

while the proportion of persons who belong to a Church without any distinct profession of religion is infinitely smaller. How far this system works favourably, in a religious point of view, is a question on which I have no wish to enter. There is one social aspect, however, of the system which is remarkable. I mean the impulse it has given in America to spiritualism, and similar forms of delusion.

At home, ninety-nine men out of a hundred, who have no particular opinions on religious matters, belong naturally to the faith their fathers belonged to; and such religious wants or aspirations as they may have are satisfied by the National Church. In America, the contrary is the case. Any man who has no pronounced religious opinions belongs to no Church; and therefore whatever wants he may have of a spiritual nature remain unsatisfied. Thus any new faith, false or true, has an unappropriated public to work upon in America which it has not in a Catholic country, and to a very limited extent in England. It is true that Mr. Foster, the Spiritual Medium, whom I became acquainted with in Boston, informed me that, on spiritual questions, he had found a far more appreciative and sympathetic public in England than in America. Rare, however, as praise of England is at present in an American mouth, I fear that I cannot conscientiously consider the encomium well merited. It is possible that educated persons in England have made greater

fools of themselves in the hands of mediums of the Foster genus than the corresponding class in America. But, on the other hand, it is clear that spiritualism has obtained a hold on the popular American mind which it has not on our side the Atlantic. What English paper, London or provincial, would contain advertisements of astrologers, clairvoyants, and mediums? Now, with the exception of some few of the New York and Boston journals, there is not a newspaper in America which does not contain astrological and spiritual advertisements. In every paper almost you can pick out advertisements similar to the following, which I quote from the *Boston Herald* :—

“Mrs. Leonora Smith, clairvoyant Medium, No. 15, La Grange Place, gives sittings daily for communications from the spirit-world, seeing and describing spirits.” Again, “Madame Lagon, natural Astrologist and Medium, will give to the public a fore-knowledge of all the general affairs through life, seeing and describing spirits.”

All this information is offered at the moderate price of one shilling for ladies and two for gentlemen. There is no town I have been into where a medium or astrologist, chiefly of the female gender, did not advertise herself in the local papers. In the West especially astrology is a flourishing trade. During my travels in the Western States I visited several of these mediums out of curiosity, in the hope of witnessing some exhibi-

tion of skill which might explain their success. I found most of them to be German Jewesses, sharp, shrewd women enough, but in no single instance did I see any exhibition of clairvoyance or spirit-rapping remarkable enough to bear description. If any of my readers ever consulted the hermit at Beulah Spa, or at any suburban tea-gardens, they will know exactly what was told me by these spiritual mediums. It was the old, old story of a dark lady or a fair woman, or a long journey, or a letter arriving with money, or any other piece of rigmarole nonsense. The curious fact was that the waiting-rooms of these impostors were often crowded by well-dressed persons, chiefly women.

I do not suppose that the higher class of Americans would visit fortune-tellers of this description. A charge varying from one to five shillings is not sufficient to attract wealthy inquirers after spiritual mysteries. As fashionable amusements, spirit-rapping and table-turning have a good deal died out. Still spiritualism, as a creed, numbers many believers in America. Commodore Foote, in his address to the people of Memphis, after the capture of that city by the Federals, based his arguments against Secession on Swedenborgian doctrines, and told them "that the Civil War had been produced out of the inner life." People smiled at the announcement, but nobody seemed to think it odd that a distinguished public man, holding an important position, should be a Swedenborgian, or adhere

to any other faith, however eccentric. As far as I could discover, the popular American judgment about spiritualism is much the same as our English one. A certain number of clever, if not sensible men, believe in it heartily. The great majority of Americans consider the whole outward manifestations of the creed to be delusions or impostures, and its internal doctrines to be detrimental to elevated morality. Still with regard to spiritualism, as to every other "ism," there is absolute toleration, and if President Lincoln chose to consult the spirits, (as for all I know he may do,) on every occasion of his life, no one would consider it a ground for objecting to his fitness as President.

I have dwelt somewhat at length upon this tolerance of spiritualism, because I consider it an important feature in American life. Even the most liberal of ordinary English critics seem to me to have adopted a parrot-cry about the tyranny of the majority in America over the minority, without ever considering whether the cry was true or not. Now all history shows that there is no subject on which people are more apt to tyrannize over a minority than on religious matters; and any one who knows America must see that religious sentiment is extremely strong there. The doctrines of spiritualism are naturally offensive to all established creeds, as they tend to destroy the whole theory of modern religion with regard to a future state. Yet there has been no attempt whatever to

tyrannize over the spiritualist minority. With the exception of the Mormons, whose case was, in many respects, a peculiar one, there has been no instance in America of religious persecution. And what is still more remarkable, under the rule of a democracy, deep national religious convictions have been proved to be consistent with complete freedom of opinion on religious matters. There is no such thing in the North as social persecution, or loss of political standing, on account of your religion, or want of religion. How far this is consistent with the theory of the tyranny of majorities, I much question personally.

CAMBRIDGE, U. S.

SOME four miles or so from Boston lies the university-town of New England—the Cambridge of the New World. There are few places in the States of which I have carried away with me brighter memories. The kindness of new-made friends caused Cambridge to be a sort of home to me during my stay at Boston. But even without personal recollections, my impressions of the university town, and above all of its class-day, as the annual commemoration is called, would be very pleasant ones. Let me speak of it as I found it.

It is by the street-railroads that you go to Cambridge, U. S. The idea may not be academical, but the reality is wonderfully pleasant. If I had no other reason for not liking George Francis Train, I should find cause enough for my dislike in the fact that he has discredited the street-railway system in England. I know, indeed, of no pleasanter mode of travelling for a short distance ; and of all American street-railroads, the Cambridge ones

are the best. It is true that the cars are over-crowded at times. Nothing is perfect in this bad world of ours. It is true, too, that gentlemen are expected to leave their seats when ladies have no place to sit down in; but then so many of the Boston ladies are young and pretty, and always smile so pleasantly when you make room for them, that I wonder how Mr. Trollope found it in his heart to grumble at the custom. It is undeniable also, that if, as I trust my readers do, you drive your own mail-phaeton, you find the street-rails hinder the high-road from being as smooth as it would be otherwise. Still, even from the summit of a mail-phaeton you cannot help perceiving that the number of people who do not possess carriages of their own considerably exceeds the number of those who do; and, therefore, on the whole, street-rail-roads are a gain to the community at large. Putting aside these slight objections, your ride to Cambridge, especially on a summer evening, is all that you can desire. Your fare is only threepence: low as the fare is, a dirtily-dressed passenger is almost unknown; and even if you are sometimes crowded, it is pleasant to see coloured women and children sitting or standing among the other passengers on terms of perfect equality. You travel as smoothly as you would in the softest of spring carriages. You go as quick as you would in an Eastern-Counties express, and you pay as little as you would in a London omnibus.

The road itself is a very pretty one. Up and down the old-fashioned hilly streets of Boston, with their quaint red-brick houses, then over a long wide bridge across the Charles River, or rather, across the sea creek into which the Charles River runs—a creek famed in the annals of Boston for the fact that the tea was thrown into its waters in the days of the Revolution; then through the long straggling suburb of Cambridge Port, then through rows after rows of wooden villas, standing each in its own gardens, and so on into the little quiet town of Cambridge. Of town or streets there is but little; what there is, is grouped round Harvard College. Three low blocks of building, built two hundred years ago, looking for all the world as though the Pilgrim Fathers had transported them ready made from Trinity Hall or Emmanuel College, and called Hollis, Stoughton, and Massachusetts, form two sides of a college quad. On the third stands the college library, a cross in architectural fashion between King's Chapel and the brick church in Barnwell, with the same dumpy pinnacles on the roof, like the legs of a dinner-table turned upside down. The square is completed by a block of lecture-rooms, of the plainest structure. Hard by the college, there are a row or two of shops, university book-stalls, groceries, and the like; and round about, in every direction, there are pleasant shady streets, lined with trees and quickset hedges and old-fashioned country houses. Indeed, the whole place had, to my

eyes, an academic air, for which I was not prepared. One of the professors told me, that after Arthur Clough had resided here a short time, he said that "he felt himself back in Oxford." Indeed, strolling through the grounds of that sleepy, quiet university, it seems hard to realize that you are in the country of New York and Chicago and the West.

The students are quieter, apparently, than our English ones ; or, at any rate, you see less of them about the streets. Once or twice in the evenings I heard snatches of noisy songs, as I passed the college buildings, which, coupled with the jingling of glasses, called back recollections of college supper-parties. Otherwise I saw or heard but little of the students, and those, I did meet with, had none of that air of being the owners, possessors, and masters of the university precincts, so peculiar to the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge. The age of the students is about the same as in our own universities. Twenty-one is, as with us, the average age at which students take their degree, or rather, close their college course, for taking one's degree is, at Harvard College, by no means the usual termination of the university career. There is no particular reason why students should take a degree ; and, as a rule, when they have studied as many years as their finances or their inclinations will allow them, they leave the university without undergoing the formality of graduating. The fact that there are no fellowships

to be obtained makes an academical degree of little comparative value. There is no distinctive dress worn now either by students or professors. The college discipline is very like our own, except that the students are treated more like men than schoolboys, and, I should gather, with success. The undergraduates may or may not live in the college rooms, according to their own choice. There are many more students than rooms; and, at the commencement of each year, the vacant rooms are distributed by lottery amongst the freshmen. If the lucky winners like to sell their privilege, they are at liberty to do so; and, practically, the poorer students generally make something by the sale of their right to rooms. Why men should wish to live in the smallest of old-fashioned college rooms instead of in comfortable lodgings in the town is a mystery that no man can comprehend after the age of one-and-twenty; but the wish prevails in Cambridge, U. S. as well as in Cambridge, England. Of late years, the system of "commons" has been given up, and the students take their meals in clubs, or at boarding-houses. The undergraduates are obliged to attend lectures and chapel in the morning. The prayers, which are very short, are worded so as to contain nothing offensive to the tenets of any Christian sect, and must, I fancy, in consequence be curious specimens of moral common-places. On Sundays, there is service held at college, according to the orthodox form, as the Calvinist faith is called in

New England, and students who do not go to church elsewhere are expected to attend it. Parents, however, may fix what form of worship their sons shall frequent : and the majority of the undergraduates who come from near Boston pass their Sundays at home. In glancing over a list of the students, I saw that they belonged to some dozen different religious denominations, and that some three per cent. of the whole number avowed no preference for any particular form of religion. Of those who belonged nominally to the several sects, about a fifth or sixth were Church members. The average expense of the university course varied, as I was told, from £150 to £250 per annum ; but, in many instances, I suspect, this latter estimate must be much exceeded. At the class-day I was present at, four students kept open house for all their friends, and I was told they had ordered refreshments to be provided for a thousand persons. Considering the style of the entertainment, it must have cost a dollar a head, at the very least ; and a thousand dollars (£200) is rather a large sum, even for our own university swells, to spend on an entertainment. Though the outlay was talked of by the professors as absurd, it did not seem to me to be regarded as anything very unusual.

But, at this rate, I shall never get to Cambridge class-day. It was a glorious hot summer day, hotter than we often have in England ; and the chimes of Cambridge rang out merrily, and the little town was

full of ladies with the brightest of bonnets and the prettiest of faces. Class-day is the last day of the Academic course, at least for the fourth-year students, or senior sophomores, as I think they are called ; and on this day these students give a sort of farewell festival to the rest of the college, and to their friends. By the kindness of one of my friends—Professor Lowell—I was invited to be present at the ceremony. Under a broiling sun, on the twentieth of June last, we strolled, in the forenoon, across the college grounds, past Washington's elm, to the house of the President, or rather the acting President—for at that time the office was vacant, owing to the death of Professor Felton. Washington's elm, I should add, is so called, because the Father of his Country signed the Declaration of Independence beneath its branches. I am not sure, by the way, that I am not confusing Washington with the Barons and Magna Charta. However, I know that Washington did something or other remarkable beneath this elm, and Whitfield, so tradition goes, preached under it, when the university authorities of Harvard refused him permission to use the pulpit of the college chapel.

At the house of the acting President, the professors and the students were collected. It so happened that on that morning the news had reached America of the death of Mr. Clough ; and it was pleasant to me, as it would have been to any Englishman, who appreciated

the high talents of that scholar-poet, to see how kindly and how highly his memory was cherished by his brother professors who had known and loved him. The fourth-year sophomores, who were the heroes of the day, were all assembled, arrayed in the glossiest of new black dress clothes and with the whitest of kid gloves. Evening dress somehow takes more kindly to American youths than to our own, and the students seemed to me a set of as good-looking gentlemanlike young men as it has been often my fortune to see. We formed a line, and marched two-and-two together through the grounds, with a band of music leading the way, and a sympathetic crowd of bystanders gazing at us, and following in our wake. I am afraid, as I think of it, that my friend and I must have rather marred the appearance of the procession, by being in coloured clothes. However, black is not a cool colour to wear in the dog-days, and so I hope we were pardoned. Our walk ended in the Unitarian church of Cambridge, which the University has a right to use for public ceremonies. Thanks to my being with the dons' party, I got a seat upon the raised platform at the end of the chapel, and sat there in glory and comparative coolness. The moment we were seated there was a rush of students through the doors, and a perfectly unnecessary fight was got up with the constables who guarded the entrance, which reminded me of wrestlings I had witnessed upon the staircase of the theatre at the Oxford

Commemorations. In fact, the whole scene had an Oxford air about it. There were the ladies with bonnets of every colour, blue, white, and pink, fanning themselves in the crowded seats. There was a host of bright young faces, and the orations were strings of appropriate platitudes and decorous *facetiae* of the mildest character, such as most of us have heard oftentimes in college halls, and under no other circumstances. Of the speakers, I would only say, that they were two young men of six feet high and upwards—one the stroke of the Harvard boat—and as fine specimens of manhood as you would desire to see. We had a band, which played the overture to *Martha*, and other operatic music, with remarkable precision; a prayer full of the most apposite commonplaces; and an ode of a patriotic character. There were allusions to the war in plenty throughout the proceedings, but everything was too decorous for the exhibition of any ardent patriotism. Amongst the crowd, however, there was one poor lad, pale, worn, and limping upon crutches, who had lost his leg in the battle of Balls Bluff, and who had come to witness the gala day of the class which he had left to join the war. He was the hero of the day, and at every patriotic sentiment all eyes were turned towards him, as though he were the living embodiment of the country's struggle and defeats and victories. I have no doubt, according to the Yankee phrase, he had "a good time of it" that class-day at Cam-

bridge, amongst his old friends and fellow-students ; but I could not help feeling that there was a long hereafter before him, when the war is over, and the excitement has passed away ; and when I, for my part, would sooner have both legs than have been a hero and be a cripple.

Then, when the orations were over, we strolled through the old college rooms, where the students had prepared luncheons for their friends, and where every stranger, who came, was welcomed with that frank cordiality which seems to me so universal a characteristic of American hospitality. Then, having eaten as much ice-cream and raised pies and lobster salads as our digestions would permit of, we wandered off through the pleasant college grounds ; and, in defiance of academical decorum, in full view of the public road, smoked cigars upon the lawn of a college Professor, who invited us to the act by his own example. Let me say, that of all academical dignitaries whom I have known—and I have known a good number—I should say that the Professors of Harvard College were, as a body, the pleasantest. They are all men of scholarly education, some of them of European repute, and yet, in one sense, they are also men of the world. There is nothing amongst them of that pedantry and that exaggerated notion of their own importance which is almost an invariable characteristic of our own University dons. Living near a great city, almost

all of them married men, with moderate incomes, they form a sort of family of scholars, such as I never met elsewhere.

Later in the afternoon there was dancing for the students and their friends in the College Hall, on whose walls there hung quaint pictures of old-fashioned Puritan benefactors, and in whose midst was suspended the famous six-oar outrigger boat of Harvard College, which beat the Hale boat a year ago, doing the distance in the shortest time ever known across the Atlantic. At any rate I was told so, and believe it accordingly. The dancing seemed to me very good, but the hall was overpoweringly hot, and for my part I preferred the open green, where there was music also, and where all the world was allowed to dance. The scene was in itself a curious instance of American freedom, and also of American good behaviour. The green is open to the high-road, and the whole of the Cambridge world, or of the Boston world for that matter, might have come and danced there. Probably everybody who cared to dance did come, but the dancers were as well-behaved, as quiet, and as orderly as they would have been in a London ball-room. I could not help asking myself, without a satisfactory reply, whether such a scene would be possible at the backs of the Cambridge Colleges, or in the Christchurch meadows; and whether, if it were possible, our young university students would dance as freely in the midst

of any of the Oxford or Cambridge townspeople, who chose to come there accompanied by their sweethearts and sisters. The dancing was followed by a sort of farewell romp of the departing students round an old oak-tree, wherein the chief amusement seemed to consist in the destruction of each others' hats. Then in the evening there was a reception of the students and their friends at the President's house, and an exhibition of Chinese lanterns and rockets on the college green; where, judging from the look of the groups I met strolling about in the dim evening light, I should say that many flirtations of the day must have been ratified by declarations and vows of eternal fidelity. *Chi lo sa?* And after the guests, and relations, and ladies had gone home, I rather suspect the students made a night of it, over the *débris* of the cold collations. This, however, is mere suspicion. They may have gone to bed when I did, or have quenched their thirst with the lemonade they provided for the ladies, but I own I doubt it.

CONCORD.

I HAPPENED, while in Boston, to see a good deal of the literary society of the place. Let me say something of the men whose writings I, in common with most Englishmen, had learnt to know long ago ; and whose faces then, for the first time, became as familiar to me as their names.

I am afraid that to most English readers the name of Concord will recall no national reverses. We have a remarkable talent as a nation for forgetting what is unpleasant to remember, but still the fact remains that at Concord a British regiment *did* run away before a rabble of American volunteers. Our loss consisted of two men killed, whose names have been long forgotten. This was the first armed resistance raised by the Colonists against the imperial troops, and a little obelisk has been erected beside the nameless graves of these two British privates to record the first blow struck in behalf of American independence. A low stunted avenue leads from the Boston high-road

to the bank of the Concord River. Along this avenue the British troops advanced and retreated, and on the bank of the river stands a squat dumpy obelisk of the Georgian era. Close to the avenue is the Old Manse, from which Hawthorne culled the mosses. Sitting one summer day by the side of that lazy stream, the author of "The Scarlet Letter" told me a story of the battle which was new to me. When the galling fire of the enemy from the opposite bank caused our troops to retire, the two British soldiers who fell at Concord were not both killed. One of them was only wounded, but in the hurry of the retreat was left for dead on the field. As the British troops withdrew, a farming lad, employed at the Old Manse, came out to look at the scene of the battle. He had an axe with him, and, holding it in his hand, he stole alongside the wounded soldiers, whom he believed to be dead. Just as he got near, the one who was still alive raised himself upon his hands and knees, and began to look about him. The boy in an agony of fear fancied that the man was going to fire, and, striking at him with the axe, cut open his skull, and then fled in terror. Shortly afterwards, some British soldiers, returning to carry off the wounded, found their comrade with his head split in two, and raised the cry that the Americans scalped the dead. The cry spread through the regiment and created a panic, under whose influence the soldiers took to their heels and fled. The boy grew to be a very old

man, and died not many years ago, and, as he grew infirm and old, the thought that he had killed a wounded man in cold blood haunted him to his grave. If the village tradition be true, it is a curious instance of what great events are produced by the smallest causes. The American revolution sprang into being from the defeat of the British troops at Concord; the British were defeated because our soldiers were struck with panic; and the panic was caused because a timid lad happened to have an axe in his hand.

But Concord has nearer and dearer claims to the thoughts of all English-speaking people than the memory of an obscure battle. It is the home of Emerson and Hawthorne. An old-fashioned, sleepy, New England village; one broad, long, rambling street of wooden houses, standing, for the most apart, and overshadowed by leafy trees; a quiet village-green or two; shady, dreamy-looking graveyards, filled with old moss-covered tombstones of colonists who lived and died subjects of the Crown of England; a rich, marshy valley, hemmed in by low-wooded hills; and a dull, lazy stream, oozing on so slowly through many turnings, that you fancy it is afraid of being carried out to the ocean that awaits it a few miles away;—these are the outward *memorabilia* of Concord. Passing through the village, you come to a roomy country-house, buried almost beneath trees, and looking the model of a quiet English parsonage; and then, entering it, it

must be some fault of your own, if you are not welcome at the kindly home of Emerson.

His is not a face or figure to which photographs can do justice. The tall spare form, the strongly-marked features, and the thin scanty hair, are all, to the English mind, typical, as it were, of that distinct American nationality, of which Mr. Emerson has been the ablest, if not the first exponent. In repose, I fancy, his prevailing expression would be somewhat grave, with a shade of sadness; but the true charm of his face can be learnt only if you hear him speaking. Then, when the "slow wise smile," as some one well called it, plays about that grim-set mouth, and the flow of those lucid sentences, so simple and yet so perfect, pours forth in calm, measured sequence, the large liquid eyes seem to kindle with a magnetic light, and you feel yourself in the presence of a living power. You may sit at his feet or not—that is a matter for your own judgment, but a Gamaliel is there. Hearing him thus speak, I understood, better than I had learnt from his writings, the influence which Mr. Emerson has wielded over the mind of America, and how Concord has become a kind of Mecca, of which the representative man of American thought is the Mahomet.

Some quarter of a mile further on, hidden almost by the overhanging hill at whose foot it stands, out of sight and hearing of the village-world, you come to the home of Mr. Hawthorne—a quaint, rambling, pleasant house,

which appears to have grown no one knows how, as some houses do, and to have culminated mysteriously in an Italian campanile tower; so that it is rather a tower with a house attached, than a house surmounted by a tower. It is a fitting place for a romancer to have fixed his dwelling in. Right above the house there stretches a pine wood, so quiet and so lonely, so full of fading lights and shadows, and through whose trees the wind sighs so fitfully, that it seems natural for all quaint fancies and strange memories to rise there unbidden. As to the tenant of the turret and the pine-wood, I could not, if I wished, describe him better than by saying that he is just what, not knowing him, you fancy the author of "The Scarlet Letter" ought to look like. I suppose that most persons form an idea to themselves of the outward look and aspect of any author they have learnt to care for; and I know that, as far as my own experience goes, the idea is but seldom realized. The author, when at last you meet with him in the flesh, may be better than your idea, but he is not the person you had pictured to yourself and dwelt on fondly. Now, if you were to place Mr. Hawthorne amongst a thousand persons, I think any one that had read his writings would guess at once, amongst all that crowd, which the author was. The grand, broad forehead; the soft wavy hair, tangling itself so carelessly; the bright dreamy hazel eyes, flashing from beneath the deep massive eyebrows; and the sweet smile, so full at once

of sad pathos and kindly humour, all formed for me the features one would have dreamed of for the author, who, more than any living writer, has understood the poetry of prose. It is a fancy of mine—a fancy inspired, perhaps, by the atmosphere in which I formed it—that Nature, when she began to make Mr. Hawthorne, designed him for a man of action, and then, ere the work was done, she changed her mind, and sought to transform him into a poet, and that thus the combination of the two characters—of the worker and the dreamer—came out at last in the form of the writer of romance. Well, if Concord had been the scene of an English Waterloo, I am afraid I should still think of it with the kindest of memories—should, indeed, remember it only as the dwelling-place of men who have won fresh triumphs for English words, triumphs to me far dearer than those of English arms.

It was my fortune, too, to see—though but for a short period, the great poet of America. Of all pleasant summer-houses, the houses round Boston seemed to me the pleasantest; and of such houses I know of none pleasanter than the one standing on the Mount Auburn Road, where General Washington used to dwell, and where Longfellow dwells now. The pleasant lawn, the graceful rooms, filled with books and pictures and works of art, formed the fit abode for the poet who has known so well how to use the sweet stately rhythm of the English hexameter; and of that abode the host,

with his graceful manners, his refined and noble countenance, and his conversation, so full of learning and poetic diction, seems the rightful owner. But of this I would say nothing further, for I felt that, if I was in the presence of a great poet, I was in the presence also of a greater sorrow.

I have said thus much of the three great American writers, whose names are best known in England. Like all men of genius, they are in some sense public property; and the public has, I think, a right to know something of how they look and live. Genius has penalties as well as privileges. Of the many other men of talent and writers of note, whom it was my pleasure to meet with in America, and especially in New England, I say nothing, because I doubt whether I should be justified in so doing. A private has a right, perhaps, to criticise the Commander-in-Chief, but I doubt if he is entitled to sit in judgment on the Colonels. Like any other Englishman who has visited America with any sort of credentials, I was received into the intimacy, and I trust I may add, the friendship of many literary men in that country. I feel, that if, as there seems too much likelihood, it should become the custom for an English visitor to give a sort of moral auctioneer's catalogue of the houses, establishments, habits and customs of his hosts, then this friendly welcome must be dispensed with ere long. I have therefore made it my endeavour, in these pages, to

quote nothing which I learnt in the character of a visitor, not of a spectator. There are two American writers, however, of whom I would say one word in passing, and they are Mr. Lowell, the author of the "Biglow Papers," and Mr. Holmes, the creator of "Elsie Venner." When America has completed her great mission of settling the New World, I cannot doubt that the wonderful energy and power of her people will produce a characteristic national literature worthy of herself, and, I say it without boasting, of the mother country also. In the works of these two gentlemen, I think you can discover the first commencement of a distinct era of American literature. The first has created a new school of poetry—the poetry of common Yankee life ; the second has opened out a new vein of romance in the relations of physiology to the development of character. Both these writers have—at least so I fancy—a greater career before them than they have yet accomplished.

Let me say also, in concluding these scattered remarks on the literary men of Boston, that what struck me most about them collectively was the degree of intimacy and cordiality on which they lived with one another. To any one who knows anything of the literary world in England, it will seem a remarkable fact that all men of intellectual note in Boston should meet regularly once a month, of their own free will and pleasure, to dine with each other ; and still more so, that

they should meet as friends, not as rivals. No doubt, this absence of jealousy is due, in great measure, to the literary field of America being so little occupied, that there is nothing like the same competition between authors as there is with us; but it is due, I think, chiefly to that general kindliness and good-nature which appear to me characteristic, socially, of the American people.

NEW ENGLAND AND THE WAR.

MY sojourn in New England enabled me to appreciate the truth of an observation I have heard made by many intelligent Americans, that the effect of this civil war will be to consolidate the country. If it were not for the common interest in the war, it would have been hard to realize that Boston formed part of the same country as Chicago, and St. Louis, and Nashville. There, as elsewhere, the war seemed to me the chief bond of union and identity between the different States of the North. Nowhere indeed, in my own observation, was the ardour for the war greater than in Massachusetts. It had come home, perhaps, to those New England States more closely than to any other which were not actually the scene of the war. Wherever I went, I stumbled on traces of the great war, in which the nation was pouring out the life-blood of its children without stint or measure. Day after day, whilst sitting on the lawn of a friend's house on the Mount Auburn Road, I used to see the funerals of soldiers, who had

died in the campaign, passing by on their way to the cemetery. Nobody, I noticed, paid any heed to the occurrence. A servant-girl or so went to the gate to look at the procession, but no excitement was created by the sight. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? The spectacle, melancholy to me, had grown such every-day work in Boston—it was only one death the more out of so very many. In one house, I recollect, I found the family in distress, because a report had just been received that the regiment in which the eldest son of the house was serving had been under fire, and had suffered heavily. In another, the parents were uneasy, because their only son, a mere boy, wanted to be off to the war. In a third, a photograph lay upon the table of a gallant manly lad, proud of his new uniform. I asked who he was, and was told, as if it were an every-day matter, that it was the likeness of a near and dear relative who had fallen in the war—and so on. I could mention scores of such incidents. I have only picked out these, because they occurred to me at the houses of men whose names are well known in England. I went by hazard into a village church, and there I heard thanks offered up for an exchanged prisoner, who had that day been restored to his home after months of captivity. I suppose there is scarce a household in Massachusetts, which the war has not associated with some hope, or fear, or sorrow of its own.

There is much, too, left in Massachusetts of the Puritan, or rather of the race to which the Puritan gave birth. Life itself is a hard and laborious matter in that stony, barren country. There is about the New Englander a strong marked individuality, a religious zeal bordering on intolerance, a steady attachment to his own State, a passion for land, and a love of labour—qualities which have been handed down, with little change, from the Pilgrim Fathers. Amongst a people, with such characteristics, it is not strange that there should be an earnestness, possibly a ferocity, about the war one hardly comes across in the more modern States. In the West, it is probable that if you could suade the inhabitants that Secession was advantageous to their interest, the Union feeling would die away in great measure. In New England, the sense of personal interest has little, if anything, to do with the passion for the war. These causes operate to create a very different kind of public sentiment in the East from that which prevails in the West. The name of compromise is hateful to the New Englander ; and, to the Puritan mind, there is but one issue to this conflict, possible or permissible, and that is, the victory of the Union. I have spoken already of the status of the Abolitionist party in New England. As I have there shown, the popular mind was not prepared for a raid on the property and the institutions of other States. The reverence for the Constitution, the respect for law, and

the strong attachment to local independence, which are marked features in the New England character, all tended to paralyze the active power of the anti-slavery sentiment. Notwithstanding this, the moral power of the Abolitionists must have been very great indeed. In the hymn-books you found at this period anti-slavery psalms ; in the free schools, the teaching was anti-slavery in tone ; and the public feeling towards the free negro had avowedly grown a kindlier one than it had been hitherto.

That even in New England the war for the Union was in any sense a national crusade for the suppression of slavery I do not believe, but I do believe that, *next* to the desire for the preservation of the Union, the national antipathy to slavery is the strongest feeling of the New England heart. In a certain measure, the love for the Union and the hatred of slavery were conflicting forces, which counteracted each other ; but, as the belief gained ground that the way to preserve the Union was to destroy slavery, the power of these forces, when combined, became overwhelming.

At the period of my sojourn in New England, the conviction that the Union could not be preserved consistently with slavery, was beginning to make way rapidly ; a great impulse had been given to it by the incident of General Banks' defeat in the Shenandoah valley, which formed the first warning of the approach-

ing disasters in the Peninsula. The North had become so accustomed, at this time, to the idea of victory, so wedded to the conviction that the downfall of the rebellion was close at hand, that the intelligence of a Federal army having been disastrously defeated fell like a thunderbolt on the Northern States. I would add, however, that the manner in which this intelligence was received gave me a stronger impression of the resolution and power of the North than anything I had yet witnessed. From no party, or paper, or person I came across, did I hear anything but the one expression of opinion, that the war must be pushed on with redoubled energy. Within a week, a hundred thousand volunteers had enlisted, and the services of probably as many more had been declined. To judge of the importance of this fact, you must remember who these new volunteers were. The scum and riffraff of the towns had been long ago worked off into the army; every man who had no particular work to do, or no special ties to keep him at home, had been already drafted off. The hundred thousand who volunteered on this occasion were all men, who, as a class, had counted the cost of war, and found that, on the whole, their cares or duties or ties had been too important hitherto to allow them to join the campaign. Yet the moment the cry was raised that the cause of the Union was in peril every other consideration was thrown aside. So it had been all along, and so, I believe, it would have been

to the end, if miserable mismanagement, worse generalship, and a half-hearted policy, had not paralysed for a time the force of popular enthusiasm. The brag and bluster and rhodomontade of a portion, and that the noisest portion of the American press and public, were, in Italian phrase, as "anti-pathetic" to me, while I lived within sound of it, as they could be to any Englishman. But still, I could not have avoided seeing the deep, passionate, resolution which underlay it all. If Englishmen would once make up their minds that the Anglo-Saxon race is much the same on both sides of the Atlantic, and that the resolution of the North to suppress the insurrection at all cost and all hazards, and, must I add, at the price of all severities, was much the counterpart of our own feeling with regard to the Indian Mutiny, the conviction would be a valuable one for both England and America.

The words which I have just written, "At the price of all severities," represent my impression of a change of feeling which I had observed, with more regret than wonder, to be coming over the Northern mind. When I reached America at the commencement of last year, my prevailing impression was one of astonishment at the extraordinary absence of personal animosity towards the South, displayed by the North. Since that period, I noted a marked, though gradual, change. The belief that there existed an influential, or at any rate a numerous Union party in the South, was dispelled by the

stern evidence of fact. The old fond delusion, that, when once the Confederate army was defeated the *Union as it was* would be restored, was fast vanishing, and had given place to a conviction that, even if the war was over, the Union would still have to deal with a bitter and an inveterate enemy. Then, too, the stories of the barbarities and cruelties inflicted by the Confederates on Federal prisoners, had inevitably soured the Northern mind. For a long time I believed that these stories of brutality were as unfounded as the similar accusations, which in all wars, and especially in civil wars, are bandied about between the contending parties. I had heard, during the Garibaldian campaign, scores of such anecdotes related both of the Revolutionary and of the Royal troops. I had had occasion, however, to investigate a good number of these narratives, and had found them invariably to be grossly exaggerated. Very reluctantly, however, I came to the conclusion that there was, at any rate, a considerable amount of truth in these stories of Southern horrors. I suspect, indeed, that there is something in the whole system of slavery, in the practice of treating men as brute beasts, which deadens the feelings of a slave-holding population and renders them singularly callous to the sight of human suffering. Be this explanation right or wrong, I cannot now doubt the fact. I may mention two small incidents which came to my own knowledge on reliable evidence. One is, that on the scarf of a Confederate

prisoner captured at Williamsburg, there was found a ring formed from a human bone ; another, that in a letter, picked up at Roanoake Island, and written by a Southern gentleman well known in New England, to his brother in New Orleans, the writer stated that he had got the skull of a —— Yankee, and wished to know if their mother would like it as an ornament for her side-board. In these stories there is little in themselves, but they tend to render more credible, to my mind, the thousand tales of horror which were circulated at this period in the Northern papers. At any rate, the belief in the truth of these narratives was universal in the North, and produced painful and personal bitterness towards the South.

The least creditable incident of the war to the Federal cause was the proclamation of General Butler about the women of New Orleans, which appeared at this period. When the news of it first reached the North, it was scouted as a Confederate invention. When it became certain the story was true, even those who had condemned it most bitterly began to find excuses for it. There was, I admit, much force in the explanation which my Northern friends sought to give of it. It is possible, and I believe true, that General Butler *may* have only meant that the women of New Orleans, who insulted the Federal soldiers, should be imprisoned for the night in the lock-up house allotted to the disorderly women of the town. Whatever the

intention may have been, there is no question that the strictest care was taken lest the order should be abused; and it is certain that the Southern ladies were grossly insulting in their behaviour to the Union soldiers, using as they did language and gestures which, in a city occupied by troops of any other nation, would have subjected them, *without orders*, to the coarsest retaliation. What is more to the point also—as I can state from my own observation—the rank and file of the American army is the most orderly I have ever seen, a circumstance which is due, probably, to the fact of the privates being mostly married, and all men of some kind of education. There is less brutality about the Federal troops, and more respect for women, than amongst any soldiery we are acquainted with in the Old World. It once happened to me, I may mention here, to have to escort a party of ladies, after dark, across the long chain-bridge of Washington. For about two-thirds of that weary mile's walk, the whole bridge was crowded with a confused mass of Federal soldiers, who were halting there on their march southwards. The men were excited at the prospect of the approaching campaign, and it was obvious many of them had drunk freely on breaking up their camp at Washington. It was so dark, that no discipline could be maintained, and the men were sitting, sleeping, or singing, as they liked best. We had almost to grope our way through the groups of soldiers scattered along the bridge. The number of gentlemen in our

party was so small, we could have afforded but little protection to the ladies under our charge, in case any insult had been offered to them. Having some knowledge of what common soldiers are in other countries under similar circumstances, I own that I felt considerable trepidation as to how far we should be able to extricate ourselves from the *melée* without annoyance. I can only say that, during the whole of that long passage, no remark whatever was addressed to us. Thé moment it was seen that there were ladies in our party, the soldiers got up from the planks, on which they were lying, to make way for us ; and the songs (many of them loose enough), which the men were singing, were hushed immediately at our approach. Whether a like journey could have been performed through an European army with like results I leave it to any one acquainted with the subject to say. In truth, the almost morbid sentiment of Americans with regard to women, while it renders them ridiculously susceptible to female influence, protects women in that country from the natural consequences of their own misconduct. Still, allowing all this fully, I can only say, God help the women of New Orleans, if this notorious order had been allowed to be carried out in its literal meaning, as I cannot help believing that Butler originally intended it should be. The order itself was bad enough, but what was more painful to me to witness was, that, even in New England, the most refined portion of the States, it

called forth no indignant protest from the manhood—or for that matter from the womanhood—of the North. Six months before, it would have been scouted throughout the country. Now, the blood of the North was getting up, and the war was doing, as ever, its devil's work.

While I am speaking of General Butler, let me say one word with regard to him. The popularity which this officer has enjoyed throughout the North is constantly brought as an accusation against the supporters of the Union. I have no wish to say anything in defence of this Yankee Danton, who I believe to have been in New Orleans just what he had been known to be in New England—a low-minded, unscrupulous bully, notorious for his pro-Slavery sympathies, not so much from any personal interest in the Slave-system as from an innate brutality of mind. Still he had the merit of understanding that the one thing wanted in a revolutionary war was Danton's cry of "*L'audace! l'audace! toujours l'audace!*" and knowing this, he rallied to himself the popular enthusiasm, wearied to death of the McClellans and Searwards, of half-hearted measures and "masterly inaction." Moreover, whether by chance, or by his own merits, he was certainly the most successful commander whom the North had produced. He was associated with the grandest triumph of the Federal arms, and by some means or other he preserved New Orleans to the Union with but little cost of either men or money. It was a

fact also, that he gained immensely by the attacks made upon him abroad. The utterly exaggerated abuse with which his conduct was assailed in Europe (as if in our own wars there had never been such a thing heard of as brutality before!) endeared him to the American mind. The national pride of the country felt itself identified with the maintenance of a general whom foreigners had attacked with unmerited obloquy. A feeling grew up that the dismissal or censure of Butler would be an unworthy concession to foreign dictation. I do not say that these considerations entirely justify the popularity of this vulgar satrap, but they render it much less discreditable than it might seem at first.

At this period a certain Parson Brownlow was delivering a series of lectures throughout the Northern States, which in themselves formed a strange indication of the coming change. This gentleman combined the characters of minister of the Gospel, newspaper editor, and bar-room politician, in the little town of Knoxville, East Tennessee. He was a strange illustration of American muscular Christianity. Stories were told of how he used to speak with a loaded revolver in his hand, and how, on one occasion, he had converted a blaspheming boatman by holding his head under water till he consented to repeat the Lord's Prayer. An ultra-Calvinist in theological principles, he was also a slave-holder, and had been throughout his life an ardent

defender of the peculiar institution. To give a specimen of what the preacher and his paper were like, let me quote an article which this gentleman wrote, or allowed to be written in his own newspaper, a few years ago on the occasion of a negro being dragged by a mob, from the gaol of Knoxville, where he lay awaiting trial, and burnt alive. "We have to say, in defence of the act, that it was not perpetrated by an excited multitude, but by one thousand citizens —good citizens at that—who were cool, calm, and deliberate ; we unhesitatingly affirm that the punishment was unequal to the crime. Had we been there, we should have taken a part, and even suggested the pinching of pieces out of him with red-hot pincers, or cutting off of a limb at a time, and then burning them all in a heap. The possibility of his escaping from gaol forbids the idea of awaiting the tardy movements of the law." I must say that I believe, from the aspect of the writer, that he would have been as good, or as bad, as his word. In the days before Secession, the slaveholding parson was held up to obloquy by anti-slavery partisans. Misfortune, however, makes strange bed-fellows. When Secession broke out, Parson Brownlow espoused warmly the cause of the Union in East Tennessee, and travelled throughout the State as a stump-orator denouncing Secession. He was imprisoned by the Confederate authorities, and after his release he made a tour through the

Northern States, describing the sufferings and wrongs of the Union party in Tennessee.

The avowed object of his lectures was to raise money to aid the Federal cause, and to re-establish his own paper, whose press and offices had been burnt down by a Secession mob. At the time I heard him, he was starrng it through the New England States, and vast audiences crowded to listen to his screaming denunciations of the Confederacy. As a Southern Unionist from a Slave State, his support was acceptable to the Federal party ; and, I regret to say, many persons of position and character in New England volunteered to endorse his raving addresses. To me I own he was simply and inexpressibly disgusting. His narrative of the cruelties he underwent and witnessed in the prisons of the South may have been true—though for my own part, I cannot believe that, even if I were describing the horrors of Cawnpore, I could *always* cry at my own description of a child's brains being dashed out, when I had delivered the same lecture a score of times. In outward appearance, he is a cross between our national caricature of the typical Yankee and the stage portraits of Aminidab Sleek. In plain words, he looked the most unmitigated blackguard that I have ever come across. That such a fellow should have been a man of note and a popular preacher in the South, gave one a low impression of slaveholding civilization. In language he varied from the cant of a Methodist ranter, to the

ribald profanity of Jonathan Wild. On the occasion when I heard him, the mildest form of adjuration that he employed was, "May the curse of God rest upon me!" A minister of the Gospel, he boasted to his hearers that, sooner than sign a declaration of allegiance to the Confederacy, he would have seen the whole Confederate Cabinet in hell, and himself on the top of them. A professed follower of Christ, he wound up by declaring it to be the one object of his life to join the Federal army, when it marched on East Tennessee, to point out the traitors that should be hung, and then, if no one else could be found to do it, to tie the cord himself round their necks, and act as hangman!

To do the audience justice, his blasphemies—for I can call them nothing else—were coldly received. All the passages, in which he called for stern justice and unsparing action, were cheered loudly. He was followed by a General Carey, a brother exile from Tennessee, who was free from the profanity of Brownlow, but who raised even more sternly, and with more apparent sincerity, the cry for vengeance. When he asked the audience how it was that fifteen months had passed since Fort Sumter was attacked, and yet no single traitor had been hung, or shot by law, he was answered by a storm of applause; and, again, when he passed an enthusiastic eulogy on General Butler, as the first Federal commander who had understood the position,

he was interrupted by shouts and cheers. I heard but one faint hiss from the back benches.

All this, according to my judgment, was bad enough, and will prove the parent of worse things yet. It was a strange indication of the change that was passing over men's minds when a Boston audience cheered the sentiment—"That there never would be peace in the Union till the North awoke to a sense of its duty, and made South Carolina what Sodom and Gomorrah were of old." Heaven knows I do not believe that this feeling of vengeance was then, or is now, in any sense the true sentiment of the North, or even that the men and women, who cheered Brownlow on, really pictured to themselves what his teaching meant. Still the desire for revenge was, undoubtedly, developing itself in the New England States. Out of evil there comes good; and one good of all this was, that the anti-slavery sentiment was daily growing stronger. Governor Andrew, about this time, expressed, though perhaps prematurely, the popular instinct of Massachusetts when he stated, in reply to the Government demand for fresh troops, that the East would fight more readily if men knew that they were fighting against slavery. It is the pressure of this growing earnestness, of this resolution to sacrifice everything to one end, which at last forced the Government at Washington to make the war for the restoration of the Union a war also for the abolition of slavery.

INDEPENDENCE-DAY IN NEW YORK.

“YOU should go to New York for the Fourth—before then we *must* have grand news from Richmond—and you will see a sight that you ought to witness—a regular noisy, rowdy, glorious, Fourth of July.” So an American friend of mine said to me in the latter days of June, and I followed his advice; but, according to the French proverb, “Man proposes, God disposes,” and though I saw the Fourth, instead of being glorious, it was the gloomiest Independence-day that the Empire city had known during the present century. It was only on the preceding day that the full truth concerning McClellan’s retreat had become known. The bitter suspense, indeed, was over, and people were beginning to look the worst fairly in the face. But the half-stunned feeling of dismay had not yet passed away; and even the public mind of America, with all its extraordinary elasticity, was still unable to brace itself to rejoicing and self-glorification. It was under such auspices that the last Independence-day was celebrated.

To show the tone with which the press of America represented popular feeling, let me quote two articles from leading New York papers on the morning of the festival. Even the *New York Herald*, for once, was dignified, and wrote of the day in the following words : —“ ‘Through the thick gloom of the present we see the
“ brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We
“ shall make this a glorious and immortal day. When
“ we are in our graves our children will honour it ; they
“ will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivities,
“ with bonfires, with illuminations ; on its annual
“ return they will shed tears, not of subjection and
“ slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation,
“ of gratitude, and of joy.’ Thus exclaimed the patriot
“ seer John Adams on the adoption of the Declaration
“ of Independence eighty-six years ago. We could have
“ no better motto for the day. He saluted it by the
“ ‘ All hail hereafter ! ’ as the birthday of the Republic ;
“ We celebrate it now in the new birth and regeneration
“ of that Republic. Now as then, indeed, ‘ thick gloom ’
“ hangs over our country ; but the eye of faith can
“ descry the ‘ brightness of the future as the sun in
“ heaven.’ To-day we celebrate it, not merely by the
“ festivities, bonfires, and illuminations whereof he
“ speaks, but by the awful baptism of fire and blood.
“ We have, indeed, our wonted festivities ; but the real
“ celebration of to-day is along the line of battle, and
“ where the Union hosts surround the beleagured

“armies of the cursed rebellion. *There* are our hearts
“and hopes. The rest is all but show, and we have
“that within that passeth show. God defend aud
“prosper the armies of the Republic!”

The *Tribune* drew a more practical lesson from the
day in these words :—

“Eighty-six years ago this day, the representatives of
“our fathers, in Congress assembled at Philadelphia,
“united in that immortal Declaration of Independence
“of the United States of America, which they delibe-
“rately placed on this immutable basis: ‘We hold
“these truths to be self-evident: That all men are
“created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator
“with certain unalienable rights; that among these are
“life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to
“secure these rights, governments are instituted among
“men, deriving their just powers from the consent of
“the governed,’ So broad and solid a basis
“was never before laid by the founders of a new politi-
“cal fabric; hence no predecessor ever exerted so wide
“and beneficent a sway over the destinies of mankind.
“The American Revolution derives its chief significance
“and glory from its clear and hearty recognition of the
“equal and inalienable Rights of Man as Man. Had
“our country been uniformly faithful to the principles
“thus boldly enunciated, her career would have been
“the grandest, her people the happiest on the globe.
“Unfortunately, she soon faltered, and ultimately fell.

“ Her revolutionary patriot-statesmen, with scarcely
“ an honourable exception, perceived and maintained
“ that she was bound by her fundamental principle to
“ achieve and secure the liberty of every one, even
“ of the humblest and most despised of her people.
“ Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, all held
“ that slavery was condemned by our struggle for
“ Liberty and Independence, and that we must abolish
“ it at the earliest practicable moment. Fatal qualifi-
“ cation ! Soon peace, security, sloth, ease, luxury,
“ the greed of power and of gold, weaned us from
“ the grand truth asserted by the fathers : ‘ Another
“ king arose, who knew not Joseph.’ Vainly did the
“ philanthropist remonstrate, the patriot plead, and the
“ slave hold up appealingly his galling shackles. Our
“ Scribes and Pharisees have too long wrested Law and
“ Gospel to the cruel ends of oppression ; and this
“ nation, which was born amid the expectant shouts of
“ the scourged and down-trodden, has for two genera-
“ tions been the accomplice of man-thieves, the stay of
“ the tyrant and oppressor. The long forborne punish-
“ ment of our national sin is at length upon us. A
“ nation distracted and convulsed by treason—a country
“ devastated, a people decimated by furious civil war—
“ the vultures of aristocracy and despotism gathering
“ and circling impatiently for the expected feast on the
“ remains of what was once their chief terror ; such are
“ the aspects that greet the eighty-second anniversary of

“ our Independence. The clouds are heavy and dark,
“ but the heavens are clear and bright above them. Let
“ us struggle and trust. God save the Republic!”

These quotations will serve to show what the tone of the press was on this occasion. As to the day itself, it was a glorious one, with a sky bright and clear as that of Italy. The city was again gay with flags, and its shops were closed, and the streets were filled with holiday people, and the bells rang, and the cannon fired, and what was better than all, the news from the Peninsula was more encouraging; but still there was no spirit in the day, the life of the festival was gone. The one stock amusement of Independence-day consists in making as much noise as possible. From twelve o'clock on the previous night to midnight on the Fourth, the whole energies of the children and boys of New York are devoted to letting off as many crackers, firing as many pocket-pistols, and pelting passers-by with as many detonating balls as their own or their friends' purses can afford. All day long, in every street from Fifth Avenue down to Bowery, there is a never-ending discharge of this mimic artillery. You are lucky if you pass through the day without getting your hair singed, or your face scorched, or holes burnt in your clothes; and in fact prudent people keep much at home during the Fourth. Anybody who ever passed a Christmas at Naples, and has run the gauntlet of its squibs, and rockets, and pistols, will sympathize with me when I

say, that it was some consolation for the national calamity to find that it checked the discharge of fireworks. It was bad enough as it was, but if McClellan had won a victory instead of being defeated, half the city would have been maimed and deafened. Some thirty people were taken to the hospitals in the course of the day from injuries inflicted by the fireworks. Like Oyster Day too in London, this annual Saturnalia, though professedly coming only once a year, lingers on in practice for days afterwards.

This discharge of fireworks was the one genuine exhibition of popular rejoicing throughout the day. Things must be very bad indeed before boys leave off throwing crackers in consequence of a national disaster; but with the grown-up population it was little of a holiday time. In the cool of the morning what few troops there were left in the city marched down Broadway; but most of them were boys, or old men, or raw recruits, and the show, in a military point of view, was a very poor one, and excited little interest. At ten o'clock there was a meeting in celebration of the anniversary held by the Common Council in the Cooper Institute. The meeting was announced for ten, but the proceedings did not begin till near eleven. The great hall, which I should say could hold between two and three thousand people, was never a quarter full, and a third of what crowd there was stood on the speakers' platform. The Mayor, Mr. Opdyke, was in the chair, and delivered a short

address, in which he stated, amongst other things, that “with the loyal people of America, come what may, be the nations banded in arms against us, nothing shall be successful in overthrowing our cherished institutions.” A long prayer was offered up by the select preacher to the Corporation, containing a statement novel to a New York audience as coming from such lips: “That this rebellion had been inflicted by Heaven on the people of America on account of their sins, because they had fallen away from the faith of their fathers, and had extended, protected, and perpetuated by their legislation, the abominable sin of slavery.” An oration was next spoken by a Mr. Hiram Walbridge, more calm and dignified in its language than American declamations are wont to be. After dwelling on the popular resolution to do all and suffer all, rather than succumb, he gave vent to the grievances of the people in words such as these:—“Our lives, our money, our hopes, our destiny, our all, are at the service of the Government in upholding the Constitution and the Union. We, however, feel that we have the right to know every incident which marks the varying fortunes of the struggle, for it is our own chosen sons who are falling in defence of liberty. We also earnestly desire, if any foreign mediation is meditated, it may be met with firmness and without complaint.” Then followed a patriotic poem of interminable length and fatal fluency, some verses of which, perhaps, are

worth reciting as specimens of American popular poetry :—

“ Loftier waved the flags of freedom,
 Louder rolled the Union drums,
 When th’ inspiring shout went upward,
 ‘ Old Manhattan’s army comes ! ’
 Washington once more invoked us,
 And we rose in columns grand ;
 Marching round the flag of Sumter,
 Grasped within his sculptured hand.

“ Then Manhattan’s loyal legions
 Shook the earth with martial tramp,
 And she kissed her noblest children,
 Hurrying down to Freedom’s camp.
 And the Sundered coils of treason
 Writhed upon her loyal shore,
 When she flung her gallant ‘ Seventh ’
 In the scales of righteous war.

* * * * *

“ Ireland’s shamrock, Scotland’s bluebell,
 Bloom for us with crimson flowers ;
 And o’er all the roar of battle
 Gallia’s eagle screams with ours.
 Roman ‘ vivas,’ German ‘ fürwärts,’
 Mingle with our own ‘ huzzas ;’
 And the Hungarian answers ‘ Eljen,’
 ‘ Eljen ’ for the flag of stars.

* * * * *

“ Here the toiler toils unbounded,
 Here the poor man feels no shame,
 For he knows the lowliest fortune
 Upward treads to loftiest fame.
 For he dwells where limbs are chainless,
 Where the grandest heights of earth
 May be scaled, with brave aspirings,
 By the child of humblest birth.

- “ Where the old primeval forests
 Gloom around like shades of night,
 There the young backwoodsman opens
 With his axe the gates of light ;
 And the intellect of labour,
 Clasp^{ing} Honour’s guiding hand,
 Climbs aloft with Abraham Lincoln—
 Rules with him our glorious land.
- “ Type of Freedom’s highest manhood,
 And the genius of her soil,
 Stands to-day this brave backwoodsman,
 Representative of toil.
 And the lesson of his greatness,
 Writ in faith and hope sublime,
 Tells the humblest of the people
 How to triumph he may climb.
- “ And the nations gazing westward,
 O’er Atlantic’s stormy deep,
 May behold this chosen people
 In the Lord Jehovah’s keep.
 May behold how loyal manhood
 Up to royal grandeur springs,
 Where the realms are fields of labour,
 And the toilers are the kings.
- “ In the fiery trial of conflict,
 Freedom proves her purest ore,
 And the bands of peace are welded
 Underneath the blows of war.
 From the iron and gold of armies,
 From the broken links of wrong,
 God will weld the works together,
 God will make the Union strong.”

Besides this, there were some national glees sung without much spirit ; a few patriotic airs played by a

brass band ; and a recital of the "Declaration of Independence," in which the narrative of poor old George the Third's offences and shortcomings sounded strangely out of place in the midst of the dread struggle of the passing hour. But the whole affair was tame and spiritless to a strange degree. All hearts and thoughts were far away on the banks of the James River.

Later on there was a mass-meeting of the Democratic party, in honour of the day, at Old Tammany Hall. Here the great attraction consisted in hooting at Secretary Stanton, Mr. Beecher, and the Abolitionists. The chairman, Mr. Waterbury, stated in his speech, "that " Mr. Edwin M. Stanton had shown that the worst foe " was a renegade pretending to be a Democrat. He " had been honoured with a position by President " Lincoln, in which he had betrayed his party, its young " and gallant General, and all who trusted him." A Mr. Morford, too, delivered a poem of his own composition, called, "Tammany and the Union," from which I have picked out the following poetic gem :—

" We have claimed, and yet we claim it,
 That the struggle must not be
 To put down the white in slavery,
 While it sets the negro free.
 Honour, then, to Abraham Lincoln,
 That thus far his course is true ;
 Doing for the nation's welfare
 All an honest man can do.
 Honour to his name for ever,
 That no Abolition force

Seems to have the power to move him
Far from safety's middle course.
Long ago he learnt the lesson
That they all must learn at length,
That the black Chicago platform
Had no element of strength ;
That Republican support at
Last must prove a rope of sand ;
That Democracy must aid him,
If he wish to save the land."

And so on. There was an attempt made during the day to reduce these doctrines to their practical application. Early in the morning placards were stuck over the town, headed, "To the People," and signed "By many Union Men," calling for vengeance on the Abolitionists, on Greeley and Beecher, and others, who had brought on this reverse of McClellan's army by their diabolical machinations ; and summoning a public open-air meeting for the afternoon, in the City Park, to denounce Abolition. The *Tribune* office faces the park, and if a mob could have been collected, the intention of the ringleaders was to storm the office. The placards, however, were all torn down in an hour's time ; no crowd whatever assembled, except a score or so of rowdies and a dozen policemen, and no one was found bold enough to ascend the hustings, which had been erected expressly for the meeting.

There was no general illumination at night ; the fireworks exhibited by the municipality were very poor, and the day closed tamely and quietly.

THE DEFEAT OF THE CHICKAHOMINY.

I HAVE made it my rule, in these pages, to allude as little as possible to the passing incidents of the military campaign. With regard, however, to the great battles of the Chickahominy, I am obliged in some measure to depart from my rule, because these battles mark a most important crisis in the period of my visit to America. From the time when McClellan sailed for the peninsula, down to the period of Banks' defeat in the Shenandoah Valley, the universal expectation of the North was that the capture of Richmond was a mere question of days. Anybody who expressed doubt of this conclusion would have been set down as a Secessionist, and I think that there were very few persons who even entertained any doubt upon the matter. Since the event, the adherents of General McClellan have attributed his failure to the interference of the Government with his plans. For my own part, from what I heard at the time, I believe this defence not to have been valid. As far as McClellan's strategy has ever been understood, his original idea seems to have been to march the army of the Potomac in three

converging lines on Richmond. If you connect Washington, Yorktown, and Richmond on a map by three straight lines, you will find that you have formed a very nearly right-angled triangle—the right angle being at Yorktown, and the side between Richmond and Yorktown being about a third of the length of the side between that place and Washington. McDowell's division, according to this plan, would have been the centre of the attack, McClellan's own division the left, and Banks' division the right. The army of the Potomac, therefore, under the Commander-in-Chief, formed the main attack, and from its proximity to the enemy occupied the post of danger. By the time the Federal army was established on the peninsula of Yorktown on the high road to Richmond, McClellan believed, with or without reason, that the enemy had resolved to contract his line of defence, and instead of resisting the advance of the three armies separately, was determined to concentrate the whole of his forces in defence of Richmond against the advance of the main army. In consequence, McClellan changed his plan of operations, and issued orders for McDowell's division, which was then marching towards Richmond by Manassas, to come and reinforce him on the peninsula. These orders were objected to by the War-office, on the following grounds:—If the enemy was to be crushed by sheer weight and force of numbers, the army at McClellan's disposal was amply sufficient, as he had already more

soldiers, and some fifty more pieces of artillery, than Napoleon had under his command at the battle of Solferino. In the second place, in the event of a defeat on the peninsula, the army would have no available means of retreat, and any extension of its already unwieldy size would only increase the possibility of a disastrous rout. In the third place, Washington would be left defenceless against an advance of the enemy, in case the Confederates should be able to detach a force of any size from the army before Richmond. Of these considerations, which were laid before the President, the last was the one which weighed most with him, and on his own authority he countermanded the execution of McClellan's orders. A compromise, as usual, was arranged between the Secretary of War and the General commanding in chief. General Franklin's division, forming part of McDowell's army, was sent to the peninsula ; McDowell himself was retained in front of Washington, and was reinforced by troops drawn from Bankes' army. Like most compromises in war, this arrangement proved a blunder, and each of its authors considers the other was to blame for its subsequent failure. Bankes' force, left isolated and weakened in the far-away Valley of the Shenandoah, was defeated without difficulty by Stonewall Jackson. This, however, was a minor evil. The chief damage occasioned by this compromise occurred on the peninsula itself. The President is reported to have said to Wendell

Phillips, "General McClellan's main fault is that he thinks to-morrow is always better than to-day." This interference with the plan of the campaign furnished McClellan with an excuse for resuming the policy of "masterly inaction" to which, either by temperament or conviction, he was always inclined. The design of taking Richmond by a sudden dash was abandoned, and the army was allowed to waste its time and strength before the fortifications of Yorktown. What was the real force of the army despatched to the peninsula, is a much-disputed question. Two hundred and thirty thousand men were officially stated, at the time, to be the strength of McClellan's army at Yorktown, but his own friends declare that he had never more than a hundred thousand effective troops under his command. A large percentage of his force was on paper, and on paper only; but whether it was one hundred or two hundred thousand, it proved ineffective for the Anaconda strategy he now resolved to pursue. Instead of pushing forward with the whole force of his army against Richmond, he determined to surround and crush the Confederate army. To do this he had to extend his lines round Richmond to the extent of fifteen to twenty miles, and, in consequence, his line of attack was straggling, feeble, and ineffective. The pursuance of this plan necessitated long delay and inaction, and meanwhile his army dwindled away by desertion, and still more by sickness. The unhealthy climate of the

swampy peninsula during the first summer-heats told fearfully upon the Northern troops. I have heard it estimated by persons, who had some means of knowing, that during the tardy advance from Yorktown, the Federal army lost men at the rate of nine hundred a day. No doubt this estimate was exaggerated, but still the mortality amongst the troops was fearful, and every day many hundreds of the Federal soldiers were placed upon the sick-list. Eye-witnesses at the time told me that the scenes of suffering amongst the troops encamped in the low levels were terrible to witness. The sick, when once struck down with fever, seemed to lose all power of rallying. By the time the sun had arisen for an hour, it was found impossible to induce the men to exert themselves in any way. Their vital energy was paralysed, and, strange to say, the strong Western men were much more affected by the fever than the puny-looking town lads of the Eastern cities. Under these circumstances, it was deemed necessary to change the position of the army. McClellan was unable or unwilling to advance on Richmond, and therefore the only thing to be done was to contract the lines of attack. The right wing, under General Porter, owing to some strange blunder, was encamped in a swamp, and was almost decimated by fever. Yet the advanced posts of this wing occupied the high ground to the left of the Chickahominy, from which Richmond was most open to attack. Unfortunately, General McClellan was

unable to move the bulk of the army towards the high ground, because by so doing he would have broken off his communications with the James River, on which he relied for his supplies, and he considered that he had not troops enough to keep the communication open if the main force of his army had been moved inland. He, therefore, resolved to withdraw his right wing altogether, and move his whole force upon the James River, to the position occupied there by his extreme left. This resolution, wise or unwise, involved the surrender of all the advantages gained hitherto in the campaign before Richmond, and the withdrawal of the invading army from within five miles of the besieged city to nearly five times that distance. In other words, it was the relinquishment of the attack. As a military operation, it was not even successful. Somehow or other the enemy got scent of the plan, and while McClellan was withdrawing his right wing, they succeeded, with great ability, in getting to the rear of his retreating columns, and attacked them with murderous effect. For four days, during which the fighting continued almost without pause, it remained doubtful whether the Federal army would succeed in reaching the shelter of the gun-boats on the James River before it was cut to pieces ; but at last, when the battle seemed well-nigh lost, either the courage or the ammunition of the Confederate army became exhausted, and the Federals made good their retreat.

Without professing that this account is strictly correct in a military point of view, I believe it to be a fair statement of the real history of the disastrous peninsular campaign. It was only very slowly that the truth oozed out; and the retreat of the Potomac army fell like an unexpected blow upon the North. From the time of Bankes' defeat there was, indeed, a general feeling of anxiety about the progress of the war, though it did not assume any definite character. Nobody doubted as yet whether McClellan could take Richmond, but doubts were expressed as to how long he would be in taking it. The defenders of the General's strategy used, at this period, to assert that its merit consisted in being incomprehensible. No doubt, if Richmond had been taken, everybody would have discovered the wonderful ability of the General; but already people were beginning to doubt whether McClellan, like a military Ali Baba, might not have forgotten the "open sesame" himself. Meanwhile, why the Federal army should be encamped in a swamp, why the best equipped and the most numerous army of modern times should always happen to be outnumbered, why the longest of all the many routes to Richmond should have been chosen purposely, were all questions that the public was growing uneasy at not having answered. Moreover, this general uneasiness was increased by a conviction which then, for the first time, began to force itself on the public mind, that there was a want of resolution in the

direction of the war at Washington as well as before Yorktown. The exaggerated confidence which the whole of the North had been disposed to place in Mr. Lincoln gave place to an undefined distrust. Instances of vacillation of purpose on the part of the Government occurred constantly. Who was to blame it was hard to say, but it was felt that somebody was to blame somewhere. There was, amongst many others, the case of General Benham. This officer was placed under arrest some six months before on a charge, widely circulated among his own subordinate officers, that he had deliberately allowed General Floyd to make his escape with his army. Time passed on, the General was never brought to trial; he was allowed to live at New York on parole; and, finally, without being either acquitted or condemned, and without even having the charges against him investigated, he was appointed to a command in the Federal army, which was then attacking Charleston. Naturally enough, being anxious to restore his blemished reputation by some signal exploit, he resolved to make a dashing attack, exceeded, if not disobeyed his orders, and failed lamentably. No other result could have been expected from a General resting under the stigma of an uninvestigated accusation. The Pope and Fremont affair, again, was eminently unsatisfactory to the thinking public. General Fremont had been removed from his command in Missouri by order of the Government, accused of offences for which, if

they could have been proved, he deserved to have been cashiered at once ; and then, without inquiry as to his guilt or innocence, was reappointed to an important command in Western Virginia. One of two conclusions was obvious : either he was infamously ill-treated by his recall from Missouri, or else he was utterly unfit to hold a command in the mountain district of Virginia. During his second command he gave no cause for complaint. On the contrary, he showed his wonted ability as a commander, and, with very scanty means at his disposal, rendered great services to the Federal cause. Yet, on a sudden, because General McClellan and the War Department had made a blunder between them, Fremont was virtually deposed, and Pope, an old personal enemy, placed over him. Whether Fremont would not have done more wisely to remain in a subordinate position than to throw up his commission in disgust is a question on which opinions differ ; but the whole management of the affair was eminently discreditable to the Government. A series of incidents, of which the above are specimens, began to open the mind of the public to the conclusion that the Government, if not deficient in personal ability, had no distinct notions of its own policy, and no head to guide it.

Still, this sort of indefinite anxiety had not prepared the nation for the disasters of the Chickahominy. The reports allowed to proceed from the army were unaccountably meagre, barren indeed of anything except

vague statements, that the fall of Richmond was close at hand, and that everybody reposed implicit confidence in McClellan's strategy. Little therefore was known of the actual state of affairs. There were unpleasant rumours, though nothing more than rumours, of great mortality in the army before Richmond; still, I do not believe that the public was aware of there being any cause for serious apprehension. There was a feeling of impatience about the continued delays, but there was no doubt felt, and certainly none expressed, as to Richmond falling whenever the army did advance. The idea that the Federal forces would be repulsed was barely admitted as a contingency. It was on the last day of June the first tidings were received that the battle had been fought. It was vaguely described at first as the greatest contest ever witnessed in either hemisphere. It came out, however, at the same time, that for four days the nation had been kept in ignorance of the fact that the Federal armies were fighting for life or death. People grew uneasy at the news having been kept back so long; but the general idea was that a decisive, though dear-bought, victory had been won. On the following day, intelligence came to the cities of the North that the fighting was still going on; and the telegrams, though ominously indistinct, admitted that the general result of the movement consisted in the retreat of the Federal army. With the next morning there was no news of a decisive kind,

but the President's call for three hundred thousand more troops was in itself a confession of reverse, and for the first time the words, "Defeat and repulse of the Federal army," began to be mentioned in the papers. And then, on the morrow, there came intelligence that the battle was still raging, and that McClellan had had to retreat before the overwhelming forces of the enemy, and had spiked his guns. I happened to be in New York when these tidings arrived. Throughout the day the depression was terrible. The city, deserted as it is during the sultry summer weather, looked as though some calamity had befallen it. The flags were taken down. There were crowds all day loitering about the newspaper offices. Lots of people hurried feverishly about the streets, and stocks went up and down with fluctuations almost unknown even in that most changeable of markets. The Secessionists were triumphant, and openly expressed their confidence that the whole of McClellan's army would be swept off the peninsula. Amongst Union men, a fear was very prevalent lest this might prove to be true; and I observed no greater evidence of how deep the dejection had been than how,—when the news came at last that the fighting had ceased, and that McClellan had made good his retreat to the James River, and had reached the protection of the gun-boats—the city seemed to breathe again.

To me the most striking symptom connected with the

whole matter was the manner in which the news of this disaster was received throughout the North. No attempt whatever was made to conceal it. The Government made a feeble trial to retard the publication of the news, but in this, as in other respects, they seemed to me to underrate the resolution of the people. The Northern press admitted the facts of the case and the anxieties of the public mind, as fully and as freely as English papers would have done under like circumstances. "Repulse of the Federal Troops" was stuck up on the posters of the newspapers, and shouted about the streets by the news-boys, as boldly and as openly as if intelligence had been received of a great Union victory. The North felt strong enough to know the truth—and there is no better evidence of real strength. The defeat of the army was not apparently so great a mortification to the people as the manner in which the Secretary of War had attempted to hoodwink the nation. Even at the darkest moment, I heard no cry of despair or disheartenedness as to the ultimate result. Other generals might have to be found, more troops supplied, more precious lives sacrificed, and more sufferings endured, but of the final victory there was as yet neither doubt nor question.

It was strange, too, to witness how the result of this defeat was to stimulate the anti-slavery feeling of the public. True or false, the conviction that the Union and Slavery could not any longer exist together seemed

to impress itself more and more deeply on the public mind with every successive delay and disaster. There was a young lad, of whose family I knew something, who was killed fighting in the Federal ranks at the battle of Ball's-Bluff. He had been wounded before, and had returned home on sick leave. On his departure to rejoin his regiment, he told his mother that he knew he should not return. "It needs the lives," he said, "of ten thousand such as me to awaken our people to the knowledge of the truth." The knowledge has been learnt, not, I trust, too late.

MASS MEETINGS AND THE LEVY.

As soon as the depression which followed the Peninsula defeat had passed away, an attempt was made throughout all the Northern States to rekindle popular enthusiasm. The President's call for 300,000 additional troops was greeted enthusiastically, as far as the press was concerned. The *Tribune* was not more ardent than its contemporaries in advocating the duty of volunteering. The following language in which this paper wrote of the call for troops may be taken as a fair specimen of the utterances of the press :—

“ Patriots, Unionists, lovers of freedom, resolve now
“ that the needed force shall be raised promptly and
“ fully. You that are of proper age and full vigour
“ must volunteer, while the infirm and superannuated
“ must contribute freely of their substance to sustain
“ the families of those who peril their lives for the
“ country. Hours are precious ; some great disaster
“ may befall while we are getting ready to divert it.
“ You who can possibly be spared and are able to fight,

“ let not a day be lost in offering your services to your
“ distracted, imperilled country. There have been dis-
“ cussions concerning the proper policy to be pursued
“ by the Government in prosecuting the contest with
“ the rebels, and as to who among the soldiers of the
“ Republic are best qualified to lead her armies. We
“ have participated in these discussions freely, earnestly,
“ faithfully, honestly striving to serve and save our
“ country, and to that end alone. Now, discussion
“ must give place to action, and all must join hands in
“ one resolute effort to right the ship of State, and
“ warp her off the breakers that roar beneath her lee.
“ All hands to the rescue !

“ To Republicans, above all, we appeal for the most
“ devoted efforts in this crisis. They may wish, as we
“ have done, that this or that were different ; they may
“ hope, as we do, that it soon may be so ; but whether
“ the Government take the course we think best or
“ another, let it be seen and felt that, in this hour of
“ trial and of darkness, we were true to our duty and
“ our loved and honoured country. Let us show that
“ she was never so dear to us as when aristocrats
“ and traitors were conspiring to work her ruin,
“ and had even raised the shout of exultation im-
“ plying that their end was achieved and the Union no
“ more.”

So, too, during this month of July, the papers were filled with items of intelligence as to the progress of

the levy, of which I have picked out one or two by hazard, from the columns of a Boston paper:—

“*War Meetings and Recruits.*—The town-hall of Newton was again filled with an enthusiastic audience last evening. J. W. Edwards presided over the assembly. Four recruits were obtained. Rev. Mr. Briggs offered \$25 for the first recruit, another gentleman offered \$25 for the second, and the president of the meeting \$25 for the two next. Messrs. Pelton and Stevenson likewise offered \$25 each for a recruit, when the Hon. Wm. Claffin offered \$25 each for every recruit enlisting within ten days.”

“An enthusiastic meeting of citizens was held in Sandwich on Tuesday evening. Dr. Jonathan Leonard presided, and speeches were made by Hon. George Marston, Judge Day, and Major Phinney, of the *Barnstable Patriot*. It was voted to advise the town to offer a bounty of \$100 to each recruit. Judge Marston made a strong anti-slavery speech.”

“Up to Wednesday afternoon, twenty recruits had enlisted in Fall River.”

“Among the arrivals at the camp of the 34th Regiment at Worcester yesterday, were seventy-three from Westfield. Besides these, there were many other accessions from other localities, and more are expected to-day. There are now about 350 men at this camp.”

“Recruiting is progressing quite rapidly at Cambridge-port. Nearly 100 men have been enlisted.

“ The first detachment of over thirty men, who have
“ passed a rigid examination by the medical inspector,
“ will leave for Camp Cameron to-day ; and some twenty
“ others will follow as soon as they can be examined.”

“ Rev. George Bowler, of Westfield, has enlisted 200
“ men, in co-operation with the towns in that vicinity,
“ since last Friday morning (just one week), and yes-
“ terday placed one full company in the 34th Regiment.
“ Another will be filled in a day or two. After entering
“ the full company yesterday, he was made the recipient
“ of a beautiful five-inch revolver, from Mr. L. W. Pond,
“ of Worcester. Mr. Bowler was formerly the pastor of
“ the High Street Methodist Church of Charlestown.”

“ The second war-meeting at Wilbraham, Hampden
“ County, was held Wednesday evening, at the Metho-
“ dist vestry in the South parish. So great was the
“ attendance, that out-of-doors accommodations were
“ sought in front of the church. Eighteen patriotic
“ young men enlisted in the course of the evening.”

“ Washington held an enthusiastic meeting Tuesday
“ evening, voted \$75 bounty for each volunteer, and
“ nine young men agreed to enlist—two more than the
“ town’s quota. Cheshire, a stronghold of democracy,
“ is said to have already raised her quota of troops.”

Moreover, the walls of every city and hamlet in the
North were placarded with appeals, setting forth the
inducements to enlist. Of these appeals I preserved
one addressed to the men of Boston by Brigadier-

General William Bullock, recruiting officer in chief for the State of Massachusetts. It is impossible to give the full effect of this placard without the varieties and eccentricities of sensation typography with which it was lavishly adorned. The reader must imagine that the following spasmodic sentences were contorted into every shape that compositors could imagine in their wildest dreams :—

“Men of Boston, volunteer, volunteer, volunteer !
 “The pay will commence at once ; you will be sent
 “into camp instantly—food, clothing, and lodging at
 “once given you—

“ ‘ Come from the farm, the ship, the workshop ;
 Leave the ploughshare, grasp the musket.’

“The wild hunt is up—rally for the honour of the
 “flag—rally to save the Union.

“ . . . Then enlist as you will, in cavalry, infantry,
 “artillery, or sharpshooters. *Infantry!* The 23d Regi-
 “ment, Lieut.-Colonel John Kurtz, is at Linfield, raised
 “by General Henry Wilson ; 24th, Colonel Stevenson, at
 “Readville, has many of the old New England Guards
 “in its ranks ; the 26th is at Lowell, and is com-
 “manded by Colonel Jones, who led the old 6th
 “through Baltimore. *Cavalry!* Encamped at Red-
 “ville is a splendid equestrian regiment, including
 “the National Lancers and Boston Light Dragoons.
 “. . . *Germans of Massachusetts*, as you battled for

“ the Fatherland, battle now for your adopted country.

“ Remember Franz Sigel.

“ *Irishmen of Massachusetts!*

“ ‘ Acushla Machree, our hearts beat for thee ;
Erin mavourneen, our hearts beat for thee.’

“ We have known you of old—

“ ‘ Pat is fond of fun,
And was never known to run,
From cannon, sword, or gun,
Says the Shan-Van-Vagh.’

“ You know that in the land of your adoption, the
“ wanderer is welcomed with Cushla machree. Fight
“ for the honour of Ireland. Alanna—

“ ‘ To the battle, men of Erin,
To the front of battle go ;
Every breast, the shamrock wearing,
Burns to meet his country foe.
Erin, when the swords are glancing
In the dark fight, loves to see
Foremost still her plumage dancing
To the trumpet’s jubilee.’

“ Fight for the green island Astore ; for Hibernia,
“ Aroun. You have two regiments to choose from—
“ The 28th, raised in concert by Patrick Donahoe, Esq.
“ editor of the *Boston Pilot*, and Dr. Walter M.
“ Walsh, who gave his time and means so freely to the
“ formation of the two Irish regiments raised hereto-
“ fore in this State. Its colonel is Thomas S. Murphy,

“ the gallant commander of the New York Montgomery
“ Guards. The lieut.-colonel is the heroic Colonel
“ Monteith, of New York.

“ The 29th is to be attached to the New York
“ Irish Brigade, with which Nugent and Thomas
“ Francis Meagher are connected. Its colonel is
“ Matthew Murphy, of the New York famed 69th.
“ Massachusetts provides for the wives and families of
“ those who enlist in either of these regiments.

“ A Roman Catholic priest goes with each regiment,
“ and in the hottest of the fight you shall be

“ ‘ Side by side with him still,
“ *Soggarth Aaron!* ’ ”

The chief method, however, resorted to in order to stir up the enthusiasm of the people was holding mass meetings throughout the Northern cities. I was present, amongst others, at one in New York, held a few days after the Chickahominy battles, which was intended to be the counterpart of the monster gathering that followed the news of the attack on Fort Sumter. The day was sultry beyond description: a heavy thunderstorm was gathering in the air, and burst before the close of the meeting. The thermometer stood at ninety-three degrees in the shade, and from time to time dense clouds of dust were whirled through the streets by the hot gusts of wind. Altogether, the day was a gloomy one, and the meeting was affected by the atmosphere. There was a dense

crowd collected, but whether 20,000, or 50,000, or 100,000, neither I nor any one else could tell: it was so broken up into knots. The fact which impressed me most with the size of the crowd, was the unbroken stream of men which, for hours before the meeting, poured along the Broadway in the direction of the place of gathering in Union Square. The square itself is not well selected for a mass meeting. It is nearly as large, I should fancy, as Lincoln's Inn Fields, and at least two-thirds of its area are occupied by an oblong garden, fenced round with high iron railings, and overshadowed by closely-planted trees. No public speaker, not even Garibaldi, could make his voice heard halfway down the square; so there were some half-dozen hustings raised in different parts of the open space, round each of which crowds were collected, moving from stand to stand as impulse seized them. There was a goodly display of flags and bands of music, and processions of school children. The crowd was composed almost entirely of men. The windows of the houses, which overlooked the square, were filled with gaily-dressed ladies, and across Dr. Cheever's, which faces the garden, there was hung a linen scroll, with the text written on it, "Preach deliverance to the earth and to all the inhabitants thereof."

These were all the outward paraphernalia; of the speeches themselves you could hear but little. The buzz of the thousand voices, the cheers of the audience

around the stands, and the constant cracking of squibs and guns, rendered any speaker inaudible more than a few yards off. And as for pushing through the crowd right up to the platforms in that stifling atmosphere, is a thing not to be thought of, even now, without horror. The densest and the most enthusiastic throng was collected round the stand of the New York Christian Young Men's Association, where General Fremont was in the chair. A spare, slight-built man, of some forty-five years of age, with bushy eyebrows, a short stubbly beard, and a slight stoop in the somewhat narrow shoulders; he looked more like a man of study than the Pathfinder. His manner was very quiet, his words, as far as I could hear them, few, and spoken with a slow half-foreign accent. The one outward symptom of the Condottiere General was to be found, if anywhere, in the keen, bright, restless eyes. Still, there was a sort of magic in his name, if not in his presence. Here, at any rate, was a man who, right or wrong, would have fought the war far otherwise than it had been fought as yet—who knew what he wanted to do, if not how to do it. It must have been some feeling of this kind which collected the largest gathering around the stand on which Fremont was seated, and raised the loudest cheers for his scanty words. Otherwise, there was as little here as elsewhere to rouse enthusiasm. The whole meeting had been arranged on what was described as "a common Union platform," on which all parties could

agree. The consequence was, that any decided expression of conviction was impossible, either for or against Abolition, and the speeches were models of tame commonplace. The men of decided views and strong opinions were amongst the crowd, not amongst the speakers. Ward-Beecher, Greeley, Gay, Tilton, and all the Abolitionists of note, were there, but took no part in the proceedings. Their time was not yet come. The multitude was there, anxious, restless, and weary, but the prophet to lead, or else the faith to follow, was still wanting. There was a van drawn through the square, with placards pasted over it of "Hurrah for McClellan!" The crowd, however, made no response, and, with the exception of the dense multitude collected, and the cheers for Fremont, the grand Union mass meeting proved a failure.

At Boston, at the same period, there were meetings held daily on the Common, in order to stimulate volunteering. I was present at several of them, but at none which I came across was there any outburst of popular enthusiasm. A platform was raised in one corner of the Park, from which citizens of note daily addressed any hearers whom they could collect together. A brass band performed during the intervals between the speeches, and recruiting officers were in attendance to enlist any recruit whose courage was stirred up to the enlistment point. A summary I extracted from the *Boston Transcript* will give a fair impression of what

all these meetings were like :—“ In accordance with
“ the call of the Executive Committee of the City
“ Council, and the Citizens’ Committee of one hundred
“ and fifty, five or six thousand persons assembled on
“ the Common yesterday afternoon, at four o’clock, for
“ the purpose of encouraging enlistments in the army.
“ A marquee had been erected on Flagstaff Hill, as
“ the head-quarters of the Committee ; whilst from
“ the speakers’ platform, near the Charles Street Mall,
“ the Brigade band entertained the company with their
“ best music.

“ Alderman E. T. Wilson, chair of the Executive
“ Committee of the City Council, called the meeting to
“ order, and spoke of the needs of the country and the
“ necessity for every citizen to make sacrifices, either in
“ person or in wealth. He displayed a Secession flag,
“ and asked his hearers if they were willing to neglect
“ the best Government on earth and become the minions
“ of that flag. (Hisses, and cries of ‘Tear it up!’)
“ ‘Then bring your strong arms and wipe it off the face
“ of the country.’

“ Mr. Greene, on taking the chair, congratulated the
“ audience at length on the unanimity which prevailed,
“ and which had obliterated parties from mind, and
“ brought us to look to the honour of our country and
“ our own safety. It was an emergency which would
“ tax all our energies. The enemy were everywhere on
“ the alert, making desperate efforts, and were even

“ recovering Arkansas, which we had thought lost to them.
“ Mr. Greene read General Hindman’s proclamation to
“ the people of that State, and concluded with an appeal
“ for greater patriotism, sacrifice, and unity of action.

“ Mayor Whiteman spoke of his being invested with a
“ new power, that of recruiting-officer for Boston, and he
“ appealed to all present to make his new position a suc-
“ cessful one, and rally in support of the Constitution, the
“ President, and the cause of Liberty. He spoke of the
“ pecuniary inducements, and stated that the total the
“ volunteer would receive under the new order was equal
“ to ten dollars and a half a week during the first year.

“ Honourable George V. Upton made an eloquent
“ address in reference to the objects and purposes of the
“ meeting, and the necessity for putting down the re-
“ bellion. The call for men came from those who were in
“ the field, and from their wives and children left weeping
“ at home—from the honoured dead at Massachusetts,
“ who had fallen in the fight—all of whom called upon
“ us to see that their sacrifices were not in vain. Let
“ us heed their voices and rally promptly, and we should
“ save untold misery in all the future, and avert the
“ threatened triumph of slavery and crime.

“ Captain John C. Wyman, who was recruiting a com-
“ pany for the 33d Regiment, asked earnestly for more
“ soldiers, without which home and country would soon
“ be lost to us. These were days besides which the
“ interests of the early Revolution sank into shade.

“Samuel H. Randell, Esq. President of the Mercantile Library Association, Rev. Father Taylor, and Patrick Donahoe, of the *Boston Pilot*, also addressed the meeting. Father Taylor” (of whom, by the way, a long account is given in Mr. Dickens’s American Notes) said that, though too old to march to the battle-field, he was yet willing to do all in his power to put down this rebellion. Born a Virginian, yet a residence here for the past fifty years had made him a Yankee. This war concluded, he (Father Taylor) was in favour of taking John Bull by the horns, and teaching him his duty. He had one son in the army, and if he had a thousand they should go too.”

The meeting closed with reading an address from the Citizens’ Committee to the people at Boston, which is too long for quotation. A few paragraphs, however, will give the reader a fair impression of its contents:—

“It is time that the armed rebels of the South should be enabled to read their inevitable doom by the light of the fires of patriotism that are kindling in the North. It is time that the suppression of the rebellion should be felt to be the private business of every loyal citizen.

“The purposes of the war are the enforcement of the laws, which have been enacted by the authority of the people, the integrity of the nation within all its limits, and the vindication of the constitution of the country.

“ We know no divided allegiance—we will allow of
 “ no divided country.

“ Traitors in arms are setting in defiance the autho-
 “ rity of your Government. Teach them that this is
 “ setting at defiance *the power of the people*.

“ The Freemen of the North will now put into the
 “ field an army large enough to command a peace.

“ Let the men of Boston do their full share in this
 “ needed work.

“ You have the power—wield it! You possess the
 “ resources—use them!

* * * * *

“ Come with your arms strong and with your hearts
 “ full, with the steady tread of men who know that
 “ the cause which leads them is a holy one.

“ With justice, and truth, and honour, and a pure
 “ patriotism, and God the unfailing fountain of them
 “ all, on your side, you cannot fail unless you fold your
 “ hands in a listless apathy, and look with a vacant gaze
 “ upon this diabolical attempt to overthrow this fabric
 “ of self-government.

“ It cannot be that the flag, whose stars and stripes
 “ have been sufficient to protect us throughout the
 “ civilized world, is to be trodden on and desecrated by
 “ traitors.

“ It is not the question, whether the number of men
 “ needed for the complete defence of the Government,
 “ and the utter annihilation of this wicked and unpro-

“voked rebellion, shall go in the battle-field with arms
“in their hands, and with a complete determination to
“uphold the Government in their hearts.

“For if the stalwart young men of this community
“do not come forward in their strength, their fathers
“will in their weakness.

“Fathers and mothers! Do not withhold your sons
“from the conflict in such a cause, though their blood
“may be dearer to you than your own, and though you
“would willingly offer to them your own hearts as
“shields against danger.

“Their interests and their honour are alike involved.

“Let it never be said that the young men of the
“North preferred ease at home, when the Ark of their
“liberties was in danger, to the glory of a manly resist-
“ance against traitors for its preservation.

“Send them forth, for the cause is worth any
“sacrifice.

“If you have a dozen sons, bring them now to the
“service of their country.

“If they return from a won battle-field, the laurels
“on their brows will keep their old age green, and
“scars will be their ornaments. And if they fall in
“this righteous cause, they will be buried in the hearts
“of their countrymen.”

In the whole of this proclamation, no allusion what-
ever was made to the question of Slavery, and this omis-
sion was common in all the proceedings of this period.

An immediate accession of recruits ought to have been the answer made to these appeals ; but, somehow or other, the levy did not correspond to the expectations of the nation. There were many causes which were hostile to its progress. Taking in the three months' volunteers, probably near a million of men had been, at one time or other, in the service of the Federal armies since the war began. Now, as the population of the Northern States is about twenty-four millions, and the average life of a generation in America is certainly not over thirty years, there would only be about four millions of men above twenty. One in four of the military population of a country constitutes an enormous proportion. All, and more than all, the men who would have gone naturally to the war had gone already, and the vast majority of the July levy had to be drawn from classes to whom volunteering was a heavy personal sacrifice.

There was no general distress, too, to force the poorer classes into the army for subsistence. The price of living had risen since the war, but wages, owing to the scarcity of labour, had risen in a higher ratio. The call for troops was made under the most dispiriting circumstances. It came on the day after a disaster, at a time when there was little prospect of immediate action, and when the war seemed likely to be prolonged indefinitely.

The harvest was close at hand, and the sons of the

Northern farmers and yeomen, who formed so large a part of the Federal army, could hardly enlist till the crops were got in. The Irish, too, were hanging back. Amongst them, the prejudice against the negro is stronger than amongst any other class, and they believed that the effect of emancipation would be to flood the Northern States with free negroes, and thus lower their own wages. The power of the Irish element, both in the Government and in the army of the North, has been immensely exaggerated abroad; but still it is an element of considerable importance, and, such as it is, it was undoubtedly alienated by the Abolitionist character towards which the war was obviously drifting. There was a prevalent idea, too, that conscription would be resorted to, and that, in this event, the price for substitutes would be much higher than any other bounty yet offered. All these causes were more or less local and temporary in their character; but there was one cause which retarded enlistment more widely and more seriously than all of them put together, and that was, the want of public confidence in the generalship of the Federal commanders, and still more in the administration of the war. There was a general and growing conviction, that the temporising policy of the Government had failed. Slavery, the nation was beginning to see, was a fact that must be looked boldly in the face. The time had come for the Government to declare openly what it meant to

do, and what it meant not to do, with reference to the negro. The absence of any outspoken profession of faith on this subject paralysed the enthusiasm of the people. Could Mr. Lincoln have been induced to issue his Emancipation edict at this period, the result, I believe, might have been far different; but, while the President vacillated between conflicting counsels, the golden opportunity was allowed to pass.

Before I leave the subject of the Levy, let me mention one or two incidents out of many connected with it which came under my own notice. In the City Hall Park there were two sheds, hastily run up. One was the enlistment office, the other the temporary hospital for wounded soldiers just landed from the peninsula. Alongside of the recruiting sergeant one saw the convalescent soldiers—wounded, haggard, and maimed—tottering about beneath the trees. The arrangement, perhaps, was not a politic one. Flags and drinking-booths and bands of music might attract recruits more readily; yet, to my mind, there was an air of resolution and stern purpose, given by the contrast of the wounded veteran and the raw recruit, which was not without promise. So, again, I spoke in a former chapter, of a house I knew of, where there hung the pictures of three bright, gallant-looking lads, who had gone to the war, one of them never to return. I was there a few days after the battle of the Chickahominy; and the second of these portraits was now a remembrance of one who

had died in battle. And yet the only change I could see in the conversation of those to whom the likenesses belonged was an increased ardour for the war, a more intense sympathy for the cause in which the dead had fallen. One more anecdote, and I have finished. In travelling up one night at this period from Baltimore, the cars were crowded with sick and wounded soldiers on their way home from the peninsula. On the bench behind me there was a woman in deep black, carrying a sick child in her arms, and beside her there was a discharged soldier, whose health had broken down in the swamps. The woman was a widow, just returned from the death-bed of her brother, who, like her husband, had been killed in the campaign. The man looked dreadfully worn and ill; he complained, and, I fear, truly, that he should never be fit for a day's work again; he had a grievance, too, of his own against the Government, who he considered had behaved shabbily about the amount of bounty paid him on his discharge. Being seated near them, I could hear the soldier and the soldier's widow telling each other of their hardships and their sorrows; and at last the man consoled the woman by saying to her, "Well, after all, it's for our country, and we're bound to do it." The woman answered him, "Yes, that's so;" and though the words might be commonplace, it seemed to me that there was about them something of true heroism.

THE CASE OF THE NORTH.

“WHAT on earth is the North fighting for?” is a question which I have often heard asked in England. If you were to put it to an American, he would doubt your asking it seriously; the answer seems to him so very simple and obvious. The Americans are not, a reflective people; they look at facts much more than at theories, and, like ourselves, act rather from general convictions than on any logical system of reasoning. Their answer, therefore, to such a question is often indistinct and illogical enough. But having talked with scores of Northern men of all States and all classes on the subject, I should say that the general chain of argument, which forms the basis of the different answers you receive, is easy to explain and understand. In considering it, it should be borne in mind that the merits or demerits of the Northern cause are entirely independent of the issue of the war. Before the war commenced, the North had no doubt, whether right or wrong, that it possessed the power to suppress the insurrection by armed force. The present question, therefore, is not whether the North was wise in going to war,

but whether her motives were sufficient to justify her in so doing? I am not going to enter upon the questions, whether war is ever justifiable except in self-defence, or whether any nation is ever at liberty morally to coerce another against its will. The arguments against aggression and coercion are very strong ones, but they are not ones which an Englishman can use; and I wish to speak of this question from an English point of view.

The answer, then, would be much after this fashion—
“ We will put the slavery question aside. On that
“ point we are divided among ourselves. We do not
“ claim to be carrying on a war of emancipation; we
“ are not fighting for the blacks, but for the whites.
“ Universal emancipation may come, probably will
“ come, as one result of our war; but *the* object of the
“ war is to preserve the Union. We allowed perfect
“ freedom to the Southern States—freedom as full and
“ as untrammelled as we enjoyed ourselves. Not only
“ did we not interfere with their peculiar institution,
“ but we granted them every facility they claimed for its
“ maintenance. We permitted the South to have more
“ than its full share of power and to fill up the Govern-
“ ment with Southern men. There was one thing only
“ we objected to, and that was to having slavery forced
“ upon the Free Territories of the North. We objected
“ to this legally and constitutionally; and by legal and
“ constitutional measures we expressed the will of the
“ nation. Our whole Government, like all free govern-

“ ments, rests upon the principle that the will of the
“ majority must decide. The South revolted at once,
“ because it was defeated by the vote of the majority.
“ If we had acquiesced in that revolt, the vital principle
“ of our Government was overthrown. Any minority
“ whatever, either in the Union or in the separate States,
“ which happened to be dissatisfied with the decision of
“ the majority, might have followed the example of the
“ South, and our Government would have fallen to pieces,
“ like an arch without a keystone. The one principle of
“ power in a Democracy is the submission of the mi-
“ nority to the will of the people ; and, in fighting
“ against the South, we are fighting for the vital prin-
“ ciple of our Government. You call a man a coward
“ who will let himself be robbed of all that makes life
“ valuable without making an effort to resist ; and what
“ would you have called a nation that submitted placidly
“ to its own dismemberment ?

“ We are fighting too,” so the Northerners would
urge, “ not only for abstract constitutional principles,
“ but for clear matter-of-fact interests. Our Govern-
“ ment was at any rate a very good one in our own eyes.
“ As a people we had prospered under it. We had
“ enjoyed more of freedom, order, and happiness
“ beneath the Union than, we believe, any people had
“ ever enjoyed before. From the Atlantic to the
“ Pacific, from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, we were
“ one people, dwelling under one Government, speaking

“ one language, without custom-houses, or passports, or
“ frontier lines to separate us ; without the fear of in-
“ vasion and war ; without the need for standing armies,
“ and camps, and fortified cities—free to carry on un-
“ molested our great mission of reclaiming the vast
“ wilderness. We are asked to abandon all this, and
“ you wonder that we refuse to do so without striking
“ a blow in defence of our rights.

“ It is not only our present, but our future, that is at
“ stake. Supposing we had acceded to the proposals
“ of tame submission, what would have been the inevi-
“ table result ? We should have had upon our frontier
“ a hostile power, to whom our free institutions were a
“ standing menace, and to whom extension of territory
“ was a necessity of political existence. War must
“ have come sooner or later, and in the interests of our
“ future peace it was better to fight at once. Even if
“ a peaceable and durable separation had been possible,
“ and if terms of compromise could have been devised,
“ where was the process of disunion to end ? If once
“ the South goes, the Union is dissolved ; the Western
“ States would inevitably part company before long
“ with the seaboard States ; California would assert its
“ independence, the Border States would fall away
“ from the Central States ; and the Union, the great
“ work of our forefathers, would give place to a system
“ of rival republics, with mutual enmities, antago-
“ nistic policies, foreign alliances, and intestine wars.

“ We have seen the whole of Europe applauding Italy
“ for endeavouring to become one people, under one
“ Government, and are we to be blamed because we
“ decline being reduced into the same political condition
“ as Italy was in before the revolution ?”

Such in substance would be the answer of any average Northerner. In speaking to a foreigner, he would not dwell much on the national dream of the golden future, to whose realization Secession is absolutely fatal ; but I believe that in the heart of most Americans this feeling is uppermost. That dream of the possible future was not so unreasonable or so chimerical a one, as we are apt to fancy. It was the one great beauty of the Federal Constitution that it was adapted to an almost indefinite expansion of territory. Such complete and absolute liberty was granted to the individual States by the Federal compact ; the Central Government conferred so many advantages, and demanded so few sacrifices, that it was really possible for State after State to have joined the Union, as civilization pushed further westwards, without the necessity of change or revolution. It was within the bounds of possibility, almost of probability, that the dream might have been realized, and that the whole of that vast continent might have been occupied by a hundred states, each ruling itself as it thought best, and all living under one common free Government. The idea that Washington should one day be the seat of Govern-

ment of the whole of North America was not a more absurd one than that the little island of England should rule over India and Australia and Canada. Be the idea reasonable or not, it was at least a very grand one, and one consonant, too, to that admiration for sheer magnitude which is peculiar to the American mind. It was an idea palpable to all understandings, and shared by all classes.

It would be very difficult for the writer, or probably for the reader, or for ninety-nine Englishmen out of every hundred, to show in what single respect, financial, commercial, or political, they were one atom better off from the fact that the British flag waves over a thousand colonies; and yet every Englishman must feel that our colonial empire adds somehow or other to his personal dignity and happiness. So, in like manner, if an American feels that his pride and sense of dignity are involved in that possible empire of the future, it is not for an Englishman to ridicule the idea. It happened that early in this war I had the pleasure of being introduced to General Scott. With that frank cordiality of manner which gives a charm to the conversation of well-bred Americans at home, he began talking to me about England, expressing his keen desire to see our country again after an absence of forty years; and he wound up by saying, "England, sir, is a noble country—a country worth fighting for." What the old hero said of England, I think, any candid Englishman, who knew the country,

would say of America. The North has a cause worth fighting for ; and, successful or unsuccessful, it will be better for the North, better also for the world at large, that a great cause has been fought for gallantly.

I admit freely, on the other hand, that the South also has fought gallantly. I can understand the sympathy that bystanders inevitably feel for the weaker party fighting against great odds, and holding out manfully against defeat and discouragement. Any one who knows the facts must be aware that the odds in favour of the North were not nearly so strong as they looked at first sight. I suppose, too, the most ardent of revolutionists must admit that every revolution should be justified by some act of oppression ; and the most eager of Secessionists would be puzzled to find any one act of oppression which the South had endured at the hands of the North before secession, with that one single exception, which Southern partisans always keep in the background, namely that the North objected to the extension of slavery. "I do not like you, Dr. Fell," may be a very good argument for a school-boy ; but when a nation can give no better "reason why" for revolution, I confess that my sympathies are with the established Government. It is curious, indeed, to hear Englishmen, who stand aghast at the notion of the Repeal of the Union, and who look on the Indian Mutiny as an act of unparalleled ingratitude, advocating the sacred right of revolution with regard to the South. Still, to my mind, the

right of every nation, wisely or unwisely, to choose its own Government is so important a principle, that I should admit its application to the case of the South, if it were not for the question of slavery.

“ Qui veut la fin veut les moyens,” according to the French proverb ; and a large party in England are so anxious for the disruption of the Union, that they are disposed to look very tenderly on the peculiar institution whose maintenance is essential to the success of their hopes. Still, happily, we have as yet had no party cynical enough to advocate openly the merits of slavery. Everybody still professes to disapprove of slavery. “ Of course,” so the cant of the day runs, “ slavery is a very dreadful thing, and everybody—the South above all—would be glad to see it abolished ; but slavery has nothing to do with the present war. The North dislikes the negro even more than the South does ; and whichever side conquers, the negro has nothing to expect from the war. He is out of court, and any attempt to get up sympathy on his behalf is irrelevant to the present question.”

Now, in answer to this sort of talk, I grant that the North has not gone to war for the idea of Emancipation, and is not fighting for it now. Nations very seldom do fight for an idea. There has been one war for an idea in the last half-century, and we have never left off deriding it, and sneering at it, till the present hour. Very few great causes in this world are fought for on abstract

principles ; and if one out of many motives for which the North is fighting is a dislike to slavery, it is as much as you can reasonably expect. In any great question, you must look much more to the principles at stake than to the motives of the actors. The racehorse who runs for the stake does not know or care a straw about your betting-book, but you feel as much interest in his success as if he was running for your sake alone. I would impress on my readers that the issue of slavery is really involved in the present struggle. Soon after the return of the Comte de Paris, he said to an informant of mine : “ The thing that surprises me most in England “ is to be told, that slavery has nothing to do with the “ American war. Why, from the day I set foot in “ America to the day I left it, I never heard of anything “ except the question of slavery.” Every English traveller must confirm this opinion. During my whole stay in the United States, I never took up a newspaper—and Heaven only knows how many I did take up daily—without seeing the slave question discussed in some form or other. If the war had done no other good, it would have effected this much, that the case of the slave has been forced upon the conscience of the North, and that the criminal apathy, which acquiesced tamely in the existence of an admitted evil, has received its death-blow. More than this, however, the one *casus belli* has been, throughout, the question of the extension of slavery. Stories about tariff grievances,

about aristocratic incompatibility to put up with democratic institutions, about difference of race, and political government, are mere inventions to suit an European public, which their authors must have laughed inwardly to see swallowed so willingly. It would be as well, by the way, if the persons who talk so much of the aristocratic character of Southern institutions would take the trouble to study the constitutions of the Slaveholding States. They would find that, with the single exception of South Carolina, the institutions of the South are founded on the most advanced democratic principles. It was my fortune to see a good deal of Southern men and newspapers in the States, and the one cause of complaint against the North was always and alone the slave question. If slavery were not the cause of secession, it is impossible to explain the limits of the secession movement. Massachusetts is not more different from Georgia in geographical position, commercial interests, and social character, than Tennessee is from Louisiana, or Virginia from Alabama. Every Free State, without one exception, is loyal to the Union. Every Slave State, with the single exception of Delaware where slavery is nominal, has been disloyal openly or covertly. The inference is obvious, and to my mind, undeniable. Now, the Southern leaders have shown too much acuteness to make it probable that they risked everything to avoid an imaginary danger. They seceded from the Union, solely and avowedly,

because slavery was in danger from the North ; and it is more probable that they knew the real state of affairs than their enthusiastic partisans on this side the water, who assert that slavery had nothing to do with secession. I believe myself, from their own point of view, they were right in seceding. They understood the position better than the North did. They knew perfectly that the Republican party had no intention of interfering with slavery as it existed ; they knew that the peculiar institution was as safe under Lincoln as it had been under Buchanan ; but they knew also, that to the *permanent* existence of slavery in the Union, two things were essential—the supremacy of the slave power in the Central Government, and the faculty of indefinite expansion. Another election might restore them to the seats of office in Washington ; but, if once the extension of slavery were prohibited, as it was by the adoption of the Chicago programme, slavery was doomed. The system of cotton production under slave-labour exhausts the soil so rapidly, that slavery would be starved out without a constant supply of fresh ground to occupy. I hear constantly that the South only wants to establish its independence. If the European Powers could offer to-morrow to guarantee the independence of the Gulf States, the offer would be rejected without hesitation, unless the Confederacy could be secured also the possession of the vast regions that lie west of the Mississippi, whereon to ground new Slave States and Terri-

ories. The North is fighting against, the South is fighting for, the power of extending slavery across the American continent ; and, if this was all that could be said, it is clear on which side must be the sympathies of any one, who really and honestly believes that slavery is an evil and a sin.

But this is not all that can be said. The present war is working directly for the overthrow of Slavery where it exists already. If you look at facts, not at words, you will see that, since the outbreak of the war, the progress of the Anti-slavery movement has been marvellously rapid. Slavery is abolished once for all in the district of Columbia, and no senator can come henceforth to Washington, bringing his slaves with him. With a free territory lying in their midst, Slavery becomes ultimately impossible in Maryland, as well as in Virginia. For the first time in American history, distinct national proposals have been made to emancipate the slaves. The proposals are impracticable and unsatisfactory enough, but still they form a solemn avowal of the fact, that Slavery is to be abolished. The Slave-trade has been finally suppressed, as far as the United States are concerned, and, after half a century of delay, Hayti has been recognised. These measures are no unimportant ones in the world's history ; but what renders them more important is, that they are due, not to popular enthusiasm, but to the inexorable logic of facts. Stern experience is teaching the North that

Slavery is fatal to their own freedom, and it is beneath the growth of this conviction that these blows have been dealt against the system.

At last, this growing conviction has terminated in its inevitable result, the Emancipation edict of President Lincoln. It is useless to speculate on what the effect of this measure may be upon the fortunes of the war. Before these pages appear in print, one single battle may reverse the whole position of affairs. It is possible that this great act, which was the inevitable result of secession, may have been performed too late. But this does not effect the question of abstract justice. I, myself, plead guilty to a faith in the *higher law*, and hold, that the Federal Government would have done more wisely and more justly if it had abolished slavery throughout the whole of the Union on grounds, not of temporary expediency, but of eternal justice. Still, I cannot condemn Mr. Lincoln, or his advisers, for their almost servile adherence to the letter of the law, as they construed it. In virtue of *the war power* the Government has, or believes it has, authority to emancipate the slaves in the insurgent States, as it has power to perform any other act, necessary for the preservation of the Union. But, by the constitution, it has no more power to interfere with slavery in any loyal state, than England has to interfere with serfdom in Russia. By the proclamation, the Federal Government has done everything that it could do legally with reference to

slavery. That it has not done more is a complaint that cannot be brought justly.

It is no answer to statements such as these to vapour about the inhumanity of the North towards the free negro. Anybody, who knows England and Englishmen, must be aware that if we had an immense foreign population among ourselves, belonging to an ignorant, half-savage, and inferior race, too numerous to be objects of sentimental curiosity, too marked in form and feature to be absorbed gradually, our feeling towards them would be very much that of the Northerner towards the negro. The sentiment which dictates the advertisement, so common in our newspapers, of "No Irish need apply," is in principle very much the same as that which in the North objects to the contact of the negro. Moreover, in all the Northern States, after all is said and done, the negro is treated like a man, not like a beast of burden. In half the New England States, the black man has exactly the same legal rights and privileges as the white, and throughout the whole of the older Free States the growth of public opinion is in favour of a more kindly treatment of the negro. Somehow or other, the men of colour in the Free States prefer their treatment, however inconsiderate, to the considerate care of slave-owners. There is nothing easier than for an emancipated or runaway slave, who has experienced the vanity of freedom, to recover the joys of slavery. He has only got to appear as a vagrant in a Slave State, and the

State will take the trouble of providing him with a master free of expense ; yet, strange to say, slaves are not found to avail themselves of the privilege. But, admitting the very worst that could be said of the condition of free negroes in the North, a humane man must, I fear, conclude that, on the whole, it is better for the world the American negroes should die out like the Indians, than that they should go on increasing and multiplying under Slavery, and thus perpetuating an accursed system to generations yet unborn.

Southern friends, whom I knew in the North, used to try hard to persuade me, that the best chance for Abolition lay in the establishment of a Southern Confederacy. I do not doubt they were sincere in their convictions, but, like most Secession advocates, they proved too much. When you are told that the slaves are the happiest people in the world, and that Slavery is the best institution ever devised for the benefit of the poor, you are surprised to learn, in one and the same breath, that the main object and chief desire of the Secessionists is to abolish Slavery. Whatever may be asserted abroad, I have never seen any address or proclamation of the Southern leaders, in which the possibility of emancipation was even hinted at—in which, on the contrary, the indefinite extension of Slavery was not rather held forward as the reward of success. That a social system, based on Slavery, must fall to pieces ultimately, I have little doubt myself ; but, “ ultimately”

is a long word. The immediate result of the establishment of the Southern Confederacy is obvious enough. A new lease of existence will be given to Slavery; vast additional territories will be added to the dominions of Slavery, and the cancer of Slavery will spread its roots over the width and length of the New World. Those who wish the South to succeed, wish Slavery to be extended and strengthened. There is no avoiding this conclusion; and, therefore, as I hold that the right of every man to be free is a principle even more important than the right of every nation to choose its own government, I am deaf to the appeal that the South deserves our sympathy because it is fighting to establish its independence. If the North had but dared to take for its battle-cry the grand preamble of the Declaration of Independence:—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that amongst these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" then it might have appealed to the world for sympathy in a manner it cannot now. That this cannot be, I regret bitterly. The North still ignores the principles contained in its great charter of freedom, but it does not repudiate them like the South. And, in the words of a homely proverb, "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

Facts, however, not words or sentiments, will decide the contest between North and South. The *causa*

victa may be better than the *causa victrix*, but after all the real question is which side will conquer, not which side ought to conquer. It would be absurd to enter in these pages on prognostications, as to the military issue of the war, but there are certain broad features in the struggle which are too much lost sight of over here. Ever since the attack on Fort Sumter, the Northern frontier has advanced, and the Southern receded. The progress of the Federal armies has been slow enough, but all they have gained they have kept. No single town of any importance has been permanently recaptured by the Confederates; no single victory has ever been followed up, and no Southern army has ever succeeded in occupying any portion of free-state soil. Still Southern partisans would reply, with some show of reason, that these considerations, important as they are, do not affect the vital question of the possibility of the North ever subjugating the South. This is true; and, if the South was really fighting only to secure its independence, and to establish a Confederacy of the Gulf States, the answer would be conclusive. But, in reality, as I pointed out before, the struggle between North and South is, which party shall obtain possession of the Border States and the territories west of the lower Mississippi; which party, in fact, shall be the ruling power on the North American Continent? So far the successes of the North are fatal to the hopes of Southern Empire. The South would not value, the

North would not fear, a confederacy confined within the Gulf States; and yet the result of the campaign has been to render it most improbable that the Confederacy, even if successful, will extend beyond its present narrow limits. So far the North has gained and the South lost.

The war will be decided, not by any single defeat or victory, but by the relative power of the two combatants. Now, as far as wealth, numbers, and resources are concerned, it is not worth the trouble of proving that the North is superior to the South. As far as mere personal courage is concerned, one may fairly assume that both sides are equal. Any one who has, like myself, been through the hospitals of the North, where Federal and Confederate wounded are nursed together, can entertain no doubt that the battles of the war have been fought on both sides only too gallantly. The one doubt is, whether the South may not be superior to the North in resolution, in readiness to make sacrifices, and in unity of action. If it is so, the chances are in favour of the South; but there is no proof as yet that it is the case. Much, and as I think undue, stress has been laid on the slow progress of enlistment in the North. It is very easy to talk glibly about what England would do in case she was at war, but if England did as much relatively as the United States have done, it would be a grand and a terrible effort. There is no evidence that the South has done

as much, but the contrary. More than a year ago the volunteering energies of the South were exhausted, and though the enemy was actually invading the sacred soil, it was necessary to resort to conscription, in order to raise soldiers for the war. By this time the Confederacy must have as many men under arms as she can raise in any event. Her armies have suffered fearfully in battle, and still more fearfully from disease. Moreover, all the defects, inherent to irregular troops, which tell so much on the North, tell doubly and trebly upon the South. Southern papers, which I saw while in America, were full of complaints of the misconduct of their troops, the want of patriotism of their citizens, and the incompetence of their generals. Of course these stories were exaggerations, or only partial truths, otherwise the South could not have held out so long, but they serve to show that there is disorder, and jobbery, and mal-administration, and discontent, South as well as North. At any rate, before we offer up a *Te Deum* for the success of the Confederacy, it would be well to wait a little while longer.

“But granting all this,” I hear my intelligent objector—my moral ninepin, whom, disputant-like, I put up for the sole purpose of bowling down—conclude by saying, “if the North should win, how is it possible permanently to hold and govern the South?” Now this is a question that I bored all my American acquaintances, ministers and senators amongst the number,

with asking, and I own that very few of them seemed to be able to answer it satisfactorily. The nation is too much wrapt up in the immediate issue of the war to trouble itself much with speculations on the future. Moreover, the plain fact is, that the vast majority of Americans cannot realize the idea that the Southerners really do not like the Union. To themselves the Union appears so natural, so liberal, and so good a government, that it is impossible anybody who has lived beneath its rule should leave it willingly. Secession in Northern eyes is still an unaccountable and inexplicable act of madness. If the Southern States were, some fine morning, to lay down their arms, say they had been mistaken, and reunite themselves of their own accord to the Union, I believe that half, or more than half, the Americans of the Federal States would declare, with truth, that they had expected it all along. The belief in the existence of a strong Union-party in the South has survived every refutation. The influence of this belief has diverted the popular mind from contemplating seriously the difficulties of reconstitution. Once conquer the South, suppress the armed insurrection, and all, according to the popular Northern faith, will be well. The leaders and promoters of Secession will be exiled, ruined, or reduced to insignificance ; the great mass of the army will acknowledge that resistance is hopeless, and will make the best of their position : and then, somehow or other, it

is incredible that the people of the South should not return to the belief that they are better off under the Union than under any other possible government. There is a good deal to be said for this view. All American politicians I have spoken to have assured me that in the South, even more than in the North, public opinion changes with a degree of rapidity we cannot realize in Europe. There is no doubt, also, that, as a rule, nations do not resist without a chance of success. Between North and South there is no barrier of race, or religion, or language; and, if once the supremacy of either side was indisputably established, I think the weaker of the two would acquiesce in the rule of the stronger, without great reluctance or coercion.

The reason why the great majority of the Northern people are unwilling to interfere unflinchingly with the system of Slavery is, because any interference destroys the possibility of reconstituting "the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was." But there is a powerful party in the North, who are opposed to this Micawber-like policy. According to their views, Slavery is an inevitable source of hostility between North and South. To them, any peaceable restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*, unaccompanied by a settlement of the Slavery question, would appear a national calamity. Slavery, they argue, has caused the war. There can be no peace till the cause of war is removed. The South must be reorganized and reconstituted. The slave-

owners—some three hundred thousand in all—must be virtually removed, whether by ruin, exile, or confiscation, matters little. Their place must be supplied by capitalists from the free North. Slavery once abolished, labour will cease to be dishonourable in the South. Emigration will pour in. A social revolution must be accomplished, and a new system of society constituted in the South, in which Slavery has no part or share. To my mind, this view is really more rational than the popular one.

Very rapidly this view is gaining strength in the North. The people of the North, as a body, have no love for Slavery, care very little about the slave, but have an intense attachment to the Union. The Abolitionists were unpopular at the commencement of the war, because it was believed their policy retarded the restoration of the Union by embittering the South. As it has grown apparent that there is no chance of conciliating the South, the policy of Abolition has become popular, as the one best adapted for preserving the Union.

If the war continues, it must continue as a war for emancipation. This is a fact it is useless ignoring. As long as emancipation does come, it can matter little to any true enemy of Slavery by whom, or through whom, it does come; and, of all countries in the world, England is not the one to retard such a consummation. Whenever the partisans of the South are unable to deny

the probability of emancipation being brought about by the war, they begin at once to lament the horrors of this wicked contest, to moan about the brutality of the North, and to hold up the bugbear of a servile war.

Now, that all war is an awful thing, and that a war amongst kinsmen, speaking the same language, is the most awful of wars, I admit most fully. But supposing war is justifiable when your cause is good, and supposing the cause of the North, as I have endeavoured to show, is good, it is mere cant to maunder about the inevitable miseries and horrors of this particular war, as if every war had hitherto been exempt from them. As to the brutality of the North, that is a question of fact, not of sentiment; and if anybody can show me another instance in the world's history of a civil war having raged in a country for a year, without one traitor being executed, it will be matter of surprise to me. That individual acts of barbarity have been committed I cannot doubt, because such occur in every war; but there has been no national demand for vengeance, such as was raised in England at the Indian Mutiny. Ex-President Buchanan lives at Wheatlands, unmolested and unnoticed. Avowed Secessionists reside in New York and Boston with as much security as though they were in Paris or London, and the policy of confiscation has been forced upon the Government by Congress without the support, if not against the wishes, of the

people. Surely these facts are worth setting against General Butler's "bunkum" proclamation. As to the servile war, the horrors of which are constantly held *in terrorem* over the friends of emancipation, I see no cause to anticipate it. If the slaves are so contented with their position, so attached to their masters as we are told they are, there can be no danger of their butchering their masters' families at the first opportunity which offers. There is, indeed, little prospect of their rising. I should think more highly of the negro race than I do, if I believed there was any probability that, unarmed and unassisted by white men, they would rise against their owners. The slaves on the plantations will not rise till they are supplied with arms, and the Federal Government has steadily refused to supply them with arms. Even if they should be armed, they will fight, if at all, in company with white men. Now, the feeling of race is so strong amongst the whites, so much stronger than any other feeling whatever, that, however grievous the provocation given to the black man might be, no American would look on and see a negro butchering a fellow-white man without interfering on the side of the white. Even in Canada, the volunteers refused, the other day, to be drilled in company with a coloured regiment; and from a kindred feeling, only bitterly intensified, no slave would be permitted to wreak his vengeance on the white man as long as he was fighting under the orders of American soldiers. If ever there should be a

servile war, it must be carried on by black men alone against the whites, not by blacks aided by whites.

If, then, the North succeeds in subjugating the South, the one clear result is, that Slavery must be abolished. What else will follow it is idle to speculate on now, but this conclusion is sufficient to make me desire that the North should succeed.

It is, so I am told, unpatriotic to desire the success of the North, because the continuance of the war causes such bitter misery in Lancashire, and because the restoration of the Union would lead inevitably to a war between the United States and England. With regard to the first of these objections, I feel its force strongly. Every Englishman must care more about his own countrymen than he does about either Yankees or negroes. I could not, indeed, wish the distress in Lancashire to be removed at the price of a great national sin; and such, in my judgment, would be the interference of England to establish a Slave Power in order to procure cotton. But if the war *could* be terminated without any action on our part, I own I should regret, what I consider a misfortune to humanity, less acutely if I thought it would bring permanent relief to our manufacturing poor. But I do not think so. If the Confederacy were established now, there would be no chance of cotton being procured elsewhere; the supremacy of Southern slave-grown cotton would be re-inaugurated all the more firmly for the sufferings we have undergone;

and England would be virtually dependent on the South, entangled in her alliances, involved in her wars, and liable for her embarrassments. Moreover, it is a delusion to suppose that the South would prove a good customer to English manufacturers. The South can never be a maritime power. For years to come she must be afraid of Northern invasion. For the sake therefore, of her own safety, she cannot rely upon England to supply her with manufactures, and must encourage manufactures of her own. The only way to do this in a poor half-civilized country like the South, is by a high prohibitive tariff; and such a tariff will certainly be adopted by the South whenever her independence is established. By the establishment, therefore, of the Southern Confederacy, our manufacturing districts would purchase exemption from present distress at the price of much heavier and more permanent loss in future.

As to the danger of war between England and America, it is idle to deny its existence. There is a state of feeling on both sides the Atlantic which is only too likely to lead to war. Both nations believe that they are entirely in the right, that they have given no cause of offence. Which is most right or the most wrong there is no good in discussing now. It is enough that a feeling of hostility exists. But the danger of war is far greater in the event of the failure of the North than in the event of its success.

If the North should subjugate the South, a generation must pass away before the South is really re-united to the North ; and, until the South is re-united, the Union *cannot* make war upon any foreign power. The necessity of keeping down insurrection in the South would render impossible aggression in the North. But take the other alternative. The North will be for a time a homogeneous, powerful, and prosperous nation of twenty millions of white freemen. As a nation, it will be burning under a sense of disgrace and defeat. The necessity of cementing together what remains of the Union will render a foreign war politically desirable. No war will be so gratifying to the national pride as a war with England. The neutrality of the Southern Confederacy will be purchased easily by acquiescence in its designs on Cuba and Mexico ; and a war with England for the Canadas will be the inevitable result of a divided Union. Those who wish for peace, then, must desire the success of the North.

This, then, is the upshot of the conclusions I formed during my journeyings through the Federal States, that in the interest of humanity, in the interest of America, and in the interest of England, the success of the North is the thing we ought to hope and wish for.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

OF my voyage home I have to say but little. The moment I had stepped upon the deck of the good ship *Europa*, which was to bear me back, my connexion with the New World was severed. In truth, the first walk up and down the quarter-deck of a homeward-bound Cunard steamer, lying alongside an American quay, affords a curious and, to an Englishman, not an unpleasing sensation. A couple of steps across the narrow gangway and you have passed from the New World into the Old. America is still in full view, almost within arm's reach. The great steam ferries are ploughing through the waters round you; the street-railroads are bringing down their heavy loads close to the wharves; the old-fashioned hackney-coaches are lumbering along, loaded with trunks of Transatlantic volume; the air is filled with the shouts of Yankee news-boys; the quays are crowded with sallow American faces, and, perhaps, if you are lucky, amongst the crowd you may see the countenances of kind friends,

who have made the New World feel like home to you. The day is hot, as only American days are hot, with a dull dead heat; and the sky is blue, as English skies never are blue. And yet, in spite of all this, you are in England; you are lying, it is true, in American waters, you are subject still to the laws of the United States, and three thousand long, dreary, watery miles stretch between you and home; but you are as much in England as if your vessel was a floating island, just detached from the Land's End or the North Foreland. The stewards treat you with that admixture of obsequious politeness and chilling indifference peculiar to English waiters. The officers of the ship, down to the boatswain, regard the natives with a supreme and undisguised conviction of superiority, not given to any one not born within the four seas to attain to. And the captain—well, any country might be proud of him—but by no human possibility could he have been produced anywhere except in England! So by the time you have got out to sea, you begin, almost before the low coast of the eastern sea-board is out of sight, to doubt whether you have ever been away from home, and whether the receding vision of the New World is not a dream. Especially when the vessel begins to roll, an impression grows upon you, that America itself is a sort of “*Fata morgana*,” and that it is an open question whether Columbus really did discover anything beyond that waste of waters.

That impression has often come over me again in writing these pages. I experience a good deal of that kind of feeling which most of us, I dare say, have felt when we jump off a bathing-machine, and happen to turn the wrong way, so that when the salt water has got out of our eyes, we cannot see the machine we imagined to be close to us. It has struck me frequently since my return, that what I recollect, or fancy I recollect, seeing, must be a delusion of the mind. I saw a country rich, prosperous, and powerful, and am told that I have returned from a ruined, bankrupt, and wretched land. I saw a people eager for war, full of resolution, and confident of success, and learn that this selfsame people has no heart in the struggle, and longs for foreign interference to secure a humiliating peace at any price. I saw great principles at stake, great questions at issue, and learn that in this contest there is no principle involved. These are matters of opinion, in which I may be mistaken; but so much I do know for a fact, that I saw vast armies, composed of as fine troops as the Old World could show—not Irish, nor Germans, but native-born Americans;—that I came across the track of great battles, and learnt, by only too palpable an evidence, how bloody and how hard-fought had been the contest; that I knew myself of hundreds and thousands of men of wealth, and station, and education, who had left home, and family, and business, to risk their lives for the cause which, right or wrong, they believed to be

that of their country. And yet I am still informed that I must be mistaken, because it is notorious that the Americans do not fight at all, that their soldiers are hired mercenaries, and that such qualities as courage and love of country do not exist north of Mason and Dixie's line. I am constrained, therefore, to think, that, as my objectors are wrong in matters of fact, they may be wrong also in matters of opinion. If the impression left upon my mind as to the outlook of the war should differ from the one popularly received in England, I trust I may be excused, on the ground that things look very differently near at hand from what they do at a distance ; which view is more likely to be the correct one, I do not presume to say. I never heard so much dogmatic discussion on the comparative beauties of different kinds of scenery as I once did at the baths of Gräfrath, where all the company were purblind.

Of this I am convinced, that the one thing required to keep America and England on friendly terms is, that each country should know the other better. It is rare to find an Englishman, who has lived long in America, or an American who has passed much time in England, who has not a feeling of affection for the country which was for a space his home. I lived long enough in the States to understand this feeling. I was prepared, when I went there, to find a great country and a powerful people ; but I was not prepared to find a people so kindly and easy-natured, or a country so like our own.

I should, indeed, be ungrateful, if my recollections of the North were anything but pleasant ones, or my wishes for her welfare not very heartfelt. I know that on the pleasant banks of Staten Island, in the dusty streets of Washington, in the wooded suburbs of Boston, in quiet New England villages, on the banks of the Mississippi, and on the shores of the Western lakes, there are households where these pages will be read, and where the readers, I trust, look upon the writer as a friend. To the inmates of those dwellings, and to all the multitude of persons from whom I received kindnesses in the States, I would take this opportunity of expressing my kindly recollections. Owing in great measure to the assistance I thus received, I was enabled to see the North under more favourable circumstances than falls to the lot of ordinary travellers. It was thus my fortune to behold a great country in a great crisis of its history. The longer I lived there, the more clearly I learnt to see that the cause of the North was the cause of right, and order, and law. Very fast, too, rather by the workings of God's laws than by man's wisdom, it is becoming the cause of freedom and of human rights. There is much, I grant, to offend one in the language of the North—not a little to dishearten one in what has not been done, something to condemn also in what has been done. Still, in this world, you must take the greater good with the lesser evil; and those who believe in freedom and in human progress, must, I think, wish the North God-speed.

This conviction of mine is independent of the fortunes or misfortunes of war. Success is not the ultimate test of the righteousness of a cause. And thus, since my return, the course of events has strengthened, not impaired, the force of my conviction. I had hoped, indeed, that before these pages were published, I should have had to record some glad augury of success for that free North I have learnt to know and esteem so well. Unfortunately, the fates hitherto have been adverse. If, however, I have been successful in writing anything that may tend, in however small a measure, to allay the unnatural feeling of alienation that exists between two kindred people, who were meant to be the support and protection of each other, I shall be content. With that wish—farewell!

FINIS.

WORKS ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON "THE ALABAMA" QUESTION.

By SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, M.P.
Her Majesty's Solicitor-General.

8vo. 1s.

HISTORY OF AMERICA SINCE THE UNION.

By JOHN MALCOLM LUDLOW,
Author of "British India : its Races and History."

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE STRUGGLE FOR KANSAS.

By THOMAS HUGHES, Author of "Tom Brown's School Days."
Crown 8vo. cloth, 8s. 6d.

"The book is by far the ablest and most interesting sketch of American history."
—*Spectator*.

THE SLAVE POWER :

ITS CHARACTER, CAREER, AND PROBABLE DESIGNS.

An Attempt to explain the real Issues involved in the American Contest.

By J. E. CAIRNES, M.A. Professor of Jurisprudence
and Political Economy in Queen's Coll. Galway.

Second Edition, 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

"The most valuable contribution to the political history and morality of our time. . . . From the day of its publication it has been informing the minds of Englishmen of the facts of the case, and guiding them to the principles by which the issue of the conflict must sooner or later be decided."—*Daily News*.

ON SOME QUESTIONS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

BY HISTORICUS.

Reprinted from "The Times," with considerable Additions.

8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

CONTENTS.

THE INTERNATIONAL DOCTRINE OF RECOGNITION.

THE PERILS OF INTERVENTION.

ON M. HAUTEFEUILLE "DES DROITS DES NATION NEUTRES."

THE LAW OF BLOCKADE.

NEUTRAL TRADE IN CONTRABAND OF WAR.

BELLIGERENT VIOLATION OF NEUTRAL RIGHTS.

THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT ACT.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

ON THE AFFAIR OF THE "TRENT," 1862.

THE TERRITORIALITY OF THE MERCHANT VESSEL.

MACMILLAN & CO. LONDON AND CAMBRIDGE.

RECENT WORKS.

ROME IN 1860.

By EDWARD DICEY. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. 6d.

"Written in plain unaffected English, intent everywhere upon its subject."—*Examiner*.

"So striking and apparently so faithful a portrait. It is the Rome of *real* life he has depicted."—*Spectator*.

"The author writes in a very agreeable and unaffected manner, and shows throughout a creditable anxiety to get at the most reliable sources of information, and to tell the exact truth."—*Saturday Review*.

HISTORY OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE ACHAIA LEAGUE TO THE DISRUPTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A.
Late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

Vol. I. 8vo. cloth, 21s.

THE RESOURCES OF A NATION:

A SERIES OF ESSAYS.

By ROWLAND HAMILTON.

8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

CONTENTS.

THE GENERAL CONDITIONS OF PROGRESS.
NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS AND NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT.
RECIPROCAL RELATIONS OF FREE MEN. POLITICAL ECONOMY.
THE LAW OF INTERCHANGE. VALUE—DEMAND AND SUPPLY—RENT.
CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH POSSESSIONS ARE HELD. CAPITAL—CREDIT.
THE MEANS BY WHICH VALUE IS REPRESENTED. CURRENCY AND
CIRCULATION.
REMUNERATION OF SERVICES. INTEREST. WAGES AND PROFIT.

MANUAL OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

By HENRY FAWCETT, M.A. Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Crown 8vo. cloth, 12s.

MACMILLAN & CO. LONDON AND CAMBRIDGE.

71. 2009. 084 06137





