

AVELING
AN
AMERICAN JOURNEY

BY
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PREFACE.

THE writer of the notes upon America that follow left Liverpool on August 31, 1886, and returned to Liverpool on January 3, 1887. During the fifteen weeks' stay in the United States, forty-four towns in all were visited, and in his capacity as lecturer, journalist, and dramatic critic, the writer came into contact with a great number of Americans of all grades of society, and all shades of opinion. He only claims for his notes that they are the unprejudiced record, made at the time and on the spot, of things as they appeared to him. He is conscious that in many cases they are the results of first impressions; but, at all events, first impressions are more frequent than any other, and it may not be useless for Americans to see, not now for the first time, how they strike a stranger coming in their midst.

Almost the whole of these sketches are reprints from articles sent to England during the writer's stay in America. He desires to express his thanks to the editors of the *New York World*, *Boston Herald*, *Topical Times*, *Court and Society Review*, *Journalist*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Journal of Education*, of London, and the *Sunday Chronicle*, of Manchester, for permission to use his contributions to their respective journals.

EDWARD AVELING.

DISTANCES IN CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

From the Rock Light, Liverpool, to the Bar at the mouth of the Mersey, 11 miles.

From the Landing Stage to the Bar, 14 miles.

From the Bar Light-ship to Holyhead, 60 miles.

From Holyhead to Tusca Rock, 86 miles.

From Tusca Rock to Queenstown, 84 miles.

From Queenstown to Fastnet Rock, 60 miles.

From Fastnet Rock to Sandy Hook, 2,828 miles, going south ; 2,730 miles, going north.

These are nautical miles.

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AN AMERICAN JOURNEY.

CHAPTER I.

ON BOARD SHIP.

On the morning of Tuesday, the last day of August, 1886, I left Manchester for America. I had taken the rainy town on my way from London to Liverpool, and had spent my last night in England in the company of the most genial of barristers, mathematicians, and translators from the German, of Wilson Barrett and *Hamlet*, of Mary Eastlake and *Ophelia*.

I left Manchester early on the morning in whose earliest hours I was talking to the youngest Hamlet, fetched a compass, or, in modern parlance, took a train and came to Liverpool, upon whose platform I was taken in tow by a market-porter, with delicious Irish eyes and voice. He was something magisterial in his manner—quite a lord of the manner, in fact—and spoke after the similitude of the centurion in the Scriptures. Under his genial but firm orders, I took one particular side of the street, while he and my baggage skirted the other. I did not take it farther than the docks, as I was not anxious to deprive the city of any portion of its pavement. No. 36, but for the gently imperious way in which he made me, for the time being, his bond-slave, or, maybe, in consequence of this, was delightful. He

saw to my things, found out about the tender's starting, did everything for me except pay the balance of my passage-money, and left me at last with the remembrance of one of the pleasantest and frankest of the many casual acquaintances of my life.

At four the tender left the landing-stage, where, for some deal of time before I had been watching the multitudinous porters—still mostly Milesian—whose idea of exercise seems to be walking about with a ton or two of boxes on their backs. The tender only took us humans and our light luggage. The heavy latter followed in a barge. Hence from the uninitiate, who thought they and theirs were eternally separated, yells of distress and attempted bisection of bodies by the taffrail, as their owners leaned over to gesticulate. They were not leaning to their own understanding, for, as aforesaid, their belongings were not long in following them.

On board the air reeked of Americans. One or two faithful English, after a voyage of discovery for berths, came on deck and took a tender farewell of their native land. The pathetic beauty of this was marred in some measure by the fact that the vessel did not start until four hours later. It was eight P.M. when we set steam. The reason of this delay was the dread that there would not be enough water over the bar at the Mersey mouth. That delay, whose sister bears the exceedingly ugly name of Raw Haste, was a bountiful dispensation of Providence to all concerned, except the commissariat. For everyone came up smiling hungrily to dinner. Said the licensed jester of the company, "At this present dinner there is hardly an absentee."

Sixty miles from Liverpool to Holyhead, ninety more to Tusca—which sounds like an elephant, but is only a lighthouse on a rock—ninety more to Queens-

town, and, despite the slow dropping up the Mersey, because of the recalcitrant bar, we are resting our eyes on the green of the Irish fields long before two o'clock on the next day. Almost everyone on the ship is a Home Ruler—this may be due in part to the presence of several davits on board—but this does not prevent the keen Americans from trying to beat down monetarily the Irish girls and women who clambered on board at Queenstown with blackthorn sticks, bogwood crosses, and the like. It is a better method of beating down than that tried by the English for six hundred years and more, and, I am pleased to say, is equally unsuccessful.

And now the river-sailing, as the sailors call it thus far, is nearly at an end. With sixty miles more we are past Fastnet—another lighthouse on another rock—and are at last out at sea. At last we meet the Atlantic swell. Not that there is more than one Atlantic, despite the absurdly artificial distinction between the North and South; and, to tell truth, not all of us meet even one of those Atlantics well. Yesterday there was a storm at Queenstown, as there ought to be in the country of the Gael, and to-day we are suffering, like diners, from the after-effect. Several ladies go down for pocket-handkerchiefs, and take two or three days to find them. I suppose they are lost in the wash of the sea. A good many people take their meals on deck, to save the saloon-stewards trouble. The average number of mouthfuls per meal is about two. This may be due to the fact that in many cases the mouth is full already, and the heart, and the cup of misery.

I manage to tide things over by judicious abstinence from movement at a critical period. The vessel is doing quite enough movement for me—very nearly too much. I grow bolder as the time wears on, and be-

think me that I must keep up my reputation as a descriptive, not to say poetical, writer. So here goes for a paragraph or two on the sea.

To see the tranquil courage of the seamen, their skilful manœuvres, and their familiarity with the great living thing which they both know and love, enthusiastic pride will succeed anyone's first dread, and they will rejoice to see the fierce struggle their steamer makes against the elements, and to see the moving mountains of water separated by valleys as deep as abysses flung against the sides of their staunch vessel, weltering, maddened with a thunderous roar of which no other sound in nature can give the faintest idea.

It is an inspiring sight to see the waves fall back and roll one upon another in clouds of spray, and dash, and hustle, and charge like a herd of wild and furious horses.

In this passage the "great living thing" is not myself, as might reasonably be supposed. It is the ship. And the mixture of "ones" and "theys" is, perhaps, confusing. And can anyone guess in once who welters and what is maddened? Ah no! Let me be modest and truthful, if only for the novelty's sake. Those paragraphs are not mine. They are from the *Ocean Wave*, a periodical of matchless imbecility. There may be life on the ocean wave—there is, and a very jolly one. But life in its journalistic namesake there is none.

From the *Ocean Wave* to its readers is not a very difficult transition. Did my reader ever see an old gentleman take the chair at a meeting? It is a funny sight, is it not? But it is not half so funny as seeing an old gentleman take a chair on the lee side of an Atlantic steamer, and then another old gentleman take it again when the first old gentleman's back is turned.

Then they both get as red as turkey-cocks, and bristle and splutter all over with indignation, while the doctor hovers round on the look-out for cases of apoplexy.

But these militant old fogies are ever so much nicer and more interesting than their coevals who live in the smoking-room on tobacco, and cards, and alcohol. And they are to be preferred to some of the women on board. One of these, hearing there were two people on the ship unable to pronounce her particular narrow-mouthed shibboleth, was clamorous against the Inman Company for carrying such Jonahs. This "lady" was not one half of the pair of Zulu missionaries journeying home after sixteen years of exile. She was the better half of a Wesleyan bishop. I have not the least idea what a Wesleyan bishop is, but this one had been travelling in Europe, with a family of some half a dozen, since February. So doubtless he is a thoroughly consistent exponent of that religion whose founder was a carpenter, and whose earliest apostles were fishermen.

A jovial Irish-American priest was of quite another type. There was nothing of the wrong font about him. He and his pipe and his rough, hearty ways, and his two fox-terrier pups, were a sight for sore eyes, as his strenuous voice and the barking of the pups, when their sea-sickness was over, were sounds for tired ears.

I had almost forgotten a volatile young lady who sits next me at table. She is a mighty asker of riddles and player of mild round games that mean delight to the children and flirtation-opportunities to their elders. I have just discovered that her mother, aunts, and uncles lived in the same road as my parents, three thousand miles away, in London town, and were the most intimate friends of my elder brothers and sisters. It is a small world, as well as a mad one, my masters.

Opposite us is an oppressive Californian lady, with Spanish blood in her. She is always talking about her eyes, until I think of them as sheep's, with a secret reference to the sheep's mother. She was strong also on the power of will over sea-sickness, until the other day, when, to the unholy delight of her relatives, she collapsed.

There are singers and readers on board, and they gave a lugubrious entertainment one night. For this mournful ceremony, a queer young New Yorker was chiefly answerable. He says he is a journalist, and has a vague card bearing the inscription, "Representative of the leading New York and Boston papers." I fancy he may have once written a police report, probably in the first person singular. He knows the name of everyone on board, and is in love with all the unmarried girls and with the inevitable widow.

Herewith, an extract from my log on any calm day of the week :

7 A.M.—The battle of the chairs commences. Great rush for the lee side. Shedding of gore on account of best places. Several middle-aged gentlemen carried away by their feelings, and below. The pushing young man speaks to a lady. Four elderly gentlemen start playing cards in the smoking-room.

9 A.M.—Captain comes out with a microscope and looks at the sun. That luminary instantly disappears for the rest of the day. The pushing young man speaks to another lady.

11 A.M.—Ninety-seven small children play French and English, and run races over the prostrate forms of their elders. The pushing young man speaks to another lady. Four elderly gentlemen still playing cards in the smoking-room.

Mid-day.—Jolly Roman Catholic priest taken in tow

by two small dogs. They drag him up and down the deck, breathless and expostulating. One pup has its chain twisted round seven chair-legs, eight human beings, and a stanchion. The other betrays anxiety to walk back to Ireland, and, as a rule, has one head and three legs over the side. The pushing young man speaks to another lady.

2 P.M.—A Republican lady hears there are two confirmed Democrats on the ship. Asks the captain if he can't throw them overboard. Captain says he hasn't a whale handy, or he'd oblige. The pushing young man speaks to another lady. Four elderly gentlemen still playing cards in the smoking-room.

4 P.M.—A whale sighted. Eminent lecturer on board quite jealous at seeing the animal "on the spout." Loyal Englishman says this is nothing to our Prince of Whales. The pushing young man speaks to another lady.

5 P.M.—Objectionable and health-proud young woman from California, who has kept up until now, goes below for a pocket-handkerchief. Takes two days to find it. The pushing young man speaks to two ladies at once. Four elderly gentlemen still playing cards in the smoking-room.

7 P.M.—Volatile young lady asks two thousand six hundred and four riddles in a breath. Deck-steward comes up with an orange and a cup of beef-tea. Is dismembered by infuriate, hungry passengers. Captain telegraphs for a new one. The pushing young man speaks to a family.

9 P.M.—Gentleman with baritone voice starts singing. Music-room and saloon at once empty. Eminent elocutionist gives a recitation to himself and wife. Deck cleared and all the berths full. The pushing young man heard talking at every door to the people inside.

Four elderly gentlemen alone can bear it. They are still playing cards in the smoking-room. It is subsequently discovered that they are deaf.

After ten days' experience of the saloon passengers on board the *City of Chicago*, I have come to the conclusion that, take them all in all, I would rather not look upon most of their like again. The travelled American I have, ere now, found charming; the travelling American of these last days has been a bore or worse. He is too palpably the creator of commerce; she is too palpably its creature. It is all business and success, business and success.

Verily, as far as good looks and good manners are concerned, the steerage passengers are in many cases their betters. In both these qualifications the Irishwomen that came on board to sell us sticks and trinkets at *Queenstown* were immeasurably the superiors of the fine ladies who tried to beat them down in their prices unsuccessfully. The buyers were as innocent of the grace of form and beauty of face of the sellers as they would have been incapable of climbing up the side of the huge ship by a rope-ladder as she swept along, after the fashion of those Irish maids and matrons.

And these last, or any of their sisters in the steerage could never have been guilty of certain things done by the saloon women. I doubt if any of them would have been, literally and by word of mouth, angry with the captain and company for allowing on board persons differing in politics from themselves. And I am sure no one of these watching a burial at sea would have solaced herself with an orange, and then, as the coffin slid heavily into the Atlantic, cast a handful of orange-peel after it. This was the manner in which one of the saloon ladies attended the ocean funeral

whereat, in the early dawn, I also was present, and of which more anon.

Of course, all the first-class passengers are not Americans ; and some who are, have even an air of harmless amiability about them. Of this genus is the volatile young lady who sits, the centre of an admiring circle of children and young men, asking endless riddles. When only one of these two races of human beings is represented riddle-asking ceases. Her conundrums have a somewhat "ancient and fish-like smell," permissible perhaps at sea. "When is a door not a door?" I heard her ask the other day.

I had an experience in the way of book-lending with a harmless, amiable male. He said he was connected with many American papers. I imagine he does police reports. At his own request I lent him, one afternoon, my "Emerson." He apparently heard of the philosopher for the first time. He walked about with the volume under his arm until dinner-time, took it down with him to that meal—I think he sat on it—and afterward addressed me thus : "May I keep this book a day or two? There are one or two passages that struck me." As a criticism on Emerson by one of his own countrymen, I take this to be unique.

A queer creature altogether this "journalist." He is in love with all the women on board. I mean the unmarried ones, for his morals are irreproachable. To my personal knowledge he has proposed, with a negative result, to one at least. I think his want of success may be in part owing to his manner of wooing. This takes largely the form of reading aloud to girls on his first introduction to them. I am not sure that the reading is as intelligent as it might be. Once he came across the deck to me to ask the meaning of the phrase "in a parlous state."

There is a good deal of reading aloud. Young husbands are doing it as they return from a European honeymoon, and, most charming sight, a gray-haired old Darby reads all day long to a gray-haired Joan. There is a hideous young man, with a hideous laugh, who says he is a major. I do not believe him. A major with such a laugh would be cashiered. There is a young man who tries to read Herbert Spencer, and is easily thwarted by the delightful laziness at sea. There is a "fat and greasy" American citizen, who lives in the smoking-room on cards, alcohol, and tobacco. The English people are very few in number, but to come across them after an attack of American fellow-travelers is as welcome as the faces of their children after the weazen ones of the children of the Western Hemisphere.

Sitting here on the promenade deck, in the September morning sunshine, with the Atlantic stretching southward, like a vast benediction, toward the misty horizon, and watching these little Americans, I am lazily of opinion that Leigh Hunt never went to America. The opinion is not based on historical grounds. It is an induction from various premises. I have, thank fortune, no books of reference within a thousand miles or so, and I cannot verify my impression that he never returned to the West after he had once left it as a child. But the premises hereinbefore mentioned are to me worth a whole wilderness of biographical details. I have of late perforce seen a good deal of American children, and if Leigh Hunt ever did suffer in the same way he could never have written that most delicate of his essays, the tender, dreamy "On the Death of Little Children."

Had he seen as much of the juvenile offspring of the great continent as I have, during the last week, he might

have written a prayer for the title of his essay. Assuredly he would not have been haunted by the infantile grace and sweetness of little children, the recognition of which gives the paper in question so pure and child-like a tone. There is only one American of the legion of potential adults on board with regard to whom such words as "grace," and "sweetness," and "childlike" do not seem incongruous. This is a little girl of some ten springs, who, when she is not romping or eating candy, talks charming French to a *bonne* not twice her age. The *bonne* has been very ill—as much homesick, I fancy, as anything else—crossing the huge ocean that must seem to her as foreign as the talk all round her, of which she understands never a word.

But the rest of the American children are only potential adults, not children. I used to think Henry James had "laid on with a trowel" when he drew the picture of Daisy Miller's brother Randolph. It is no fancy portrait. It is drawn from the life. From the school-boy whom I call Randolph I.—he wears a massive signet-ring on the wedding-finger of the left hand, and was one of the most business-like of the chafferers with the Irish barter-women who climbed on board at Queenstown—to the little fossil I call Randolph II., all are aged. Not prematurely aged. That is the worst of it. Their unnatural oldness seems terribly natural.

Randolph II. is a perennial nightmare to me. The first I heard of him was a familiar "Hallo, captain, how are you?" addressed to the "skipper" within an hour of our coming on board. The voice was that of a grown-up dwarf. It went on to inform the captain, as well as all and sundry within about half the ship's length, that its owner was "rigged out in his sailor-suit." Early the next morning I heard the

strident monotone ordering the quartermaster to "get down that swing." This was not a request to subdue the motion of the vessel, but to reach down from the skids of boat No. 2 the swing the Randolphs sometimes condescend to use. The head of this queer old child of the New Continent is hoary with commercial age. It seems an inheritance from the three centuries of his native country. And in his wizened face all the vices (I use the word quite advisedly and sadly) of our latter-day civilization appear to be epitomized and adumbrated. By the side of this, even the harshness of his voice, his grown-up, almost decrepit ways, the twang, as it were, of his every movement, seem little things, though they make up a personality large enough in its unpleasantness.

And Randolph II. is a type, at all events, of the American mannikins on board. It is no feeling of patriotism that makes me compare these unfavorably with an English quiverful also with us, for I am an Irishman. Despite the English historical injustice to my country, let me be just to England, and admit that, though as yet she denies us Home Rule, England, as compared with America, has its advantages. The five English children after the swarm of American ones are like the breath of the Atlantic as against a puff of warm air from the steam-engine. Straight-limbed, erect, firm-bodied, honest-faced, full-voiced girls and boys, that seem to drink in all the new sights and wonders at their frank, wide-open eyes with a huge delight and steadfast wonderment, while the American children are thinking of their rings and sailor suits. The youngest of them is, baptismally, about the same age as Randolph II., but he is actually as many centuries younger as his continent is older than Randolph's. He is a chubby note of interrogation. All the Ameri-

can children seem either to know everything or care to know nothing. Said Philip the first day: "I daren't run about much for fear I upset the ship." Any of the Randolphs who had said that would have given up the ghost immediately.

They play games, all of them, but each set with a distinctly national manner. They swing and race, play French and English, and Hey Spy, but in fashion as characteristically English or American as their accent. There is a little, sallow, parchment-faced old man (old in years) who plays with the children; and while the English ones look up in a pretty, respectful way to him, the American treat him as coeval with them, or even as their junior.

Perhaps they improve as they grow older. I think they must, as there are not a few pleasant men and women Americans on board. And I think this the more, as the nicest boy is one in the transition stage, who would be nearly perfect if he were not named Cyrus Q. something. He has the dry, unforced American humor in its boy form. In the rough days Cyrus Q. was ill, and his people made him the butt of multitudinous experiments. His mother was constantly saying "Take it, Cyrus," and though he was "pretty queer," and his constant answer to "Are you better?" was "Not I," he took it, suffered, and was strong.

CHAPTER II.

A STRANGE NIGHT AT SEA.

ENGLAND and Ireland are left far behind. It is days and nights since, under the sun at his very best, over a sea that had caught the color of the Emerald Isle, we steamed away from Ireland.

We are now nearing the other side. Last night, my friend, the Finn sailor, told me we were off the Newfoundland Banks, and my eyes told me we were in a mist that bade fair to become a fog. My fellow-traveller and I have an officer's room to ourselves. At two in the morning, bump, bump, goes something against my port-hole. I wake up under the impression someone is knocking at the cabin door; just as years ago, when the great explosion occurred on the Regent's Canal in London, I, then living in the Hampstead Road, got up sleepily and examined my bath, to see if it was broken. Then (I am back on the Atlantic again) "came sudden alarms, hurrying to and fro, trepidation of innumerable" fugitive feet on the deck above me; the shouting of men's voices, the sudden stoppage of the machinery and of the ship. I thought this was sufficiently interesting for me to get up. I jump out of my bunk and look out of my cabin. Many sailors and steerage people are rushing confusedly past.

We dress quickly and quietly and go on deck. This is all wet with the night mist, that envelops us and the

ship in a common shroud, blotting out sea, stars, all the world except three ghostly lights, shining, spectral, near us, like ocean will-o'-the-wisps. Some score or so of men and women, more or less frightened, are with us. The officers and sailors busy and silent. Somehow the news leaks out that we have run into a fishing-schooner on the Newfoundland Banks. Presently the rumor goes round that we are not in any way injured. The ghostly voices through the fog take on a more reassured tone. The faces to which they belong cannot be seen for the mist, or I fancy most of them would be shortening up and losing pallor. Our safety once assured, the majority lose all interest in the proceedings. A schooner with a paltry half-dozen at most of common fishermen, who, if they have wives, ought not to be so extravagant, and who, according to Malthus and Dr. Drysdale, have no right to have children—what does it matter? “If *we* are all right,” murmurs more than one “lady,” “why do we stop here?”

But we do stop, quite at rest in the middle of the ocean that sways ever so little in the mist, for happily it is a calm night. On the sea, another lower, lesser light is to be seen hovering toward one of those already noted. That is a boat from us sent on a message of inquiry as to the damage done to the vessel that ten minutes ago went bump, bump, against my port-hole. Presently the stray light comes hovering back with the good news, “No one hurt—only a bowsprit knocked away.” The fishermen are for being taken in tow, but our captain objects to this as soon as he knows all is safe and sound, bar the vanished bowsprit. This message, some water, and provisions our boat carries out, and then returning, is slung up out of the sea—sailors and all—into mid-air and on to the ship. Then in a minute or two the engines wake up from their hour

and a half rest, the huge vessel feels her way slowly through the fog and the night once more, the light of the schooner where are the men that we so nearly knocked into eternity fades out, and we turn in again.

I am just off to sleep when the engines stop once more. There is no bump, however, this time, and on the morrow I hear that we nearly ran into another schooner. Only one lady fainted as result of the earlier and more substantial fright; one more was seasick next day in consequence of her nocturnal alarm; and the student of professional habitudes may note that the two most abjectly terrified people on board were a journalist (of New York) and a clergyman.

At four o'clock a real knock at our door. An oil-skin clad, weather-beaten, time-beaten sailor whispers to me that the funeral will be in ten minutes. Yesterday, a woman going out to join her husband in America, died in the steerage. She is to be buried at dawn. Dawn is slow in coming, and the ten minutes lengthen out into three-quarters of an hour. This is spent in pacing to and fro on the lower deck, past little groups of emigrants who seem to have been up all night. They talk in low, muffled tones, as people do in a room where one is lying dead.

In the gangway on the starboard side of the after-part of the deck, closed in with a dull red curtain against which hangs a dull red lantern, is the coffin—a rough narrow coffin, that, with the Union Jack thrown over it, looks as if it were the body itself. Whether from the build of the deck or the arrangement of the trestles, the corpse seems to slant toward you, feet foremost, as if it had a mind to stand erect, facing you, in a moment. Two or three men stand in the

gangway, and with them the boy who, alone of the thirteen hundred people on board, knew the dead woman. One of the men speaks in a low voice of her happier home this morning. Another, a grim Irishman, is of opinion that the coffin is the last home of us all.

Now and again others look into the dim gangway, never curiously, and after a pause of a moment or two go back to their huddling together, or their tramping to and fro in the slowly coming dawn. At last this comes, and with it a stir of sailors on the deck. An opening on the port side of the vessel is to be the mouth of the grave. A common wooden box is placed on the deck some six feet from this. One end of a long plank rests on it; the other end projects out over the sea. The sailors bring out the coffin and lay it on the plank. A few of us gather round, and yet fewer uncover in the solemn presence. All the men do thus when the captain, in his wet mackintosh, with a tall, heavy-mustached mate by his side, begins to read the burial service. The still coffin-load seems to some of us more awful, more worthy of reverence than even the beautiful words of that last sacrament.

As the captain-priest reads, the attendant sailors, directed by a grizzled boatswain's mate, try once quietly the plank to see all is right. At the words, "Commit the body of our dear sister to the water," a tilt of the plank, a touch of one or two hands, and the coffin slides smoothly, swiftly forward, and without a sound slips into the sea. One or two steerage lads run aft as if to see something. Nothing is to be seen, and the captain reads steadily on, while a saloon passenger who has been eating an orange all this while, throws the peel into the sea. By the time the service is ended, the dead woman must be lying at the bottom of the At-

lantic, a mile or more away from us. I do not think a burial on land could have brought home to us so closely as this one at sea, that it was really our dear sister we were burying; or how little a thing we are, or what splendor there is in death.

CHAPTER III.

NEW YORK.

THE first view of America was arranged by the elements with a most thoughtful and charming consideration. When we should have been sighting Sandy Hook, a dense mist prevented the sighting of anything at all. "Heading off" was the order of the dawning day. Not that which Colley Cibber's Richard III. indulges in apropos of Buckingham. Heading off the land until the fog might lift.

It was breakfast-time ere this came to pass. For some little while before, our ship had been slowly feeling her way through the mist. A loud fog-horn close by us on a sudden answered ours, which had been bellying and snorting all the night. The City of Chicago's fog-horn the voyage through had been in a very morbid condition. Its wailing and moaning were as of one moribund. The steamer to which fog-horn number two belonged loomed out through the fog quite near us, to the terror of the timid. The next moment, literally, the gray veil lifted, rolling upward like a scroll, stealing away from us right and left and before our face like a receding tide—a vessel more than a mile away came into full view—there was a green sea beneath, a blue sky above, and the shore of America in sight. "It was a transformation scene," said one of the sailors. It was a most dramatic introduction to the New World, and I

don't fancy any theatrical machinist could have managed it better.

What an entrance it is to New York harbor! At the risk of being howled to death by infuriated Americans, let me say it is much too fine for the city to which it leads. It is for all the world like the golden casket that contained, as the Prince of Morocco found, "a carrion death."

Long Island, to the right, with Manhattan Beach in view, Staten Island, green-wooded, fair to see, on the left, giving to us here no sign of the malodor that assails the nostrils and of the malaria that assails the life at times, when the ebbing and flowing tide and the draining of the place are at issue. Bedloe's Island, with the Statue of Liberty nearly finished, and many trees at its feet. White sails everywhere, like pieces of sea-foam driven by the wind. A cloudless sky, and the American flag run up overhead, seen rather dimly by most of the American eyes, that, looking to the land, see nothing in many cases for tears.

All this is very charming. But it raises expectations as to the city of New York that are scarcely realized. New York is over-eager to get rich. Hence, it has no time to attend to its personal adornment, or even its personal cleanliness. Ugliness is rampant, and dirt is ubiquitous. The elevated railroad is a great convenience, but it is a great nuisance to the lover of quiet and beauty. The ugly pillars supporting the track, the ceaseless rattle of the cars overhead as you walk, and by the very windows of people living in the upper floors as you ride, are a terror to me. So are the fearsome telegraph-poles, and the advertisements stretched on wires across the very streets. So is the street-paving. This is the very worst I have ever seen or felt. It is as dirty as that of London after a rainy day, and as uneven as

the thoroughfare of a Derbyshire village. I believe I have sunk up to my neck in some of the holes in Broadway, just by the Post Office. To cross any street in New York is a new form of the torture of the boot. America may be a go-ahead nation; it certainly is very indifferent as to how anyone goes afoot.

No. New York is over-eager to get rich. Of course, the city is not to be blamed for the climatic conditions that make it in the second week in September hotter than London in the most dogged of dog-days. I believe that when they blew up Hell Gate, in Long Island Sound, they drove part of the place to which it led into the city. And if, for this reason and others, the latter cannot help its high temperature, the hurry and drive of its citizens certainly raises the natural temperature some degrees.

My heat-woes would have been intensified, I fancy, but for the fact that in a happy hour I had taken the advice of a friend and clothed me in an all-wool garb of Dr. Jaeger's. I laughed my friend, all-wool, and Jaeger to scorn at one time; but the first was right, and the other two all right, and in the stifling heat I found myself cooler in this clothing than in my ordinary cloth garments. My enthusiast friend swears I shall find the like result in the cold weather, only the other way on. But as he also swears that I was not seasick because I wore Jaeger, I am a little doubtful.

Let me get rid of my grumbling and then talk of the pleasant things, of which there is quite a store. I do not like the American interviewer, especially when he comes, not in single spies, but in battalions. He was waiting for me at my hotel; he has waylaid me at dinner; he has taken me by the beard, metaphorically, in the public streets. This particular form of greatness was necessarily thrust upon me, but I could

have wished it had been done by less pushing young men.

Nor do I like the hermetical closing of windows in trams and trains. Your average American is as bad as a German. Nor the manners of their theatrical acting-managers. And I am not in love with the New York police—a brutal-looking, brutally-behaving set of men. Nor do I like the dearth of dogs. A town without dogs is like a man who never kept one. In a four weeks' sojourn in New York I have only seen an average of half a dog a day.

But I like the good, honest negroes, and I like the trams—if only they would not overcrowd them so—and I like the conscientious barbers, who seem inclined to devote the whole of their lives (and your own) to one shave. And I like the people, in many cases, hugely; almost as much as the grand swimming-bath at the Athletic Club, into which, thanks to the courtesy of a prominent citizen, I dive daily.

The New Yorkers are a people of extremes, like their climate. They are extremely nice or extremely nasty. Let us get rid of the disagreeables first. I wish the Americans could. The New York populace is very ill-mannered, and, worse still, is very ill-woman-ered. I am speaking of the street population, as a whole, and especially of those in the more aristocratic parts of the town. I have never suffered from so many stares since I went up the Monument. According to the voracious, if sombre, *Punch*, a stranger in a Lancashire village was wont to be greeted with 'alf a brick. A stranger in New York is glared at, giggled at, snorted at, guffawed at, if so be as he or she is in anywise otherwise than the usual citizen.

The Pharisee who thanked God he was not as other men are would not have had a high old time here.

His life would have been a burden to him. Every other man he met would have stopped short, looked at him as if he were a kangaroo promenading the sidewalk, turned round as soon as he had passed, and solemnly expectorated with emotion. Every other woman would have laid on an incipient grin two blocks away, and cultivated it until she was face to face with the stranger. Then it would probably have culminated in an explosion of the laughter that the wise man compared to "the crackling of thorns under a pot," and the Pharisee, turning round, would have seen her fixed to the pavement, like a giggling Lot's wife. This out-of-doors vulgarity is no respecter of persons, in a twofold sense. It is exercised upon everybody European; it is ingrained, it would seem, in all classes of Americans. The hoodlum of the Bowery and the fossilized youth of Wall Street; the hoiden of the eastern streets and the shopping lady of Broadway—all are its unhappy possessors. That staring at strangers which in England we generally associate with country villages or rude children is quite fashionable in New York. I have seen well-dressed ladies turn back and flatten their noses against the windows of a shop into which an Englishwoman wearing a non-American dress had entered. I have seen them stare in at the panes until they could see no more for the dampness made on them by their breath.

And yet, in another way the American street population are quite charming. In the "Christmas Carol," is it not written down as an indictment against Scrooge that no little child ever asked him the way in the street? There are very few Scrooges in New York. You can safely ask almost anyone to direct you, and can be assured of a most winning courtesy, and an anxiety to help you that would be almost painful but for the ease

of it. Even the starers and gigglers, if you suddenly turn upon them with an inquiry, cast their slough of bad manners. The stare fades, the giggle dies away, and the man or woman stands before you clothed and in the right mind of a charming and obliging American citizen.

The official people in this city, as a rule, are of this last ilk. Conductors on cars and railways are, I imagine, required to pass a preliminary education in high breeding. When they become superannuated, I should fancy they are inducted into university chairs of deportment. The officials in my mind when I wrote the qualifying phrase, "as a rule," above, are the police. These are a very coarse and brutal set of men.

Over two other classes in New York let me pour out my righteous indignation in the one case, my tears of pity in the other. The one is the people in the shops; the other, the children. The former are a very feckless set. In the first place, they never have anything you want; and in the second, when they have it, they don't seem anxious to sell it. I spent days in New York trying to buy a button. All the salesmen and saleswomen are so sad. The "havior of their visage" is, to run two quotations into one, "most deject and wretched." All energy has long since gone out of them. They answer you with lack-lustre eye, and utterly hopeless voices. There is always a sort of undertone that seems to say: "Oh, why do you want this article? Why do you trouble my repose? I am a hermit."

Whether my readers believe the button story or not, I will swear that I grew bald with going into New York shops in a sort of Holy Grail search for a book to press flowers in.

And the children? Poor little things! they seem to have died long ago, and to have left only a decrepit

race of wizened little men and women. Their faces are quite hard ; their voices empty of music ; their ways no more the ways of children than an ape's grimaces are human. I cannot help thinking that this sorry sight of children that are not children is but one of the results of that mad race for wealth for which all New York seems entered. The city is one fierce helter-skelter rush for money-making.

Six years ago, in England, there was a young American. He was gay, light-hearted, joyous, full of a keen, manly, intellectual life. He is now a successful lawyer, adviser to great companies, and to some of the men whose monopolies have made the name of American millionaires stink in honest men's nostrils. My young lawyer is very rich ; he has his yachts, his horses, his expensive clubs, his country place ; and he is an old, worn-out, thin-haired, stooping, anxious man of thirty-three.

In him, and others like him, we have the fathers of these terrible children. These last are more like fœtuses than healthy, full-born human beings. They are stamped with the awful stamp of a competitive civilization. If they are the children of the poor, the sign they bear on their brows is oppression ; if they are the children of the rich, it is the seal of cruelty and lust.

And now that I have in some measure eased my soul by going for the ill-aspect of things, let me touch the other side of the shield.

When you do meet a cultured, well-bred American, you are indeed well-met. There is a charm and frankness about him that seems to have caught the wide air of his vast land. There is an ease and a sort of swing of manner that suggests great plains and open forest-lawns. Something of the West, with a big W, seems to be in the ways of your high-souled, big-hearted

American. And they are generosity and kindness itself. I am thinking of many such men and women just now ; but I have especially in mind two groups.

One is a New England group. In a New England homestead are two women and one man. The man and one of his companions are well stricken in years ; the third, a younger but not quite young woman, is the housewife of this quiet home. Her aunt bears a name known throughout the world for the sake of a brother and two sisters that have made it famous ; and the elder woman's husband is the sixth in descent from the Puritan who marched at the head of his hundred fellow-pilgrims through the wilderness to found the State of Connecticut. The peace, the contentment, the purity of that home—the chaste morality, the high thinking of it, are with me as I write, hundreds of miles away. If I but keep them with me all my life long, it will be well.

And lest I make my readers think over-harshly of poor New York, and to ask, "Can any good thing come out of it?" let me tell you of a red-letter afternoon in the very heart of the wicked city. Here were pure-souled women whose work is for their brothers and sisters ; men who were in the thick of the slave-war, and on the right side—one of them who was taken for a slave, as he has been taken for an Irishman, though a free Scot by birth, so keenly has he fought and worked for these two oppressed races—men and women who within the month were away to Mexico to found a community there outside the wicked city, and to woo the golden age back to earth again ; writers and publishers of books read the world over, and one nearly mayor of New York in 1886, and the first honest one. In those frank, free, clear-headed, clear-hearted men and women I saw what Americans

can be, and what, one day, more of them will be. For a space after, even the New York paving, and the New York dirt, and the New York gaunt telegraph-poles, and gaunt elevated railroads; even its bullock-trucks of tram-cars, and the coarse, brutish cramming together of men and women in these; even the noise and staring, and the rush and worry after wealth, moved me but little. For a time they were as if they were not.

As I have more than hinted, besides the delightful men and women of the literary circles, there is one class that may be pronounced very good; that is the official class—the conductors on the railway trains, and on the trams, or cars, as they are called in America. These men have quite a princely air, and treat you as if you were their honorable captive for the time being, a thing the more to be wondered at in the case of the tram-conductors, who ought to have all good manners crushed out of them a score of times a day, under the disgraceful system of crowding that obtains in the New York cars. The planless plan here is for a car, instead of carrying a definite number of passengers, for each of whom a seat is provided, to carry just as many as can be got into it. The miserable beings, if they are seated, are stifled by the crammed-together bodies of those that are standing on their toes. If they are standing, they do their best by clinging to straps pendant from the roof to lessen the force of the shocks and bangs against their neighbors that result from the bumping and jolting of the car over the worst-paved roads in the civilized world. On the small platforms in front and behind men (and women often) are huddled together, holding on as best they can, like so many bees. Those in front receive blows from the revolving handle of the brake, or, peradventure, from the elbows of the muscular driver. Those behind are engaged in a perpet-

ual personal conflict with the conductor, as he takes fares and pulls the cord of his register of passengers. On both platforms the riders' feet are eternally jammed under those of the coming and going passengers. The whole thing is hideous : it is not infrequently actually indecent.

One European fallacy let me herewithal explode—that men in tram-cars rise and give their places to a woman standing. They cannot, in the first place, as they are wedged in too tightly. They would not if they could—and they don't. Nevertheless the patience and courtesy of the vehicular officials are untiring, and are in keeping with the well-known excellent arrangements as to supply of iced water for drinking, the calling of station and street names, and so forth. At the theatres kindred customs are in vogue, but alas ! they have not, in all cases, softened the manners of those that serve and stand and wait in various capacities within the walls of theatres. My own experiences in my relations with theatrical acting managers were various. In several cases a vulgar rudeness, quite inconceivable in England, was shown.

Let me finally expand my thesis given above—"I do not like the New York police."

As, at the end of the delightful ocean voyage, the good steamship *City of Chicago* came gliding past the statue of Liberty—then as crude and incomplete as is its American namesake—into New York harbor, I regret to say I was below. Not at all on account of the habitual reason for the *facilis descensus*. All the voyage through I had been free from that.

Dr. Reynolds had given me a prescription. And he was helping me to take it in his own private cabin, and into his own private throttle. The prescription ran thus :

Recipe.—Vini champagnei, amphoram unam ; aquæ seltzeræ, amphoras duas.

Fiat Mistura—Unum poculum sumendum quamdiu gutta manet.

The genial doctor is a draught of champagne in himself, with his home-eyes—he is an Irishman, bless him !—and his voice steeped in laughter, and tinged with a brogue. But on this good-bye morning he would insist on my taking his prescription. “Not now for the first time,” as Socrates had it on the occasion of quite another leave-taking.

And while discussing the nectar of Pommery Greno, an ambrosial cigar, and things generally, the conversation turned upon the police.

Said the amiable physician : “The New York police are the most brutal in the world.”

I did not propose to compare notes with him upon the varying degrees of hospitality extended to me by the police of different European capitals. I only sighed a reminiscent sigh, and abstractedly filled my glass.

“Yes,” Dr. Reynolds went on ; “it is impossible to conceive the roughness and brutality they show.”

And his fingers mechanically closed round the neck of the bottle. He is the most generous of men, but he will have you drink fair.

The doctor was as right in his estimate of these gentry as in his choice of wines and of boon companions. The mere look of the majority of members of the force is enough to condemn them to penal servitude for life, without the unnecessary formality of a trial. I don't see how they could arrest a burglar. It would be a sort of cannibalism. That is why their chief mission in life is to club the inoffensive citizen. This sport they take as their recreation after nightfall.

During the day they work. They lounge at street-corners, looking truculently at men and like satyrs at women. Occasionally a wild enthusiasm for labor devours them for a moment. Then they go and have a drink.

That same club of the police—I do not refer to a place of convivial resort—is a most irritating cudgel. It is always carried loose in the hand. But to prevent the policeman from running away it is held to his wrist by a strap. As the wearer struts or slouches to and fro, according to his temperament or the amount of alcohol in him, he swings this small bludgeon backward and forward as a continual menace to society. And if the sight of this weapon of offence is a constant irritant to the onlookers, actual contact with it must be a constant stimulus to the use of it. As the coarse, dirty fingers of the policeman close round the handle, they seem itching to use the other end on someone's head.

“To such base uses” does the club come at last, only too often. I know that a policeman must be armed, at all events on certain beats. It is notorious that the New York police are in the habit of using their clubs with as little provocation as a married man. Their chief idea as to their beat is to make an active verb of it. The daily newspapers are scarcely ever without accounts of some instance of police brutality. And those instances are of such a nature that in England they would raise an outcry throughout the country. Here they are taken as matters of course.

Thus in New York, while I was there, a policeman clubbed an old man to death in his own shop, and, I believe, got off scot, or American, free. And in Boston, a prisoner arrested for drunkenness, who made drunken noises in his cell, was knocked down and

kicked, and his face jumped upon by the resident police-officer. A rib or two were broken, and the poor wretch's face is described as a swollen mass, presenting no recognizable feature.

Nor must English readers think these cases are unfairly quoted. The results were exceptional in the two instances given—especially the fact that the occurrence came to light ; but the use of weapons, natural or unnatural, by the police on the persons of the citizens of America is by no means exceptional.

Let me mention one or two facts that came under my own personal observation. Walking along Battery, I beheld an old man asleep on one of the seats. Battery is the pleasant little open space just by the ferry, whence the Coney Island and Staten Island boats start. A policeman woke the old man up with his club, and told him he must not sleep there. A New Yorker to whom I told the tale said the awakening was necessary, on account of pickpockets. But my poor old man had not so much as a pocket to pick. He, at least, might have been allowed to sleep.

Another time, my wife and I passed two policemen at the corner of a street. She dresses in different fashion from the average American woman. As we passed, one guardian of the peace expectorated, guffawed, and remarked to his friend :

“Say, what the blank is that ?”

Finally, let me tell of a merry jest at an immense public meeting, held on a certain Sunday in Brommer's Park, New York. Hither came some twenty-five thousand people. Hither, also, a large body of quite unnecessary police, with their clubs. First, these spoilsports tried to prevent any beer-drinking by the thousands gathered together on the hottest day of a New York summer. Foiled in this by an ingenious device

in the way of a check to the beer-proprietor, so that the lager became private property, and was incontinently publicly drunk, they thirsted, like the impotent Alexanders they were, for a world of some kind to conquer.

In the park were three European speakers. Their addresses were received in tumultuous but perfectly good-humored fashion. Thereafter the speakers essayed to get out of the hall of meeting and the crowd, to a quiet table where they also might partake of liquid sustenance. Some of the crowd were for shaking hands with them, and quite good-humoredly pressed around to that end.

Instantly the police attacked the would-be handshakers and, with a charming impartiality, the three guests. The former were thrust in all directions; the latter were pushed and struck. Nothing but the greatest forbearance on the part of the thousands present prevented a serious riot. Fortunately, this deliberate attempt to get up a row failed. In a few minutes all simmered down. But next morning the New York papers were full of the disgraceful conduct of the police, and by mid-day one of their chiefs had called on the conveners of the meeting, and apologized for his men's conduct.

I don't say that there are not some "good men and true" in the force, but I do say that many of them combine the stupidity of George Seacole and Dogberry with the brutality of a Caliban.

CHAPTER IV.

BOSTON AND HARVARD.

"THE hub of the universe," says the oddly-shaped little boarder in one of Oliver Wendell Holmes's Gratio-like books. He speaks within quotation marks, for the phrase, or its equivalent, must, I should imagine, have been used by the Reverend William Blaxton himself, or by Ann Pollard herself. Nothing short of two centuries and a half of steady transmission of a steadily increasing belief in themselves as not as other men are, could have produced the opinion held of Bostonians by Bostonians. Not but that there are things, and things of which the New England folk, as compared with those of New York, may be proud. Boston is cleaner and quieter than New York. It is full of—is the centre of—so many historical events. It is the home of many memories, and, to a European, in this young country, where memories are necessarily short, Boston is more full of interest than any other place. He may smile, not ill-naturedly, at American reverence for the hoar antiquity of two hundred years; but he must willingly admit that the country has lived much, if it has not lived long. A land that has already seen two revolutions of such magnitude as the revolt of America from England, and the abolition of chattel slavery—a land more near, perhaps, than any other to the brink of the third, greatest and most universal, revolution, whose end will be the abolition of

wage-slavery—need not be over-sensitive about its youth.

In Boston more than anywhere else are we brought face to face with this condensed history of the United States. The mere record of such names as those of John Winthrop, first elected governor, on the night of whose death Hester Prynne, Arthur Dimmesdale, and Pearl stood upon the scaffold of the pillory, and Roger Chillingworth watched them from below ; of Benjamin Franklin, Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, is enough to make any city immortal. Here, also, was published the first newspaper in America ; in these streets English ruffians pressed for sailors, and shot down in massacre American citizens. Here, at the southeast corner of the Temple Street reservoir, near the State House, stood, from 1634 to 1789, with one brief interval of tumbling down, the tall beacon-mast on which the tar-barrel flamed out in time of danger. Here, at the corner of Essex and Washington Streets, in front of a grocery, stood the elm known in history as "Liberty Tree," where under, in the troublous days from 1765 to 1775, the Sons of Liberty met. Less than two years before a mob, hired by the British soldiers and Tories, cut the old tree down, certain of the "Sons" had their historical tea-party, in which the pot was Boston Harbor.

What conjurings up, moreover, are begotten of the simple names, Boston Common, Bunker Hill, Old South Church ! The Common was declared, by the city charter, public property forever. It has been a pasturage, a parade-ground, a gathering-place for the troops that took Louisburg and for those that captured Quebec, a fortified camp of the British in the evil days of 1775, a meeting-place, a duelling-ground, and a play-ground for children.

Bunker Hill, not Bunker's, as we profane Britishers miscall it, is not Bunker Hill—by the which, I mean that the redoubt was thrown up, and the battle of June 17, 1775, really fought, on Breed's Hill, next door to Bunker. For, in the darkness, the Americans fortified the wrong hill. The monument on Breed's Hill, unlike the Fish Street one, does not "lift its tall head and lie." It is only 221 feet 2 inches in height, and it is on the right hill, while the history-books are in the wrong. For the benefit of an effete, relatively Oriental civilization, that fancies it has absorbed all the poetry of the ages and left none for the Western land, let me quote a mere newspaper paragraph anent the centennial celebration, in 1875, of the Battle of Bunker Hill. Certain Southern military organizations were in Boston. In Winthrop Square is a monument to the men that fell on the Northern side in the Civil War of 1860-65.

The Fifth Maryland Regiment "visited Charlestown very quietly, notifying nobody beforehand, and going entirely without escort. They carried with them a magnificent floral shield, composed of white and carnation pinks, inscribed 'Maryland's tribute to Massachusetts,' and marched to Winthrop Square, in which stands the beautiful monument erected by Charlestown to the memory of her sons who fell in the military and naval service during the war. Here the regiment halted, forming three sides of a square around the monument; the band played a dirge, and the regiment stood at parade rest, while the shield was reverently laid on the monument. Then the orders were given, 'Attention!' 'Carry arms!' 'Present arms!' After this the regiment departed."

The Old South Church, as it now is, only dates from 1729. In that year the old wooden meeting-house of

the Old South Society, organized in 1669, gave way to the present not very beautiful brick building. A new Old South Church, gorgeous and uninteresting, has in its turn replaced the 1729 building as far as worship is concerned. But it is around and about the ordinary brick building that the aroma of history hangs. In it Benjamin Franklin was baptized and went to meeting; in it Whitefield preached; in it Warren made his speech on the anniversary of the massacre of Boston people by British regulars; in it was carried the resolution to have no more English tea, and the tea-party was organized; in it, during the autumn of the Battle of Bunker (*alias* Breed's) Hill year, the British soldiers stabled their horses, and a little later George Washington, soldiers and horses being driven out of the church, and of Boston, looked down on the untidy place from a Puritan gallery and uttered moral reflections.

And let me not forget Faneuil Hall, an ugly building—seatless, save as touching the galleries—that, like the Old South Church, has been, in its time, the post-office and also has its cluster of memories. The “Cradle of Liberty” the Bostonians call it, with a touch of local vainglory. And its dingy walls have rung with the silver-tongued eloquence of Wendell Phillips and the trumpet voices of others, not less noble, pleading against slavery.

From places and things to people. I am still within the limits of Boston, pure and simple, if the Bostonians will allow me to call it thus. Harvard and Lexington and Concord and Salem as yet are not. And, dealing with the people, let the sad fact be placed upon record that, in Boston, and at the Boston & Albany Railway terminus, I met my first and almost my last rude railway porter. He little knew how he went all to break a cherished illusion of mine as to Massachusetts man-

ners, and how quite a succession of his fellow-citizens was necessary to restore me to my original belief in the good breeding of New Englanders.

If I only dared be a male and an Irish Henrietta Stackpole, what Isabel Archers, and Ralph Touchetts, and Lord Warburtons might I not describe as encountered in Boston. I might try to picture, and fail in the attempt, the quiet, self-contained historian—the authority on New England history—who seems to have known all the Pilgrim Fathers personally, with his dark eyes, American thinness of hair, and indescribable, delightful American culture. Or the literary editor of one of Boston's leading papers, clerical, broad-minded, pleasant and courteous, without any tinge of that professional suavity that makes one hunger to kick the average English clergyman. Or the young professor of political economy at the Tech (Bostonian for the Technological Institute), with his sense of unrest at the old doctrines of *laissez faire* and the rest of it, and his anxiety to find out if there is any new thing in economic thought that may solve the problems he uneasily feels are left untouched by the old dogmas and formulæ. Or the travelled American, with the manners of an Englishman, who has been at a public school and then to Oxford or Cambridge—he that had very nearly been successor to Moncure D. Conway at South Place Institute (*alias* Chapel), had lectured on socialism at Harvard, and met some of us in literary suburban residences in the old country. No more charming and more typical American (of the better and, alas! the rarer sort) met me than this friend. Truly, he knew just as little of socialism as becomes a university lecturer; but he knew Harvard, and after a lunch in the grand, reckless fashion of a university boy, he bore me off to the Western Cambridge.

Hereat, cultured and delightful America met me again in the persons of professors and students. These last were not all of the rougher sex, for Harvard has its Girls' Annex, and, with great and pure wisdom, justified both by positive and negative results, the attendants in the library are women. The annex, hard by the immortal Washington elm on the Common (of which anon), is Harvard short for the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women. Started in 1879, the annex had in 1884-85 fifty-five girl-students. The head is Mrs. Louis Agassiz. Like Girton and the kindred English institutions, the annex affords instruction, teachers, examinations, in all respects identical with those provided for the men.

The pleasantest thing in the library, next to the young fellows at work in it and the healthy presence of women in their midst, is the card-catalogue. This is the vogue in the Boston Public Library also, and although I have not had any practical experience in working with the card-catalogue, I am strongly inclined in favor of it as opposed to our British Museum gigantic-volume method. In brief, the plan is as follows: Every book has a corresponding card; the cards are classified alphabetically, according to subject and title—not, as with us, according to the author's name. The cards are kept in drawers and so arranged that, while any reader can find and read any card, he cannot remove it or any of its companions from the drawer. Card and book bear a number. For example, thus:

1425

3

The first number (1, in this case) tells the vertical range in which the book is; the second (4, in this case), which of the six floors it is on; the third (2), on which of the

fourteen sections each floor contains; the fourth (5) tells the shelf, and the under figure (3) the number of the book upon the shelf. Certain alcoves are set apart for the students of particular professions, but the library as a whole is open to anyone, whether connected with Harvard or not.

Mens sana—the library—*corpus sanum*—the gymnasium. The development of athletics, mourned in its extremity by Professor Freeman, is borne witness to by the fact that the gymnasium of 1860 has, since 1879, been only a carpenter's shop. Its successor would delight even the exigent soul of a German gymnast, or a London athletic man. A running-track, eighteen feet wide, runs round the great hall, on the first floor so to speak, and as on the afternoon of my visit divers young men were plodding around it, at all sorts of paces and in every stage of physical exhaustion, my mind reverted (not very fondly) to the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, when a go-as-you-please contest is dragging its slow length along. There are all sorts of devices for the muscles in the gymnasium, and, oddest of all, an arrangement for an eight to row in-doors and on air—a kind of chameleon practice.

The theatre, where Henry Irving gave his address, is a part of the Memorial Hall, which is by far the most interesting building in the university. The fact is, that this last is young and, unhappily, as if to make its youth staring, an imitation ancient building or two has been put up. This is a pity, for Harvard, like Boston, and like the whole land, has lived that condensed life which makes even a hundred years or so memorable.

A fact as to which certain names are evidence. That of John Harvard with difficulty ranks among them, so little is known of him. A graduate of the elder East-

ern Cambridge University, he died in Charlestown, two years after the college, called, retrospectively apparently, by his name, had been founded. To this he left the whole of his library, and the half of his estate, say £700. Thus, something luckily, he, as chief benefactor for the time being of the university *in posse*, became its godfather. There is an imaginary statue of the Reverend John Harvard to be seen—idealized as I fancy is the memory of its supposed original.

More real names to us are those of Charles Sumner, who lived in Room 12, Stoughton Hall; Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Room 31, in the same; W. H. Prescott, Rooms 6 and 11; Ralph Waldo Emerson, who flitted from 5 to 15 and from 15 to 20, and H. D. Thoreau, in Hall; Agassiz, whose house is hard by; Longfellow, whose bust I saw, and whose children I had not time to see; George Washington—all haunt the place.

Washington, they told me, stayed in the President's house, when the British held Boston, until a sentry was shot in front of it. Then, according to my informants, he moved farther off to Arlington. Under an elm, on the other side of Cambridge Common to that occupied by the university buildings, he took command of the American troops on July 3, 1775.

"UNDER THIS TREE
WASHINGTON
FIRST TOOK COMMAND
OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY
JULY 3d, 1775,"

reads the inscription, written by Longfellow, and containing more poetry than any other work from the genial versifier's hand. The elm is still a fine old fel-

low of a tree, carefully strengthened by man, here and there. A child of it is planted a few yards away, to perpetuate the historic race.

I have left the Memorial Hall to the last. Of the theatre-portion of this mention has been made, and of the magnificent dining-hall, reminiscent of our English college halls on an enlarged scale, no more need here be said. But the transept that leads to both these buildings, that lie respectively east and west! With its marble pavement, its vaulted roof of ash, its carven walls, within the arches of which repose marble tablets bearing the name of Harvard students that fell during the Civil War—this transept has the beauty and the solemnity of a mausoleum.

Here are the two monumental inscriptions, one in English, one in the Latin tongue :

“ This hall commemorates the patriotism of the graduates and students of this University, who served in the Army and Navy of the United States during the war for the preservation of the Union, and upon these tablets are inscribed the names of those among them who died in the service.”

“ Optima est hæc consolatio parentibus quod tantâ reipublicæ præsidia genuerunt liberos quod habebunt domestica exempla virtutis conjugibus quod iisviris carebunt quos laudare quam lugere præstabit.”

Of this last, here is an attempt at Englishing : “ Herein is the highest solace for the parents of these, that they bore for children such defenders of the State.”

After all, it is this Civil War, and that of the century before, that make America so much more elder than its years. By him that stands, head uncovered, within the Memorial Hall at Harvard, and sees the many names of these boys that went out to be shot, the youthfulness of the university is forgotten. The place seems venerable.

CHAPTER V.

SALEM.

“There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall.”

These two lines, sometimes to the older “Hymns Ancient and Modern” tune, sometimes to the less simple Gounod setting, keep ringing and singing in my ears as I think of Salem or of Concord, just without the walls of the city of Boston. Each place is so still and old-worldish, and burdened with so many memories that are beautiful, or beautiful for sadness.

Perhaps it is the savour of Puritanism, good and evil, permeating both places, that brings about in me one of those reversions or “throwings back,” intrinsic to a man’s own life, that are almost as interesting as the reversions to ancestral conditions which play so large a part in heredity. When I think of Salem and Concord, the hymns and prayers and religious phrases of my youth return. For the life of me, just now, I can no more get rid of the two lines quoted above than of the words “King of Salem,” which is, “King of peace,” that keep following hard upon.

But the king known in Salem is one Nathaniel Hawthorne. He is more than king. He is the god of the idolatry of many literary pilgrims, journeying over land and sea to the shrine of Salem. And he that visits Salem, not having bowed down at the high altar of

Hawthorne's genius, will go prayerless and without blessing away.

Not everyone that is thus equipped for the journey will have my good fortune, and make it in company with an American historian and a cultured American woman. And even if the pilgrimage is made in some such company as this, the yet rarer chance, that the companions know not only when to speak but when to keep silence, may fail. For Salem, in, of course, a thousand-fold lesser degree, is a sort of Stratford-on-Avon. At Salem, as at Stratford, times and again, at places and places, no word should be spoken.

Both the English and the American Mecca are dull, sleepy places now. For the latter, Hawthorne's description in the preface to the "Scarlet Letter" still holds, in the main. From the station—non-existent, one may take it, in the days of Hawthorne's custom-house purgatory—you walk along the principal thoroughfare, Essex Street. Down this, less than two centuries ago, the wretched witches and their not less wretched persecutors passed. One half expects to see the former rise out of the ground—to hear the very stones of the street cry out against the latter.

In Essex Street is Plummer's Hall, a sort of secular Old South Church, full of Salem relics, and actually with an old church hidden away on a grass-plot behind. This last is a tiny wooden building, the original "meeting-house" of Salem—historical, if only because in it so many of the real and false great Puritan divines did their preaching. One very real great heart labored in this domino-box of a place: Roger Williams, heretic in his own days, preacher of stormy sermons, political trouble-giver, advocate of the Indians, founder of the State of Rhode Island—a man whose memory cannot

be washed out, even by the thought that Rhode Island is a prohibition State.

Roger's church, that was, is a small, square building, with a sloping roof, and a microscopic gallery. Roger's congregation could never, I should say, have numbered more than fifty people, unless they stood one upon the other. A weary old spinet, a list of pastors whose terms of office often overlap, a few ancient seats, and a desk, are all I remember of the furniture. The desk is an ordinary school or office one, but when you open it you can read inside the lid, "Nathaniel Hawthorne." It is the custom-house desk at which he sat droning over dull office-routine work, and dreaming the "Scarlet Letter" or the "House with the Seven Gables."

Plummer's Hall itself is full of relics, from the original documents of evidence and sentences in the witch-trials of 1692 to the historical brick that William Penn took the trouble to carry across the Atlantic from his English home to his American homestead.

From Plummer's Hall and the Old Church into Essex Street again, and thence to Union Street. Half-way down this, on the left-hand side, is Hawthorne's birthplace, a plain house, with a brown dog lying before it in the street and in the sun. The house is large and square, with something of the uncompromising straight-backedness of the Puritan chairs in its rigid shape and gambrel roof.

Thence to the Custom House, facing the water-eaten wharf and sleepy harbor, whence almost all commerce has vanished. A flight of stone steps leads up from the level of the street to the open door. Above this is an eagle that, like almost everything in Salem, seems quite familiar. This is the creature immortalized in that delightful passage in the "Scarlet Letter" introduction: "An enormous specimen of the American eagle, with

outspread wings, a shield before her breast and . . . a bunch of intermingled thunderbolts and barbed arrows in each claw. With the customary infirmity of temper that characterizes this unhappy fowl, she appears, by the fierceness of her beak and eye and the general turbulence of her attitude, to threaten mischief to the in-offensive community."

Mounting the granite steps and entering at the door, no feeling of surprise would be awakened if, in the entry, "a row of venerable figures, sitting in old-fashioned chairs, which were tipped on their hind-legs back against the wall," were discernible, asleep or talking. But the poor old fellows are asleep forever and will talk no more, save in the pages of their quondam head, to all the English-speaking race.

To the left, out of this entry, lies the room where he worked, a sort of American Robert Burns. It is a simple office-room, with two windows looking out across the empty street to the empty harbor. In the right-hand inner window he sat at the desk we saw an hour ago in Roger Williams' church. A young man shows a stencil-plate with, "Salem, Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1847," cut in it. This is the very stencil with which and black paint the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne was imprinted on "pepper-bags, and baskets of anatto, and cigar-boxes, and bales of all kinds of dutiable merchandise."

The young man presently takes us up-stairs to a room on the first floor, lying on the opposite side of entry and of eagle to that where the surveyor of the revenue was wont to do the literary part of his surveying. In this room, "one idle and rainy day it was" his and our fortune that he found, "a certain affair of fine red cloth, much worn and faded . . . with traces about it of gold embroidery . . . that assumed the shape of a letter A."

The room is carpeted now, and no dusty heaps of documents litter the floor. From its window once again the harbor is to be seen, and to the right the uncompromising back of the turbulent eagle. Above is a sort of upper chamber or cupola, whence all Salem, and Marblehead, and the mouth of the harbor, and the eastern coast of America, and the Atlantic can be seen.

Our young man is as charming as are all official Americans. He is evidently used to showing the place, though apparently not yet accustomed to an exotic enthusiasm, which he, I fancy, hardly understands. I do not believe he had read a line of Hawthorne, and I imagine that he thinks the "Scarlet Letter" was an epistolary communication.

From the Custom-house and the crumbling wharf, where early in the century merchant-vessels lay two or three deep, to the Peabody Academy of Science. Here, more interesting than even the admirable zoölogical collection, was an ancient specimen of the genus *homo*, species Caucasian, variety Yankee. Individually, he was some sort of a curator, and he must needs show, with a running explanatory comment, one of the sights of the place in the form of a tiny, marvellously executed ivory carving of the Day of Judgment, the loving labor of some older monk. Within a circumference of about three inches are scores of figures, perfectly carved.

At first I thought the old gentleman was showing this condensed marvel with a due sense of reverence, and a wholesome consciousness of the nearness of his own day of judgment. By degrees it dawned upon me that he was poking fun at it all, and this was clear noonday when he fell to pointing out the chief devil. Quoth he : "That's the old cockalorum; and never you say you've not seen the devil. Say you've seen him in a box, at Salem."

Along this same main Essex Street to the corner of North Street, there stands a chemist's shop and house into which, without any intentions as to paregoric or cod-liver oil, we plunge. For this was, two hundred and fifty years ago, the house of Roger Williams, and after him of Judge Curwin. The main rooms are unchanged. In one of them, at the back on the ground-floor, the witches waited. From this room you can, by a narrow passage, step with two strides into the low-ceilinged room, looking out on the street, where their preliminary examinations were held. They were preliminary to the march up Essex Street to the Old Church, to the "trial" there, to the march back along Essex Street, to Gallows Hill, a mile away. Here, in the year of our Lord 1692, between June 10th and September 22d, nineteen men and women were done to death for the crime of witchcraft.

CHAPTER VI.

CONCORD.

Tuesday, November 19, 1886, will, as long as I have any memory, be to me a memorable day. Upon it I saw Concord for the first time. The Americans are sadly unimaginative, and in default of invention use the same name for half a dozen or half a score different places. There are no less than eight Concords on record in my invaluable "Rand & MacNally" (the "Bradshaws" of the States), and everyone knows that the whole Latin language had only three. And that, not reckoning a Concord Junction and a brace of Concordias.

But *the* Concord is the tender little township, nineteen miles from Boston, sacred to the memory of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the outbreak of the War of Independence. The most delicious place. Such air that November morn and such peace! The poverty of American nomenclature may almost be forgiven for the fitness with which this place was named.

From the sleepy little station a soft-soiled lane takes you up to the central common. Only a stray dog or two, of slouching gait, meet you by the way. Upon that way lies a notable house. "Here, in the house of the Rev. Philip Bulkeley," saith an inscription, "first minister and one of the founders of this town, a bargain was made with the Squaw Sachem, the Sagamore Tahattawan, and other Indians, who then sold their

right in the six miles square called Concord, to the English planters, and gave them peaceful possession of the land, 1636." Upon the which the obvious comment is that one would like to read an Indian inscription as to the transaction, annotated with the after-reflections of the redskins upon the matter. From the heart of the common—itsself the heart of Concord—rises a simple granite monument to the men of the Civil War, faithful unto death.

"The town of Concord builds this monument in honor of the brave men whose names it bears, and records with grateful pride that they found here a birth-place, home, or grave. 1766."

At the far end of the common, a road runs off and down with a gentle slope, to the right. This is the Main Street and in it are certain mild shops. At the top of it is the Wright Hotel. Here, on the morning before the first shot was fired in the Rebellion War, Major Pitcairn, the "blasted Britisher," stirred his brandy with a bloody finger (his own), saying he would stir the rebels' blood before night. Major Pitcairn would have no more brandy than finger to stir now, for Concord is a prohibition town, as a rueful young man in the Wright House tells me. He has been here a week. At the nearer end of the common, Monument Street runs off to the left, just before you reach a red brick building, next door to which is a white one, steeple-crowned, and with a little hillside of graves lying beyond. Only a short way down Monument Street, upon its left-hand side, is Emerson's house and Nathaniel Hawthorne's old manse. American notices are the soul of wit and abruptness. On the immortal house is one to the laconic effect, "This is private property. Visitors not admitted." On the opposite side to the old manse another inscrip-

tion runs yet more briefly: "Private ground. Keep off."

Immediately beyond the road turns to the left, and you are on the spot where the first shot was fired in 1775—one of the places of holy ground in the geography of peoples. This road, lined with trees all planted at one setting by the Concord citizens, ends in a bridge that crosses the Concord River. The unimaginative people, you observe, can only work out one name for a river and a town. On this side of the river lay the British, and on that the Lexington and Concord farmers, and across it the war began.

Upon the British side, in the wall to the left, almost hidden by shadow, is a stone bearing the words, "Grave of the British Soldiers." Here the Concord men, after the skirmish, hastily buried the English that had fallen for a cause not theirs. A miserable thing, assuredly, that these men, at the bidding of an evil king and an evil government, should have thus been shot down, thousands of miles from their home-land, by the men whom their children's children name not rebels, but heroes.

Upon the American side of the river, if you cross the bridge, kept up now just as it was in 1775, you come upon the Minute Man statue. It is worthy of place and event. A bronze of the young farmer-soldier, with an old-fashioned plough and musket, his eager face and figure fronting the British across the river.

If you go back to the common again, only one more road remains to be explored. That by which you came up from the station and its continuation beyond the common, the Main Street to the right, Monument Street to the left, are exhausted. But if you turn up between the Catholic Church and the Old Hill burying-ground, you come, by way of the chief cemetery of the

township, to another beyond. The road is all soft sand, so that the foot falls lightly, and even the mournful carriages that traverse this solemn road move almost without a sound. The sky and air are divinely clear, and both are full of the deep, resinous scent of the funereal pines. A wonderful bird, like a butterfly, flits to and fro along the path that Emerson and Hawthorne and Thoreau must have trodden so many times before they were at last borne by way of it to their sleeping place.

Among the graves and monuments passed by the roadside one, more than all others, gives us pause. The exceeding beauty of the words upon it arrests the footsteps, like a sudden sound of sweet music :

“The pilgrim they laid in a chamber, whose window opened toward the sunrising. The name of the chamber was Peace. There he lay till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.”

Reading into this the belief in the resurrection, whether this be to you but a beautiful myth or your soul's creed, what perfectness of thought and of form is there here, beyond all power of description. The critic may point out that all the words but one are Saxon, and that nearly eighty per cent. of them are monosyllables ; he may call attention to the marvelous rhythm of the whole passage, culminating in the exquisite “then he awoke and sang,” and to the wonderful effect of the “and” in the last sentence. But the poet, whether he sings or only feels, will care for none of these things. He will only be conscious of the unspeakable music and pathos of the whole passage ; he will recall such kindred phrases as “The shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land,” or “Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.” And in the mind neither of critic nor of poet will there

be any wonderment at the hearing that these are the words of John Bunyan and the pilgrim was Christian. But the genius that could choose this passage to be written upon a gravestone is not far inferior to his who first spoke the words themselves.

And here is Sleepy Hollow, an open-air cemetery, as it were, beyond the elder and more commonplace one. The American people are often so kindly to their dead in the choice of resting-places for them, that they almost make one forget what a prosaic race they are, living or dead. Away from Concord and Sleepy Hollow, my mind passes across the breadth of Massachusetts and the narrow southern end of New York State, and so nearly half-way into Pennsylvania, westward, to Williamsport. And, in time, its journey is to a certain December Sunday, when, with one never-to-be-forgotten friend and one other, never to be forgotten, I drove out from the streets of the little city folded in by the hills all snow, to Wild Woods Cemetery. Think of the mere name of this, by the side of our Abney Parks, and West Bromptons, and Norwoods, and Bunhill Fields!

I am bound to admit that the still place was that afternoon deserted of the American people, who were sitting behind their drawn blinds, drinking whiskey. No one scarcely comes out rambling on these hills, high up on the side of which rests the cemetery. The pines and firs by it were a faithful green, and the snow lay drifted deep upon all the graves. Hard by our companion had killed a copperhead snake and a nine-rattle rattlesnake, and yet over all an American sunset was at peace.

At Concord again. The name Sleepy Hollow is older than the laying of the dead here. It is the most beautiful place possible. Not even the hideous want

of fancy of sticking little American flags all over the graves can destroy its loveliness. That which Shelley said of the house of all living at Naples holds of Sleepy Hollow—"It makes one in love with death." It is a hollow, with a gentle hill rising from its midst, and upon this many smaller mounds that are graves.

Upon the summit Emerson lies. A maple stands at his head, a fir at his feet. A great nameless block of pink quartz, purple as the sunset above, stained dark-brown below, and strong everywhere, is the only monument, except that of Thomas Fuller's faithful minister, who, you will remember, bequeathed "to each of his parishioners his precepts and example for a legacy, and they in requital erected everyone a monument for him in their hearts."

Hard by is Hawthorne's grave, hedged round with arbor vitæ and bearing only the word "Hawthorne" upon it. Behind him lies Thoreau—"Henry D. Thoreau. Born July 12, 1817. Died May 6, 1862." He kept in birth and in death within the summer months, and the only green leaves we found that autumnal day were upon his grave.

As we came away from them men were at work, at the foot of the mound where they lie together, lading a cart with bricks, and the children in the streets of Concord were coming home from school.

CHAPTER VII.

KANSAS CITY AND WASHINGTON.

“Extremes meet” in this chapter. I have chosen the two cities that struck me as, respectively, the wildest and the most artistic of those I saw. Of course, there are places out West by the side of which Kansas City would seem a Mayfair, but the “Chicago of the West” was at once the most western and most wild place reached by me. It will serve for comparison with Washington, incomparably the most beautiful city I saw in America.

Kansas City was reached after a twelve hours' journey from Davenport, in the morning by the side of the Mississippi, in the evening on the banks of the Missouri. The long journey, at the slow pace of which only American expresses are capable, was made yet more doleful by the dismal fact that no wine or beer could be had at any meal on board. This was because our way lay through Iowa, a prohibition State. A stray bottle of white wine, obtained a few days earlier at Prairie du Chien, was hoarded up and measured out and drunk with huge care, as if it were water in the desert.

Arriving late at night, a stroll in search of a sponge—my ablutionary belongings had gone astray, and I knew it was long odds against finding any in an American hotel—revealed to me three interesting geographical and ethnographical facts: That there were more

toughs (Anglicé roughs) to the square inch in Kansas City than I had seen in any other American town ; that the policemen of the place hunted in couples ; that the briskest trade appeared to be in revolvers.

Next morning, waking after the fashion of King Robert of Sicily, "with the day's first beam," the temptation was strong to remark, like that regal jester, "It is a dream." A wild, untutored, untidy place ; the wildness enhanced by the untidiness, in a measure due to the city being built on and between great bluffs that seem, often, to rise up by the very side of the street. The streets are forever climbing up and down hill, and a hill that does its level best to be perpendicular. It and its fellows are in many cases so steep that horses are useless, and cable-cars run up and down them like a toboggan.

For sidewalks Kansas City has a series of loose wooden planks that are not on speaking terms one with another, and are as full of holes as a colander. This arrangement, together with another by virtue of which there is generally a yawning chasm between roadway and sidewalk, that may or may not be bridged over with a wobbly plank, makes an evening stroll in Kansas City as exciting as a visit from one's mother-in-law.

Up hill and down dale streets ; untidy open spaces, choked with rubbish and weeds, cheek by jowl with houses or in the middle of roads ; queer, rough-looking people loafing about, with multitudinous blacks—was not Missouri a slave State ?—and an air everywhere of slinging freedom, make this wild city, on the borders of Missouri and Kansas, the strangest of places.

But to understand the full measure of its strangeness you must go a-riding in a buggy with, for choice, a driver more sanguine than skilful. For myself, I almost became a subscriber to the doctrine of special

providences after that helter-skelter drive round Kansas City. Such "roads" as we went over, such ditches as we went into, such impossible places as we reached, such bumping and shaking and jerking as we went over the bluffs, by uneven roads that hang onto the hill-sides, whence you can look down upon the straggling city and the great river flowing below. Here, on these wild bluffs, live many workmen. They have built themselves small shanties, but, after the manner of landlord and capitalistic man in America as in Europe, the price of land is so wickedly exorbitant that the shanties are mortgaged up to the roof.

Upon the ways, that make no dishonest attempt to appear to be roads, and on the hills, where you sit right up in the air and see the horses down below, you meet western farmers riding long-tailed ponies, with queer, cavernous saddles and colossal stirrups, who look for all the world as if they had just stepped out of a story by Bret Harte. There is a little wayside inn some short distance from the city, at which we stopped and quenched. Outside this the long-tailed ponies stood in a long curve, as if they were at a fair, and inside their rough-and-ready riders drank the whiskey of rye.

Another excursion took the shape of a ride in the cable-cars down a hill whose angle with the horizon seems to be about $2,000^{\circ}$, and thus to the elevated railroad, and thereby to Wyandotte, across the river Missouri, and out of its name-State into Kansas. From this same lovely Wyandotte, fast growing up into a suburb of the city, you can look back from the State of Kansas to its namesake on the other side of the river, and ponder on the strange struggle between nature and art, in place and in man, that is still enacting there.

From Kansas City to Washington—by thought, not

by rail, for Washington was almost the last place visited. Thither I went one December day from Baltimore, the Paris of America, with more human streets, and more human people in them than are to be seen in most Transatlantic towns. In the which connection, let me state, just for what it is worth, my own personal opinion, that the Southern American is much more charming, as a rule, than the Northern. Of the many Baltimore and Washington people I met in my five days there, one in especial stands out clearly in my memory. She was the wife of one of the professors at Johns Hopkins University, an Englishman who had been my friend and my friendly rival for scholarships and medals at London and at Cambridge. The widow of a Confederate general, herself one of the Southern aristocracy, holding opinions on social and religious matters diametrically opposed to mine, this Maryland woman received me in her house with a frankness and grace beyond all words.

But to Washington—the city of fine stone. My visit to it was a white-letter day, in truth. Here, also, the visit was made under most favorable conditions. Was I not met at the very station and carried off through the waiting-room where President Garfield was shot, by three good friends, two of whom held high office in Government departments? And did not the linguist; with the children of music, and the entomologist, who with his sculptor-wife goes a-hunting insects on all high days and holidays, conduct me everywhither?

First, to the office of the Bureau of Labor. “Imitation is the sincerest,” etc., and in England we are beginning to imitate this excellent institution. But in England time will be long before the Bureau of Labor will be as thorough in its work as its American prototype, and eternity or a socialist state will be entered

upon before it is half as outspoken. At this office I met and had long talk with Carroll D. Wright, its chief, and at the same time the head of the particular labor bureau of Massachusetts. A handsome, refined, cultured edition of President Cleveland; big, rather stout, with a heavy cavalry mustache, caught, I believe, in the Civil War; a transparently honest, clear-headed man.

Later, to the National Museum, full of Indian things, wonderful minerals, relics of Washington, and of American arctic voyagers. Here, in one room, is a bust of Darwin by our sculptor-friend, executed from a photograph only. As a work of art, it is excellent; as a likeness, not very articulate. The Smithsonian Institute, next door, I saw only from without.

Thereafter, to the Capitol, by way of that most magnificent approach, Pennsylvania Avenue, which is closed in by the high, white dome very nobly. Entering the central chamber of the Capitol, lo! the American citizen using spittoons of a magnitude becoming the stately building. In a room beyond, the Supreme Court of Judicature is judicaturing as prosily as if it was in the Strand; in another vast hall is the Senate, as dull as if it sat at Westminster. The House of Representatives is more lively. As with the Senate, the arrangement of things in general is more like that in a class-room than our English Parliament. The boss sits on a dais, and all the members in a series of semicircles in front of him. Each member has a desk to himself. Claps of the hands are heard at intervals. These are not applause, but summonses from the members to the little page (duodecimo) boys who run in and out with paper, pens, and the like. These neat little fellows are all the sons of "high-born" Americans, and the intriguing for a page's place is as great as at a mediæval court.

Someone on the Republican side, to the boss's left, is droning on about military pensions, and no one is listening. When he finishes droning, a Democrat, to the boss's right, rises and makes answer. He is evidently a man of mark, as at once, upon his uprising, some dozen or more members saunter out of their seats, stroll on to the dais (the orator has a front desk), and range themselves before the speaker. There, even as he speaks, they interrupt him, correct his figures, negative his conclusions, carry on long conversations with him. When he is worn out by his own exertions and theirs, he sits down, and they stroll back again to their places.

The attendants everywhere outside the actual chambers can smoke, and for the most part they do smoke, even at the very door of the Senate. The building itself is, in the main, of the very finest marble, some of it, Tennessee, with reddish tinge. The only things that mar this, one of the most beautiful structures in the world, are the eternal spittoons, the splashes of tobacco-juice *passim*, and one or two feeble pictures. I suppose America is too young and too hungry for money to have much art of her own as yet. In this Capitol, itself a poem in stone, the pictures were out of all harmony with their splendid setting, and a young man, on the ground floor, was selling as souvenirs of the Capitol certain products, two typical of which are now (for a moment only) before me.

One is a bust of Abraham Lincoln, "made of United States greenbacks, redeemed and macerated by the United States Government, at Washington, D. C. Estimated at \$10,000." The other is a piece of quartz, with certain daubs of color, and two black dabs that are meant for birds flying round the top of an isosceles triangle—that is the Washington obelisk. This gem

only wants to be labelled, "A Present for a Good Boy."

But it is not fair to beautiful Washington that we leave it with the bad taste of American art in the mouth. Let us look at the Capitol once again ; at the obelisk, not in pictorial representation, but in the actual stone ; at the wide streets, full of swift sleighs and the jingle of many bells ; at all the noble buildings of this palace among cities.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME, MILWAUKEE.

We were sitting, three of us, looking out eastward over Lake Michigan. At the foot of the mound on which we rested, the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad ran, skirting the shore of the inland sea. Into this last ran out, to our right hand and to our left, the straight lines of the harbor-piers. Beyond the northern pier lay Whitefish Bay; beyond the southern, Bay View. At Bay View, a few months before, the brave Wisconsin militia, under the orders of a braver officer, sagaciously ensconced in their rear, fired, without any real warning, upon a procession of demonstrating workmen, unarmed, unthreatening. Thus they valorously slew six people, including an old man who was feeding his chickens in his garden, and a little boy returning from school. The gallant officer who gave the order deserves as much immortality as possible; so I place on record his name—Major George P. Traeumer.

And, lest the carping critic should complain that I am exaggerating as to the courage of this officer, as to his humane forbearance and his unwillingness to shed blood, let me quote from Mr. Flower, the Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor for Wisconsin, a man most bitterly opposed to all working-class movements. Even Mr. Flower, while clearly approving of Traeumer's daring and promptitude, has to note that "Major George P. Traeumer, who was in command of the

militia, as soon as the mob had advanced to within about one thousand yards [*sic*], warned them, by waving his hand, not to approach. . . . A moment later the command to fire was given" ("Report, 1885-1886," p. 337). A warning by the waving of a man's hand, at the distance of one thousand yards, the waver being strategically placed behind his men, was the farce preliminary to the tragedy of the murder of American working-men in May, 1886.

We are lazily watching all the scene that lies beneath us ; watching the flowing of the Milwaukee and Menominee Rivers into the lake on our right, and listening to the story of the "riot" told quite calmly and dispassionately, when the teller, as he ends his tale, adds : "But all soldiers are not of that type. Let us go to the Soldiers' Home here."

The Soldiers' Home lies some little way out from Milwaukee, and a railway-track runs through its grounds. Entering by the main gate to these, a gently declining path leads toward the chief building. Along this several old men, not a few old before their time with wounds, are pacing slowly. The peaceful place and the serene aspect of the uniformed veterans make one think what a fine home it is to come home to. Within doors the officer of the day takes us under his benign governance. Every fourth day, as we understand, he is changed. Our friend is a German—oh, America, that prates and fumes as to thy nationality!—speaking perfect English, and once on a time a surgeon in the Northern army.

From room to room he guides us, with official American courtesy, German attention to detail, and cosmopolitan knowledge of men and things. Now we are in his or some other officer's room, plainly furnished, shared by some three or four ; now in the printing-

office, where the presiding genius, finding that certain of us are by blood or by good fortune allied to the most international of revolutionists, one Karl Marx, is moved to something perilously akin to tears. Here, in the last home but one of these hundreds of fighting men, is an unknown friend, a lover afar off of the founder of the stupendous movement of the nineteenth century that, they say, will one of these days do away finally with soldiers and make homes universal.

Now we pass through the library, not very crowded, and now through the reading-room. This, as it is given over in the main to newspapers, has its larger contingent of men. In the dining-room they can feed six hundred at once, nearly a moiety of the large family of brothers-in-arms housed here. The meal-times and ceremonies are on this wise. Breakfast is from 6.30 A.M. to 7 A.M., and is of coffee, bread, butter, meat. Dinner (American fashion) is at 12.15 P.M.; coffee, potatoes, vegetables, bread. Supper, on the same general lines, is at 5.30 P.M. Practically at all these meals, and theoretically at all times, nothing in the shape of alcohol is allowed within the home.

From the dining-room it is an easy and natural transition, even if the natural order of things seems to be reversed, to the kitchen. Here all the cooking is done by steam, and our good guide dilates with unction on the five barrels of flour, four thousand pounds of meat, seventy pounds of coffee, one hundred pounds of sugar, that are consumed every day, or every year, or, may be, every month. I cannot tell, but the numbers, although they conveyed to me, *crede inexperto*, not much more meaning than a million does, were evidently of magnitude. The laundry, clean as a country dairy, is hard by.

On the upper floors, each with a sentry on duty, are the bed-rooms. Over each bed in each of these is the regulation card, with the name, age, complaint (for the home is by its very nature a hospital) of its occupant. For each bed, besides this last, there is a mattress, four blankets, and a little bureau.

Then, after seeing the post-office and the theatre, our guide takes us up, like Satan in the fable, to an exceeding high place, reached, in quite other fashion than that of Satan and his companion, by a prosaic but convenient lift. Here, on the pinnacle, as it were, of this temple sacred to warfare, we look out over the beautiful grounds in which this beautiful place lies. "There is the home-store," explains our German surgeon, "for goods and food-stuffs. Yonder is the powder-magazine"—for the old boys have a morning and an evening gun, just, so to say, for old times' sake. And there is the gas-house, and there, oh, mischievous old boys! the guard-house, and there the farm-yard. To our right lies the hospital-building. Not less than one hundred and fifty of the one thousand three hundred men are in this sick-room of a house of sick-rooms. One of the one hundred and fifty is an old Frenchman, who, not content with having fought at the Battle of Waterloo, must needs fight in the American Civil War. He must have been, when this broke out, over eighty years of age, for he is now one hundred and nine. A quarter of a mile away from the main buildings, resting among the woods and, perhaps mercifully, out of sight, is the cemetery. Thither the veterans, all marking time hard by it, are borne by twos and threes every week.

We descend again into the house, and make our way to the chapel—a little room, only able to hold some two hundred people. "It is never full," says our

guide. This is in part due to the fact that religion in this place is as manifold as in the world without, and the chapel, like nature, embraces all forms of it. At its door all the creeds lay down their arms. From 5 A.M. to 6 A.M. mass is said for the Roman Catholics; at 2 P.M. the catechism, I presume of the Episcopal Church—whose actual service is at 3 P.M. At 4 P.M. the Lutherans have their turn. All other hours than these find the chapel open for private worship, and some of the old men spend much of their time here. When we look noiselessly into the silent place, a score of men are at prayer. One of them, a very old fellow, with pure white hair, sits far away from the altar, near the door, telling the beads of his rosary.

The population of the place is, as I have said, some 1300. Of these no less than 600 are Germans; 200 are Irish; less than 200 are American. All nations are represented, even Russia to the extent of one man. Nothing could be of more significance than this fact. It shows once again that America is not a nation. It is a far from homogeneous collection of many nationalities, and can only, with a very ill historical grace, object to anything on the ground of its being foreign—unless, indeed, America proposes to object to herself.

As to the inmates of this memorable place, the two chief impressions they make on me are of smoke and of listlessness. They can smoke anywhere, and they do smoke everywhere. And over them all, and over the whole place, hangs a strange air of indifference, of apathy. Not many read. Most of them sit about, staring vacantly into space, or loaf slowly along, as vacantly. It may be because in the past few of them have learnt to take much interest in the quiet ways of life, that has nothing left for them now but quietness.

Perhaps the constant funerals have something to do with the somnolent depression that reigns. In any case, to an on-looker they seem like a company of men who, having looked death in the face many times on the battle-field, are now waiting for his coming.

CHAPTER IX.

NIAGARA.

It was ten minutes to one in the smallest hour of the morning when we landed at the railway station, "Niagara Falls." We were three: Saccharissa; the Governor, best of German friends; and the present writer. A genial Rochester comrade had, earlier in the day—the previous day—given us, on the shores of Lake Ontario, the address of a hotel at the Falls. It was given simultaneously with a most marvellous decoction, warranted to keep the cold out. On the strength of that decoction he may be forgiven for the fact that no hotel of the name he had mentioned existed at the little four thousand population village.

But omnibuses labelled with hotel names were in waiting, and, under the seductive influence of a driver of one of them, we were carried about two yards, to the Spencer House, which we discovered in the morning to be opposite the depot. It may have been the wonder of the place, but this Spencer House abides in my mind as the most delightful of all the delightful American hostleries. Worn out with travel, we agreed to drink one more lager-beer in the Governor's room, and then to bed. But as we made ready for this crowning debauch, we were arrested by a strange, quite new sound. A dull, deep, far-off, endless boom, boom, boom. "Hush!" we said, "there is Niagara." And we stopped drinking and talking, every now and again,

and sometimes went on tiptoe to the open window to listen. Boom—boom—boom, through the darkness, as it has been for thousands of years.

At breakfast, later on that same morning, we were attended by the most charming of our many charming niggers. Some of these are very quiet and depressed—even a little sullen at times. They seem to be thinking of Africa, now and again. But this friend was jollity in ebony. He laughed as he asked you what you'd take, shook with mirth as you gave your orders, and roared aloud as he tripped off to execute them. He had been born a freeman; but his father had, by years of labor, to buy first his own freedom and then that of the wife.

Now came *the* question, How to see Niagara. Guide—hack (American for trap)—unaided genius—genius aided by a book? This last method most wisely carried the day. And such a day! A gold-letter one in three lives at least. The owner of a third of these is the dab of the party at way-finding. Modesty forbids me to say which of the three this is, save by the method of elimination. Saccharissa cannot find her own room in a hotel under a week's sojourn thereat, and the Governor cannot be trusted out, except in his native town, unless a string is tied to him. Fortunately for the dear, benighted pair of them, their companion has, to make a bad Latin joke, the *genius loci*.

Armed, therefore, with our book, we set forth. And here let me say, once for all, that I can only imagine one way better than, or as good as, this our method of seeing Niagara. That way is under the guidance of a friend (nothing short of that would do) who knows, and who would say just as little as a forty-cent guide-book, and say it just as baldly. Words are quite useless here, except as mere sign-posts. One may read all that has

ever been written about this unimaginable spot, and yet form not the very slightest conception of it. Some ridiculous "poet" is said to have come hither to write about Niagara, and, with a surviving remnant of wisdom, to have abandoned the task. 'Mrs. Sigourney has earned a place in the world's Dunciad by actually sitting down on what was Table Rock (Canadian side) and writing an apostrophe to Niagara. The rock, overwhelmed with a sense of shame, fell into the river soon after—probably on the day the apostrophe was published. Such an apostrophe ought to have been like its namesake in letters—only used to express something left out.

We leave our hotel and, after resisting the blandishments of a hack-driver, grown old and gray in sin, turn to the left. All the way down the single street we are engaged in fierce hand-to-hand encounters with drivers. As it is the fag-end of the season, they are in a famished condition, and your wild animal is always more dangerous then.

One of the turnings out of this main street on the left we found, later on, is closed in at its far end by a view of the American Rapids, hurrying, scurrying toward the falls. But such is the bountiful dispensation of nature to us to-day, that we see nothing of this, and thus gain greatly. If I should ever live to be the friend-guide of anybody in this wonder-land, I think I shall suppress this premature side view.

All the way down the street the boom grows louder and louder. When the houses end, you have only to cross another street to the left, and you are on the bank of the River Niagara, and within about forty yards of the American Fall. The river running parallel to this new street, and nearly at right angles to the main thoroughfare, is crossed here by a bridge. Standing upon

this bridge, we see the American Rapids as far as the eye can reach. Turning round, there they are again, swirling and foaming to the fall.

The bridge leads to Bath Island. In the full force of the stream are several islands; some, like two just above this bridge, only a few feet square and with one or two little trees. Bath Island itself is not large. It was big enough to be tormented by booths, swings, and the like, until the blessed time when the State of New York secured the land round Niagara, to be visited free of charge by all men forever. Now there is only an office of the State, and, as an animal bears rudimentary ancestral organs, one shop for souvenirs.

Across another bridge to Grand or Goat Island. The whole miniature archipelago is known as the Goat Islands since, in the winter of 1779, some goats, inaccessible from the main land, died of starvation on this second isle. Immediately upon reaching it a few wooden steps on the right take us to a higher-level path, winding through a complete fragment of primeval forest, just as the Indians saw it. This is like a piece of ancient building encountered upon a modern plain, or upon a hill-side of to-day.

The path through the forest in good time brings us to a hut on the right, and as we pass this, from one or the other of the three breaks forth a frightened cry. For *there*, quite suddenly, is the fall. A few paces farther and there are more wooden steps, descending this time—over the weak railing to the left is a sheer drop to the rocks below—and leading toward Luna Island. To reach this, after the steps, we cross a little bridge, under which sweeps a part of the American Rapids to make the Little Fall. Little! The name, of course, is relative. Elsewhere this would be a mam-

moth in the way of falls, and make the fortune of adjacent lodging-house keepers.

Here, on Luna Island, we stand facing the vast pool below, beyond which rises the Canadian shore. The American Fall is immediately upon our right; the Little Fall equally immediately upon our left. After this, a quarter of a mile away, most of the Horseshoe Fall is in sight. This is made by the Canadian Rapids of the River Niagara. One thinks so always of Niagara as the Falls, and these only, that one is apt to forget that the Niagara is a river thirty-six miles long, running from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. The river is cleft asunder by the Goat Islands. On one side of these the western or Canadian Rapids go to form the Horseshoe Fall; on the other, the eastern or American Rapids, split in twain by Luna Island, go to form the Little and the American Falls.

The Horseshoe Fall is the hugest: height, 165 feet; length, 2,000 feet; American: height, 159 feet; length, 800 feet.

From Luna Island—rainbows of moonlight as well as of sunlight are to be seen there, made in the spray of the waterfall—we return by the same steps, and at their top go straight on, instead of turning to the left, the way we came. This new path skirts the summit of the cliffs that run from the Little Fall to the Horseshoe. A few yards along it is a wooden building marked, "Dressing-room for the Cave of the Winds." Here, the Governor discreetly pacing without, Saccharissa and myself make entry, change clothing, and are in the queerest of garbs—beneath, woollen underclothing; above, water-proof overalls, trousers, coat, hood; shoes of felt, to prevent slipping on the wet paths and rocks. Then, with an old guide, dressed in the same way, and another amateur, we go down the

narrow, winding steps of a tower. Boodle's stairs, they are called ; they are secured to the perpendicular rock by iron bolts, and are some one hundred and thirty odd in number.

At their foot is a path under the overhanging cliff, and resembling the Euclidian line in that it is length without breadth. Here an old foe, in the shape of vertigo, seizes me, and I can go only as far as a little hut on the left. According to the romantic and entirely unsubstantiated account of the sole survivor of our trio, the path grew narrower and narrower, until they had to hop along it, ending in millions (20-25) of wooden steps, deluged (half-hidden) by spray, upon (over and beyond) which the water from all the falls (the Little Fall) plunges. Then there is another path, about $\frac{1}{1000000}$ of an inch wide, slippery as a toboggan-slide, leading to the first cavern. Here the wind howls and whistles and moans, and blinds you with the steam-like spray that it dashes at you. Then the path goes on, and you do, until it and you are under the veritable stream of the Little Fall ; and yet farther on, with little recess-caverns, always to the right, until a wooden bridge is reached, that leads apparently into the infinite of the great river after the fall.

Well, they came back to me, pacing to and fro, with water dripping on me from the cliffs, and the thunder of the Canadian Falls just at hand. Climbing Boodle's stairs again, we rejoin the Governor—not that he had come to pieces in the meanwhile—and, clothed and in so much of our right mind as the wonder of it all has left, start off again along the same path as we had thus far traversed. It leads us to the Horseshoe Falls, and at length, turning a little to the right, brings us to their very edge. Here, once upon a time, was a tower, Terrapin by name. Now we

stand on the site of it, and, looking up-river, see the Canadian Rapids. These are much finer than the American. The leaps they take, long before they are near the fall, are tremendous. Often the spray is flung into the air as high as a house. Just at our feet the rapids go over for their one hundred and sixty-five feet tumble.

Hence, still onward by the side of the rapids, until a bridge on the right takes us to the first of the Three Sisters Islands. Two other bridges lead to Sisters 2 and 3. These are in the very flow of the Canadian Rapids. A fourth, Little Brother Island, is not yet joined on by means of a bridge. If he is not quick, he will be swept away. This, indeed, must be the fate of all these islets ere long, and then the rush of water at the falls will be finer than ever.

At last, we turn back to the main island, and through its primeval forest to the bridge and the village. There we take a hack, and drive out a couple of miles to where the suspension bridge crosses the river from America to Canada. Dismounting, we pass through a shop and reach a lift, by which we slowly descend once again the perpendicular face of the cliff to the Whirlpool Rapids. The water at the falls comes down with such thundering force that it never rises to the surface again until it reaches this place, three miles away. From the foot of the falls to this point the water is smooth on the surface, while beneath, the floods are raging.

Just by the suspension bridge we see the first symptom of that which is coming. An eddy or two breaks up the calm of the surface-water, upon which, a little farther up, boats can cross. Then, all at once, the river is in turmoil. Confined here within the iron-bound walls of a narrow gorge, the vast mass of water that has come over the falls (one hundred million tons

an hour) boils and seethes along. The river has to make a turn at an angle of forty-five degrees just by the bridge, and its final outlet at the end of the whirlpool is again at right angles with its course. Thus the water, *in the middle*, is, sometimes and in some places, forty feet higher than at the sides, and all the river goes round the pool at least once before it escapes.

In these awful rapids Captain Webb was beaten to death, and through them certain tub-idiots have gone. A photographer is for photographing us here—with the rapids as a background. He cannot understand our objection to this.

Ascending by our frail lift, we buy certain pictures, and a little later are drawn to the river again. We can no more resist it than a leaf thrown into the rapids. This time we cross the new suspension bridge, close to the town, only a quarter of a mile from the one to Goat Island, and we curse the company that robs us of half a dollar. But things are better than they were. The toll for this very bridge was once half a dollar each person, and every spot in the neighborhood sacred to a fee. A man could not move then without paying a quarter.

On this new bridge, one of the noblest views, Horseshoe faces; American is to the left. Crossing into Canada, we drop, by a rough path, to the rocks below. Here lies, *in hibernis*, the little Maid of the Mist steamer that, in summer, takes people quite near either fall, the rush of water a few feet below the lying surface notwithstanding. Opposite us now is the American Fall; to the right, the Horseshoe. Here, more than anywhere else, the tremendous nature of the whole thing struck home. The height, and breadth, and sweep, and thunder, and—above all—the mist of the spray! This rises in great columns, like the genii out

of the lady's casket in the "Arabian Nights," and makes innumerable rainbows with the sunlight. A line from the Hebrew Scriptures sounds and sounds again in my mind: "The smoke of their torment goeth up forever."

CHAPTER X.

AMERICAN TRAVELLING.

Travelling is the theme of me travelling, and, first, a word as to the tram-cars. Excellent beasts these, if only the cruel overcrowding were not allowed in them. I have just seen a trainful of pigs pass, going from Chicago east. Each pig had more room and far more comfort than the passenger on an average New York tram-car. I have seen one of these last going along Broadway so crammed with people that they had to be got out with pickaxes.

And yet one other word as to hacks. I am not referring to the physical injuries sustained by that Broadway car's passengers. Hack is American for cab or fly. The prices charged are, as a rule, elephantine. And even where common decency does obtain, and something like a reasonable price is asked, the driver will demand any multiple of it without winking. Thus, one fiend who drove me from the Boston & Lowell Depot (American for station) to the Adams House, mulcted me in the sum of one dollar. The right fare was a quarter of a dollar.

At Boston they have one good arrangement. The hack-drivers are imprisoned in a sort of iron pen against the wall of the station. Until this was done, there was a great deal of trouble in sorting the fragments of the passengers torn to pieces by them in their anxiety for a fare. Within this iron pen they look like a lot of

prisoners in a dock. And this arrangement is much better than the one in vogue at the Central Depot, New York, for example. Here, before you are out of the station, you hear a howling, and shrieking, and roaring, and bellowing, as if all the damned were waiting for you outside. It is the New York hackmen soliciting your patronage. When you come into the street you see a mob, dancing, gesticulating, yelling, in a dervish-like ecstasy. Their eyes are fixed as in a frenzy. Their voices are inarticulate with consuming passion. You would think the city in the possession of the possessed. It is only the New York hackmen soliciting your patronage.

The Niagara fellows are nearly as bad. They make almost noise enough to drown Niagara. Their clatter and clamor are terribly out of harmony with its eternal thunder-boom. They tell me—the other, not the drivers—that time was when these highway-robbers were much more bold and blustering than they now are. I came to Niagara at the fag-end of the season. The Cave of the Winds was to be closed to everybody, except the wind and the spray, for many months on the very next day after my visit. The time, therefore, was favorable to a partial capitulation on the part of the fiery, untamed steed-driver of Niagara Falls. And further, the righteous nationalization of the land, around which the American and the Canadian Rapids fret and fume and the River Niagara falls, has simplified matters generally in the little village, and in part exercised the spirit of extortion.

Yet, and nevertheless, and notwithstanding, the visitor is be-haunted by the importunate. As you leave your hotel in the morning, a benevolent patriarch, airing his venerable body on the piazza, rises unconsciously, so to speak, and button-holes you. He repre-

sents at length the folly of hiring a trap of anyone outside the hotel. He discourses mellifluously of the excellence and cheapness of the Spencer House equipages. He speaks as a casual stranger who registered, say, three days ago. We find out later that he is a cab-proprietor, who has the hotel monopoly.

On the street—they mean in it—you are relentlessly tracked down by your would-be drivers. When one gets tired of your consecutive noes and retires cursing, another takes up the hunt. They rely on your exhaustion. The only way to get rid of them is to make straight for the new suspension bridge, pay your toll, and get on to it. The toll for a vehicle is too prohibitive for them to follow you. Indeed, it is too prohibitive for a foot-passenger to pay under any other circumstances than the seeking a city of refuge from the Niagara hackman.

And yet—and yet, my heart softens as I think of the beleaguering race. An old man, driving a pair of old horses—the hacks of the Apostles, a cockney might have voted them. He pleaded, more by age than by speech, with such eloquence that, aided by the much solicitation before, and the exquisite weariness that seeing Niagara gives, we yielded. So he drove us out a pair of miles from the town to the whirlpool where Captain Webb lost his life, and where some insensate idiots went fooling through in barrels. And he lied all the way about the dead swimmer, and the advice he had given him. But we all smiled so amiably, and perhaps so vacuously, that I believe he believed we believed.

Nevertheless, and although we gave the ancient hack-driver one-third more than he asked, and yet had enough money to pay our hotel-bill, let me urge upon you *not* to hire a hack at Niagara. I told my readers in

the last chapter how to see Niagara ; here, once more, I warn them to see it on foot. Of course I mean their foot, not Niagara's.

One other point. At Syracuse—the New York State one, not that of Archimedes—I found a good dodge working. As you come out of the station, you see a number of wooden arches, each bearing the name of an hotel. Passing under any one of these, you pass under the yoke to a hackman, who incontinently hurls you into his vehicle, and drives you off to the hotel whose superscription was on the arch. He calls his vehicle a free cab. Anyhow, he makes no charge to you for it. But I fear the free cab is like the old-fashioned sibeboard that *Young Marlow* and *Hastings* talk of in “*She Stoops to Conquer.*” It inflames the bill confoundedly. Nathless, 'tis a soothing device, and saves trouble and language.

And yet one other point. The drivers in America never use the whip. Whips I have seen ; but one used, literally never. Of course, the cynic may say this is because the driving is so execrably bad that any use of the whip would be attended with loss of life. No ; I do not think this is the explanation. The driving is execrable. It is as bad as the streets over which it takes place. In a dollar drive through Boston we ran on the side-walk eight times, had five horses' heads in at our windows, and then threw a tram-car off the line. Yet I do not attribute the non-use of the whip in America to motives of self-preservation on the part of the driver. I believe a nobler instinct is at work. I fancy it's laziness.

As I reflect upon the railways and their ways in America, the first thing brought home to me is the poverty-stricken arrangements in regard to trains to and from certain towns. I am not thinking of the train-service be-

tween, the very big places. From New York to Boston, or Chicago, that may be all that is to be desired. I don't know. But one thing I do know ; *videlicet*, that the last train from many large towns to the great centres is far too early for convenience. It has been my sad fate to find myself on several occasions stranded in some manufacturing town within an hour's ride of New York or Boston, because the last train left at about 7 or 8 P.M. The railway people, in making up their train-service, evidently think, as Milton has it, that "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Another general point. This is the casual way in which trains in America saunter about the streets of the cities. They seem to prefer the very middle of the most crowded thoroughfares, and don't let any common low cart or carriage come up the centre of the way when they are about. A week or so ago, I came in one run from Albany to Syracuse. It was by the big express from New York to Chicago. The last two or three miles of the journey were made hideous by the train selecting the unhappy medium of the main street. The huge, unwieldy monster went puffing, bumping, clumping along, constantly clanging a gigantic bell, and dragging slowly after it a train of carriages, like a metal ghost. Here and there men jumped on the monster as it snorted and banged past them, and took a ride of a block or two gratis. Children played within a few feet of the train thundering slowly along.

As a result of Arcadian arrangements of this kind, the visitor to American towns is apt to be brought up suddenly by a locomotive strolling across his path. Sometimes the engines are a little forgetful, and leave a stray car or truck behind them. At Providence, Rhode Island, I came upon a deserted truck standing in the middle of a populous street, and blocking the

way to a bridge. Nobody seemed to mind. Everyone went round it. The truck appeared to have been there since the city was founded. It was covered with the rust and lichens of ages. I don't know how anyone owning children or dogs can exist near such ceaseless peril. I should, like the Apostle Paul, die daily.

The newspapers have a standing heading, "Killed by the Cars," and the coroners are growing quite cross at the monotony of their calling. Every other signalman has an arm off. Indeed, I understand that a proposal has been made to employ for the future only one-armed and one-legged men at the level-crossings. It will save trouble. If the Americans don't alter their railway manners, they will soon have a limbless race of employés, who will have to do everything with their teeth.

But there are one or two things in railroads admirable, and I wish English companies would not think them inimitable. The cars are assuredly, in many ways, better than ours. I like the long, roomy affairs, with their double row of seats, their passage down the middle, like the parting of a dude's hair, their iced water, their washing-place. The seats, each for two, might be made higher in the back. The traveller is worthy of his higher. At present, they are too much like those on the top of the new trams and omnibuses in London. Imagine a three or four hours' journey on one of these, and you can imagine the backless condition in which one is at the end of a long journey.

And when an American tells you that you can walk through from one end of the train to the other—trust him not, he is fooling thee. The train rocks too much for walking. You may tumble, or scramble, or leap, or bound, or be chucked through, but walk—never! I tried drinking once from a metal cup fixed by a chain to the water-butt at one end of an oscillating car. No

—no ; it was not water. I had brought on board bottles of the beer that is lager. I had to get a friend to hold me up. While I drank, of course—not after.

Another really praiseworthy arrangement is as to your baggage. Get your ticket, show it to the man at the baggage-room, and if he is not busy eating peanuts, he will give you certain metal checks, and you can go on your railway journey rejoicing. At your journey's end, you will find the certificates of these, and your packages attached to them, awaiting you.

Of the Chesterfieldian courtesy of conductors and of the water-boys, I shall speak hereafter.

On the other hand, the window-nuisance is as great in America as in Germany. Of course, in the shrill weather, the windows of a railway-carriage rushing through the keen western air must be closed. But in the hot early days of my sojourn in the land, I found the American traveller bent on suffocation. Only I wished he wouldn't fool me to the top of his bent. The windows were kept as hermetically sealed as a thermometer. And if I, gasping, opened one an inch or so, everybody fled from my vicinity as if I were a leper, who could not change his spot. Then they would send deputations to me with their coat-collars turned up, and plead, for the sake of their little ones in far away States, that I would shut the window.

Another something of a nuisance is the book-dropping boys. They stumble through the cars, letting books fall on the most available part of your person, stumble on a while, and then stumble back, and if you are not foolish enough to buy their wares they take them up again. You are peacefully reading your own paper or volume when, lo! something crashes down upon your lap. You think an accident has occurred.

It is only the book-boy dropping on you. He is lurching away at the other end of the car before you can protest. Then you balance his deposits—for all the world like a banker—on your knees, by a series of supreme gymnastic efforts that take all your attention from your own reading until he lurches back again and changes them for a heavier set.

The only other thing that I need grumble at now is the ubiquitous spit. This is to be expected in the smoking-cars. In America, as in England, it is really the men that smoke, not the cars—unless there's a fire. But this vile and dirty American habit is in vogue in other cars also. The notice put up on most office-stairs and "behind" in most theatres of this country is needed in the trains. Even the officials here are at times lacking in decency. On the 12.30 train from Salem to Boston, on Wednesday, October 20th, of the year of grace 1886, the brakeman in one car was hard at work at this filthy practice for some ten minutes. It is true he was constant to one spot on the floor. But as this was hard by the door of exit, I don't think the passengers gained much from his fidelity.

The parlor-cars, when you can get them, and the sleepers, are excellent. That Albany to Syracuse journey was made delightful by one of the former. Warm, roomy, with high-backed chairs, and a buffet and smoking-room handy. A most excellent breakfast also (one dollar), on the train from Buffalo to Cleveland, made one Sunday morning veritably a Sabbath. And the sleeping-car from Detroit to Chicago was comfort itself, bar the stupid omission of a bar. On a train running from 9.30 P.M. to 7.30 A.M. one wants something to eat and drink. Forewarned, however, I was forearmed, like an incipient Briareus. I took on board a bottle of Ohio wine and comestibles. These I took on board

later on in a more intimate sense. And then I slept the sleep of the just—tired out.

And now, while I am on the subject of railway journeying, let me tell of the railway journey which, of all the multitude that have been mine in many countries and more than one continent, is the most to be remembered :

I had been far up in the Northwest. I had struck Minneapolis, in Minnesota, and that rising young city returned the blow with a blizzard. Situated as it is—on both sides of such a river as the Mississippi—Minneapolis is not likely to brook an insult. Still a blizzard was a rather more severe retaliation than the case warranted. Do my readers know what a blizzard is? It sounds as if one was swearing at a harmless little reptile. Not so, however. A blizzard is a storm of wind and snow. And an almighty blizzard it was that fell upon the North November 16, 1886. The only approach to it I can call to mind in England is the big snow-storm of January 18—1882, I think. I am not quite sure of the year, but theatrical folk can fix it, seeing that on the day before, the 17th, that good and noble American-English woman, Sydney F. Bateman, was buried in Hendon churchyard.

At Minneapolis such an affair is not at all out of the way in winter-time. In fact, it is very much in the way. Snow fell in such quantities that there was not an eighth of an inch or of a second between any two contiguous or consecutive flakes. It came down like a blanket all day long. It lay feet deep everywhere. At street corners it made huge wreaths and drifts. The tearing, driving wind piled it up in fantastic mountains, and then peeled slices of it off drift and heap, and whirled them stinging into men's faces. The tram-cars could not run, nor walk either, for the matter of that. A train from

St. Paul to Minneapolis (ten miles) took three engines and five hours for the journey. Scarcely anybody was seen in the street, except policemen in great fur coats, holding on to the street corners to prevent them from being blown away. Business, save of the rubber-makers, was at a standstill. Rubbers are a kind of goloshes, warmly lined inside, and placed over the boots in slippery weather. The saloon-keepers, also, did merrily. From early morn to dewy—very dewy—eve, many men were to be found at bars ready to stand still. They were more ready to do this than to stand steady.

Now, I had to leave Minneapolis, and, praised be the points of the compass! to go south. I was making for Davenport, in Iowa, like Mr. Matthew Arnold's friend, who, however, makes, if I remember, for righteousness. But when I would away, lo! the news came that the trains could not get out of Minneapolis for the snow. Happily the latter had stopped, and so, after a while, the trains were not obliged to. The wind began to fall instead of the snow; a glorious sun broke out into a song of light, and, three hours behind time, a train started. The line is a new one, the Chicago, Burlington & Northern, only opened October 17, 1886.

We are, as the hymn has it, a feeble band on board. There are literally more officials than passengers. In the ordinary car there are three of the public; in the Pullman, four. The two conductors, two brakemen, the two Pullman car attendants, the book and fruit boy, are lying in various impossible attitudes, fast asleep. As the train comes to a standstill, I am inclined to think the engine-drivers are also slumbering.

We are skirting the left-hand, or eastern, bank of the Mississippi. The line runs in single blessedness southward. A train going north has just passed us and

taken, aquatically speaking, our water. That is, it is now running along the rails we have just left for the siding into which we modestly retired to let it pass. On a wild wintry day, with all time-arrangements dislocated by the snow, and the possibility of the wits of over-worked pointsmen in the same condition, this primitive method of working trains has its element of excitement.

It is the strangest sight, this snow-veiled land. Everywhere the whiteness stretches unsullied, untouched. On the bare trees it lies thick and smooth, modelling them in alabaster, marking out the very finest end of the most filmy twig. On the round bluffs that elbow one another in their eagerness to get the nearest to the river, it lies like a king's mantle of ermine. And just now that the day is dying, and the great sun, weary with his day-long battle with the snow, has sunk behind these amphitheatrical hills, an Alpine after-glow stains with purple and gold the snow upon the eastern heights. The sun is no more seen. But, as always in the Indian-summer sunsets of America, and, it would seem, in those of early winter, the whole circle of the heavens is bright with the glory of his departing feet. A zone of immaculate color belts round so much of earth as belongs to us at this hour, and bands and folds detached from it here and there are resting on the silent hills.

On the great river that has borne us companionship all the way, the ice has taken hold. It has caught the Mississippi by the hem of its garment. All along the shore on either side, the river is frozen. Only along its mid-most course does it run seaward in an ever-lessening stream. As yet, Lake Pepin, a wide lake-like part of the river, is free from ice. But as the train almost realizes Euclid's third postulate, and nearly de-

scribes a circle with Lake Pepin for centre, one of our little company tells us that here, in this land-locked reach, the ice, when it does come, comes to stay longest.

By rights, our train ought to have been at La Crosse at 2.15 P.M., and there to have picked up a dining-car. But those three lost hours hang on the neck of all the rest of the day. And at two we are a matter of eighty miles from La Crosse. But our merry men of the train-band are equal to this, as I believe they would be to any emergency. They calmly and most judiciously telegraph on to a little road and river-side station, and with an equally calm disregard of all the company's published time-tables, pull the train up presently for an impromptu dinner.

As casually as the train stops, so casually do we all drop out into the snow, and wade through its hitherto unfathomed depths to a little wooden building with "Restaurant" rudely painted, where Macbeth directed his banners to be hung out to dry. An equally little, equally wooden building next to it is labelled, "Drug Store." We clamber up half-a-dozen wooden steps that might have served the Noah family to get into the ark, and reach a marvellously clean and neat room. It has wooden walls painted light-blue, and is the back of a shop, with which it shares a stove in common. Off to our left as we enter is a kitchen, and thence two women bear out to us a frugal but most excellent meal. We have steak and tomatoes, and apple-pie, and appetites begotten of the snow and travelling. The only drawback is a famine in the land as far as drink is concerned. Milk, tea, and coffee are the only liquids of which we can avail ourselves.

To this Arcadian meal, passengers and officials sit down together—*Arcadians ambo*. I am always struck

of the princely manners of railway conductors. Hereafter, I mean to substitute for Pope's fine gentleman skilled "in the nice conduct of a clouded cane," the American gentleman skilled "in the nice conduct of a crowded car." Our friends were as charming at meals as on business. Even the book-boy, who sat next to the one lady of our party, handed her the salt, and offered her more tomatoes, with quite an air.

Sitting here in this quaint shanty of a place, in this strange and pleasant company, and looking at the train standing in the snow outside, I was reminded of the multitudinous stories of travellers snowed-up, or pent in for days together. And I half expected that we should fall to telling tales. The place where we foregathered might have furnished each of us with the skeleton of a story, or, at least, with the corpse of one; for it is known as the Maiden's Rock. A high rock springs sheer out of the river here, and from it an Indian maiden flung herself to a twofold death. Why? Ah, I think I will let each one make the legend for himself.

Let me end my rambling notes on American travelling with a word or two on American slowness.

There is a popular idea in England that in business matters the Americans are ahead of us, at least as far as speed is concerned. The idea is even more popular in America. And yet it is inaccurate. We knew, and the Americans reluctantly agreed, that in antiquities, art, literature, Europe was a little in advance of America. A continent that calls a town founded two hundred years ago old; that is hopelessly devoid of art, and even, as a whole, devoid of the power of perception of art; a continent that has yet to produce a great poet, may frankly confess this much. But, as an offset to this, Americans are apt to claim that in the mechanical

arts and their application to the carrying out of business, they bear off the palm. And in England we are apt to grant them this superiority. It seems to me that in doing this we are something premature; or, shall we say, more generous than just?

I do not profess to speak with any authority upon the application of machinery, the general methods of transacting business in England and America. My journeyings throw me but little into contact with business men, and I am devoutly thankful. For, from what I saw of this class in hotels, they are not very desirable. They seem to have all the faults of the English commercial traveller and the French *commis-voyageur*, plus a quite peculiar dirtiness. By dirtiness I mean both physical and moral filth. Their horrible, horrible spitting habits; their ignoring of the handkerchief (I am writing literally of that which I have seen and suffered from); their other manners and customs, of a nature actually indescribable; these are of the physical type. And as to the moral, I have reluctantly to place it on record that, on every one of the occasions when the sombre Fates have thrown me into the company of business men on their travels, *e.g.*, in the office of the Rockville Hotel, Rockville, Conn., on Sunday, October 3d; in the smoking-room of the Sherman House, Chicago, on Saturday, November 6th; in the Pullman palace car *en route* from Davenport to Kansas City, on Saturday, November 20th; I heard nothing, literally nothing, but the telling of the most filthy and foul stories.

But my chief concern just now is with such business arrangements as I am qualified to speak on from experience. Even after only three months in a land, especially if those three have been spent in travelling through some forty cities, one is qualified to express

an opinion on railways, telegraphs, and the post, as far as they affect the general public. And as to all these, the most surprising thing to a European is their astounding slowness. I had expected many things of the Americans, and among these were swiftness in the means of transit and communication. As far as my experience goes, such a thing as swiftness, in the English sense, is unknown in America.

The railroads are slow. Slow, first, as to the means of communication they offer in the way of trains. Between even important places very often only two trains a day run. One of them is at an unconscionably early hour, as a rule; the other quite late in the day. But a yet more serious slowness is in respect to speed. The American trains are as slow as a dissenting tea-meeting. The fastest of them, with the rarest exceptions, do not manage more than forty miles an hour. Most of the expresses dottle along at the rate of about thirty miles in the sixty minutes.

Nor must my reader think that this railway lethargy is due to much stopping at stations. These expresses on long journeys touch at scarcely more places than do our English ones. If I take one or two personal examples, typical of a large number that have befallen me, they will serve. I had to travel from St. Louis, Mo., to Indianapolis, Ind. I chose the fastest of the three trains (there were actually two early morning ones). It was also the later of these, and left St. Louis at the unusually late hour of 8 A.M. It reached Indianapolis at 3.40 P.M., after eleven stoppages, one of which was at 11.45, for dinner. The distance is two hundred and sixty-four miles. The time, deducting twenty minutes for the dinner, is seven hours twenty minutes. This gives a speed of exactly thirty-six miles per hour.

Let us take next one of the last lines on which I

travelled, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. The fastest train in the day is the 7.30 P.M. from Chicago. This reaches Minneapolis (four hundred and twenty miles) at 8.30 next morning. Four hundred and twenty divided by thirteen gives thirty-two and one-fourth miles an hour nearly.

It is this astonishing slowness of the trains that makes the journeys in America over-long. Of course, in some cases the distances are great. But the tortoise-pace of the cars that traverse them accentuates their magnitude, and renders travelling an unnecessary weariness of the flesh. Can there be any doubt that our Midland or Great Northern would run a train from St. Louis to Indianapolis in five hours, from Chicago to Minneapolis in eight and one-half or nine? And the long trans-continental, six days journey, would, I believe, be accomplished by less slow people than the Americans in three and one-half or four days.

Their telegraphs also are slow. On several occasions I had to send a telegram to another town, requiring an answer, for which pre-payment was made. In no one case, so far as my memory serves me, did the answer reach me under twenty-four hours. Telegram and answer, even within the limits of the same town, are proportionately slow. In St. Louis a message was sent from the telegraph station in the La Clede Hotel to an official in the central office at 2.30 P.M. Here, surely, the conditions were most favorable to rapidity of transit. The answer reached me at 8 P.M.

Their posts are slow. He that has been used to the luxurious habits fostered by the English postal arrangements will be grievously disappointed in America. In England, you post a letter in any country town up to seven, eight, or nine at night, and it is delivered in

London the first thing next morning. But "all hope abandon ye that enter America," of realizing anything like that.

A letter takes three or four days to go from Kansas City to New York. Or, again let me take a personal case. At 2 P.M. I posted a letter in La Salle, a mining and manufacturing town in Illinois, addressed to Milwaukee. At six next morning I left La Salle, and at 2.10 P.M. reached Milwaukee. My letter was delivered in that city at 5.30. It had come by the same train as I had, after lying in the La Salle post-office nearly sixteen hours. The slowness of the trains, plus that of the post, throws out all literary arrangements made in the English spirit, and with confidence in the circular-virtues of "punctuality and despatch."

Finally, the intra-urban post is on a par, for speed, with the intra-urban telegraphing. There is no such thing as posting a letter late at night, to say nothing of three in the morning, with the certainty of its delivery at breakfast-time the next day. The average period required by the post-office for the delivery of a letter, in the same city as that in which it was posted, seems to range from twenty-four to thirty-six hours.

CHAPTER XI.

CERTAIN AMERICAN HABITS.

There is no getting away from the fact that the Americans are a very, very dirty people. I have never seen—in my worst nightmares I have never dreamed—of such filthiness of habit as is habitual. The monster is Protean in form, and ubiquitous in place. Many of the manners and customs of the average American gentleman are simply repulsive, and I grieve to say that I hear, on very good and very various authority, that those of the American lady are in many cases no better.

Some phases of this filth are simply indescribable outside medical works, unless one took refuge in the charitable Latin language. If I were to give the facts in that tongue, my readers would scarcely credit them; and it is the strangest thing to me that these same facts, as to the horribly dirty habits of Americans, are certainly not known in England. Let us take my own case as a fairly typical one—that of a journalist who meets many men and reads of many manners. I had never heard or read of a tenth part of the disgusting, the shocking dirtiness that obtains in America. I knew men chewed tobacco, but I did not know that thousands of American women chew snuff—“dipping,” they call it—and use little spoons, made on a certain definite pattern to shovel the snuff into the space between their front teeth and their lower lip.

I knew that the American gentleman spat. But how, or how much, or when and where, I did not know. And of the general neglect of bodily cleanliness, the filthy carrying out, or non carrying-out, of sanitary arrangements, I knew nothing.

Nor must my readers think I am talking here of the so-called "lower orders." I am speaking of the ladies and gentlemen met in a fifteen weeks' travel through some forty of the largest towns in the eastern, northern, and central States—met in Pullman cars, the best seats at the theatres, and the best hotels in every place.

At first, let me only deal with two of the minor forms of American filth in connection with hotels—the spittoon and the bath. The former is everywhere, except in the dining room. It is met with even in the drawing-room of the grandest hotels. Of course, where ladies are supposed not to come, the horrible thing swarms. Office, billiard-room, bar, reek with spittoons, and the floors reek with the pools and the streaks of variously-colored saliva that has missed them, or was never aimed at them. This is why hotels must have a separate entrance for ladies.

One December night I sat in the orchestra seats of Albaugh's Theatre, Baltimore. Next but one to me sat a young man who constantly spat on the floor between himself and my neighbor. He made the fine discrimination of not spitting on the same side of him as his own lady-companion. This touched me. Immediately in my rear sat another young man whose constant and long-drawn out clearings of the throat always ended in a voluminous spit, and a solid splash on the floor under my seat. I removed my hat from its place early in the evening.

Let me turn from the American vomit to the American bath. Apparently the idea of a daily cold tub

does not exist in this land. Many of the very best hotels have actually no bath-rooms "from garret to basement." The best they can do for the men is to send them down-stairs to the barber-shop, where baths can be had. But, in hotels of this kind, what women do, God only knows.

In the barber-shops, the proprietor or his henchman never seems to dream of the possibility of your wanting a cold bath. If you order a bath simply, hot it will be. I shall never forget the astonishment with which a Milwaukee barber, underneath the European Hotel, heard me say that I took a cold bath every day. He reflected on the matter all the time I was splashing about, and on my coming out offered me a discount on the twenty-five cents per bath if I *was* going to have one *every* day.

In hotels where there are baths, they are rarely used. Take two cases out of many. In Tivoli House, Kansas City, there were two baths. But neither had been used for æons, and I had to send for the engineer to turn the water on. In the Carrollton House, Baltimore, the room I occupied had a bath-room attached to it. I always asked, on registering at an hotel, for such a room, and in nine cases out of ten I was told there was not one in the place. Well, the bath at the Carrollton was lined with dirt and dust, and some half an hour was spent in cleansing it. And yet, though the bath could not have been used for weeks, the room had been occupied that very day. How do I know? By the entirely indescribable filth, accumulation of days on days, that had been left by its former inhabitants in *another part of the bath-room*.

The announcement to a negro bell-boy, night, that a bath was contemplated after a long railway journey, first paralyzed and then convulsed the youth. He went

off with the slinging slouch and swinging hands of the true nigger dance, and could be heard trying to smother his guffaws floors away.

In fact, the Americans seem to look upon an habitual bather as a chronic invalid. They are like a little uncivilized maiden of the Pyrenees, of whom my brother-in-law tells. Staying at Bagnères de Luchon, he asked the nursemaid of his children, who came from one of the villages on the mountain-river there: "Est-ce qu'on se baigne beaucoup chez toi? Tu t'es beaucoup baignée, hein?"

"Jamais de la vie, monsieur. Ni ma mère non plus. Et même que ma grandmère n'a eu se baigner qu'une fois. C'est que nous nous portons tous bien dans notre famille."

One last bath adventure. In a German-American hotel, in New York City, I ventured down-stairs on the first morning to a bath-room I had discovered the night before. Delight! The water was all ready, and in I plunged. The only drawback was the absence of lock on the door. As a consequence, in marched a boy belonging to the house, anon. "Hallo!" said he, his eyebrows and hair mingling, "what *are* you doing? That's where we wash our vegetables!"

The next bad habit on the list follows rather naturally upon the bath details. At Cincinnati, among some half-dozen or more rare souls encountered—ah! what days and nights were those!—one was Thomas Vickers. He has been journalist, Unitarian minister, superintendent of schools, chief librarian of the Free Library of Cincinnati. He is one of the men of whom one hardly dares to write all that one thinks and feels. That is because they are omnivorous readers, and are likely to see even this work; and also, because, if they read what one has to say of them, they are likely to blush the blush of

pleasantly-outraged modesty. Anyhow, Vickers is a fine scholar and fine fellow. And he is a prince among those boon companions that are both boon and blessing.

It was in his capacity as chief librarian that Vickers contributed his quota of experience to me and to the subject now under discussion. Besides planning out, and arranging, and cataloguing the whole of the library, he introduced two daring innovations. One introduction was a withdrawal of the harmful necessary spittoon from the reading-rooms.

"But where am I to spit?" asked one literary student, plaintively.

"Outside."

Innovation No. 2 was a washing-room. Cincinnati is a very dirty city—a bad second to Pittsburg—and the American people are—the American people. Every male reader at the British Museum knows the lavatorial difficulties with which Edward A. Bond, chief librarian, has to contend, by proxy. Everyone has read that pathetic notice in the washing-place, pointing out that "this place is for casual and restricted use, and that the attendant has orders to prevent" readers from taking a bath in one of the basins. But the labors of Bond, compared with those of Vickers, were as those of Moth, and Cobweb, and Peasblossom to those of Sisyphus. The Cincinnati demigod had to give up in despair.

"I closed the washing-room," he said, sadly, "because the people were *so* dirty."

While I am on the subject of cleanliness of person, three other notes. First, on the blowing of the nose. It will seem incredible to many readers, but it is nevertheless true, that this is not always effected in America viâ the pocket-handkerchief. I am not speaking of the

so-called "lower" classes. I never am in this study of the stews of American manners. I have seen the habit, not unknown to the travellers by workmen's trains on the Underground Railway, London, in the early morning, not infrequent in Seven Dials, freely practised in hotels and railway-cars in America. I have seen, again and again, commercial travellers, well-dressed men, indulge in it. I left the town of La Salle, Ill., early one morning. The omnibus that bore me to the depôt for Chicago stopped at the best hotel in the place to pick up a gentleman. He had a cold, and he had no handkerchief. Of both these facts I had ocular, aural, nasal, and digital evidence all the way to the depôt.

People that deal in this way with their noses are not likely to be very particular about their nails. And I do not mean by this that they do not clean these epidermal appendages. They do clean them—*coram populo*, for the much part. To this *al fresco* arrangement I was first introduced on board the City of Chicago, as I came over. The hotel and railway-travelling Americans have insisted upon my keeping up the acquaintance ever since.

Nor is the nail-cleaning the only or the worst thing the American gentleman does in public. What that other and worst thing is I simply cannot say. And only an imagination "foul as Vulcan's stithy" could imagine it.

Even "the sex" is not free from the charge of ill habits. I do not mean only indirectly. Of course, if the American women would speak out boldly on the indecency of this eternal spitting, for example, the evil would be speedily eradicated—say, in the course of a generation. But, alas! I am bound to say that even certain American women are not free from a kindred

vice. Many of them chew. Not tobacco, as far as I know. But gum they chew, and snuff.

In a very stupid play called "Muggs' Landing," I saw at Milwaukee, three clever people were throwing their own and other people's time away. They fooled in a way so excellent with materials as bald as a coot, that they made me about one-fourth forget the inanity of the piece. One of the trio in one of the scenes gave as a sort of burlesque Christy-Minstrel title of a song, "Give my Sister, when I'm gone, my Chewing Gum." For the life of me I could not see the allusion. The joke I did not attempt to see. But the reason was that not enough of the life of me had been spent in America. Later I became a wiser and a sadder man. I found that hundreds of women, by no means belonging only to the poorer classes, habitually chew gum. Then I understood the meaning of the frequent ruminant jaw-chumping I had seen so often in tram-cars and places of public resort.

But I did not understand it fully. For, only a little later still, did I learn that snuff also was chewed by many ladies of position. The snuff, bought at those convenient pandars, the drug-stores, is introduced by little shovel-spoons, expressly made, between the lower lip and the front teeth. There it is rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue. This refined process is known to the initiated as "dipping."

You can easily tell a dipper from a gummer. The palpable wag of the jaw of the latter is replaced by a slight pursing-up movement of the lips of the latter. Between the successive pursings-up a comparatively long interval often elapses. On the other hand, the jaw-wagging of the gum-chewer is continuous and monotonous. It needs some skill to detect a professional dipper. You must watch her for some two or three

minutes, and if she knows you are doing thus, she, like Lancelot in "Guinevere," "hath yet so much of court'sy in her left," that she tries to hide her shame. But sooner or later the unavoidable compression of the lips occurs, as the snuffy saliva is forced up into the mouth.

In a theatre, when once you know of this horrible habit, a terrible fascination besieges you. I have lost all interest at times in the performers on the boards by reason of absorption in the performers with the jaws. The hunting them out has its element of excitement, like a sort of moral chase. And then the care requisite to make your discovery a certainty in the case of the dipper, has in it all the charm of working out a mathematical problem.

I know few more unpleasant sights than a theatreful of American people, numbers of whom are chewing either tobacco, or gum, or snuff. It is like a company of mannikins in a nightmare, and I rejoice, altruistically, that the glare of the footlights prevents actors and actresses from seeing the ceaseless wagging of the jaws of many of the men and women in front of them.

I am sorry anyone is hurt at my plain, unvarnished tale. But I am bound to stand to my guns and by my facts. I have said, and say again, that the really cultured American and Americanness are just the most delightful people I ever met. I dare say also that I have been something unfortunate in my experiences, while, as everyone knows, the disagreeable things are most impressive and rememberable. But I am relating those experiences. I like America and Americans so much that I think it worth while to point out the faults of the latter, and I am bound to say that cleanliness is not one.

Any objection urged that I only stayed at second- or

third-rate hotels will not hold. Here is a list from memory of some of the hostelries visited : Boston, Adams House ; Springfield, Mass., Haynes House ; Syracuse, Vanderbilt House ; Kansas City, Tivoli House ; Chicago, Sherman House ; Indianapolis, Grand ; Minneapolis, St. James' ; St. Louis, La Clede ; Cincinnati, Palace ; Baltimore, Carrollton.

Another especially American bad habit is that which I call hypocritical drinking, or should it be hypocrisy in abstinence ? The country for it, *par excellence*, is America.

We in England are tolerably bad at it. But in America they are far in advance of us in this particular, and by so much in the rear of us in respect to morals. The hypocrisy is both individual and national. With the individual it chiefly takes the form of total abstinence, as far as meals are concerned, and an indulgence in what I think ought to be one of the pleasures of the table between meals.

The average American gentleman drinks with his dinner and supper tea or coffee, or milk, or even water. But he drinks before or after, often before and after, whiskey, or one of the many fantastic companions of that seductive fluid. And this seems to me pitiable. Not the drinking—I do that myself—but the drinking in bars, rather than at home—in company with the tender of the former, rather than the tender ones of the latter—the whole pretence, by implication, of not being a wine, or beer, or spirit-bibber. The men “drink before and after” meals, and at meals they “pine for what is not.” This hypocrisy of the individual is carried into the national or, at all events, the State and city life. In the prohibition States and local option towns there is not, I understand, less drinking than in their more bare-faced and more open-faced sister States.

Everyone tells me the only difference is in the fact that in the former the drinking is secret, in the latter it is open. My own experience generally quite confirms this. But as to that, perhaps a little particular experience in one or two places will be best.

Rockville (Conn.)—most beautiful of places—I visited on the day of the choosing of all the little town's big magnates, from mayor to policeman. In my hotel I had almost superhuman difficulties in getting a bottle of Bass for my luncheon. Earlier in the day I had casually made for the door of a lager-beer saloon, with intent to take the recuperative and inspiring Früh-schoppen. But my way was barred, and the other bar was not for me. Said the landlord, eyeing me as a stranger, and objecting to the taking of me in, "Not open to-day, sir; 'lection day." And there, within his saloon, and in full view of me, sat a score of the Rockvillian free and independents drinking themselves into a duly fuddled state for the declaration of the polls and the consequent fighting.

Rhode Island is another of the prohibition States. One evening I landed at its capital, Providence. My friends straightway guided me to the best hotel in the place. The way, by rail, had been long, and the wind cold. I suggested, in a tentative sort of way, alcohol. "This is a prohibition State," said one merry jester. And a great blank fell upon me. But it was filled up only a minute or two later, when three or four doors from the hotel we plunged into a palpable, undisguised "dive," and ordered beer. There was no concealment or attempt at it. The whole thing was as open as the violation of the law. "He runs the risk of it," was the answer to a question as to the bravery of the dive's proprietor, "and has squared the police."

Later, on the same evening, I thirsted again. So

did a boon companion of mine—only more so. He was a German. But how to obtain? I strolled out on to a landing. A neat and intelligent negro was there. "Can I get a bottle of champagne?" I asked, flying straight at the highest game. "No, sah." But if two negatives make an affirmative, so do one and a mischievous twinkle in the eye. "What! not a bottle of champagne?" with an emphasis on the last syllables. Then, in a stage—a landing-stage—whisper: "Go and ask the clerk, Massah. When he's alone."

I went to the office and, with as much boldness as an undertone will admit, propounded my conundrum to the clerk. A stranger was just registering, and the clerk made answer, "No, sir; this is a prohibition State."

But in his left eye was a twinkle, own brother to that in my darkey's. Therefore, I waited. And, the stranger despatched with key and bell-boy, to his room, I heard the welcome words, "What brand?" In ten minutes a bottle of Heidsieck was before us, and, soon after, within.

One more experience. Do you know what "blind pig" means? On a very wintry day I drove out from Minneapolis to the Minnehaha Falls. Hard by this Laughing Water is a hostelry, which in due time I was tempted to enter. "Local option," said one comrade, sadly. "Blind pig," chimed in another, gayly.

So in we went to a bar, where one in shirt sleeves was dispensing lemonade and seltzer water in the wintry day. But at the bar end was a wooden wall. And in this a square hole cut. Looking into this hole, I saw only three blank, wooden partitions, to right and left and in front of me. Casually remarking that he should like to have three glasses of lager, one comrade placed fifteen cents on the floor of the little box.

Then a slide, falling vertically, closed this, hiding the money from our view. A few seconds later, and the slide rose again. In the box, closed as beforehand on all sides save ours, were three glasses of beer.

I went behind and saw the tail of the blind pig. To the seller in the room beyond the wooden partition, the wooden box is a closed projection, until such time as he hears the aspirational order given. Then he pushes in the slide that closes the box to the buyer; draws away a side one that opens it to himself; replaces money by glasses and contents; pushes in his side slide; withdraws the front one, and the sale and purchase are effected, and no man has seen the face of another.

CHAPTER XII.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

It must be very unfortunate not to have a language of your own, and this is the American national misfortune. That enterprising race has to borrow its language, like its art. But in the borrowing, as usual, interest is added. Only, as is not usual, the interest is in this case added by the borrower.

The American dialect of the English tongue is now so well marked that one has nothing more than a feeling of languid wonder when an American says or writes that "So-and-so speaks with an English accent." Even that feeling vanishes when the voyager has learnt to know the way in which the American calmly absorbs the whole of the universe into himself and then lets it out on hire to the rest of the world. Until that lesson is learnt, however, it does strike one as rather odd to be told, without a blush, that one speaks English with an English accent, or to read that Miss Violet Cameron, *e.g.*, has a thick English voice. In the name of thunder and lightning, with what accent and voice should English be spoken?

My readers need not fear that I am going into a learned disquisition or discussion on etymology or otherwise. Nor need they expect a dissertation on "guess," and "calc'late," and "strainger," and "wa'al." All the old familiar phrases, let them go hang. But a

note or two on what were real verbal novelties to me may be made.

Henceforth, as a characteristic American word, I am going to quote, not any one of the antique list above, but the word "quite." That seems to me the most Americanish word I have seen. Very rarely is it used as an adverb after our effete manner. In that sense it is replaced by "real." Where you, my dear Top, would say, "I am quite thirsty," an American would remark, "I am real dry."

But the pure Yankee use of "quite" is seen in such a phrase as "Quite a number of people were there;" or "Shakespeare is quite a nice writer." Of course, in the last example, "quite" is quite an adverb. But in the former it cannot be one; and if any benevolent grammarian will tell me what it is in that sentence, or in such a one as "He has quite a stud of nightmares," my life may be lengthened.

One of the most striking things in regard to the American language and people is the poverty of nomenclature. Certainly the country is a big one. But not even its huge size is a sufficient apology for the dearth of invention painfully evident in maps and railway-guides, and places where they name. This dearth is shown in two ways chiefly. First, many American names are borrowed bodily, and often most ludicrously, from the Old World. Of course there is a charming, a historic, a hereditary side to this. There is the desire, or rather there was the desire, to recall to mind Old World places, to perpetuate Old World memories. The Pilgrim Fathers may be more than forgiven for naming their landing-place Plymouth, and the names of Boston, Glencoe, Dublin, Swansea, had their meaning to the first users of them in America.

But this pardonable sin does not cover the ridiculous cases of the application of high-sounding foreign and classical names to out-of-the-way meagre places. Paris, Moscow, Vienna, with populations of 3,355, 300, 150, respectively, are irritating and to spare; but yet more trying is it to pull up at a shanty of a station, with no visible means of subsistence, and find that you are at Sparta or at Memphis. The second way in which this same dearth, at once of nomenclature and of imagination, is shown, is by the constant and tiresome repetition of the same name for different places in America. Take only the examples just given, remembering that these were taken quite at random. My invaluable Rand & McNally's Railway Guide tells me that there are at least four Viennas, five Madrids, six Memphises, six Spartas (to say nothing of two Spartansburgs) and eight Parises in America.

But these are not the worst instances. One or two, again taken at random, are ten Albanys, ten Alexandrias, ten Cambridges, fourteen Franklins, fifteen Clintons, fifteen Madisons.

I pass to the consideration of one or two oddly-used words in the States. Noun-substantives, as the grammar-books say, first. "Piece" is employed where we say "thing." Thus even on the landing-stage at Liverpool, when it was my departing-stage, mee countryman who looked after my baggage *en route* from land to tender, asked me how many pieces I had. Now "piece" is American. And in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, of December 12th, I read that "the funniest piece in" a particular play or paper—I forget which—was so-and-so.

A "hack" is not, as with us, a quadruped. It is the two-wheeled or four-wheeled vehicle drawn by that same. "You must take a hack," says the hotel clerk,

when two or three of you are off together. But he only means a fly or cab.

The floors in a house or hotel are reckoned differently from the English method. Our ground-floor is America's first; our first, her second; and so on and up.

A railway-station is a depot — a sensible arrangement, as it saves any possible confusion between railway and police buildings. At first I was constantly asking my way to the station, and eliciting the broadest of Yankee stares. They always thought I wanted to give myself up.

But the oddest noun is "lunch." "Lunch" is American for any intermediate feeding between the ordinary meals of breakfast, dinner, supper. A rum-and-milk and a biscuit before breakfast, or a shred of ham or sausage with your matutinal lager, or half-a-dozen oysters (half-shell) before turning in, would each be equally a lunch. It came upon me at first with a shock when I used to read in the theatrical programmes, "Hiram's is the place for lunch after the theatre."

From nouns to verbs. Can any English reader guess what is the meaning of "to dump?" It is something to do with locomotives, for at Newark, N. J., I read that "Engines may be dumped here." That is the full extent of my philological research.

I am stronger on the verb "to rent." This was first encountered by me in the office of Vanderbilt House, Syracuse. Just opposite the place where perhaps the most obliging of that most obliging and long-suffering race, the hotel-clerk, abode; cheek by jowl with the telegraph office, was an inscription, "Umbrellas to rent." A more prosaic land would have said "on hire." But the American uses the phrase "to rent" as an Englishman uses "to let," or a German, "Zu vermie-

then." Umbrellas to rent means umbrellas to be rented or hired.

One American expression is so rapidly becoming Anglicized that I hasten to rescue it from the oblivion of the conventional: "To give it away." The nearest English equivalent is "to split" or "to let on." An ounce of example is worth a pound of theory. My example shall be taken from the American Wild West Show in England. On the private view, opening day, I was at Earl's Court. To the twenty thousand or more people there, divers men and boys were selling programme-books at one shilling and sixpence each. One of the sellers was young Goodman, the beautiful-eyed nephew of Buffalo Bill.

"Is that what you charged for them at Erastina, Staten Island?" I asked. I had bought them there for five cents, less than one-seventh of the price now asked.

"Don't give it away," said the boy. And I didn't.

"Jump" is another good word. It signifies "flee" or "cut and run." He has jumped the city, says the callous newspaper of some defaulting cashier, off to Canada. I cannot resist telling a story of a friend of mine in, let us say, A city of B State. An acquaintance of his had committed some heinous offence—contempt of court, or laughing at a black beetle, I forget—and had hidden himself from the secular wrath to come in the house of my friend. It was necessary to get rid of him. Therefore his unwilling host conveyed him to the railway depot what time a train for Chicago was due, and made the following speech: "Now, if you don't want me to give you up to the police, jump." He jumped.

The philological study of advertisements and notices is in all lands a key to the national character. "Keep out," say the Americans, where a more polite people would stick-up "No admittance;" and our

insular, "Visitors are requested not to walk on the grass," becomes their continental, "Keep off."

"Positively" is a great adverb in notices. "Positively no pedlers (American spelling) allowed here," is a warning as common as the pedlers.

In connection with business-phraseology, let me mention two expressions: "A slaughter sale," for our "selling off," and "misses underclothing" are thoroughly American.

In an earlier chapter I defined a blizzard. "A cold snap," is an Americanism as self-explanatory as it is graphic. As another instance of the use of the word "snap," I have in my note-book a quotation from some forgotten paper to the effect that Miss Cleveland has written something "full of snap."

These cases of American slang shall end. In Wilmington, Del., I saw an advertisement of "a chance," *i.e.*, a draw for some theoretically valuable article. "To match," I gathered from a St. Louis newspaper, is "to toss for" drinks or money, or what not; and our dodge of ringing the changes is, according to the *Baltimore American* of December 12, 1886, "the flim-flam game."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONDEMNED ANARCHISTS IN CHICAGO.

In November, 1886, I was in Chicago. Eight men were then in Cook County jail, seven of them under sentence of death, the eighth condemned to fifteen years' penal servitude, ostensibly for the crime of throwing a bomb and killing certain policemen.

The Haymarket, where the tragedy of May 4, 1886, occurred, is a wide, open space, into which one of the chief streets of Chicago runs. Let us suppose you come down this street on foot or by tram-car. As the street widens out suddenly into the Haymarket, the turning immediately on your right is the street in which the meeting followed by such fatal results was held. The turning equally immediately on the left contains, a door or so down on its farther side, the police-station. Passing into the right-hand street, and two or three yards down it, you come on the right to a small alley, passing up by the side of a large warehouse. From this alley the fatal bomb was said to have been thrown, though much evidence was given at the trial to show that it was thrown from a point many yards away from the entrance of the alley. The wagon on which the speakers stood was placed immediately in front of the warehouse that the alley flanks. The police issued from the station in the corresponding street on the opposite side and marched across the Haymarket. Hard by the entrance of the

street of meeting the police were encountered by the bomb. The evidence is conflicting as to whether the police fired or the bomb was thrown first. There is no conflict upon three points: (1) The meeting, a small and perfectly peaceful one (see Mayor Harrison's evidence), was on the point of dispersal when the police came; (2) the police were armed; (3) their declared intention was to break up the meeting by force.

My friend Wilhelm Liebknecht and I visited the condemned men in prison. The jail and court-house, with their appurtenant judicial offices, make a large stone building, good-looking enough externally. Up the stone steps of this, through a spacious vestibule, to the right into a room, through this to the left, we passed, and were then again in the open air. A flight of plainer steps led down into a large open court-yard. As we crossed this we noticed that the windows behind us were gay with curtains, and even flowers. Those in front of us, on the opposite side of the court-yard, were all closed, and with iron bars. In this court-yard seven men were to have met death on December 3, 1886, had not the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois granted a new trial. By steps similar to those we had come down we ascended toward the barred windows. An iron-bound door on our left stopped the way. After some parley and examination here we were admitted into a kind of office, where policemen in plain clothes sat or strolled about. Here, despite the gloom and solemnity of the whole business, I felt the uncontrollable sense of the ludicrous that always obtrudes itself at the most serious moments. The plain clothes of the policemen said so plainly, "These are policemen"—like the English constable's thief-warning boots in the night watches. Through another iron-bound door, down another flight

of stone steps, into a large oblong room, running from left to right. The left hand part of this and more than one-half of the region in front of us are caged off by an iron grating. This runs longitudinally along the middle of the room, from the grating on the left nearly to the right-hand end of the room. Thus a long parallelogram, with a shorter one at right-angles to it, like a diagram in the Second Book of "Euclid," is shut off. The farther side is closed in with cells—two rows, one above the other. The meshes of the strong iron grating are just sufficiently large to allow of the passing of one finger through. In the space between grating and cells several men are walking to and fro, or, pressed closely against the iron, are talking low to a friend on the free side. From 8.30 to 9.30 A.M., from 4 to 5 P.M., this privilege is allowed. Some of the men are ordinary criminals. Seven of them are the men under sentence of death, and an eighth is the one condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment. The extraordinary and the ordinary prisoners are thus mingling together, because the case of the former is now on appeal.

A tall, gaunt form, ending in a long, bearded face, the cavernous eyes looking through spectacles,—this is Schwab. We salute by touching fingers through a mesh in the iron grating. Then his two long arms are raised, and the hands take hold of the iron far above the large, rather narrow head. Standing thus, Schwab looks, with his bare, hairy arms (he is in his shirt-sleeves) curiously like an imprisoned simian. He speaks good English and most perfect German. Spies, a little to his right now—they shift place frequently—is a short, well-built, well-looking man, with the American mustache. He has an easy, graceful manner, and prefers to speak English. He also is coatless, and wears one of the loose American shirts, with large

turn-down collar, laced up in front. Neebe, the only one of the eight not sentenced to death, and who was not even present at the Haymarket meeting, is round the corner to the left. He is the most powerfully made, physically, of them all, with a huge beard and immense hand. He can hardly get his finger through the grating. A quiet, pale-faced little woman with fair hair, standing by me, he introduces through the bars as his wife. Mrs. Neebe has died since; they say, of a broken heart. Parsons, like Spies in size, mustache, and dress, save that he wears a slouch-hat, tells me with dramatic gestures a story of Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips meeting as he and I meet now. "What are you doing there, Garrison?" asks Phillips. "What are you doing *there*?" Garrison answers. This is not time or place to discuss points of difference. All to be done with him and with all is to assure them that every effort shall be made to secure them justice. Fielden, a sturdy, middle-height Englishman, with big beard, wears a coat and soft white felt hat. With him my talk is longest, and much of it with fingers interlocked. He seems to cling to me as a fragment of his own land. Not that with him or with anyone of them is there a shadow of faltering. Men more cool and at ease I have never seen. Only one of them, and he the man not condemned to death, is in any way hopeful. All the rest are, without any braggadocio, ready. Fielden's talk is wholly about England and about his wife, confined five days ago. Fischer, a tall, splendidly built young fellow, is playing with his little child in the background. Only those who cannot possibly be supposed to sympathize with the prisoners are officially allowed to go behind the bars. So the child is running about with her father, and you can hear her laughing. Of Engel and

Lingg I only caught a glimpse. Lingg is a boy of twenty-one.

There is in my mind not the shadow of a doubt that these men were unjustly condemned upon evidence wholly insufficient. And this belief was that of almost every working-man, socialist or non socialist, whom I met in America.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I am not an anarchist and that, as a socialist, I must necessarily be entirely opposed to the methods and aims of anarchism. In point of fact, socialism, and its worst foe, anarchism, have only two things in common—hatred of the present capitalist system and antagonism one to the other. In America the most violent attacks made upon my companions and myself during our tour were made by the anarchist writers and speakers. The Chicago capitalist press wanted us to be hanged after we had landed; the anarchist papers were for shooting us “on sight” before we landed.

Despite this antagonism, it was our duty, and we made it our business, to speak at every meeting held in America in favor of a new trial for the condemned anarchists of Chicago. And this on the following grounds:

(1) The trial took place too near the event of May 4th in point of time.

(2) The trial took place too near the event of May 4th in point of place. A change of venue was necessary for justice. This is recognized in the case of the police when held on a charge of murder. Thus the private detective agency man, Joy, arrested in November, 1886, on the charge of shooting one Begley, in an unarmed and peaceful crowd, was not tried where the event occurred.

(3) The arrests were made without any legal warrant.

This statement is true, not only of the eight men I saw, but of many others who were thus illegally arrested, kept in prison four months, and then discharged without even being brought to trial.

(4) The houses, offices, and desks of the accused were broken into, and their contents taken by the police without any search-warrants having been issued.

(5) During the trial and after its close the police made, at judicious intervals, opportune discoveries of bombs and the like in Chicago. These discoveries were simultaneous with any awakening of public feeling on behalf of the accused. Thus, four infernal machines were discovered a month after their arrest, and the attempt was actually made to use this discovery as evidence against the imprisoned men. In the opinion of many people these bombs found by the police were also hidden by the police.

(6) The jury was, at least in part, made up of men prejudiced against the accused. Among the many whom the prisoners' advocates challenged was one who admitted that he had formed a distinct affirmative opinion as to their guilt before the trial began, and who was certain that no amount of evidence could shake that opinion. Judge Gary overruled the objection to this man, and he served on the jury. Besides this one special case, there was general evidence that the jury was packed. I quote from the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* of October 2d. The application to Judge Gary for a new trial was made on October 1st. "The affidavit of E. V. Stevens, a travelling salesman, . . . states that the affiant is well acquainted with Otis S. Favor; that he knows the latter to be intimate with Ryce, the special bailiff; that he has heard Favor state that Ryce had said to him in his presence, and in the pres-

ence of others, while Ryce was engaged in summoning jurors, the following words: 'I am managing this case, and know what I am about. These fellows are going to be hung as certain as death. I am calling such men as the defendants will have to challenge and to waste their challenges.' The defendants' counsel then said that Favor had refused to appear in the court to testify openly or to do so by affidavit, unless he was compelled to do so by order of the Court. They therefore asked that the Court order a subpoena to compel Favor's appearance. . . . Judge Gary: 'I shall overrule the motion.'"

(7) The judge was unfair. Two cases have already been given. He ruled out of order questions as to whether the police had given money to the witnesses for the prosecution. He ruled in order the introduction of translated extracts from a work of Most's, although there was no evidence that any of the accused had ever seen the book, and although it was known that two of them (Parsons and Fielden) could not read the language in which the book was written. To the counsel for the defence, when they pleaded against the introduction of such evidence as this, Judge Gary said: "Sit down, and don't make scenes." He allowed the bloody clothing of the policemen that were killed to be introduced in court. When, on Captain Black protesting, State Attorney Grinnell said: "I could bring in the shattered corpses of the policemen," Judge Gary uttered no reproof. He overruled an objection to evidence as to conversations between the prisoners and the police. To the defendants' counsel, cross examining, he said: "I think you ask much too much." When the verdict and sentence were given by the jury, unimpeachable witnesses state that the judge went out to his wife, who was waiting for the result, and said: "All

is well, mother. Seven to be hanged, and one fifteen years. All is well."

(8) The council for the prosecution, Mr. Grinnell, was passionate and venomous. In his opening speech he denounced the accused as "godless foreigners." When the group "Freiheit" was mentioned, the familiar German word had to be translated to Mr. Grinnell, whose comment was, "Oh, yes, freedom to send people into the air!" He tried hard to use the after-discovery of infernal machines (*v.s.*) as evidence against the accused men. When the desk, stolen and broken into by the police without a warrant, was found to be fitted by a key in the possession of Spies, the demand was made that the keys should be returned to their owner. "Oh, he'll never need them again," said Grinnell.

(9) The witnesses upon whose evidence the men were condemned were tainted. Wilhelm Seliger, who turned State's evidence, had been living in the police-station, admitted many conversations with the police, and the receipt of money from them, and was contradicted on essential points by witnesses equally independent of prosecution and defence. Of Gottfried Waller, the second State's evidence witness, the same assertions may be made. The most important witness, one Gillmer, who saw everything—saw Schnaubelt (not in custody) throw the bomb, saw Spies light it, saw Fischer with them—was a semi-tramp, out of work, living in the prison, who said nothing of all he saw at the inquest, nor for days after. He knew all details of build and face of men in the alley, but not a word of the speeches. Shea and Jansen, two detectives, the latter of whom had been in the anarchist organization with other policemen for sixteen months, and a number of newspaper reporters, for the most part on intimate

terms with the police, completed the list of the witnesses for the prosecution. Shea confessed that he tried to get Spies to sign an incriminating paper in prison, without letting him see its contents. Jansen attended secret meetings and furnished the police with notes of them. When anything was wanted to egg on the anarchists to action, he considerably provided it. One Malcolm MacThomson heard a compromising conversation between Spies and Schwab, in which "pistols" and "police" were mentioned, and the question, "Will one be enough?" asked. He confessed that he did not understand a word of German, and it was proved that Spies and Schwab always spoke in German to each other.

Against these may be set their own contradictions and the evidence of an army of independent witnesses. The latter showed that the Haymarket meeting was peaceful and orderly, that many women were present, that no incendiary speeches were made. Thus, a certain Freeman saw Parsons, Fielden, and Spies, not in the alley *à la* Gillmer, but on the wagon; heard Parsons suggest adjournment as it was raining; heard Fielden say, "I am ready. Wait a minute and then we'll go." This witness contradicted the police evidence. Dr. James Taylor, aged seventy-six, was in the alley at the time the bomb was thrown from a point twenty feet from the alley. He testified to the perfectly peaceful character of the meeting until the police interfered.

But especially Mayor Harrison must be quoted. Was present at the meeting until within twenty minutes of explosion. Had agreed with chief of police that it must be dissolved if not peaceful. General tone of speeches such that feared a point might be reached when he must dissolve it, as he was determined

to do as soon as any use of force was threatened. Parsons' speech a political tirade. Witness told Captain Bonfield (chief-of-police) it had been a very tame speech. Went to police-station, told Bonfield there would be no trouble, and it would be better if his men went home. Then left, thinking all was well.

(10) The American press, to some extent, the Chicago papers to a considerable, and the *Times* and especially the *Tribune* of that city to a hideous extent, clamored for the hanging of these men. Anything more indecent, undignified, and panic-stricken than the *Chicago Tribune's* articles I have never, in a fairly large and varied experience of journalism, seen. If these men are ultimately hanged, it will be the *Chicago Tribune* that has done it. And as proof that the condemned were condemned not because the evidence showed they were murderers, but because it showed they were anarchists, one quotation from the *Tribune* will suffice, "Chicago hangs anarchists." There are no words of qualification: "Chicago hangs anarchists."

During the months of September to December, 1886, a change was wrought in popular feeling. The speaking and writing of many men and women, altogether opposed to the anarchist teachings, the constant appeal to the sense of justice of the American people, the gradual recovery of the latter from the state of unreasoning fear into which the events of May and the infamous newspaper articles had worked them—these and other things had their effect. By the time of the municipal elections in November, a great body of public opinion had declared for a new trial. Then came the thunderbolt of the success of the Labor Party at the elections. From that moment it was certain the men would not be hanged on December 3d. On Thanksgiving Day (November 25th), Captain Black, the magnificent advo-

cate for the Chicago anarchists, obtained a stay of execution.

In May, 1887, I received from my friend, Captain Black, the printed copies of his brief and argument, and of his oral argument before the Supreme Court of Illinois, on March 18th of this year. In his accompanying letter, dated April 6th, he writes: "Let me as a lawyer say to you that I deem it (the argument) unanswerable, and I know it has not been met, although upon the other side they filed printed arguments aggregating over 546 pages. . . . I think the opposition really *expect* a reversal of the judgment; and for myself I am absolutely confident of the result."

The opinion of the better class of journals is in the main the same. And the opinion of almost everyone, when the first angry panic was over and calmer judgment prevailed, was, even as far back as December, 1886, that unless some new and much more reliable and conclusive evidence could be brought forward by the police at the second trial, no jury would convict the Chicago anarchists of murder.

Of one thing there can be no doubt. After my Ulysses' wanderings and the coming into contact with Knights of Labor, Central Labor Unionists, and so forth, in many towns, I can say with confidence that the vast majority of the working-class were of opinion that a miscarriage of justice had occurred, and this feeling is intensified by the news that comes as we go to press that a new trial has been refused. Of course, this majority were not anarchists. Nor were they even socialists. To the teachings—the avowed teachings—of the eight men now in gaol in Chicago, they were as intensely opposed as any socialist could be. But they considered that justice has not been done.

CHAPTER XIV.

CERTAIN NOTABILITIES.

Captain Black, Henry George, the Sinaloa Folk, Woman Suffragists, Editor Schevitsch, Colonel Hinton, the Champion Swimmer.

My travels in America, and the exceptional conditions under which they occurred, brought me into contact with many notable people. A few words upon certain of these follow :

Facile princeps, a Saul the son of Kish, head and shoulders above his fellows, physically and mentally, is Captain William J. Black. The name of this extraordinary man was mentioned in the preceding chapter as that of the advocate for the Chicago anarchists. It should be understood that while Black was the boldest and most uncompromising of advocates, and while he believed, perhaps, more strongly than any one in the world in his clients' innocence of the particular crime of which they were accused, yet he cannot be said to hold the doctrines, or to endorse the methods, that are anarchistic, as opposed to socialistic.

My first sight of Black was in Cook County Jail, Chicago, on the occasion of the visit already described. I saw a very fine man, six feet in height, with long, noble, frank face, white hair, American moustache and beard, earnest dark eyes. I felt the warmest, most sinewy, and yet gentle, grasp of my hand that I had

on American soil, save from the hand of Buffalo Bill. That day (November 5, 1886), the advocate was full of his case, and told me, always in the shadow of the prison-room and within a few feet of the condemned men, of all the many means he proposed to use, if haply he might save them. I could not but think what a blessing and strength this man's mere presence, day by day, must have been to the prisoners. His charming little wife, his veritable helpmeet in all ways, was with him.

The next morning, directly after breakfast, they were both with us at the Sherman House. They stayed a long time, although Mrs. Black strenuously declared that her husband's wont was only to stay at places a few minutes, and although an appointment with State Attorney Grinnell, the infamous creature of the anarchist trial, loomed near.

Our talk was naturally much upon the trial. And here let me say that which might with advantage, perhaps, have been said earlier, that for the evidence given in Chapter XIII. I am not dependent upon Captain Black. I read one of the few verbatim reports of the Chicago trial in the *New-Yorker Volks Zeitung* as I crossed the Atlantic, and was not, therefore, in the position of most readers, and at the mercy of the garbled and insufficient accounts of the American capitalist press, or at the mercy of the yet more garbled and yet more insufficient accounts of Reuter, the father of telegraphic lies.

That day was the Saturday. On Monday morning our beloved friends were again with us, and for two immortal hours Captain Black sat there telling us tales of the great civil war. He had been all through this, and had known adventures, that were told with an absolute and a severe simplicity, with the most delightful

of American accents. Of all that forever memorable time, the most memorable moments were those when, after much prayer upon our part, he and his wife burst out singing Julia Ward Howe's beautiful "Battle Hymn of the Republic." They were magnificent singers, with voices worthy even of that magnificent hymn, and it was something to hear Black's ringing voice thundering out the words and the melody, as he had been wont to do twenty years before, when the soldiers of his company, marching in the night, passed the word up to him, striding along at their head, "Sing to us, Captain." I suppose some of the Chicago drummers and the staid sojourners at the Sherman House were filled with wonderment at the sound, before midday, of such singing in a hotel-room. Their wonderment would have overflowed, could they have entered the room and seen the inspired faces of the singers, and our eyes filled with tears.

The "Battle Hymn" is known to all Americans. But as it is not known to all English people, and as no American will be the worse for reading it again, I transcribe a document, very precious to me. On half a sheet of hotel writing paper, in violet pencil, is written, in a firm, flowing hand, this :

A BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

By Julia Ward Howe.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord !
 He is trampling out the vintage where His grapes of wrath are stored,
 I have seen the fateful lightnings of His terrible swift sword !

His truth is marching on.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, Halleluiah !
 Glory, glory, Halleluiah !
 Glory, glory, Halleluiah !
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him 'mid the watch-fires of an hundred circling camps,
 They have builded Him an altar 'mid the evening dews and damps,
 I have read his righteous truth by the dim and flaring lamps.

His truth is marching on.

I have read a righteous sentence writ in burnished rows of steel,
 As ye deal with my contemners so my grace with you shall deal !
 Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel !

His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat !
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat !
 Be swift, my soul, to answer Him—be jubilant, my feet !

His truth is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom which transfigures you and me !
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free !

His truth is marching on.

Chorus.

The worthiest poem, on the Union side, of our own late Civil War.

W. P. BLACK.

That paper I hope to keep as long as I live.—HENRY GEORGE.

CHICAGO, November 8, 1886.

I met Henry George late in September (the 29th). He was already nominated for Mayor of New York, and the election was due on November 2d, while I was leaving New York on October 2d for eleven weeks of agitation tour. At such a time, under such circumstances, he and I holding our respective positions, it will be understood that the talk was on momentous matters, and, for the greater freedom on either side, was understood at the outset to be a private conversation. As since that day I have had no opportunity of again meeting Henry George, my notes upon him and his utterances must be understood as limited to opinions and expressions, to whose publication I have

reason to believe he would have and could have no objection.

Henry George is a little man, with exceedingly clear blue eyes that seem exceedingly honest, a straight-cut mouth, red beard, and bald head. In manner he is sharp, quick but not abrupt, and outspoken. He believes—his books are expressive of his creed—that the land question is at the bottom of everything. Solve that, he seems to think, and the evils of society will lessen and vanish. He does not, like the Socialist, regard the mode of the production and distribution of commodities, with its private property in the means (of which land is but one) of that production and distribution, as the basis of modern society, and therefore of the ills of that organization. And he does not see how, from the Socialist point of view, this idea of his is especially untenable in America—the country to which the capitalist method came ready-made, and where it now exists in its most brutal and uncompromising form—the country in which, at the same time, there is the largest area of land as yet unclaimed or uncultivated, and the country in which, probably, peasant proprietorship will hold out longest.

But from this, as I think, economic error in regard to the basis of our present system and to the necessity of attacking the land question first, it must not be imagined that Henry George recognizes no other evils than those connected with the holding of land, and desires no other remedies than those that concern land tenure. His answer, dated August 26, 1886, to the Conference of Labor Associations, when they asked him if he would stand for Mayor, is evidence on this point. Here are one or two quotations thence. "Those general conditions which, despite the fact that labor is the producer of all wealth, make the term

working-man synonymous with poor man. . . . The party that shall do for the question of industrial slavery what the Republican party did for the question of chattel slavery must . . . be a working-man's party. . . . I have seen the promise of the coming of such a party in the growing discontent of Labor with unjust social conditions. . . . The wrongs of our social system. . . . There is and there can be an idle class only where there is a disinherited class."

In these quotations there is something more than condemnation of the land system. "General conditions," "industrial slavery," "unjust social conditions," "the wrongs of our social system," are the terms used. Clearly, Henry George recognizes that society is wrong, and nowhere in this letter does he refer to the land as the basis of this wrong. Indeed, the word "land" never once occurs in the letter. Unfortunately, clear as is George's recognition of the rottenness of our social, *i.e.*, our capitalist system, he does not anywhere in this document state clearly what he believes to be the root of this rottenness. Only in one passage does he give even a hint at this. "The foundation of our system is in our local governments." Now it is in these "local governments" that our capitalist or commercial system appears in its most concentrated, mediate, and concrete form.

As to the immediate remedy, Henry George, not unnaturally as the then potential candidate for the Mayorship of New York, is more definite. This is political action. "I have long believed that the Labor movement could accomplish little until carried into politics," and "the increasing disposition to pass beyond the field of trades associations into the larger sphere of political action," are two phrases from the letter already utilized.

Now, while as to the immediate remedy the opinions just quoted of George became confirmed more and more strongly as the electoral contest went on, his opinions as to the actual cause of the "unjust social conditions" also took more definite shape. Brought into close and constant contact with the men and women that were the life of the movement known in New York by his name, men and women who were really Socialists, this earnest man, a drop of spray on the momentary crest of the vast and gathering wave of an immense popular movement, was, consciously or unconsciously, forced into ever clearer and more clear declarations as to the private ownership of the means of production and distribution. These declarations are to be found *passim* in his speeches during September and October, and in his open letters to Abraham Hewitt, the capitalist candidate; and their number and definiteness increased as the time for the Mayoralty election drew near. I have not space to quote all of these—and to quote only a part of them would be of little value; but from them and from the result of the contest on November 2d, and from the course of events since, I venture upon a prophecy as to the political future of Henry George. He will come to the parting of the ways, one of which goes onward and the other backward. How near he even now is to that trenchant point, he, better than all other men, should know. Paradoxical as it may seem, he possibly does not know better than all other men what his decision will be. But the decision will have to be made. Will he go forward with the labor party resolved on nationalization, not of land alone, but of raw material, machinery, means of credit, capital, or fall back toward the rank of the old parties and be absorbed of them?

THE SINALOA FOLK.

These are a company of men and women who have obtained possession of the State of Sinaloa in Mexico, call themselves the *Crédit Foncier* Company, have planned and built a city and propose living therein as in a sort of Zoar among the cities of the plain. The chairman is Albert K. Owen, who is no relation or connection of Robert Owen. Departments of deposits, surveying, law, motors, police, transportation, diversification, education, farming, pharmacy, each have a head. The intention is to form another of the "communities" of which America has already seen not a few, with a combination of the communistic life within and the capitalist life without. Such a combination is, as it seems to me, but one more of those attempts at a compromise between the anti-social system of to-day and the social system of to-morrow that are foredoomed by their intrinsic nature.

There is here apparently an interesting attempt of the Fourier and Saint Simon order, that will probably meet with the same fate as is encountered by all undertakings of this kind. The establishing of small islands of more or less complete communism in the midst of the present sea of capitalist methods of living, only ends in the overwhelming of the islands by the sea. The necessary smallness of the scale upon which such an experiment must be made handicaps its success. It is true that the whole scheme of the Sinaloa community is on broader and longer lines than, perhaps, any other that has yet been started. Yet, the riddle of modern society is not, I think, likely to be solved in this way. The success of an experiment of the kind, assuming that it is attained, would be an encouragement, possibly

even an example, to the workers. But probably the final solution of the riddle will be by the conquering of political power in every country by the proletarian party, by their subsequent conquest of economic power, and by the abolition of private property in the means of production and distribution, leading to a communistic society commensurate with the whole of the nation. Let it be added, nevertheless, that if earnestness of purpose, integrity, high sense of honor and of the beauty of life could insure success in such an undertaking, that of the Sinaloa community, judging from the members of it with whom I came into personal relations, is assured.

It was at the house of the treasurer of the Sinaloa community, John Lovell, that I met Henry George, and also one of the representative woman-suffrage women of America, Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake. With another of these, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, sister of the late Henry Ward Beecher and of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, I spent, perhaps the most happy and assuredly the most peaceful hours of my stay in America. A word or two may be said here upon my experience of the American women who are in the front of the battle for the extension of the suffrage to their sex.

They appear to be like and yet unlike their English sisters laboring in the same field. They are like them in their non-understanding of the fact that the woman question is one of economics and not of mere sentiment. The present-position of women rests, as everything in our complex modern society rests, upon an economic basis. The woman question is one of the organization of society as a whole. American women, woman-suffragists, are like the English in the fact that they are, as a rule, well-to-do. And they are like them in that they make no suggestion for change that is outside the limits of the society of to-day.

But the American woman suffragists differ from the English in one very important particular. They are ready and willing to listen to the ideas of other schools of thought whose shibboleth is not identical with theirs. They are beginning to understand that this special question is only part of a much larger one. They are beginning to understand that it can only be answered satisfactorily and completely when the great economic problem is solved. The two women I have mentioned, and others of the same school as they, eagerly listened to any attempt at a statement as to the method of solution of that problem, and were ready to engage in the more far-reaching struggle for the emancipation of the workers as well as in that for the emancipation of their own sex. And in this wider view of the contest for liberty, there is of course no narrowing of the view as to the woman question especially; nor does any one lose the woman-like in the larger mind.

Another difference between the American and English "advanced" women is that the former are much more outspoken. They call things honestly by their names, and are not, like the English, afraid of being thought "improper." When the *Pall Mall Gazette* and Mr. Stead were dealing with certain questions that assuredly concern women at least as much as they concern men, a very plain-speaking letter on the subject was drawn up, and a number of well-known "advanced" women in England were all aflame to sign it at first. But the fear of that member of their sex whose name is Grundy came upon them, and they nearly all with one accord began to make excuse. Not that they had altered their opinions. They were only afraid to make them public. Among the advanced women of America such cowardice as this would be impossible.

EDITOR SCHEVITSCH.

Shevitsch, editor of the New York *Leader*, the organ of united labor in that city, is a very notable personality in New York journalism. His mere linguistic abilities alone would make him that. A Russian by birth, he speaks and writes, in addition to his native tongue, English, American, French and German, each as if it were his own language. Physically, Schevitsch is a man of immense, but most perfect proportions, and of strikingly handsome face. His breeding is exquisite; his whole manner charming. All this, indeed, is the great wonderment of New York journalists—that a man of such education, of such perfect culture, who can write paragraphs, leaders, stories, poems in five languages, should work for labor papers only, and should often be in danger of paying an enforced visit to Blackwell's Island. Blackwell's Island, let it be noted, is the prison-place of New York, and Editor Schevitsch has any time these last five years been writing with such vigor against the Jay Goulds, and the other monopolists, great and small, that again and again they have been clamoring for his journalistic blood, to wit, for his imprisonment.

Historically, in other ways than this, Schevitsch is indirectly interesting. His wife is a very famous woman. She was that renowned actress, Helena von Rakovitch, the fame of whose beauty was European, and "all on account of" whom Ferdinand Lassalle lost his life in his duel with her husband that was to be.

Madame Schevitsch still retains the major part of the wonderful beauty that had effects even more fatal than those proverbially due to loveliness, and is a skilled writer of art criticisms.

COLONEL HINTON.

The names of Schevitsch and the *Leader* at once suggest the name of Richard Hinton, cheeriest, staunchest of friends. English by birth, a Chartist at seventeen, Hinton served through the war, organized the first newspaper corps that went out from Boston for the North, was wounded time and again, and had a price that he now considers fabulously high, set upon his head. Happily for the world, the price was never realized, and for a score of years the head has been at work in connection with the Bureau of Labor, on newspapers, on platforms, in the open air, and always on the side of freedom. It is a noble, leonine head, with deep, kindly, honest eyes set in it, and if I prayed at all, I would pray that for another score of years it may be seen among men, doing men's work.

In all this, it will be noticed that I am only dealing with public characters. Were I to fall to telling of all the working men and women whom I met, and who have left on me impressions not less deep and not less durable than those made by the people named above, my book would be as long as Don Quixote. Let me end with a sketch of a celebrity quite other than any of those yet considered.

AMERICA'S CHAMPION SWIMMER.

In particularly uniform undress I am lying on a couch in a room that leads off from the swimming-bath of the New York Athletic Club. On another couch lies, in equally undress garb, a man of tremendous physique. If the couch on which he is could speak, it would groan under the weight of some fourteen stone. The form resting on it is of perfect build. The

shoulders are magnificent—the deep chest is forty-five inches in circumference. The muscles on the arms and legs are immense. The outer side of the right arm is sunburnt brown; the inner side of the left has also caught something of the “livery of the sun.” For the owner of both of them swims on his left side as well as in the water. The head that crowns this very noticeable specimen of the human form divine is exceedingly handsome, and the bronzed face, with its drooping mustache, might be that of an English cavalry officer. Head, form, face, and mustache belong to Gus Sundström, the champion swimmer of America.

On my right, as I stretch my lazy length, is another yet more inner room, and next to its open portal a closed door, through which you can pass to the Turkish and vapor baths, replete, as the hotel advertisements say, with every comfort. Out behind me a door leads to the swimming-bath, wherein I have but a few minutes ago been disporting me. And now I am resting from my aquatic labors, and talking to the greatest swimmer in the western world.

Gus Sundström is Brooklyn born. His name betrays his Swedish origin. The paternal Sundström was the captain of a Swedish ship. The filial one—I trust that Gus is filial—was born October 28, 1860. He started swimming early, and on a large scale. At three and one-half years of age he took his first lesson in the Atlantic Ocean.

Like most of his cloth, if that phrase may be used of one who spends the greater part of his life with no clothing on, Sundström began his natatorial existence as an amateur. Scarcely any of our English swimmers have been born in the purple of professionalism. They have been borne into it by the current of circumstances. Beginning as members of some more or less

ambiguous amateur club, finding that they have a turn of speed, a power of endurance beyond their fellows, they gradually drift into the ranks of the not very noble army of professional swimmers. Not, of course, that I use this phrase because these men are professionals, and get their living by swimming. They are, thus far, a much more honorable race than the pestilent amateur (in theory), who has "expenses paid," or even, let me say, than those of us who do nothing whatever for our living. But, unfortunately, the professional swimmer is only too well known among lovers of honest sport, as not the best of providers of that which they love. Almost every swimmer is tarred with the same brush as his fellows, and, on the occasion of a great swimming-match for the championship or what not, it is always a wonder to me that the water does not turn black.

I do not mean even to hint that anything of the ill odor in which English swimmers are hangs around our Swedish-American. I have not read nor heard a word against him. And, talking to him, he impresses me as a simple, unaffected, honest, rather slow fellow, who has not yet had either his physical strength or his moral nature exploited by "gaffers." But his very simplicity, honesty, and especially the slowness, will make him an easy prey to "besting" antagonists and to scheming managers. Look to it, my powerful young friend. See that you have a shrewd business man to look after you, *and an honest one.*

As an amateur, Sundström was champion of America, and won twenty-seven medals. He performed the remarkable creative process of "making himself a professional" by swimming a match with George Fearn, the English long-distance swimmer, on a Sunday afternoon, whose date I forget, in 1878. Fearn, John

Williams, champion of Montreal, and Gus, each put up a hundred pounds, or had it put up for them. The three, with George Long in the then notorious Boyton suit, swam from Governors Island, in New York Harbor, to Flushing Island, a distance of fifteen miles. Sundström won, but could not quite make Flushing Island, as in the two hours forty-five minutes he took, and the fifteen miles swim took him, the tide had turned against him.

Since that eight years ago event he has been a very busy man. His business has been in deep waters. Time would fail me, if I told of all his adventures by flood rather than by field. At Monte Video he swam twenty-five Italians, and at St. Thomas fifty-five negroes—not on the one down t'other come on principle, but all at once. Of course, he beat the eighty as easily as he would have beaten the best one of them.

In 1882 he was over in England, though he penetrated no farther into that foreign land than his landing-place, Liverpool. He swam only for exhibition, as I understand, in the Mersey, but met none of the crack English swimmers. This omission he was, when I met him, anxious to repair; he talked of challenging. Sundström was anxious then for a trial with Beckwith, or Finney, or Collier, or Haggerty. He would prefer to swim in America (in its water, of course), but I do not fancy he would at all insist on this point. If he meets any of the English professionals, and if there is no "squaring" done, a fine struggle will result. How it will result this deponent sayeth not.

Gus has had his adventures. A seafaring man for seven or eight years, he has knocked about the world considerable. And the world, always capable of taking its own part, has in return knocked him about some. He has been under arrest, not for anything worse than

giving a public exhibition on a Sunday. This law, if carried out, would seriously affect the clergy of all denominations. Gus's exhibition was not in a pulpit, but in the water, and it took the form of a swimming-match with Dennis Butler.

He has swum through Hell Gate, and that before its rocks were blown up; he has been wrecked; he has saved several lives. As to that same wrecking, let me, in ending, tell one thing that shows the boyish, careless—may I say the reckless spirit of this young Hercules. His chief bemoaning in regard to it was not for loss of clothes and valuables. It was because he had lost his scrap-book, with all the notices of his swimming feats.

CHAPTER XV.

BUFFALO BILL AND THE COWBOYS.

I had crossed the Hudson just below New York, from north to south, and spent a pleasant hour at Fort Lee. The spirit moving me to return, I looked around me for a "local," who might inform me as to the when of the crossing of the next ferry-boat. He presented himself in the shape of a rather tall and very American young man, with dark eyes, fresh color, a loose, swinging gait, and a general air of that which Mr. Henry Labouchere calls genial ruffianism. Under his "governance benign," I found myself in a few minutes drinking lager beer at a Hudson River-side public-house, at what time the ferry-boat was to be seen beating slowly toward us across the big river.

Now, nothing would convince my young man that I was not an actor. Perhaps it was my close-shaven face; perhaps it was because of the striking likeness to Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett, and Beerbohm Tree that I possess in common with so many marquises and linen-draper's assistants. On the whole, however, I incline to think it was because, in an unguarded moment, I let out that I should be in the Bowery that evening. I only meant I was lodging there. My young man thought I was appearing at a dime museum.

I succeeded at last in making him understand that I was a dramatic critic, not an actor. "Then," said he, suddenly, "you must see Buffalo Bill." Now, I had

seen Buffalo Bill—on posters, and, allowing for the customary exaggeration of that form of mural decoration, I had come to the conclusion that I was not athirst to see his speculation, the Wild West. The show, I imagined, would be vulgar and tawdry. For days I had suffered from the fact that *the streets of New York, at no time things of beauty, were made more than usually hideous by the gruesome posters, that purported to be representations, and were certainly advertisements of the Wild West Show, whose head and front was, and is, and probably as long as it lasts, evermore shall be—Buffalo Bill. I had formed a low, and possibly inaccurate opinion of American art. These colossal daubs, these splashes of red and yellow filling up uncouth outlines, confirmed that opinion.*

“Here,” said I, in my unwisdom, “is typical America. These mural enormities are the outward and visible sign of an indoors and theatrical disgrace.”

I was all wrong. Not as to the posters. They still haunt me, and apparently have made up their minds to haunt me to my dying day. The show they misrepresented will stay and do likewise ; for it is one as remarkable and interesting as my somewhat *blasés* eyes have seen.

And yet, even while under that pictorial impression, a very false one, let me make haste to say, the thought more than once came to me that it would be wise to see a show whose counterfeit presentments on the walls of New York seemed quite typical of American art. And now, I felt sure that I must. My young man's manner had grown almost aggressive—we were at our fifth or sixth lager—and he laid a stress very nearly threatening on the “must.” All across the ferry he continued to do thus, and when over on the New York side, I had eluded him and hidden in a tram-car, and saw him glaring up and down the

street in search of me, I felt that I must see Buffalo Bill, or die at the hands of my genial ruffian.

Hence, a day or two later, I took boat, along with a great many other people, for Staten Island—then trained along the island shore—not that I am an athlete, *cheu fugaces anni*—and at last reached Erastina and the Wild West. The cars poured myself and many hundred others out on to a railway platform; from the which we incontinently tumbled, as it were, into an open-air theatre. The stage was a large oblong arena. Instead of sawdust there was a flooring of much be-trampled loamy soil. And, instead of monotonous rocking-horses, with aged females jumping painfully up and down, and with supreme efforts just clearing parti-colored ribbons, or just managing to break the thinnest of tissue-paper, there was the strangest, wildest, weirdest, most exciting of performances.

I do not know if every one of the vast audience that filled in the sides of the oblong and crammed the tiers of raised seats at one end was as excited as I was. I am not ashamed to confess that I felt almost as much interest and enthusiasm, as at his first pantomime ever so many years ago, was felt by a boy whom I dimly perceive to have been myself.

What was the Wild West? Well, the most interesting show in a most interesting country. The Wild West is an attempt to bring home to the mind of the town dweller, life and death in the Rocky Mountains, where the wave of savage life is beating itself out against the rock of an implacably advancing civilization. Over a large open space, partly surrounded by raised seats, Indians, Mexicans, cowboys, mustangs, elks, and buffaloes process, race, shoot, dance, jump, throw lariats, carry imaginary mails by pony express,

rope and ride Texan steers, attack stage coaches and settlers' cabins, kill one another, and generally carry on after the wild, free, and not very easy fashion of the West.

I might write out an exact copy of the programme, but this would give no idea of the reality of the whole business, and the intense fascination it exercises upon the imaginative mind. This fascination is in part due to the coming face to face with conditions that in some sense represent our own ancestral ones. These dusky Indians, with their unearthly streaks of color on their faces, and their weird, monotonous, and hollow cries as they ride past, fine as many of the faces are, yet remind us of the earlier forms of savage man whence we have evolved, not by any manner of means always in the right direction.

Now a crowd of cowboys, Mexicans, Indians, whirl round and round the arena on ponies, racing as keenly as their riders. Now half a dozen Jacks, and Johnnies, and Dicks, and Jims sit like centaurs on mules that kick and buck, and rear, and lie down, and do everything except behave like reasonably-minded quadrupeds. Now a herd of wild Texan buffaloes sweep by, and there is roping, and riding, and shooting of these by Indians and whites. There is a constant thud of horses' hoofs, a constant crack of pistol and of rifle shots, a wild whirl of human voices.

Sometimes a little drama, wonderfully realistic, is enacting. A pony-express will race along the arena, with a troop of Indians pressing hard upon it; or a stage-coach, lumbering along, is stopped by the Sioux and the Pawnees, with much shooting of horses and passengers, and to end, a sudden swoop down of cowboys to the rescue of the whites, and the routing of the redskins; or a wandering tribe encamps upon the prai-

rie, and anon its ancient foes are upon it. The sleeping camp becomes a battle-ground; scalping in the most approved fashion, and wild war-dances, to the accompaniment of the terrific inhuman howling of the Indians, close in the scene.

The four-legged performers are as interesting as their fellows with only half the number. They take just as much interest in the general pranks they are all up to, and seem to look upon the whole affair as one huge piece of fun. The mustangs race along like mad things, stop so suddenly as to give you a certain physical shock, and dash off instantly at any angle to their former course, except one of one hundred and eighty degrees. These racings and stoppings and changes of direction seem, in most cases, as if determined by the lower animal rather than the upper. The words "lower" and "upper" here refer only to position in space, for shrewd, bright-looking, keen-eyed as the vaqueros and cowboys and Indians are, the horses they bestride seem as much a part of their intelligence as of their physical frame. And the horned beasts also appear to really enjoy their play-work. Secure in the consciousness that no real bullet is, despite all the noisy firing, to come crashing and numbing into their spinal marrow, they paw the ground, lumber along at a huge speed when the hunt is up, and take their parts with all the *aplomb* of an experienced actor. One old fellow, seven feet high at his shoulders, goes careering round, pursued by a mob of cowboys and Indians, with a sly, knowing look in his eye that says more eloquently than the loudest bellow, "Vot a larks, eh?"

As to the men and women, not one of them but is, physically speaking, of the grand type. Seeing these Indian braves, with their immense athletic frames,

their faces, whose strength and fineness not all the hideous streaks and smears can hide; seeing also the power, the litheness, the endurance, the quickness of resource of the white men—the tremendous nature of the frontier struggles between the aborigines and a remorseless civilization is brought home to me, not without pain.

The performance over, I went to the stables and saw the care and excellence of all arrangements there; to the Indian camp, where gigantic braves stood in the door of prairie-tents, and from under the edge of other closed ones the faces of Indian women looked out laughing. Charming children, moreover, were here, lithe and supple as a willow wand. Finally, I made my way to the tent of Buffalo Bill himself. Introduced into that sanctum sanctorum by the most urbane of managers, I met the most urbane of men. Standing in the plainly furnished tent, not without its comforts and its æsthetic graces, or sitting on the skin-covered sofa, as the master of all this and the scores of men and animals outside, sat at or stood by his desk covered with letters, it seemed impossible to understand that this was really the herder, wagon-master, pony express rider, trapper, government scout and guide, soldier, business man, buffalo meat purveyor, legislator, actor—the Hon. William F. Cody, otherwise Buffalo Bill.

He was holding quite a levee, and holding it with the ease and self-containment and dignity of any king. A stream of friends, mainly women and children, pressed in to shake him by the hand and say "Good-by." Thus I had opportunity to observe him before he turned at last and spoke to me, sitting on a couch over which was thrown, with artistic carelessness, a buffalo-skin.

Very tall, very straight, very strong; the immense frame so perfectly balanced, so cleanly built, knit together so firmly and symmetrically, that until you stood by it and felt it towering over you and, as it were, absorbing your own lesser individuality, you hardly recognized what giant was here. The head and face very noble and beautiful, the eyes especially strong and tender. Long black hair, moustache, and imperial. The dress a plain velvet coat, riding trousers and boots. When he shook hands with me the hand was like the eyes, strong and tender.

But nothing of this—and, indeed, nothing—can give any idea of the immense personality of the man. Certain men, and more women, impress you with the almost supernatural sense of their mere physical beauty. Others, often not of notable physique or beauty, impress you by an indefinite power and sweetness that seems in the air around them almost as much as in themselves. Both these consciousnesses oppress one in the presence of this extraordinary man. My readers may smile at my enthusiasm, but I am bound to place on record the fact that Buffalo Bill produced upon me on my first meeting him the effect that has been produced on me by two other men, and by two other men only, in my life. Those two are Charles Darwin and Henry Irving.

He is so manly a man—has a reputation so international—is so fine a type of a race vanishing as the Red Indian, its foe, vanishes, has lived so strange and stirring a life, that an outline of it is worth giving, is worth pause and reflection.

If you get down your map of the United States, and look across from the southern end of Lake Michigan westwards, you will see, after your eye has traversed the north of Illinois, Iowa State. Just at the southern

extremity of the piece of Iowa that bulges out into Illinois, is Scott County. Here Buffalo Bill, then Willie Cody, was born. He was only a little child when his father Isaac moved south and went into Kansas, not very far into this State, for in those days Indians held it. Fort Leavenworth, where the Cody family settled, lies on the border-line between Kansas and Missouri, toward the northern region of both States.

The Border War was then in full and bitter swing. The contest between the fierce Sioux, fighting for every inch of ground, and the implacably advancing white, raged hour by hour. In this contest Isaac Cody was killed. This, it may be, had its effect in making the boy an Ishmael among Indians. His hand was against every man of them—the hand of every man among them against him. Reared on ponies and rifles, young Cody was everything by turns—herdsman, wagon-driver, express rider—and nothing long, except cool and courageous to recklessness.

Pony express-riding over the plains in those days was no boyish pastime. Sport it was, and of that kind whose interest centres in the chances of death—to one's self. The express-rider was a hunted animal, with Indians eternally on his track. For defence, he had to rely on his own keenness of sight and clearness of head, his horse's speed, and his rifle's or pistol's accuracy. Buffalo Bill can tell of many a race for life, in which defeat meant death, as surely as it did to Atalanta's lovers.

Once upon a time he rode from Republican River to Fort M'Pherson, a matter of one hundred and ninety-five miles, with a hundred Indian braves after him.

The ponies were in good condition then, and "Pa-he-has-Ka" (the long-haired scout) carried his much-longed for scalp at such a speed that when the last

fifty miles of this go-as-you-please contest began, only fifteen Indians had been able to go the pace. Thirty miles more, and these were shaken off, and Bill rode his last score of miles into Fort M'Pherson in comparative comfort.

Another time one hundred miles over a prairie road were covered in nine hours and forty-five minutes on one horse—riding weight on that occasion, seventeen stone, five pounds. Old Buckskin Joe was the four-footed hero at the finish in the first of these two desperate bits of business ; Old Charlie that of the second. Joe lies buried on his master's ranch at Ninth Platte, Nebraska. Charlie appears at every one of the Wild West exhibitions. One does not like to insult the horse—and I am sure I wouldn't insult his rider for worlds—by calling it a show.

Gold was discovered in Colorado late in the fifties, and the adventurous Cody must rush off thither. This excursion he drew blank, and so back he comes to Kansas and plays trapper until 1861. Then begins his career as scout. In a land swarming with Indians, the bodily and mental qualities essential for this work are, as the *London Journal* would say, more easily imagined than possessed. When the Ninth Kansas Cavalry went out in 1862, Indian-fighting in Arkansas and Southwest Missouri, Bill (not yet Buffalo of that ilk) was their scout and guide. A year later he entered the Seventh Kansas as a soldier, and was in and out of any number of battles and skirmishes in Tennessee, Mississippi, Missouri, and Kansas.

The war over, in 1867 he was busy about the Kansas Pacific Railway, then making in the west part of the State. Not that he was a navvy. But for eighteen months he supplied the navvies with buffalo meat for \$500 (£100) a month.

Four thousand two hundred and eighty buffaloes he killed with his own rifle in that time. In one day he slew sixty-nine, against forty-six by one Comstock, the sole rival near his throne. That is why and when Mr. William F. Cody was called Buffalo Bill.

The year 1868 sees him in the United States service again. Then some of his most risky rides were taken. The Fifth United States Cavalry, under General Sheridan, fighting Sioux and Cheyennes, have Bill for guide. That winter he is with the Canadian River expedition, and in the next year with that to the Republican River. When this expedition disbanded Cody was made governor of that same Fort McPherson in Nebraska whither the hunted rider went. There was he, in 1871, a justice of the peace.

Next he is in the Third Cavalry, and in 1872 elected a member of the Nebraska Legislature. Hence his title "Honorable." But he is out of gear in an enlarged vestry, resigns, and makes his first appearance as an actor at Chicago in "The Scouts of the Plains." Theatres hold him until 1876. Then the Sioux war breaks out, and to the winds with theatrical enterprises. He rejoins the Fifth, and on July 17, 1875, at Hat or War Bonnet Creek, Buffalo Bill and Yellow Hand, the Cheyenne chief, play a merry bout of life or death between the Fifth United States Cavalry and eight hundred Indian warriors. The fates point thumbs downward for the redskin, and Buffalo Bill scores first scalp for the white men.

Talking to the quiet man in his own temporary dwelling, seeing how calm and easy he is, it seems impossible that eleven years ago he stood, weapon in hand, face to face on a bare rock with Yellow Hand and death. And yet the immense power, not merely of the muscular order, in the man, and the sense he

gives of reserved strength and of self-containment, tell you that here is to do with one of force and determination as likely to succeed in a business exhibition as in a hand-to-hand fight.

His highest recommendation, perhaps, comes from his Indian performers, who loudly chant his praises as one that keeps all his promises to them. In the latter capacity, Heaven send that neither you, my reader, nor I may ever have to encounter Buffalo Bill.

Thus far, I had written in October, 1886. Writing now, in July, 1887, my personal experience of Cody himself, and of his merry men, is much larger. Have I not spent days and nights in camp with them; been present at "Saddle-up!" time, and behind the scenes at the performances; ridden outside the Deadwood coach; slept in Buffalo Bill's tent? Are not Marve Beardsley, pony-express and long-distance rider; laconic Utah Frank (family name Wheeling); Captain Matthews, with a finger short, and a bullet somewhere in his back; Sergeant Bates, with his amiable belief in flag-carrying, as promoter of the amity of nations; Johnnie Baker, frankest of boys; giant Dick Johnson; Irving, the interpreter; Jim Mitchell, quietest and most self-reliant of cowboys; Buck Taylor, their king; Jim Kid, husband of Lilian Smith; Tony Esquivel, the most handsome, the most charming, the most daring of them all—are not these my friends? And although here I cannot tell of the happy hours spent with them all, I can, at least, pay my tribute to the ease and grace and simple refinement of these most manly men.

But they and their belongings cannot be left without a passing note upon one point. In England certainly, and in America, I think, the main idea is, that the life of the cowboy is one long round of excitement and enjoyment. It is only right that the public, Eng-

lish and American, should know that the cowboys are a race exploited by the ranch-owners as mercilessly as ever laborer was by capitalist.

On the first day of December, 1886, I with certain other kindred souls strolled into a dime museum in Cincinnati. The first thing I heard was, to my profound astonishment, a harangue against the thievery of capitalists. I and the rest of the audience were surrounded by a number of cowboys, with their huge hats, colored shirts and ties, their handkerchiefs round their necks, leathern leggings, large spurs and cartridge belts. One of them, a very handsome fellow, was dilating with a homely, natural pathos, and the earnestness that is born of conviction, upon the gross treatment of his class by their bosses, the ranch owners. In the present work I can only mention a fact or two that will serve to show the cowboy's life is not an ideal nor an idyllic one. The subject of their grievances I treat at length in my "Labor Movement in America."

Their average pay is \$25 a month at most, and they can only work six months in the year. Out of this they find outfit and horses. The "black-list" is in vogue among the ranchers, many of whom forbid their men to read books or newspapers. The Ranchers' Society steals all unbranded cattle. - In a word, out in the fabled West, the life of the "free" cowboy is as much that of a slave as is the life of his Eastern brother, the Massachusetts mill-hand. And the slave-owner is in both cases the same—the capitalist.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOTELS.

Let me begin by saying that I speak from some experience. Firstly, I have seen some deal of European hotels. Scarcely a principal town in England is there which my wandering foot has not touched. And Scotch, Irish, Welsh, French, North Italian, Swiss caravansera I know personally and closely, whilst I am just on speaking terms with the German, Belgian, and Dutch. Secondly, I lived in hotels last fall and winter for fifteen weeks, and was generally about 1.5 day in each.

And first, as to the different kinds of hotels. There are one or two to be avoided carefully. Foremost of these, temperance hotels. Not that one need be long in a temperance house in America without getting a drink. To do this is just as easy in a temperance hotel as in a Prohibition State. I have already given some account of "the ways that are dark and the tricks that are not in vain," in and by which a man of enterprise can get a drink anywhere and anywhen in America.

To the less wily and wary let me say, make sure that your hotel is not a temperance one, and remember that many of these water-traps are just as resplendent in outward seeming as their warmer-blooded fellows. You may march into a grand-looking building, and register, and go to your room, and come down to a

meal with a most unholy and carefully nurtured thirst on you, to find at table that you cannot get a drink. Of course, you can get a drink, as I have shown, on the sly. This method has its charms, but is too troublesome. Besides, to eat a good dinner—and American dinners are very good—with water only to drink, is to suffocate one's digestion.

Hotels number two to be avoided are German ones. Almost universally in America, these are brutal. Two fairly good ones I can call to mind; one (name forgotten), in Philadelphia; the other, Tivoli House, in Kansas City. But even the latter had some of the faults that are generally rife in the German hotels. It is true that there was at Tivoli House, as there is at all American-German places, a restaurant. Thus you can have your meals when you will, or not at all. In genuine American hotels, you must have them at certain fixed times; and, if you happen to miss them, you are charged precisely the same as if you had gorged yourself. But, even where there is a restaurant in German houses, you generally have to reach it through byways of dirty passages, and often a bar full of greasy Teutons is within sight or hearing, and always within smell of you, as you try to eat.

Yes, the German hotel is, as a rule, dirty. In most of them a bath is impossible. I again except the Kansas City house. Here there were two bath-rooms, and nobody ever used them until I came, as I have already recorded. And it was in a German hotel that I had my solitary experience of that form of dirt of which the Psalmist spoke as "the terror that walketh by night." Thank the fates, I suffered vicariously! They made the experiment on the vile body of a German friend, and he says it was by no means a solitary experience. He had gone a day before me to Rochester,

and he met me at the station with a saddened and swollen visage, and warned me of the course he had taken.

After these two negatives, let us see what can be said positively. And first, let me begin with a huge but most accurate generalization. The hotels in America (bar the German and the bar-less ones) are splendid. They are certainly in scarcely any wise inferior, and in many wise they are superior, to the best English and Continental ones. After once you understand "their tricks and their manners," as Jenny Wren used to say to her naughty child, you can be supremely comfortable in them, but for the spittoons and their employers.

Speaking on the large, you have choice of two classes of hotels; those on the American and those on the European plan. In some very big houses, one part is on the former, another on the latter plan. The Hollenden, in Cleveland, O., is an example of this Siamese-twin sort of existence. Anon, I shall tell the reader who does not know, what the American plan means. Here let me only say that even in hotels that follow the custom of the Old World as to meals, many of the other details are on the excellent Western model.

As my chief purpose is to deal with the genuine 'Murcan ones, I need only say a word or two on their foreign compatriots. The best type of the latter I have seen is the Adams House, Boston. All that it has in common with the others I here omit. Its Europeanness consists almost wholly in the methods of feeding. In place of the stereotyped meals at stereotyped times, anyone comes down at any hour or minute he chooses, and orders what he will from the best bill of fare I have ever seen. Here, and here only, did I succeed in getting the true devilled-kidney for

my breakfast ; but, oh ! shades of Soyer—what devilry and what kidneys were there ! Then, your meal happily, and yet not without regret, over, you find a metal check that your waiter has unostentatiously and almost unobserved laid upon your table. On this a number 100, 150, what not, tells you how many cents you have to pay. The payee is generally a pay-she, seated, enthroned, or at all events engirdled, at one end of the room. A semi-circular velvet counter sweeps half round her ; thereon you hand in your check and its correspondent coin or bills.

In one other respect, Adams House was better off than most of the American hotels. That is in the matter of baths. On this ablutionary topic, suffice it to say, that even in some of the first-classed American hotels a man can only get a bath by descending to the Avernus of the barber's shop on the ground-floor. Now, in the Boston house, baths abound. You could almost swim in them. And in many cases they are, as they ought in all cases to be, an addendum, an appanage to the bedroom itself.

There were only two American hotels, out of about forty, where I was not very happy. Both were at small places. One was at the poor little town of La Salle, Ill. The poverty and misery of the town depend on the cruel and cynical monopoly of the mine owners, zinc-work and glass-work bosses there. The hotel was "temperance ;" the office was looked after by a decayed woman, who even called you for the early morning trains. The food was not happy, and you had to wash in a bucket. The other failure was also in Illinois, at Fulton. I landed there, unintentionally, in the dead of the night. In the one hotel, I think, there was a sleepy-eyed, frowsy-haired boy, only just aroused from the disordered bed that stood by us in the office,

as the boy got us to register our names in the wrong book. We had to re-register next morning, when we rose early enough to make room for the railway-agent, whose bed we had occupied in the night.

Let me now deal not merely with American hotels, but with *American* hotels. *Videlicet*, not merely with such hostelries as may be met with in America, but with those that are unadulterated Yankee. I wish I could write "pure and simple."

The first diagnostic remark—after the apocryphal one inaccurately ascribed to Voltaire on his death-bed—to be made *in re* American hotels, is that they have a fixed price. Not only is there dinner *à prix fixe*, as the dear Strand restaurants say in their Tower of Babel dialect. Everything and all meals are *à prix fixe*. You pay, theoretically, a definite sum for a day's board and lodging. So that, as Ophelia nearly says in the mad scene, you know where you are. And thus it is impossible—unless you have no command of a pencil and a piece of paper—not to know where you may be, at the end of so many days' stay.

But one thing, other than the day payment, is also fixed. That is the hours of meals. These are like the laws of nature. Railroad breakfast, 6 to 7. This is to satiate the commercial traveller, who has to get off by one of the two trains that habitually leave an American town per diem. Breakfast, 7 to 9 (or 10); dinner—your even Christian would call it lunch—12 to 2 (or 3); supper—the same young person would call it dinner—6 to 8 (or 10). The figures in parentheses tell the extensions of meal-times given in the best hotels. One or two points here are new, and rather a nuisance to the European. One is the making of the chief meal in the middle of the day. He that prefers to eat lightly at meridian, to work in the afternoon, and dine when, like

old Caspar, his work is done, will not rejoice in this particular American manner.

But more trying than this turning of midday into evening, are the penal enactments against those who desire to feed at times other than the ones set down for them. At 9 (or 10), at 2 (or 3), at 8 (or 10) the dining-room doors are hermetically sealed. To get anything to eat during the close-time for the game of meals, means the extra and considerable expenditure of coin of the States. And even this is unavailing, after a certain very early hour in the evening. After the supper-door is shut, neither the proverbial love nor money will secure the necessaries of life. Of course, in England, one could walk into an hotel in any little country town, at any hour in the evening up to closing time, or in many cases at any hour of the night, and find a chicken or some cold meat waiting to be eaten. In America, I have again and again landed at a "first-class" hotel, in a large city, at 10 or 11 P. M.

Invariable question: "Can I have anything to eat?"
Invariable answer: "No, sir." "What, nothing?"
"The dining-room is closed, sir." "But I have just come from a long railway journey, and am starving."
"The dining-room is closed, sir, until six o'clock to-morrow morning."

One or two hyper-amiable waiters, touched by my famished aspect, or terrified at the glare of my hungry eye, suggested a cracker. This is the particularly objectionable American for biscuit. Even in these cases, the suggestion has generally turned out to be born of kindness rather than of knowledge. The cover for such small game as crackers even is generally drawn as blank as the visitor's face and language.

With this most weighty exception, the hotels of America compare most favorably with those of Europe.

I say nothing here, for I have said some deal already, of the infamously filthy habits of the American gentlemen that frequent them. Their disgusting hawking, chewing, spitting are ubiquitous. The train, the tram-car, the theatre, the library, the sidewalk, are all habitually resonant with the beastly hawking, and deluged with the beastly saliva of the American gentlemen. This particular dirty sin cannot be laid, therefore, to the charge of the hotels. It is the national sin of America.

Leaving this sorry subject, let us suppose you arrive at a depot (Anglicé, station)—of course I mean a railway, not a police one. Let us suppose you know your hotel. Before your train stops an express-man has, at risk of life and limb, climbed into the cars. He, receiving your baggage check and certain fractions or multiples of the dollar, gives you yet other checks. Thenceforth, you need not trouble yourself as to your belongings until your hotel is reached. Give the porter your latest checks, and straightway your trunks are within the hour in your room.

This same transaction, as a rule, arranges for your own transit from depot or hotel. The express-man bundles you into an omnibus, and the omnibus drops you at the hotel. The price paid seems to English notions high. In the old country 6d. or, at the most, 1s. per head squares the 'bus that takes you and your luggage from station to hotel. In America the rate is generally fifty cents a head.

In some places certain of the hotels have, as I have said, private cabs, for which, theoretically, no charge is made. Thus, at Syracuse, New York State, outside the station are a number of little arches, for all the world like entrances to tea gardens. Each bears the superscription of one of the hotels. Whoever, wittingly or unwittingly, passes beneath one of these yokes is

thereby the prisoner and the prey of the hotel whose name it bears. At once he is seized by an athletic, deaf-to-all-expostulation hackman, hurled into a cab, covered up with rugs, his baggage-checks torn from him, the door shut, and in a minute or two he and his are bumping over the gridiron streets and dodging the railway trains sauntering down them, on his way to, say, the Vanderbilt Hotel.

For this cab—the modern type of the boat in which the press-gang carried off its victims to the lugger—and for its fellow that performs the return journey, theoretically I say, no charge is made. They are called free cabs. But I expect they are no more free than the American citizen is.

By omnibus or cab, then, you have reached your hotel. You march into the office, and it is here that you first see the difference between the hostelries of the new and the old world. Let me try to describe the office of a typical American house—say, the La Clede at St. Louis, Mo.

From the street, by double folding-doors (the winter is severe here), you enter a large hall paved with stone. Immediately to the left is a counter for the sale of papers, cigars, stamps. Nearly opposite on your right, a girl sits within a little wooden railing. She is a telegraph-clerk. Next to this telegraph-office, another girl, within another little wooden railing, is working at a type-writer. For ten cents you can have any letter or paper of reasonable length copied.

Facing you, right at the far end of the large hall, is the office, that, shedding around itself a sort of nomenclatural halo, gives its own name to all the place in which it is. The office is a long counter, on which rests the inevitable register, a huge book wherein you enter your name and address, or else some other

fellow's. Behind the counter is the clerk, a most obliging person, and as full of information as an almanac. The only thing you have to get used to is his sudden way of snapping out, "What's that?" or, "How's that?" when you ask him anything. It is not meant for rudeness—not a bit. It is only anxiety to know what you want. Here your room is assigned to you, and here at one end, the right hand, is a little discreet window, labelled "cashier," where you pay your bills, and can try, quite ineffectually, to negotiate a loan or a check.

Skirting down the right side of the office, in the larger sense, passing our telegraph and typewriting girls, you come to a doorway. Turning through this, the lift, or, more grandly, the elevator, is on your left, a passage leading to the ladies' entrance of the house is before you, and so are the stairs that lead upward to the floor above. Passing in similar fashion adown the left-hand side, you come to—1, door-way of men's writing-room; 2, passage-way to the bar; 3, doorway to billiard rooms; 4, in the angle between this left side and the office-counter, doorway to men's washing place. Turning into this, and turning to the right behind the office-counter wall, you can pass across into the barber-shop. This lies behind the lift and the passage of the ladies' entrance. Its street door opens on the same street as this last.

Why is there a separate ladies' entrance? Look at the floor of the office. It is covered with chairs and spittoons and saliva. In the chairs sit the American gentlemen. They are most of them chewing, and all of them are hawking and spitting. Some prefer the spittoons—others, the floor. Many of the former are not good shots. And behind their railings the two girls telegraph and type-write amidst a fusillade of expect-

toration—a dropping fire of spitting, from the gentlemen before them, to their right and to their left. The necessity of a separate ladies' entrance is now obvious.

“To draw toward an end” on the subject of hotels, I must say something of the bar. Not that I am about to give graphic accounts of brandy-cocktail, gin-sling, corpse-reviver, gum-bather, sour mash, early worm, hell-nectar, or melted lightning.

The point on which I wish again to touch is the intense humbug of American drinking. The same foolish pretence at propriety that one sees in prohibition towns and local option States, is seen in the individual life. American gentlemen do the drinking at bars, and they leave undone the drinking at meals.

It is in this, and in a score of things like this, that I see the pretence and the false pretence of American life. An Englishman openly drinks at his lunch and dinner, beer or wine. An American sips iced water, or tea or coffee. Truly, he sips any one of these as if it was most insipid. And he looks with eyes half longing, half sanctimonious, on his fellow-speaker, blandly quaffing his Bass or his Californian wine.

The fact is, that the American gentleman drinks before and after his meals, not at them. Instead of, like a physiological and sensible person, taking his alcohol with his food, he takes the two separately, and so lessens the good and increases the ill of each. Shelley, with that wonderful prevision of the poet, has caught this phase of American character (though, as far as I know, he had never crossed the Atlantic) in his lines to the Skylark :

“They drink before and after ;
And pine for what is not.”

And now, having disburdened my soul on this national hypocrisy, let me say next how, trying to forget

this, there is nothing—but one—objectionable in the bars of American hotels. The one is the exceedingly indelicate pictures with which many of them are disgraced. I have seen in the parts of respectable hotels in this country, not frequented by ladies, pictures that were nothing less than indecent.

But the cleanliness and brightness—if only the American gentlemen would stop spitting—and the geniality and comfort of these places are delightful. And, above all, the bar-tenders! I always think of them as stately ushers in the presence of a greater king. They must be first cousins to the hotel-clerks, and own brothers to the railway-conductors.

The pretty little arts they have, not only in satisfying your craving for an American drink, but in supplying you with the whiskey of rye or the beer of lager! Why, in one place—Vanderbilt House, Syracuse—the presiding angel had for every customer a charming little spotless white napkin with which to cleanse the fingers from any good liquor that had been wasted. I shall not soon forget the unobtrusive flourish with which this silk-wearer of the hotel-bar would place before you, as a sort of suggestion, the delicate serviette.

One other I must mention. He had a truly beautiful way of Angostura-bittering a glass for you, ere he poured in the sherry. He put in the requisite quantity of bitters to a drop, and then he rolled the glass on its side, and on the counter. He knew full well how the bitters must be to the wine as soul to body—diffused throughout; not as mere heart, pulsating strongly in one place. I cannot now locate that genius in city or hotel. He is, like all great discoverers, lost in the halo of the glory of his own invention.

But I have not yet told of the loafers—physical

rather than moral—that throng the office of an American hotel. Their name is legion. They are only a superior variety of the fellows that slink into saloons, and crowd round the stove in the winter-time. They give themselves rather more airs, and they give the world generally rather more saliva. Despite these and a glossiness of apparel, with darns in place of absolute dirt and rags, they are of the same sad fraternity. And I have often thought that they all of them know how ultimately they will sink lower, the place that knows them will know them no more, and their fugitive hotel in Washington Street will become a saloon in One Thousandth.

The reader may think I am exaggerating as to the loafers. I cannot do better, for the clearing of my own character, or worse for them, poor devils! than quote, *verbatim et literatim* (capitals and all), a circular left on the chairs in the office of one of the hotels already mentioned in this chapter.

“These Chairs are reserved for the Guests of this Hotel and their Friends. Habitual Sitters and Loafers are requested to Vacate, and seek quarters elsewhere.”

Yet one or two special points in the American Hotel call for note. First : you cannot get your boots blacked therein by the simple and summary process of putting them outside your bedroom-door, and trusting to Providence and the Boots (with a capital B). If you do that, in spite of the printed warning on the inside of your bedroom-door, you may find your boots gone. The dirt on them you certainly will not, unless it has gone in company with them. No—you must go down below and wait your turn until one of the two chairs in the lavatory is empty, but not cool, and have your boots blackened under your very eyes, and pay ten cents for the view.

CHAPTER XVII.

A NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEAD.

“The stage is at the door, sir; says he can't wait a moment,” said the ubiquitous bell-boy and conductor of the fiery, untamed lift of a New England hotel. I am in the middle of the most gorgeous greengage-pie, and *vice versa*. The time is but a little later than mid-day, early in October. Saccharissa and myself rush madly to the lift, though still hungry and athirst. The ubiquitous rushes us up and down again to the best of his hydraulic power, but the double journey and the parenthesis of rushing to the room and seizing certain stray belongings, are fatal. “He's gone, sir,” says the ubiquitous, after a flying excursion to the front door.

The ubiquitous, Saccharissa and myself hold a council, with darkened brows on the door-steps. Semphronia has bidden us to her home at Fieldingham, nine miles away. We were to have travelled *via* the stage, and, lo! that means of conveyance for the pensive public has vanished. In imagination we picture it bowling at the full speed of four bays or grays, or some other color, through the streets of the prim town, and over dusty lanes, where the country folk look at it, shading their eyes with brown hands from the afternoon sun.

Suddenly I remember—in emergencies I am magnificent—that Semphronia is to be picked up by this *Fliegender Holländer* in some outlying suburb of the town.

Peradventure, a pause may be made in the urging onward of that wild career at this appointed place. A breathing space may be needed for the thoroughbreds. What ho, there! A cab. I hold a hurried colloquy with the driver, what time Saccharissa tumbles (verb transitive) packages by the score into the cab, and then tumbles (verb intransitive or perhaps middle) in herself. There is a gleam in this driver's eye. I think it is one of intelligence—the gleam, and, on second thought, the eye also. His cab has two horses. There is hope. We start at the speed of the sons of Nimshi, and whirl around a corner. Out of the tumbling houses, the shops at all angles, the bounding people—we are hurrying over the paved highway of an American town; a word fashions itself and rivets my eye, my attention, my being—Fieldingham. It is impossible that we are there in five seconds. No, the word is inscribed on a vehicle standing by the wayside. I see it all in a moment; word, vehicle, truth. I lean out of window and go near to bisect myself transversely by the carriage door. The driver, as he turns his head, and stays his steeds, has the gleam still in his eye. It is not intelligence. It is low cunning and triumph. My belongings are scattered on the sidewalk. I pay the driver with the gleam in his eye, dollars. We have driven some twenty yards.

“All the world's a stage,” but never, surely, did the world see so strange a stage as this. A ramshackle, oblong box, mounted on disjointed wheels, and covered over at top with a dingy canvas roof, discolored by many suns and rains. The upper half of each side is cut away, and the air blowing in cannons off the iron rods that support the canvas roof.

Old doors that opened, droop out and down at different angles with the body of the stage are on each

side. Under each of them is a flight of three steps. The steps are small, worn, sloping to different points of the compass. He that climbs this perilous way finds within the stage narrow seats, leather-covered, and of a malicious slipperiness. They also are three in number: Two face one another in the front part of the vehicle, and those that occupy them bruise the knees one of the other. They that sit on the second seat behold the back of the driver, the faces of their *vis-a-vis*, and are conscious of the knees of the passengers in the hindmost seat eating into their backs. A little leathern strap running across the shoulder-blades makes a humorous pretence at supporting the unfortunates of this terrible middle passage.

Two horses, thin, wiry, with more than a suspicion of mule in their composition, are attached to this "thing of shreds and patches." The driver, with an old Scotch cap drawn tightly down behind large, jutting ears, has a dazed look habitually. He contemplates blankly the pile of packages on the weak-looking canvas roof, tied at the back of the stage, heaped up off his own seat. Our things are still strewn on the sidewalk. From all quarters of the town men are hurrying up with fresh parcels for the stage; where to put them all Jehuides is at half his wit's end.

Is the time ill chosen to upbraid him gently, for his overspeed just now—to speak tenderly, yet firmly, of "raw haste, half-sister to-day?" I fancy it is, for he answers quite snappishly: "Every one knows I start at 3 exactly." It is now 3.35. Then by hook or by crook, by lifting or by pushing, or by dragging, in some quite mysterious way, Jehuides crams our baggage and the packages from the men hurrying from all quarters of the town on to and into the stage. We climb and fall in, and the strange thing starts. More accurately, it fits

and starts, for we stop, as it seems to my disordered fancy, at every other shop in Hartford, and pick up more packages. At each stopping-place, Jehuides converses with local celebrities, and seems to be bidding them an eternal farewell. And I hired a cab to catch up with this thing of procrastination.

At last we are moving out of the town, and lo! here is Semphronia waiting for us by the wayside. With her is her husband, the Recorder. The stage bumps and bangs up to them, and stops with the shock of doom. They climb and fall in. Onward! Saccharissa and Semphronia have the front seat, which, with the inconsequence of this juvenile country, makes its occupants ride with their backs to the horses. The Recorder and I face them—the women, not the horses. Two countrywomen and a country child in the hind seat thump and knead our backs as the stage bumps and rocks along.

Who are Semphronia and the Recorder? If I tell you, all Europe and America will recognize the names. But this much you may know for your soul's easement. Semphronia is a very beautiful old lady, in whose serene eyes all we younger ones read mother. Her face is like a benediction. She has ways as tender as they are stately. The full sweet voice has been heard pleading before high assemblies in the land, and at the gathering together of multitudes of men and women, and its plea has always been for the freedom of man and the purity that makes him free. The firm hand, large and strong as a man's, has written of right, of justice, of self-containment, of the things that make for our peace. Especially has it written words that the mothers of the continents, laying to their hearts, will find the hearts of their children beating more at one with their own.

Whilst the names of Semphronia and of her brother and sister are the property of nations to-day, those of

the Recorder and of his ancestors are a part of history. When Semphronia was a girl, in her geography book she would see with awe a picture of the Recorder's great-great-great-great-grandfather leading a band of one hundred pilgrims through the wilderness to found a town and a state. Through a line of ministers and notable men the good name came down, and now its latest bearer is being dashed and tossed and bumped over and up and down country roads in the Fieldingham stage. The tall, erect figure, half-suggestive of high-backed Puritan chairs, the honorable white head, the kindly, not unsterne face, the pleasant reserve and unconscious quiet strength, all seem to have come straight down from the leader of the one-hundred pilgrims through the wilderness, whose portrait used to be in the geography books.

Now are we well on our way, and what a way it is! Through the dying of an Indian summer day it lies. In the trees the year is dying, and, like the fish, whose expiring agonies brute Romans watched, it dies in a thousand colors. Here there is no agony. Day and year are passing calmly and with the peace, beyond all understanding, of a little child's falling asleep, or of an old man whose hour has come.

The air seems to have the freshness of the whole continent in it. The sun's rays come at us horizontally from over the far away summits of forest trees, across miles of woodland and long sweeps of graceful plain. Everywhere is color. The world of leaves is rich with all hues and every shade. There are reds from the tenderest pinks, like the inner covering of a seashell, to the scarlet of the soft maple, "like the sound of a trumpet;" yellows, from a king's gold to that fine shade which seems to melt into the sunlit air; there is the intense purple of the sumach berries, there is the

steadfast green of the constant fir, like a law of nature in the midst of a changing world, and the sky above all strikes into the harmony its deep note of blue.

The hills seem to close us in, and the world with us. Only there is a flash of silver light out yonder that they say is a river, and where it has flowed through, roads may follow; and on a sudden we have cloven the range of hills and are clacking and clanging down hill toward Fieldingham.

And now does Jehuides become preoccupied and occupied, and at times, as it were, distraught. Now is he a man of affairs, and many of them. Messages have to be given, and, alas! he is slow of speech. Letters are to be delivered, and their superscription is oftentimes like the way of transgressors; for our good Jehuides is not scholarly, and methinks he tells the destination of his packages more by ear than by eye. He seems to have a special memory for verbal directions, and so, for the most part, makes shift to do without consultation of the written ones. And if he walks by sight at all, I fancy it is on this wise. He has an inkling of the goal of a parcel by its outward aspect—by its shape, size, the manner of its tying. He even, on occasion, seems to appraise its weight by handling it. He subjects some to the investigation of the nose. And by these means he appears to arrive at more definite and more accurate conclusions than by reading addresses.

About his method of delivery (not that he is a public speaker) there is a sweet primitiveness and the charm of uncertainty. Sometimes he pulls up his shambling, helter-skelter team and leaves a commission at the gate of a garden, or even at the door of a cottage. More frequently the letter or newspaper or parcel, is sent flying, with more or less accurate aim, at door or gate without so much as a pause or pull of rein.

Once or twice the place of deposit is a green corner, where some country lane and the highway join. On one occasion there is much ceremony. The stage is stopped ; Jehuides dismounts. He is heard struggling with infinite panting in our rear and apparently between us and heaven. At last he may be seen staggering up the garden of a wayside house at one end of a sofa. In some conjuror fashion, this piece of domestic furniture has been secreted among a thousand and one other things on a vehicle only a size or so larger than itself. This extra official courtesy implies, I cannot but think, close relationship between Jehuides and the man at the other end of the sofa. Perhaps they love each the sister of the other.

And now we swing round out of what a wild imagining might call the main street of Fieldingham into a narrower lane to the left. Here the road is a series of rigid waves and the troughs between. Overhead, elm-boughs, with their brown branches and leaves, motley with autumn, make a dappled arch. Years ago, as Semphronia tells us, the Recorder "planted many a one" of these with his own hand. She does not use the old-fashioned phrases of the old-fashioned hymn. But in this New England, with its flavor of Puritanism everywhere, the verse keeps ringing in my ears :

" When as we sat in Babylon,
 The rivers round about,
 And at remembrance of Zion
 The tears for grief gushed out ;
 We hanged our harps and instruments
 The willow-trees upon.
 For in that place man for their use
 Had planted many a one."

To the rhythmical repetition of the metrical psalm the stage lollops round to the left suddenly. Brushing

against a hedge on either side, crashing into overhanging trees as to its roof, it climbs a little hill. Difficulty, and pulls up, with a soul-dislocating jerk, at the back door of the Delectable Mansion.

Here is Lucasta, sole mistress of this quietude. Her home is a city of refuge for Semphronia when weary by reason of the way of the town. Lucasta has a serene and virgin face and figure. Her voice has a bell-like clearness, and the frankness of her eyes is both seen and felt. In repose there is not much grace of form, but when she passes lightly, swiftly, silently, hither and thither, an unexpected ease and airiness of motion strike you, and the gracefulness is not altogether lost when movement ends in rest. Bodily she is the elder of her own heart. But that will be young always. The Delectable Mansion is two stories low. In front a little lawn slips down to the road with the elms. Behind there is a small garden, a smaller stable, a sty, sacred to certain well-to-do pigs, an orchard where as many ruddy apples seem to be lying on the ground as are hanging on the trees. Within, the mansion is like a maze. Unexpected staircases meet you at every turn. You are constantly coming upon stray doors, that give you a sense of pleasant surprise. The rooms are like Celia in "As You Like It," low-browed, but they are wide and long, and filled with the free air from the New England Hills. And they are furnished with a strange blending of the ancient Puritan simplicity and modern æstheticism that makes this latter more nearly art than it is usually.

In one of these New England rooms, strangely reminiscent of an older England than none of us have ever known, and that nevertheless seems oddly familiar here and now, we have that which the American calls supper. His eastern cousins might, perhaps, classify

the meal as high tea. Oatmeal mush, cacophonous but nutritive; frizzled beef and eggs; cakes of all species, and more queerly tasting than their names; maple syrup and a strange new world of preserves; fruit after the munificent American manner.

In one of the rooms, lit by soft-glowing, tender colored lamps, Chopin and Beethoven speak across a sea wider than the Atlantic; and with souls, let us hope, attuned in some measure by their music, we talk of life and death and judgment to come. Youth and age take counsel together, if by any means a further wisdom may come, a little light be thrown upon the dubious ways of man. For in these the most earnest and anxious wander with feet that stray in this direction and in that, until at times one doubts whether the goal will be ever reached. And yet the straying footsteps do seem gathering together, and the volume of the sound of them grows. By many ways, devious and at the outset far apart, the true men and women come, and together they will press to the goal that is the deliverance of man.

And in one of these rooms, with white and spotless curtains, adorned with blue ribbons, we sleep the sleep that never comes in cities. All through it, be it dreamless as it may, there is an immensely far-off consciousness of the fields and trees, of horses and kine resting with their young hard by. The country with its dim sights, and hushed sounds, and deep odors, suffuses your slumber.

At six, the Recorder wakes us. Through the open window comes the fresh, clean morning air. The grass of the orchard bathes our feet with dew. In the Delectable Mansion there are no servants, since all are servants. Lucasta, long before seven, is preparing breakfast in a kitchen that is bright and wholesome as a dairy.

We, in an amateurish, clumsy way, make beds and do what else we are not too stupid for.

Then, the Recorder having gone his way to fulfil his stately office, we younger three leave Semphronia, with the careless selfishness of comparative youth, to go a-walking. Out of the village and up Viper Hill is the way that Lucasta, the fleet of foot, takes us. Very light and fleet she is, and her talk and thinking keep step with her feet. She beguiles the way that needs no beguiling with snatches of anecdote and description. Freed, one may think, from the consciousness of the presence of the older and riper minds, Lucasta blossoms out into a charming and womanly philosophy of her own. So pure is the voice and the thought it utters, that her talk is musical like a song.

Up, up, we climb through the divine air. All roads and paths are long left behind us. With a blind confidence we follow Lucasta over rock and boulder, marked with the rigid ice-grooves of thousands of years ago, among pines and through dense underwood. At intervals she brings us out suddenly upon some height whence a vast sweep of the land bursts on the view. She takes a delight in doing this, time and again, and is never weary of our deep-breathing, if somewhat monotonous, admiration. On one rock summit we rest, and a legend is told, and this is the legend of the Lemmings.

The Lemmings are little rodent or gnawing animals of Norway. Every few years they migrate due westward in vast numbers. Nothing stops their march. They pass through towns and forests ; they swim lakes and rivers. At length they reach the Atlantic ; there they wait for the first calm day, and then plunge in and swim out westward. The host perishes with its front still pointing toward the setting sun. It is said that this

migration is an inherited habit, and that the ancestors of the Lemmings were wont to journey to the Island of Atlantis, now sunk beneath the bed of the sea.

THE LEGEND OF THE LEMMINGS.

A bustle and stir in Lemming Land,
 And rumors as rife as sins ;
 Sounds of preparing on every hand,
 To-morrow the march begins.

All the ears are pricked, all the eyes are bright,
 And every tail is a-swish ;
 Old Lemmings think from morn to the night,
 While the young ones sport and frisk.

They talk of the far-off resting-place ;
 But the oldest of them all,
 Says, as they plan out the coming days,
 "Ah !—we shall see what we shall."

Young love cries "Come ! for I shall be nigh,
 And marriages may befall ;"
 The maiden makes answer with a sigh,
 "Ah ! we shall see what we shall."

And all night long in the Lemming Land,
 Each one has the strangest dream ;
 Salt odors and golden undersand,
 As he swims in a shoreless stream.

Ayet most are gay at the sun-rise call,
 And they even hold it light ;
 That the oldest Lemming of them all,
 Has died in the dead of night.

And many are laughing, "Here we go,
 On a journey of frolic fun ;"
 But some few, shaking their heads "no, no,
 Only it must be done."

Away they go with a scamper rush ;
The answering earth and their feet
Make a running sound, that's like the hush
Of woods in the noon-tide heat.

Then calmer they go. They walk that ran,
And were you to see them, friend,
You would say the host moves like a man
With a purpose, towards an end.

And what the way or the end none knows,
Nor that which is good or best ;
But like to fate, fate-drawn, each goes,
Ever onward to the west.

Across the fields and across the hills,
And over the water-shed
They pass in eddies, ripples, and rills,
Like streams in a rocky bed.

They swim the river, they swim the lake,
And lost is many a one ;
But the rest, scarce grieving for their sake,
Press still to the setting sun.

The hawks swoop down, and the man is near,
And the ranks are thinning fast ;
Yet they slacken not nor stay for fear,
Till they reach their goal at last.

They come to a green pellucid sea,
That shows its sands below ;
So in they plunge with a clatter of glee,
They have crossed the lakes 'ere now.

They swim, they swim, but no nearer come ;
And never a sight of land,
The sky above like the roof of a tomb,
And below the waiting sand.

And one fails now, and another fails
 Without a reproach or plaint ;
 The roof is darkening, the sunlight pales
 And the purple path grows faint.

Still straining westward one remains,
 The darkness girds him round—
 And now no life on the broad sea plains,
 Not a ripple, not a sound.

Men say that the Lemmings westward roam,
 As they think they will be more free
 In an Island that was once their home,
 Ere it sank beneath the sea.

And whether this be right or wrong,
 I know what the Lemmings say ;
 And when you have learnt the heart of their song,
 They will tell you the same one day.

That once on a time their ancient race,
 Held court in the warm sunset,
 And some of these days the golden place,
 Will be reached by the Lemmings yet.

Then, after a little silence, we go on rambling again, and Lucasta shows us the Giant asleep, and Tim Rabbit's den, where a never-to-be-forgotten marauder harbored in days as dead as he. "And yonder," says she, "are the gates of paradise." Then she points out two hills, far away and dim in the haze of the Indian summer, lying over and filling all the rich brown of the land.

"And where is paradise?"

"Why here—where we are—if we but will," says Lucasta, gravely.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMERICAN THEATRES.

Some European ought to found a missionary society for the conversion of theatrical acting-managers in America. They are sunk in the depths of impoliteness, and wallow in the mire of bad manners. If only someone would organize a little band of devoted missionaries, headed, say by Mr. Bram Stoker and Mr. Cobbs, to go over and preach the gospel of courtesy in the front of the house ! Cobbs could speak in American and Bram Stoker in Irish, while Messrs. Douglas Cox, Tom Smale, Gilbert Tate, and others gave in dumb-show representations of the attitude for receiving royalty, the demeanor in booking a box, the facial expression to be assumed in getting rid of a deadhead, and so forth.

As to the American theatres, they are better and worse than ours. Better in these ways : The fee fiend is pleasantly conspicuous by his absence. You pay for nothing but your seat, unless it is your temerity in going to see plays whose excellence you wot not of. As you enter, a boy gives you a programme. He is not so neat and nice a boy as those that hover on the steps leading from the vestibule of the Lyceum, and the programme he tenders is flimsy enough to need tender handling. It is always far too voluminous, and its volume is eked out by the ubiquitous advertisement and certain fragments of pre-Adamite humor. Yet the pro-

gramme is free, and, as Cobbs nearly says to Master Harry Walmer in "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," "it's to be wished all of 'em was." So are the glasses of iced-water, and on occasion, the fans. And the plan of the band playing the audience out when the evening is over, is good. It is much better to have an audience that is played out than a piece.

One thing that greatly struck me was the large foreign element in things theatrical. The Americans seem to get much of their dramatic fare, like their art, from abroad.

The average American is always up in arms against anything foreign. He ignores, conveniently, chronologically, historically, the fact that most of him and most of his belongings are foreign. America, founded by the English, is the happy hunting-ground for every European nation. If you read the names on the shop-windows along Broadway, or in any principal street of any principal city, you will find French, Dutch, Spanish, above all German, equalling or outnumbering those that are American or English. A business directory in America is a printed tower of Babel.

In the two great wars, one for American freedom from England, the other for American freedom from her worser self, Irish, French, German soldiers fought, and Irish, French, German officers commanded. Nor is America slow to employ foreign labor, or to take advantage of foreign machinery and discoveries. It does not become such an *olla podrida* of nationalities as the United States to talk of anything as foreign. Nothing can be thus to a people compounded of all peoples.

All this comes out very prominently in matters theatrical. The "foreign" element here is very marked. Run over the list of English plays and actors acting at any time in America. In October, 1886, *e.g.*, the names

of Wilson Barrett, George Barrett, Mary Eastlake, Lillie Langtry, May Fortescue, Violet Cameron, Lionel Brough, W. H. Vernon, Jack Barnes were all on the American bills. And these represented six different companies, dependent wholly in at least one-half the cases, and partly dependent in the rest, on English artists.

Nor is it only English foreigners that invade stage-land on the western side of the Atlantic. In that same month of October, 1886, I arranged in order of time the programmes of all the theatres I visited during eight weeks. In number they were ten.

No. 1. Star Theatre, New York. Lawrence Barrett's company. American, let us grant them. But the two plays? "The Merchant of Venice," by one William Shakespeare, and Tom Robertson's "David Garrick," an English translation of a French play.

No. 2. Fifth Avenue. "The Kerry Gow," an Irish drama, with Joseph Murphy playing the lead. That does "something smack" of Ireland, and the explanatory "Irish comedian and vocalist" seems quite unnecessary.

No. 3. Union Square Theatre—still New York. Play—"Ma'amzelle." Leading lady Mlle. Marie Aimée. Truly the play was in English, and Mlle. Aimée speaks and sings in that language. But she is French; the title and the nature of the play were French; so was her accent—so was her acting.

No. 4. Madison Square Theatre. A real genuine American play, by an American, acted by his countrymen. "Held by the Enemy," by William Gillette. As early as September I wrote that this would be in London before long, and all London would go to see it. Dealing with the North and South war, it deals also with something even more momentous than that—the

human nature we all prate of and few of us can portray.

No. 5. Boston Theatre. "Shadows of a Great City," American melodrama; and melodrama is pretty (and ugly) much the same all the world over. This also was produced in London, at the Princess's, a few months later.

No. 6. The same theatre, five days after, J. K. Emmett in "Fritz." Now, Emmett is just as Irish as he is delightful, and Fritz is our cosmopolitan cousin-german. I noted that the week after he was at this house "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was to be played.

No. 7. Globe Theatre, Boston. Messrs. Thatcher, Primrose and West's minstrels (colored). Even the continent of Africa is laid under contribution, and its sable children are imitated, and therefore, as the proverb has it, most sincerely flattered.

No. 8. Leland Opera House, Albany—the legislative capital of New York State. "The Octoroon," by Dion Boucicault. American throughout.

No. 9. Cleveland Opera House, Ohio. Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." A Dutch hero made a living man by American genius. Jefferson's other two plays that week were "Lend Me Five Shillings" and "The Cricket on the Hearth"—two palpably English dramas. To this Cleveland house who do you think was coming the week after Jefferson? Mr. Richard Mansfield, known to the Strandite as Dick Mansfield, and forever to be known to the world of novel readers as Dick. He sat for the faithful portrait in George Moore's "Chummer's Wife" that is labelled Dick.

No. 10. Opera House, Detroit, Mich. The Boston Ideals Company—'fore Heaven! what a name—in "Victor, the Blue Stocking." Now, this comic opera is none other than "François, the Radical," produced

by Miss Kate Santley at the Royalty Theatre, London, in 1885, I think. At the Royalty the comic opera was a ghastly failure—mainly because it was not comic, and it showed no outward and visible signs of being an opera. In Detroit it went very well, and confirmed me in a vague opinion I had before that with artists—actors and singers—the piece might have been a success in London.

And now I'll apply one last test. I take a New York paper of the time when I was in America. Here it is. I look down the list of theatrical advertisements in the *World*.

1. Metropolitan Opera House. German opera.
2. Madison Square Theatre. "Jim the Penman."
3. Poole's. "Keep it Dark."
4. Harrigan's Park. "The O'Reagans."
5. Casino. Violet Cameron in "Kenilworth."
6. Academy of Music. Italian opera.
7. Dockstader's Minstrels (Ethiopian, I guess).
8. Star. Edwin Booth in "Hamlet."
9. Bijou. "Little Jack Sheppard."
10. Union Square. Modjeska (a Pole) in "As You Like it."
11. Wallack's. Buchanan's "Sophia."
12. Third Avenue. Bandmann (German) in "Othello."
13. Koster & Bial's. "Jack Sheppard" again.
14. Daly's. "After Business Hours."
15. Chickering Hall. Rudolph de Cordova recites W. S. Gilbert's "Broken Hearts."
16. Windsor. "The Inside Track."
17. Fourteenth Street. "Caught in a Corner."

Musical and music-hall performances are omitted, though in the chief of the former the soloist is Pauline L'Allemand, and in the chief of the latter the main attraction is Jolly John Nash.

Let me take again the non-American actors and actresses who were in New York when I was in America. But, out of my own head, as the boy made the wooden ship, I can call up the names of Wilson Barrett, George Barrett, Mary Eastlake, and all their companions; of Miss Fortescue, of W. H. Vernon (with American or cosmopolitan Genevieve Ward), of Jack Barnes (with Fanny Davenport), of Mrs. Langtry, who now, however, claims, as they say here, to be an American; of the ill-fated Violet Cameron company, of Rose Coghlan. This is, in sooth and in quantity and quality, a goodly list. An exodus in such numbers from America eastward has never occurred. Two American companies in London at once is, I think, as much as we have ever had.

I saw no one of these artists at work (and at play) in the States. With Wilson Barrett, with whom I spent my last night in England (before and behind the curtain), I had a talk before I left New York. With his brother and "leading lady" I had only time to speak by letters to and fro, for I quitted the noisy city almost as they entered. Their artistic success was, however, assured.

Miss Fortescue scored artistically and socially. The latter victory was made the more splendid by the conduct of some moneymaking snobs in connection with a Tuxedo Park something, who objected to an actress and a lady coming between the wind and their gentility.

W. H. Vernon I nearly managed to see. Twice he sent me seats or their equivalent (in tickets, not in money). The first night I could not go, and the second I had to go to Rockville, Conn.

Jack Barnes almost ran me to ground at Albany, the legislative capital of New York State. I spoke in the

Leland Opera House one Sunday night, and saw on the Monday a not very good performance of Dion Boucicault's very poor play, "The Octoroon." And on the Thursday of the same week, if I remember, Fanny Davenport was to play *Beatrice*, "my dear Lady Disdain" of "Much Ado About Nothing," to Jack Barnes's *Benedict*.

Of Mrs. Langtry I have said the one thing needful, and of Violet Cameron and all her unsavory attendant sprites, from De Bensaude to Lonsdale, I care to say nothing. The whole business was as miserable as that to which they played. The fact most to be sorrowed over is that such a great actor as Lionel Brough was mixed up with her company—the acting, not the social one.

But besides the English invasion of the American stage as by an army, skirmishes of other nationalities make their inroads. Irish plays and Irish comedians are frequent. I saw only one of each—the "Kerry Gow," and Mr. Joseph Murphy. They were quite enough. The thrilling situation in the "Gow" was on this wise. A number of soldiers, led by a conscientious captain and a comic sergeant, enter the prison cell of the hero. They leave the door widely and obligingly open. At the table C is a heap of clothes, which they are good enough to take for the prisoner, until such time as the latter has walked out.

I was half wrong a paragraph back. It is true I saw only one Irish play. But I almost forgot the unforgettable Fritz Emmett. He *must* be Irish, though I have no documentary evidence of the fact. But I'll bet my own nationality that it's the same as his. I saw him in that madcap, most undramatic drama—"Fritz." It was the old piece, plus a new first act, that was, they tell me, "Barbara," as played at the Globe, London.

The first act was almost as stupid as the rest of the characteristic play. But it gave Emmett a chance to show the actor that has been sung and danced away. He had to drop a paper into a box and close the box. The paper established his identity as heir to a fortune—papers have a habit that way on the stage—and the fortune, bar the paper, goes to a young friend then and there present. Of course the stereotyped girl, beloved of both, was also on the premises. And yet this old and musty situation was made fresh and beautiful and strong by Emmett's fine acting.

Still, however, as of old, the charm of *Fritz* was in the grace and richness of the dancing and the singing. It is all so easy. You think you could do everything he does yourself; and if you tried, you would find you could do nothing. He only sings quietly a song or two, walking lightly to and fro, turning round a few times, dances a few steps; and yet, somehow, there is genius in it.

In the past our Fritz at times had his bouts with the evil one, like the best of us; only the evil one came to him in the form that "steals away the brains," and with a chief actor may send an audience away playless, with money returned. Well, I heard Fritz Emmett had reformed that altogether. Anyhow, the night I saw him he was in his best vein, and I could not help thinking of *Tennessee's* partner's words that stormy night, when in his dying delirium he saw *Tennessee*. "There he is! Coming this way. Sober! And his face-a-shining."

Finally, as far as foreign players are concerned, the French school—of a sort—were not unrepresented. At the Union Square Theatre, New York, I saw Mlle. Aimée in "Ma'amzelle." Aimée, when did I see you first? Let it be buried into oblivion, as Nicholas

used to say in the days when *Fun* was funny. At all events I have seen you last, these—I am not going to say how many years. Yet am I sure that I have not seen the last of Mlle. Aimée. When I am a very, very old man, one of the warm summer nights I shall take a box for my grandchildren. And when they see a sprightly little woman dancing up and down the stage with the best of them, and singing French or English indifferently (only in the better sense of the word, heaven forbid!) I shall say to them: “My children, that is Mlle. Aimée, whom I saw in New York, in the year 1886, when your mother was a little girl, and whom I saw in Paris in the year—well, before I knew your grandmother.”

A note or two on particular performances and special actors, American pure and simple.

At the Star Theatre, New York, I saw Lawrence Barrett. Some time ago, when he was over in England, I thought he was hardly entreated of the critics. I must admit that I only saw him in one play—“Yorick’s Love.” That play, and Barrett’s acting in it, impressed me greatly. Their effect on me I place within that inner gallery of rare theatrical delights into which every lover of the drama wanders in memory, what time he grows weary by reason of the inartistic way he is forced to travel. I shall always remember the tremendous impressiveness of the closing scene. This is a stage on a stage—a play within a play. In the inner play, *Yorick* the actor has to fence with his boy-friend and betrayer—his pupil, his love among men, and the seducer of his wife. He kills him on the stage. Then from the wings the manager comes forward. He speaks never a word; but at his upward look and solemn gesture, the curtain slowly falls. Lewis played this part in England; but his look and

gesture are among the rarest of the pictures in that inner theatrical gallery of mine. It was not only the dignity, and simplicity, and pathos in the silent piece of acting that moved me. It was the awe and wonder-stricken face and the mute appeal to Heaven in the look and the raised hand. In these there was a voiceless prayer for the dead and for the living man.

I can give Lawrence Barrett no higher praise than to say that his acting as *Yorick*, the betrayed master and friend, was on a level with the acting I have hinted at. His performance was a wonderfully subtle and touching one. Therefore, quoth I, my first theatrical quest in New York shall be the theatre where he is playing *Shylock*. I wish I had not gone. I lost an illusion. My dramatic idol is shattered. In the first place he can bring himself to mutilate "The Merchant of Venice." He plays it in four acts, and with any amount of excisions in such scenes as he retains. And this, that he may have a "double bill," one half of which is "David Garrick." A double bill that involves only a fraction of Will Shakespeare, seems to me wrong in art, whatever it may be in commerce.

In *David Garrick* Barrett was very good. Noting this, and in view of that which I have to say now of his *Shylock*, I am of opinion that in last century pieces he is far more at home than in Shakespeare. In "The Merchant of Venice," though I saw him in his own land, he was all abroad.

In his version of Shakespeare, with cuts and a twang, Barrett was very badly supported. The only person deserving of commendation was Mr. Ben G. Rogers. His *Old Gobbo* was in the right key, and the clasp of the hands on his staff at the false news of his son's death was only one of many thoughtful and pathetic touches. It was a clinging for support, and it was a

gesture of prayer also. The rest, with the exception of an average *Portia* (Miss Mima K. Gale), and a *Bassanio* (C. Collins) who tried to put some pathos into the reading of Antonio's letter, were too dreadful. Elocution there was none.

Unless Bellario a learnèd doctor,

said the duke. And he did not read it as if it were a dramatic line, as the Shakespearians call one with eleven syllables, the last unaccented.

Unlèss Bellàriò a leàrnèd doctòr,

is, I think, the best reading, and in any case the equal stress on both syllables of the last word in the line is inaccurate.

Antonio, among many ill-readings, gave us :

To wag their high tops and make no noise.

Even the *Shylock* said :

More than a lodg'd hate and certain loathing.

Neither of these two readings could have been possible with musical ears or good stage-management.

As to the *Shylock*, it was wanting in dignity, in pathos, in humor, in strength, and in variety. It was a colorless monotone. The elocution was faulty generally, besides in the individual cases, of which one has been given, and another may be. The word "my" was strangely battered about. When I heard *Shylock* say :

You have rated me
About *my* moneys and my usances,

I thought that here was an actor about to show the true use of the emphatic and the unemphatic "my."

That the Jew made his money the former, his usances the latter, seemed to me rather fine. But alas! I found Mr. Barrett emphasized and non-emphasized at random, and now it was "*my*" or now "*my*," without any particular rhyme or reason.

His business is unsatisfactory on the whole. He takes the suggestion of the bond device with laughter. This is allowable, though I personally question its being in keeping with *Shylock*. But two pieces of business that Henry Irving and Ellen Terry have made classical he omits. The little sigh of satisfaction at *Portia's* words :

The Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed,

this *Shylock* does not breathe.

So, also, he misses the wonderful effect later in the same scene.

"Art thou content?" asks *Portia*. There is an inarticulate murmur from the Jew's dry lips.

"What dost thou say?" asks *Portia*, coming nearer, and with a little note of compassion in her voice. There was nothing of this at the Star.

There were some good little things in the playing of the part. The raising of the eyebrows at "squandered" (Irving shakes and sweeps his stick in the air) on the line, "Other ventures he hath squandered abroad;" the undertone of the last two words in "I will be assured I may;" the dawning upon his mind of his plan, as *Antonio* says of *Jacob's* that it was "swayed and fashioned by the hand of heaven;" the hand laid on the cross upon his arm as he speaks of "sufferance, the badge of all our tribe;" the clutch of restrained passion on the stick at *Antonio's*, "I am as like to call thee so again," are examples. But care in

little details is not enough in playing *Shylock*, and the large and massive conception of the Jew was not there. Once again was it brought home to me what a tremendous and unfailing touchstone of an actor Shakespeare is, and how many that are good, or even nearly great, when dealing with the lesser souls, are found wanting when they are tried by him.

A word or two upon the Aimée and "Ma'amzelle" performance at Union Square. The voice was the voice of Aimée, but the language the language of the Yank. For Mlle. Aimée now speaks a not very broken English—that is, at least, as near the real thing as the Broadway dialect.

Her company was a decidedly good one. And this is true, whether I am speaking of her presence or her companions. As to the latter, they were fifty per cent. better than those that Lawrence Barrett is surrounded and hampered by. Three of the men (Thomas H. Burns, Lester Victor, Newton Chisnell) were admirable. Thomas H. Burns—in the programmes at Union Square they most wisely drop the Mr. and the Miss—was especially admirable in a quiet, stolidly humorous part, and Newton Chisnell's burlesque, but not exaggerated, theatrical manager, with his stereotyped smile and apologies, was exquisite. No end of fun was raised by the sudden appearance, actually in the auditorium, of certain of the characters in the piece.

Ma'amzelle, alias *Fleur de Lis*, the singer of two continents, is to sing in front of a stage scene that reminded me painfully of "Our Agency" at the Avenue. *Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem*. As result of the complications usual to farcical comedy, half-a-dozen people are hunting her or one another. Suddenly one of these appears in a box on the O. P. side and the grand tier; two more, a man and a woman, talking

loudly and gesticulating violently, rush through the audience and into the stage-box on the prompt side ; a fourth bustles down the centre of the house on the ground floor, and creates such disturbance that first an usher, then a policeman, are called to remove him. This proposed programme is literally carried out, as well as Bob Prichard, this No. 4 of the actors among the audience. The musical conductor, during this scuffle, showed himself a worthy member of his profession by playing up to the farce. He turned round in his seat, and became absorbed in the mock struggle between the policeman and Bob.

It was hereabouts that Newton Chisnell was really splendid. After the disturbance was quelled, he came forward to introduce for about the tenth time, "*Ma'am-zelle Fleur de Lis*, the singer of two continents." His sweeping bow, his outstretched hand, at once explanatory, deprecatory, conciliating, remonstrating ; the increased disorder of his clothes, especially about the neck ; his ghastly smile, under which lurked a sort of desperate ferocity ; his looks, compounded of dread, defiance, expectation, at the box on his left with the man and woman lodged in it, at the box on his right with the Frenchman glaring round his programme along the auditorium at the vanishing forms of Bob and the policeman ; the strut up the stage with an agony of expectation as to pursuing brickbats in every genuflection ; the bringing forward of his songstress with the same agony looking out of the corner of either eye—all this was as good as it could be. Only one English actor could have done it better—Lionel Brough.

I cannot refrain from quoting here the notice I wrote of William Gillette's "*Held by the Enemy*," as early as September 20, 1887, before it was "a boom."

The most remarkable play I have yet seen in America—I don't reckon seeing Lawrence Barrett's mutilation of "The Merchant of Venice" as seeing a play—and one of the most remarkable I have seen this long time, as far as modern original dramatic work is concerned, is "Held by the Enemy." Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Palmer, I went one night to the Madison Square Theatre. In his note to me, Mr. Palmer uttered one of warning as to it not being the regular season, and as to the absence of his regular company. As a question of fact, this was well; but as one of apology, it was not necessary, for play and company alike were excellent.

The former is called "Held by the Enemy," a title something cumbrous, but good. It has its meaning and meanings. A Southern house in the first act, a Southern prisoner in the succeeding ones, and a Southern girl's heart throughout, are held by the Northern enemy. The time is that of the civil war.

The author is one William Gillette, and this is his third play only. In some respects it might have been his first—it is so very young. There are both the faults and the freshness of youth. My first and general verdict, after seeing the play, was that this was the work of a young writer with what is called a future before him—as if anyone ever had one behind. Very strangely, within a few days of seeing "Held by the Enemy," I found me staying in a New England homestead, the home of one of the most remarkable women in America. She turned out to be William Gillette's aunt, as well as the sister of Henry Ward Beecher and of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Whereupon the carping critic—if one is left in London—will straightway declare that I am writing to order, and have bartered my soul for Connecticut por-

ridge and succotash. And the carping critic will be, as aforetime, wrong. What I am pleased to call my mind was made up as to Mr. Gillette's play ere I saw Mr. Gillette's relations, and, if anything, I am likely now to under- rather than over-estimate its virtues.

These are two in especial—character-drawing and situation—and it is in the command of the latter especially that this dramatist's power lies. There are, in a cast of seventeen people, some seven human beings clearly drawn and cleverly marked off one from another. Two of these stand out from their fellows—a certain *Thomas H. Bean*, artist to an illustrated paper (as far as I know, a new stage-type), and a *Surgeon Fielding*, who, following out his duty absolutely, comes more than once into collision with our heroes and heroine, and yet somehow retains our respect, and even wins our liking. The faithful negro retainer, though we have met him with the paint off this many times; the maiden aunt, looking after her two pretty nieces in the house beset with hostile soldiers; the two officers, rivals where they say all is fair, are conventional types, but are drawn, on the whole, unconventionally.

In Act I. there is tribulation in the house of McCreery. It is surrounded by the Northerners. A Southern officer, *Gordon Hayne*, betrothed to, but not beloved by, the elder girl (*Rachel*), is hanging around, and running the risk of hanging altogether. A Northern officer, *Colonel Prescott*, comes in and "declares his passion" for *Rachel*. In this scene there is a rather fine struggle in the girl's mind, which was by no means badly worked out by Miss Kathryn Kidder. Her betrothal and her semi-patriotism are at war with that old enemy, love. Of course everyone knows *Hayne* will turn up, and that his rival will arrest him. Situation No. 1 grows naturally out of this.

In Act II. a court-martial is going on. There is no fatal evidence against *Hayne* as yet. He has tried to pass through the enemy's lines, but that is the way to his home, and there was more risk in his attempt than there seems likely now to be in his trial. But when *Prescott* is called as a witness, he produces, with great reluctance, a paper that he says he himself found on the prisoner. It is a plan of the Southern camp, with details of the Southern forces.

In the court, his betrothed, and in fact the entire audience, are in varying depths of doubt as to the genuineness of the evidence, but *Hayne* promptly settles the matter by boldly and even proudly acknowledging the memoranda and plan as his.

In Act III. a plan to save the prisoner's life is on the brink of success. He was wounded when arrested, and, by some not quite clear device, his friends have managed, in the absence of *Surgeon Fielding*, to make every one believe him dead. He only makes believe. His supposed corpse is being carried out when *Surgeon Fielding* returns, most inconsiderately. He has his doubts, and stops the procession. *Colonel Prescott* appears, and a conflict follows between him and the medical officer. The latter wishes to examine the supposed corpse. His superior, who of course knows nothing of the plot, forbids this. In the altercation he orders the surgeon to be arrested. Then the general enters. The two officers say each their say. He decides that the mere formality of verifying the man's death may be gone through. The surgeon hurries to the bier, and finds the man is dead. He has died of the agony of suspense.

I cannot but think that Mr. Gillette will yet do some really remarkable dramatic work. At no distant date, American dramatic critics journeying to London may see a play of his played in town.

CHAPTER XIX.

BARBERS AND AN ELECTION.

The American race for the goal of baldheadedness passes on the way barber-shops by the multitude. Note that they say and write "barber-shop," without any use of the possessive case.

The premises of every leading hotel, and those of most of the following ones, have as conclusion a barber-shop somewhere or other. In some streets there are as many barber-shops as saloons.

With the American a shave is not, as with the Englishman, a thing to be got through as speedily as possible. It is a thing of beauty, and almost literally a joy forever. The Englishman shaves quick and drinks slow. The American drinks quick and shaves slow. Or is shaved. For the average American always declines the verb "to shave" in the passive voice.

Places and methods are much better in the States than in England. Most of the barber-shops in the latter country are rather soapy and sandy. As a rule there is a divided allegiance on the part of the proprietor, and the man of steel is also a bird-fancier, or keeps a dog or two, or sells bad tobacco.

But the American barber is whole-souled, and all his soul is in his business. His shop is often palatial, and is always comfortable. In many cases the floor is of marble, and the walls are hung with rich curtains. The magnificent vestibule of the Narragansett Hotel,

Providence, R. I., led off L. to an equally magnificent barber-shop, in the which were devices for the charming of every sense. Not even the bad habit one of the young men had contracted of putting his finger in your mouth quite destroyed the excellent effect of these surroundings.

The American barber's chairs, again, are not as those of other nations. In one or two places only in London their like is to be met with. They are huge, comfortable affairs, in which you lie down, not without a reminiscence of the dentist's. They have a rest for the support of the legs (the shavee's, not the chair's). Lying in one of these, with a light-handed, deft operator to work on you, you feel as if you were being shaved to sleep.

And the length of time that your American barber takes conduces to this feeling. A quarter of an hour or twenty minutes is the average. First he lathers you *tandem*. Then he shaves you in the rough once. Then he sponges your face inch by inch, and niggles away at it with the razor until every hair-end seems to have been uprooted. This infinitesimal shaving is at first a little irritating to the eastern man, but the cleanness and finish of it are very delightful. Then he bay-rums you, and the pleasant smart of this wakes you from the gentle doze into which you have fallen. Then he powders, or camphors, or magnesias you. Then he suddenly tilts the chair up, and begins working at your head. He will never let you be shaved without having your hair done. This he brushes and waters, and if you do not watch him, oils, and this he insists on arranging after the fantastic manner of all barbers.

I often wonder why they go through this formality of making your hair look like that of a linen-draper's shopman on Sunday. No living man could wear his

hair in the style that the ordinary hair-dresser affects. For myself, long and chequered experience has taught me the uselessness of remonstrance or appeal while one is at the mercy of the tyrant. But the moment I am free, I take his own comb, and his own brush, and undo all his handiwork on my head.

It will be seen from all this that shaving in America is a long-drawn-out business. Each barber seems determined that his work shall be Shakespearian—"not for an age, but for all time." Still, it is by no means an unpleasant hour or so, unless the performance be of the finger-in-the-mouth type, or the operator have the large, flabby, splay hand, not wholly wanting in the profession, or chew audibly all the time he is at work.

Many of the barbers are of the negro persuasion. The African facility and swiftness, here as in so many other things, make them the readiest and best at the business. I call to mind especially one negro gentleman who shaved me in a shop underneath the St. James Hotel, Minneapolis. He was not only a most excellent young shaver, but an admirable conversationalist. He had, above all, that rare virtue of young conversationalists of not talking too much.

While I was under his hands we discussed all sorts of questions, from the position of the negro race to the use of hair-dye. Of course, like all barbers, he had the advantage of me, and, like them, he took it. You are always liable to be worsted in an argument when your interlocutor can make a furious onslaught with soap on your face, or stop your eloquence with the dab of a shaving-brush in the mouth. Among the objects discussed in this rather lop-sided fashion by myself and my young friend, two of the most important were the works of Darwin and the writings of Boccac-

cio. With both of these my barber was thoroughly acquainted.

One other experience. Just as no other barber in any country will do his patient's hair after the patient's own heart, so no American barber will cut your hair in any other fashion than the American. Now the habit of the American is to wear his hair convict-wise. He has it cut, or even, in many cases, literally shaved quite close. To the British, this is simply loathsome. But let me warn any Britisher who has to stay sufficiently long in America to need hair-cutting that he will come from under the hands of an American barber cropped *à l'Américain*.

Nothing can stop them. You may explain at length that you are an Englishman, and that you wish to retain a fair modicum of locks; that you want your friends and mother to recognize you, and not to take you for a ticket-of-leave man. All is useless. Once in the barber's power, and you are lost. He will never release you until your head is like a bristly billiard-ball.

My worst sufferings in this way were at Rockville, Conn. Quite a youth got hold of me there. I explained fully to him and precisely what I wanted. He looked at me with an evil eye, and set to work. Snip, clash, crash went the scissors. I felt them cold against my scalp. The floor was strewn with my Absolom locks.

"Don't take too much off," I said, meekly, at intervals.

"There's nothing off yet," he would say, as he clipped me close, now and then taking off a bit of skin.

When I arose from that fatal chair I was so bald that my hat would not stay on.

AN ELECTION.

But early in November, when the multitudinous free American citizen was much and generally exercised in his mind as to the disposal (and the price) of his vote, I was in Cleveland, O., and certain of the things I saw and heard are now recorded.

The particular election was for Congressman, State Senator, and municipal officers. But neither that, nor the relative merits of the various candidates, need concern us. It is "not so much the wooer, as the manner of the wooing"—or, in plain prose, it is less the political than the social aspect of an American election-day that is for consideration.

Under the benign governance of certain skilled friends, I loafed all that morning around Cleveland generally, and the polling-booths particularly. The temptation, that lovely Indian summer day, was to make straight for the shore of Lake Erie, and be lazy in the sunshine and the sound of its many sea-like waters. But the temptation was resisted, and instead, we drove round *passim*, and especially in the poorer quarters of the city. Early as it was in the day—we set out long before the middle of it—excitement and bustle were in the air. Men were gathered in groups, friendly and hostile, at street-corners. Sometimes two or three came stealthily out of quiet-looking shops, whose doors were at once closed after them; or appeared unexpectedly, no one could say whence, wiping their mouths with a preoccupied air. On election-days, all saloons and liquor places are closed. On this head, more anon.

At intervals of time and space a larger group of men was encountered hanging or restlessly pacing round a nearly bare spot—a kind of charmed circle in

which only a policeman and the immediate voter were allowed. For the centre of this mainly vacant circle was the polling-place, and within one hundred feet of that no agent of any candidate may come, charming the ear of the citizen with his siren song. Thus it falls out that the would-be seducers must tread the weary round of their open-air *salle des pas perdus* at a distance of this legal hundred feet from the shrine on which the honest suffrage of the free American is to be immolated.

Beyond the prescribed radius, however, they are very busy. Each of them has his pet set of candidates' list in his hand, and this, by hook or by crook, he tries to insinuate or to force into the hand of the voter ere the hundred-foot Rubicon is passed. They do say that in many cases the paper that changes hands is not a list, but a dollar or dollar bills. There is no doubt that a great deal of the most open and barefaced bribery goes on. Not content, as we are in England, with wholesale bribery in private, in this great country the retail business is very brisk on election-day in the streets.

Let us suppose, however, that our "free and intelligent" has escaped the Republican Scylla and the Democratic Charybdis, and with some sort of a list in his hand has piloted himself across the sacred space where he, and his fellows, and the majesty of the law alone do walk. The list he holds is usually prepared by one or other of the high opposing parties. Generally, each of these prints a string of its nominees for office. He that votes this list *en bloc*, votes, in less elegant language than the French, the "straight ticket." But any voter may, if he choose, erase one or more names and substitute others. By law, every ticket must be printed and prepared in such a way that the

presiding officer at the ballot-box cannot tell to which side any particular vote is given.

Our voter is now at the little window of the polling-place, and it is time for us to go round to the rear, and, with the "Open, Sesame" of our companion's face, make our way into the holy of holies. This is a poor quarter of the city, Irish mostly, and we have to pass through a miserable back yard, two squalid rooms (a dragged woman is asleep on a sofa in one of these), and so into a small apartment about ten feet square. It is uncomfortably full when our party of five are added to the six officials. These are four judges and two clerks, equally divided between the two parties. The judges are armed with registers of the voters for the district; the clerks with tally-books. The former stand between the window hereinbefore mentioned and a table, with a large cubical box that has a post-office sort of opening cut in its lid.

A face appears at the window. "Name?" says one of the judges, an old gentleman with quite beautiful fur cuffs to his coat. "Thomas Murphy." "Address?" "So-and so." The judges search out Thomas Murphy in their registers. "Age forty?" asks one of them. "One hundred and thirty-eight," says the brogue. He thinks they are asking the number of his house. "Register number, 596," shouts a judge, who has found Thomas Murphy's name. The clerks enter Thomas Murphy, No. 596 in the register, on their tally-books; Thomas hands through the window a folded paper; the fur-cuffed gentleman takes it and puts in the box, and the 294th vote for that Cleveland district is recorded.

The poll closes at sunset. The votes are counted by the officials here, and a return made to the Central Board of Election. Each man for his working-day

here in this confined space receives five dollars—the judges at the upper table no more than the clerks, busy with their tally-books at the square one below.

As we come out into the sunshine all is as it was before. The walking delegates, with their lists, are still busy a hundred feet away. Another Thomas Murphy is passing across the vacant spot. The policeman looks on with lack-lustre eye. To our casual observation that things seem pretty quiet, he remarks that they will be lively enough to-night. His eye gleams as he speaks, and he reminds me of the war-horse in Job. He also is an Irishman.

By this time we are athirst, and our hotel is afar. As it is election-day, I should be in despair, had I not been ere this in a Prohibition State, and learned that the more restrictions are placed on drink in America the more drinking there is. At a hint to my companions, and a responsive nod from them, we pause at a chemist's shop. It is closed. Behind the glass door an ingenious youth stands, absorbed in fakir-like contemplation of the world without. At sight of our faces peering in upon him, he, moving no muscle of his, opens the door. When it is closed behind us, we go through the chemist's shop, round a screen at the back, into a bar full of men drinking. There we offer our libations to the American Goddess of Liberty.

CHAPTER XX.

AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

These notes only claim to be those made by a student of journalistic human nature during a nearly four months' travel in America. The qualifications for making them—I do not say the justification for publishing them—are as follows: I am an Irish-English journalist, and belong to the jovial fraternity of London pressmen whose *habitat*, in the main, stretches from Ludgate Circus to Charing Cross. I am, in a word, a dweller in those tents of mingled wickedness and goodness that some of my brethren call Brain Street. When I hear or see this extraordinary phrase used by a journalist I am in doubt which to wonder at the more—the conceit or the ignorance, the fatuity or the bad taste, implied in the use of such a phrase.

The fact is, that we journalists are not the vastly superior people some of us think. We are not, all of us, nor even as a body, the highly educated, highly cultured folk we make believe to be. We have a greater faculty of putting our thoughts into words than of thinking them. A certain rather fatal facility of expression makes us look upon ourselves as philosophers.

And this misconception as to our own powers is made more deep-reaching in our own minds, and more wide-reaching in those of others, by the fact that we can use our position as writers to blazon abroad what fine fellows we are. We are, in too many cases, literary Phar-

isees, who insist upon breathing our thanks to Heaven that we are not as other men into the very ear of our publican public.

No; let us bear in mind that there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men and women infinitely our intellectual superiors, who never set pen to paper in anywise for the general eye to see; that there are many other callings in life demanding higher faculties than ours. Above all, let us steadily refuse to confuse journalism with literature. Occasionally instances of the latter art may be found in the former trade. Occasionally a journalist may be a literary man, *i. e.*, a man of letters. In the columns of our daily or weekly newspapers, now and again, one meets a piece of genuine artistic work. Here and there one of us wrests time from the worry and drive of press life, and writes a real *book*.

“A book,” as John Ruskin has it in “Of Kings’ Treasuries,” “is not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence.” But for the most part our work is only printed talk, and rather small talk at that. It is painfully—but, alas! not singularly—deficient in art. It makes no claim, and has no right to, permanence. Much of it is, nevertheless, worth doing; not a little is worthless, or worse than worthless. I suppose that if a man conscientiously communicates to his public that which he believes to be true, not much can be said against him. Only let him look to it that he honestly communicates the truth. For in journalism, no less, but, perhaps, rather more, than in other relations between man and man, “evil communications corrupt good manners.” And by “manners” let us understand morals—the morals of our readers.

To all the which sermon the text was the simple

statement that I am a journalist. Yet I feel that it was right to preach the sermon, and the feeling is strong. Nor is it one founded alone upon my experience of American journalists. That only strengthened it. No, my fellow-craftsmen, we are out of Grub Street, but we do not yet live in Brain Street. At all events, let some higher authority than ours, some less personal appraiser, write the name on the thoroughfare in which we dwell, if ever it is written, just as corporations, you know, name streets, and squares, and crescents, rather than the people who inhabit them.

A second qualification for my note-making is that I visited some forty or fifty American places, and saw newspapers at every one of them. My exoteric experience was, therefore, extended and variegated, and it was supplemented by much of the esoteric kind. For, in the first place, I was brought into manifold and intimate relations with American pressmen. There was one on board my steamer when I crossed. I met them afterward in legions: from the ordinary reporter up through the grades of interviewer (generally combined with the former), dramatic critic, city editor, literary editor, to the high functioning managing editor himself. Moreover, I saw much of the inner working of some of the largest newspapers; and, mostover (if I may coin a word), I contributed several articles to the most influential of the New York and Boston journals.

After all this explanation, my position in writing this chapter will be clear. There is no claim to anything more than is here put down; still less to anything like infallibility. A record of the impressions made on a journalist by journalists, journals, and journalism; a record of the opinions thence formed—that is all. And while the time for the reception of the impressions was not long, in measuring the value of the opinions it

should be borne in mind that the facilities for forming them were somewhat exceptional. And especially let my American brethren, when they see themselves as this particular other sees them, if they think my conclusions are too hasty, remember that the mass of the people all their lives through pay a less close and critical attention to newspaper men and matters than is paid in a few weeks by one specially qualified and specially interested.

One word in ending this introduction. To me, personally, the American pressmen were most kindly when once they knew that I was of their fraternity. I have nothing but words of thanks to every one of them, from first to last, from East to West, from the least to the most influential. Nothing could exceed their courtesy, their willingness, their anxiety to show me kindness, their untiring efforts to tell me all, to show me all, they could. Among my many pleasant impressions of America, not the least delightful is the way in which every journalist I came across made me irretrievably his debtor by his kindness. Such creditors and claims so large can only be met honorably with payment by the one word—thanks.

INTERVIEWERS.

Upon this subject—like the centurion in Scripture—I speak as one having authority. Not that I have had interviewers under me; but I had them upon me by the score, literally, in America. Generally they came in single or double spies per town. But in the large places they came in battalions. In New York I lost count of the number after a time. In Chicago I suffered from seven in one day. This sounds rather like the little tailor in one of Grimm's Märchen, but it is true.

Interviewing, as a fine art, is much more lowly developed in America than it is or ever more shall be in England. We lack the patience requisite for it. A duplex patience. On the side of the interviewer it is that of the sleuth-hound. He tracks. On the side of the interviewed it is that of Griselda. He endures. Every famous person in America, and every notorious one, is interviewed. He can escape the infliction no more than he can escape death. But with him and his tortures I have just now nothing to do. The torturer is our subject.

What are the requisites for an interviewer? First, unbounded impudence ; second, *savoir faire*. He must be able and even willing to thrust himself anywhere, and he must know how to behave when he has got there. The most unblushing effrontery and the most unobtrusive manner have to be combined in one, perhaps fortunately, rare person. In my variegated experience I only met two men of the class positively rude—after their fish was fairly hooked. Through what prodigies of insolence these and their more polished fellows triumphed over hotel Cerberuses, I never dared to inquire. My two boors, and bores, were, one a vulgar, giggling, and unpleasant person at Holyoke, Mass., the other a Louisianian gentleman on the staff of the Chicago *Daily News*, who forgot his manners, or maybe found them, when he fell into a rudeness in his defence of slavery.

Next, the interviewer must know how to ask questions. He must be a refined note of interrogation and as undemonstrative as one. He that cannot get beyond "Well, sir, and what do you think of this country?" or he that in an overwhelming despair has to ask his victim to talk and give his ideas on, say evolution or universal suffrage, had better seek a more honorable occupation.

Fourth, he must be an embodied discretion. He must know just how much of the patient's ravings to set down, how much to suppress. The one final criterion here is the effect on the sale of the paper. A preliminary one may be harmony or disharmony with the principles of the paper. Some American papers have principles, political or otherwise—generally otherwise. They are much as ours are.

Now, and again an interviewer may misrepresent a man intentionally. But this is very rare. He does not, as a rule, interfere with the editorial department. Where his tact is especially exercised is in suppression. He distinguishes very cleverly, as a rule, between what is said with intent to reach the public and what is said, as anonymous correspondents give their names to editors, not necessarily for publication. Here, again, another determining factor comes in. If the interviewed is likely never to be seen—or felt—again, an unscrupulous reporter may put down aught in malice that has been said in an implied confidence. But, in the converse case, even the unscrupulous is liable to be restrained by “a lively sense of interviews to come.”

Fifth, a good interviewer must have a good memory. Some of them descend to the absolute brutality of making notes in your very presence. This is, as Dr. Wendell Holmes might say, like an actual checkmate in chess, instead of “mate in two,” or three, as the case may be. A master in the art makes no notes other than mental ones. He listens and talks with an unflinching courtesy. His attention, I need scarcely say, is of the same order. Often you might imagine your conversation was with a well-bred gentleman, really, like Rosa Dartle, asking for information, only you can hear the wheels busy behind the not over-eager face, and you

know that within the hour they will be grinding into "copy" all that you are saying.

One of the best cases of this power in my experience was a young fellow with very keen eyes who was on the *Minneapolis Tribune*. In a great hurry, at midnight, after a very tiring day, I told him in some two minutes a number of important facts, involving persons, places, and principles. He had everything perfectly accurate in a report of some length in the next morning's issue, and he never made a note, to my knowledge.

The plan on most papers seems to be to pay reporters or interviewers by the piece. In most cases a celebrity or notoriety is marked down on arrival by the eagle eye of the managing or the city editor, and someone is told off to hunt him or her down. But not infrequently an enterprising interviewer goes, to speak vulgarly, on his own hook, and gets half a column or more out of some new arrival. The acceptance or rejection of all or of part of anything sent in lies with the managing editor only, " 'gainst all other voice."

As I have said, most of these men are of good manners, and some even of good breeding. Many of them have had a university education. It will be borne in mind that an American university is in no case quite the equivalent of an English one, and is, in most instances, as distant from it as the two countries are.

Of course, interviewers have to be all things to all men, and especially to that man of men, their editor and employer. Many of them, like many of us in England, write for journals to whose principles, or want of them, they are opposed. I fear many of them, and some of us, do another thing that no man ought to do. We are obliged, for bread-and-cheese sake, to write side by side with articles embodying ideas that we oppose or even loathe. But we ought not ever to write a line our-

selves that we would fear to put our name to for all the world to read. And yet, alas and alas! some do, and, under the terrible competition of to-day, must write thus or starve. Happy are they who need not thus be forced to write against their better selves, or who refuse, under any circumstances, to be thus coerced.

But the interviewer, as a rule, affects further to agree with his victim. He generally pretends to be in sympathy with you, or at least not hostile. It is business, of course, but I confess to admiring much more the one or two outspoken men who frankly told me they disagreed with me, and then did their best to report me fairly.

Yet another qualification for the successful interviewer is indomitable and shameless perseverance. This may be regarded as either a virtue or a vice, from the exceedingly different points of view of the editor or the interviewer. There is a tremendous amount of competition between newspapers and individuals for the first freshness of a new arrival's facts and opinions. As a rule, in any city, all the leading morning journals, *New-York World, Sun, Star, Herald, Tribune, Daily News, Times, e.g.*, will publish their accounts of the latest victim simultaneously. And yet, though any particular interviewer knows that his particular report will appear on the same morning as those of three or four others, he does all he can to be literally the first in the field. To secure this he will go out to Sandy Hook and way-lay a steamer, or sleep on the doorstep of an hotel. I have known a man spend the whole of a day in calling at a particular hotel, from the first thing in the morning until past midnight, just to see one person. After much coming, he saw and conquered, and managed to rush his copy in at the eleventh hour, *i.e.*, about 1 A.M.

And, as hinted above, the competition becomes in

certain cases that of individuals. Sometimes more than one man on the same paper hunts down the same quarry. In Chicago, of the seven in one day, two belonged to one journal, and when the second comer found he had been forestalled by his co-worker he nearly cried. Interviewing, he said, was his department. I assume there was bloodshed when next they met.

As a rule, the interviewer is a solitary, but I have known him to hunt in couples. Thus, at Chicago—the reader will begin to think all my examples are from that one wonderful city of the Northwest—two men representing different journals came together. So did they and I. And while one questioned, the other took shorthand notes of the answers. Through this division of labor the questioner was enabled to concentrate all his energies on his next interrogation. By the way, it is only after suffering from a chronic attack of interviewers that one fully recognizes the justice of calling mediæval torture “the question.”

The Boston *Herald* method was on this wise: You were taken in hand by two human beings; but they both belonged to the same paper, although to opposite sexes. Mr. Couillard, a French-Canadian by descent, played the part of the anxious inquirer. A neat, quick, quiet lady, something depressed in manner, was the stenographer. Women are, let it be noted in passing, much more largely employed in offices (newspaper and otherwise) in America than in England.

The newspaper reporter is, for the most part, not a man of great parts. He does not seem to know any other language than his own, and is not always on the most intimate terms with that. A Latin quotation is apt to leave him stranded, and the use of scientific phraseology removes all speculation from his eye. In

many cases he seems, in a sad sort of way, to be conscious of his deficiencies. But in only too many others he affects arrogance, and proposes to discuss your particular subject from the point of view of an expert. He brings forward the most commonplace commonplaces, the most effete criticisms, as if they were the discoveries of a Darwin and he were the discoverer. Only in one case did I meet with the moral antipodes of this position. One young fellow boldly started by stating that he was ignorant of the particular social problems on which he was sent to interview me. But this was a case of an unusual and refreshing candor. Where there was not the affectation of an encyclopædic acquaintance with all subjects, there was, with the majority of interviewers, that dull sailing *in medias res* that is proverbially the safest. In a word, the average interviewer is as mediocre as most of us.

Sometimes he is below the average. Not by confession, as in the instance of which honorable mention has just been made, but by actual proof. My memory lingers fondly round one delightfully dense gentleman encountered in Detroit. He was so slow of comprehension that I thought he was deaf. So I took to shouting. Then he looked at me quite reproachfully, like people do when you tell them they have been asleep. I found out afterward that he was only dull. When you spoke to him of the weather or railway trains, or dates of arrival and departure, his face lighted up instantly. But when you said anything about politics or political economy he sank into gloom again.

Yet even the Detroit man was an exhilarating companion compared with one fearsome creature already referred to of a mirthful habit of body whom I suffered from at Holyoke, Mass. This fiend giggled incessantly, like an overgrown school-girl. He pro-

pounded questions on momentous subjects—momentous as righteousness, death, and judgment to come—with a fatuous laugh, and received your answer with a snigger. Incomparably the stupidest and most unpleasant person I have seen in this connection.

Does my reader care for my private opinion on interviewing? Whether he does or not, here it is. It gratifies a curiosity that may be healthy, but is certainly in many cases unhealthy. It savors too much of the personal—an element that is gaining, as I think, too much ground in journalism generally. One man or woman in a million may be worth recordal for the rest. But the interviewer has to place on record the ideas and personal appearance of so many who are not really worthy of general note. A test, not necessarily infallible, each man can apply to himself that may enable him to decide for or against the practice. Should you like to be an interviewer? Well, rightly or wrongly, I should not.

Sometimes the practice leads to very unhappy results. Take, *e.g.*, the recent unpleasantness between J. R. Lowell and Julian Hawthorne. The latter pays the former a visit on his return from Europe. Lowell speaks freely to Hawthorne, as the son of his old friend, and as his own young friend. By the *World* newspaper, the next day or so, Lowell finds he has been speaking to an interviewer. A full report of a conversation he had deemed private appears in print. Hawthorne swears, hard and fast, that he told Lowell he was talking to him professionally. Lowell swears, equally hard and fast, that nothing of the kind was said. In either case, journalistic work, or a certain phase of it, has apparently demoralized Julian Hawthorne. If Lowell is right, it is not necessary for me to point out the pain and dishonor of Hawthorne's position. But

even if Lowell is wrong—if, as we may all most sincerely hope, his young friend did explain the object of his visit, his intention as to their talk—if this explanation was not understood by the elder man—yet, I for one cannot but feel a sense of regret that is close akin to one of shame. To have a man of high talent, the son of a man of genius, using his relations to another greater thinker for the purpose of “an interview” seems to me a degradation of both friendship and ability.

Finally, in certain cases, the practice of interviewing becomes the handmaiden of a species of *chantage*. I know that certain men have ferreted out certain unpleasant incidents in the lives, past and present, of certain public men; have gone to these men, and under threat of publishing an interview with Mr. Scoundrel This or Miss Phryne That, have levied blackmail from them.

THE MAKE-UP OF A DAILY PAPER.

The first conclusion under this head is that there is less method in the arrangement of the American than in that of the English papers. In the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *Daily News*, the habitual reader knows generally where to turn for any particular news. And for the *Times* is published an actual indexed table of contents.

The second is that long articles are at a discount in American papers. The solid leaders of our English journals are not exactly paralleled by anything in those of America. And the Young World newspapers, even in their news, affect the short and many paragraphs rather than the converse of these.

The third is that the arrangements as to the location of advertisements seem specially indefinite. Appar-

ently they may appear on any page, cheek-by-jowl with the less base matter of news and editorial lucubrations.

These points and others will come out the more plainly if we glance together at one or two New York papers. Here are two bought at random many hundreds of miles from New York. That the *World* and the *Tribune* of Thursday, December 9, 1886, are certain days and months old, will clearly not affect this particular inquiry.

Here are the *World's* eight pages, each of seven columns. Page 1, miscellaneous news, mostly in short paragraphs. Only three items go beyond the half-column. One of these, beginning on the last part of the page, is the account of a boodle alderman's trial, and runs over three-fourteenths of page 2. Most of this first-page news is domestic, but there are items from Canada, from Mexico, from London. A fairly good wood-cut of the jury in the boodle case occupies the upper part of columns 4, 5, 6.

Page 2 is on the same plan—or want of plan. In this, as it happens, there is no foreign matter, and a feeble attempt at arrangement is twice made, under the headings "Round About Town" and "Railroad Notes." The last column of this page is taken up with a paragraph on a banquet, sundry advertisements, and the shipping news.

On page 3 more solid fare is forthcoming. A certain number of the small, catchy paragraphs are eked out by a first and third column of foreign items, between which the Congress news fills out most of column 2. Back we go on the fourth to local sensations, and forward in the fifth and sixth to theatrical notices. With a third of a column dealing with a divorce case and two-thirds with advertisements, this page closes in.

Page 4 is the leader page. After a numerical flourish as to circulation come eight very small leaderettes, the longest only 15 lines long. Then follow six titled articles. These, the most serious part of the paper, are only what in England would be called leaderettes. Following these are thirteen critical paragraphs, whose length and type are on the *diminuendo* scale, and the last half of the fourth column is occupied by short quotations from other American newspapers of the same political way of thinking as the *World*.

Column 5 starts with a series of brief references, more or less personal, to "People Talked About," and trickles off into the odds and ends paragraphs and quotations. The rest of this page is made up of the former of these two last, though a decided run on Washington news introduces something of system here.

Page 5 starts with the fashionable intelligence. Then comes more foreign news, hotel arrivals, personals (chiefly of a medical nature), correspondence, answers to correspondents, a poem, marrieds and dieds (no borns), and advertisements. One or two of these are dexterously slipped in at the bottom of a news column, but the bulk of them fill the two last columns. With a very few exceptions, these advertisements are of amusements.

The advertisements are continued through the first and second columns of page 6; the rest of this page is of the general type, only the accounts are longer drawn out. The next is the business page. Four and a half columns are devoted to Wall Street and the markets, and all the rest to business advertisements, if I may rank the steamship notices under that head. Finally, page 8 is almost exactly divided between news of the lengthier paragraph order and advertisements.

A glance at the *World* of the next date confirms the opinion that this general plan is generally followed.

The New York *Herald* of the same date shows eight pages of six columns each. Page 1, longer paragraph news, the foreign all placed in column one. Every paragraph here, as in the *World*, has its head-line title. Page 2 begins with nearly three columns of foreign, followed by a column of Washington, a little more foreign, and then railway and business matters. It ends with four stray paragraphs on lynching, conferences, husband-murder, respite from the gallows, and a final column of an extract from a book of sports.

Page 3 is almost wholly business. On page 4 come in succession a condensed list of amusements, an index to advertisements only, condensed news, four untitled leaderettes, four titled leaders, 18 critical paragraphs, a quarter of a column of "Personal," half a one of "Talk of the Day," and a quarter on the contest for the Speakership. Amusements take up the last column on this, and if weddings can be thus classed, half of the first on page 5. Miscellaneous paragraphs lead up to an obituary, correspondence, the boodle case, and advertisements. Pages 6 and 7 are almost all advertisements. Page 8 is half advertisements, half news.

One last comment. The New York papers do not, after the fashion of the English ones, issue contents bills for display on the streets or in railway-stations.

STYLE : SUNDAY PAPERS.

To the virtue of style there is less pretence than our daily papers make ; at all events, on the week-days. The absence of long leaders and the affection for the desultory and disconnected paragraph, are in part an explanation of this. But I cannot help thinking that

America generally has to answer in some measure for the want of style, or for the presence of one that is—let us say—lacking in finish.

I except here advisedly, as I did in the preceding paragraph by implication, the Sunday editions of the leading daily papers. We have in England nothing akin to these. Each of the chief journals in New York and Boston, and, maybe, in other of the large cities, publishes on Sunday a kind of special issue. This contains news and kindred items for the general reader, after the fashion of its week-day companions. But in most cases the Sunday number also contains a large amount of genuine literary matter. Some of this is original, and often of a very high order. Some of it is reprinted from weekly or monthly periodicals. Some of it takes the form of reviews.

Now, as these Sunday editions are in the best journals, and, as far as this purely literary part is concerned, are under the direction of a literary editor, and as these literary editors are like Julian Hawthorne, of the *New York World*, and my friend the Rev. Julius Ward, of the *Boston Herald*, men of great ability and high thinking, it follows that in these issues a high standard of writing is set and is reached.

Writing of this type, editors of this type, issues of this type, are not in my thoughts when I take exception to American journalistic style. Once for all, in these there is in every respect an example to be followed, a model at which we may aim. I know we have excellent Sunday newspapers. Our *Observer*, *Sunday Times*, *Lloyd's*, *Weekly Echo*, and half a dozen others, are, in London alone, each in its own special line, excellent newspapers. But they are news papers, and make no special pretence to be literary in character.

I have thought many times whether one of our London dailies might not take a leaf out of the book of the American papers, and issue on the Sunday morning a weekly number containing reviews, reprints if need be, and original literary articles. It would have, of course, the competition of the regular Sunday news journals to contend with, and the American publishers, as far as I know, do not have to meet this difficulty. But the ground covered is so different, and is at the same time so new, that I believe the first journal that tries the experiment will find it a success.

In this connection, let me note that this special Sunday number of news, plus literature, is not confined to the English-American papers. Several of the legion of German papers go and do likewise. For example, the *New Yorker Volkszeitung*, one of the chief German New York journals, issues a Sunday number of the type already described; and in addition to its seven diurnal and hebdomadal issues, publishes a *Wochenblatt*, or weekly issue. This last is something after the fashion of the weekly edition of the London *Times* and the *Pall Mall Budget*. It contains scarcely anything other than reprints from the Monday to Saturday numbers.

Not only is the quality of these Sunday issues high. The quantity is huge. Each newspaper, on the Sunday, publishes a great volume, practically. Take the New York *World* again as an instance: thirty-two pages, each containing eight columns of closely and yet clearly printed matter, are offered to the public for three cents. This enterprising paper, now and again, informs a staggered world as to the vast amount of matter cast upon the world each Sunday by its journalistic namesake.

Sometimes this unwieldy arithmetical computation

assumes the rather technical form of the number of "ems" in the thirty-two pages. Without a copy of the paper to check the exuberance of these statistical facts, I am afraid to trust myself to speak of the number of millions of "ems" contained in each Sunday issue.

At other times, brain-torturing estimates are offered as to the relative amount of matter in this one number and in an ordinary novel, or an extraordinary novel. Such and such a novel of Dickens is contained so many times, or "Ivanhoe" is beaten—as to quantity—by so many thousand words or letters.

In these Sunday journals, as I have said, the quantity is only one thing. The quality is here of primal importance, and is, in truth, in many cases of a very high excellence. But it is the ordinary every-day prints and their style with which I have to do. And here the obvious question is: How does their style compare with that of the English daily journals?

After much comparison, I hope of a careful and unbiassed nature, I am bound to decide in favor of the old country. And this, not merely on the ground that the journalistic style here is English, and the journalistic style there is American. It is true that we write our language, as the Americans say we speak it, with an English accent.

No, the American style, in its pure form, has, like the American speech, a quite peculiar and fresh charm. But the average American newspaper has certain peculiarities of style that, while not devoid of freshness to an outsider, can scarcely be said to have much charm. Nobody pretends that the average English newspaper, with its reports and foreign telegrams and the like, can be taken as a model of style. You will not infrequently read such a slipshod phrase as this,

taken from the *Daily News*. The article is one dealing with the late Sir Joseph Whitworth, "The founder of the greatest educational endowment of this or perhaps any other time."

But my contention is that, on the whole, the American paper is, as to mere writing, inferior to the English, and that the former contains phrases and passages simply impossible in our journals, by reason of their coarseness or grotesqueness of style. Both of which contentions I propose to make good by actual quotations from leading American papers. . . . I give in each case chapter and verse, *i.e.*, newspaper and date; and I am bound to add that my examples are not exceptional, but typical. One only is taken from each journal, as a rule, that I may show how widely spread is the evil. But I have no hesitation in saying that from any one issue of almost any one newspaper as many examples of bad style could be furnished as will be quoted now. The question is whether any one of them, or anything at all parallel to any one of them, would be possible in, say, a leading Manchester, Leicester, Bristol, Newcastle, or Brighton paper.

The vulgarity of alliteration in titles is very frequent. Here are one or two instances. "Gubernatorial Gossip" (gossip about the Government departments in Washington), and "Foreign Farrago" (gossip about affairs generally non-American), were two headings in one and the same paper, the Louisville (Ky.) *Times*, of November 29, 1886. All dates, by the way, of my examples are from the year 1886.

The Pittsburg (Penn.) *Dispatch*, of December 11th, had the lovely head-line "Journalistic Jaggers." The intense beauty of this gave me such a journalistic stagger that "that day I read no more," so I am not now certain whether Jaggers was a gentleman or items of news.

While the late lamentable Colin Campbell case was occupying the pathological and the morbid attention of everybody in England, the ill odor of it reached across the Atlantic, and the American press reeked of the unsavory mess. There were many odd titles given to the daily telegraphed reports. One, as it is a last example of alliterative vulgarity, may be quoted here: "Campbell's Capers;" Indianapolis *Sunday Sentinel*, November 28th.

Of pure vulgarity, unredeemed even by the graces of alliteration, here are a few examples. "A lady takes a tumble." This is the way in which a Louisville paper (name unnoted) of November 30th heralds the fact that Mme. Fursch-Madi, prima donna, fell over a table at rehearsal, a small event, by the way, that threatened deadlocks, dislocations, all sorts of things, in an opera company. "A defeated candidate still wriggling" is the Cincinnati *Enquirer's* (December 8th) neat way of describing some would-be Congressman's personal explanations. "She faces the music," says the Pittsburg *Daily Post*, of December 11th, *à propos* of a lady appearing in a divorce case.

Vulgarity combined with advertisement is dexterously slipped in among the ordinary news by the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, of December 2d. "Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use" Dr. Jaeger's All-wool, or Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorer, or something or other.

The last example of this is not the least, if only for the fact that it is taken from the foremost paper in America, the New York *World*, of December 22d. "Cleveland Blaine is the name of a Mauch Chunk (Penn.) baby. The poor child will probably be subject to gripes all its life."

Not even the horrible can prevent the American jour-

nalist from exercising his smartness of style. It rather seems to stimulate the gentleman. "Popped off in his easy-chair" I read of an aged citizen who died suddenly. "Burned to a crisp" is the appetizing way in which the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, of November 27th, described the slaying by fire of a human being; and a fatal mill-wheel accident became, in the graphic language of the Indianapolis *Sunday Sentinel* (November 28th), "A spin into eternity."

Most of these illustrations are taken from titles of articles. Here is one, or rather, here are three in one, taken from three successive leaders in the Buffalo *Express*, of October 31st. They are the three first sentences of the respective leaders. 1. If there is a man in the country who——. 2. If there is a Republican in Buffalo who——. 3. If there is a nation on the footstool to which——. It would seem that there is only one leader-writer on the Buffalo *Express*.

Lastly, as not unremotely connected with this question of style, let me note that I have seen slips of pen or print passed in American papers that the most careless of readers in England would hardly let go by. The *Exegi monumentum ære perennis* of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, December 1st, is a possible slip that might escape the eye of any but the many-times-bitten writer who uses classical quotations, and scans them severely in his proof. But what is to be said of "*Virgino intacta*" (Louisville paper, name unnoted, November 30th)? Or, finally, of the following in the Louisville *Times*, of November 29th: "The work of Booth and Salvini, has passed into the valhambra of stage classics."

CHAPTER XXI.

A NEW YORK TRAINING COLLEGE.

The stay I made in America did much to disabuse my mind of the idea that, on the whole, they manage things better there than over on the other side of the Atlantic. I never disliked England less than during the few weeks wherein I was brought into contact with American manners and institutions. But upon one matter America is assuredly, in some respects, more happily circumstanced than England. And that is in respect to education.

The complete freeness of American education is in itself a quite immeasurable advantage. The feeling of shame for England is very hearty when one reflects on the condition of things there and compares it with the noble system obtaining in the States. Not only is the education of every child free, but the training of teachers is also without money, and therefore of priceless value. Not one of the sixteen hundred girl-women in the Normal College, New York City, is mulcted in a single cent for the four years' teaching and guidance that her country gives her for her country's good.

On the same steamer as that in which I crossed—the City of Chicago—was Mr. John Jasper, the New York City Superintendent of Schools. I saw but little of Mr. Jasper, except his family, as he was a martyr to seasickness. But next me at the saloon-table sat a young lady who was and is one of the seven tutors in Latin at

the Normal College. I may note, in passing, as a strange instance of Count Fosco's theory of the smallness of the world, that on the last day but one of the voyage we discovered that Miss Marguerite Merington's grandmother had lived in the same London road as my family, and had attended my father's church; and that Miss Merington's uncles and aunts had been the most intimate friends of my elder brothers and sisters. After this, the fact that on the day of my visit to the Normal College, under the guidance of my next-door steamer neighbor, Mr. Jasper happened to drop in, will seem quite an ordinary coincidence.

As I came down from the elevated railroad at the corner of Sixty-seventh Street and Third Avenue, at 8.30 in the morning, hundreds of girls were converging, by this means of communication, by the tram-cars, on foot, and one at least in a buggy, upon the Normal College. Following these, I was within its walls, had found my friend, gone through the momentary formality of an introduction to the principal and the obtaining of his permission to see the place, and was seated in the gallery of the chapel, or assembly-hall, before the third gong had rung. The principal is a man. This, like the completely male constitution of the Board of Education of the city, and of the committee on this special college, seems not quite right. His name is Thomas Hunter. He looks like a clergyman, but is not one. His degree is that of Ph.D.

The gongs are sounded as follows: 1. At 8.45 talking ceases, and students go to their recitation-rooms. A recitation in America is a lesson. 2. At 8.50, roll-call. 3. At 8.55, file into chapel. This third process I witnessed. It was the prettiest sight, and one of the most impressive, I saw in America. The assembly-hall is a large building, with an organ in the gallery that

runs round three-fourths of the walls. Below, on the side facing the organ, in front of the wall that bears no gallery, is a low raised portion of the floor, on which stands the piano, and beyond this a higher dais with a central desk in front. On this the principal, certain male professors (there are six), the lady-superintendent, tutors, and lady-secretary range themselves. Save for these, some half a dozen visitors, and the Professor of Music, Mr. Mangold, seated at the piano playing a dreamy voluntary, the place was empty. On a sudden the voluntary slid into a lively, tripping air, and lines of girls came marching in time to the music from many doors, and down the open lines between the seats. All these single files converged upon the dais, as if the hundreds of girls were about to take their seniors by storm. But at due points the streams turned off, like soldiers marching, and, still to the music, place on place, row on row, was swiftly and quietly filled. Within two minutes, I should think, the floor and galleries were filled with students, standing motionless.

Then the march ended, a loud chord was struck, and 1600 voices broke forth singing an anthem. This over, there was a universal movement, and a clatter of arranging seats, then a universal sitting down, so sudden as to be rather alarming. Amid a very perfect stillness the President read the magnificent fourteenth chapter of Isaiah. I imagine the Old Testament is often laid under contribution, as Jewesses are many among the students. Dr. Hunter has an admirably clear voice, but he read the wonderful poetry very poorly; yet, despite his soulless reading, the words of the Hebrew singer, with their memory-accompaniment of Handel's music, were, in the presence of that audience, with all its overwhelming potentialities, of fitting solemnity.

More music followed, the girls most unphysiologically

sitting this time, and then, on the invitation of the president, students rose in their places and gave quotations from various writers, generally closing them with the author's name, like Dr. Pangloss, in "The Heir-at-Law." Any girl may take part in this exercise, and the choice of the selection is left entirely to her. No quotation must take more than three minutes, and most of the eleven I heard only occupied a fraction of a minute in delivery. Ten minutes form the limit time for all the recitals. Emerson and Shakespeare were the chief literary contributors to this variegated intellectual feast. One girl, with a useful sense of humor, "spoke a piece" about petrified teachers, that I hope went home to the heart of any potential ones of that ilk there present.

Then some half of the girls filed out to the march-tune, and the rest had a singing lesson, in the which Mr. Mangold's chief difficulty was a transatlantic one—the half singing or no singing of certain of the class. In the midst of this our guide returned and bore us off to see the building at large. The college is under the direction of a committee of five, selected from the twenty-three members (counting the clerk) of the Board of Education. Its educational officers are the president, six men professors (English and Latin, physics and mathematics, German, natural [*i.e.*, biological] science, French, music), a superintendent, a secretary, six tutors in mathematics, seven in Latin, three in history, three in French, two in German, two in drawing, two in natural science, and one in each of the following subjects: physics, rhetoric, methods of teaching, calisthenics, composition. Thirty-nine in all. Besides these there are twenty-seven women teachers, only one of whom is married, in connection with the Training Department.

Like all educational establishments in New York, the Normal College is under State control. The act to

provide for its erection was passed by Congress on April 25, 1871, and the building itself was opened in September, 1873. Since that date a constant stream of duly qualified women-teachers has passed from the college to the schools of the city. The hours are 9 to 2 ; the days, Monday to Friday ; the months, September (from the second Monday), when all schools reopen, to the last Thursday in June, with, in addition to the long summer vacation, a week of pause, from the last Monday in April onward. Those who would be students must be legal New Yorkers, must be fourteen years of age, and must pass a fairly stringent entrance examination in spelling, drawing, geography (of the world), history (of the United States), English grammar and composition, arithmetic. The course is a four years' one : introductory, sophomore, senior, junior years. And each year is divided into two terms. The subjects for the years and terms run thus :

Introductory—First Term : Latin, French or German, English, history (of Greece), mathematics (to simple equations), and Euclid II. Second Term : The same subjects, the history that of Rome, the mathematics reaching as far as radicals or factors, and Euclid IV.

Sophomore—First : The same three languages, history (linking on ancient and modern, and English from Cæsar's time to that of George I.), quadratics, mechanics, botany. Second : The languages, history (English up to present time, and French contemporary), Euclid V., elements of solid geometry and conic sections, physics, botany, physiology.

Junior—First : Languages, history (United States), higher arithmetic, astronomy, botany, physiology, methods of teaching. Second : Languages, elocution, the three science subjects, teaching.

Senior—First : Languages, physics, geology, ethics,

mental philosophy, and teaching. Second: As its predecessor, plus physical geography, drawing and music, run through all eight terms, and practice in the Training Department through the last four.

Promotion at the end of each first term is made on the class-marks; that at the end of each year on a written examination in connection with the class-marks. Seventy-five per cent. of the maximum are in each case necessary to secure promotion. Diplomas of graduation are granted by the Committee of the College to all graduates of it, after due examination by the tutors and professors. The actual license to teach is granted by the City Superintendent, my co-traveller, after special examination held in the college under his supervision.

Five minutes are allowed between the consecutive "recitations," and a recess of thirty minutes at noon. During these periods, talking is allowed. A quarter of an hour twice a week in the calisthenium is compulsory, except in special cases. The most minute directions as to what everybody is to do in case of fire are given to teachers and to taught.

There are two lecture-rooms—one for physical, the other for biological, science—thirty class-rooms, three lunch-rooms for the women-teachers, one for the professors, one each for the lady-superintendent, the secretary, the principal. Each seat in the lecture-theatres has an admirable arrangement for note-taking, if need be, that is not in the way of the student. As yet there is no library, but sixteen hundred dollars has been got together by the Alumni Institution for the founding of one.

I attended three lessons or fractions of three lessons. I heard Mr. Gillet, the Professor of Physics, giving the students of the fourth year, first term, a lesson on shunts. His method was clear, if somewhat too rapid.

He made the $\frac{1}{9}$, $\frac{1}{99}$, $\frac{1}{999}$, that are at first so great a trouble to the student, very understandable. I noticed that he asked his class collective, not individual, questions—not a good method, I think. This lecture-theatre was well supplied with apparatus, but at present there is no arrangement by which students can use the physical instruments and make the chemical experiments themselves.

Next I heard Miss Alice B. Rich give a lesson in botany to the students of the second year, first term. A steady, reliable teacher, well up in her subject and in teaching methods. The work here was practical; actual flowers were dissected. The only thing marring it was the fact that the selection of the particular plant to be brought to the class had been left “to the taste and fancy of the student.” Hence, they were provided with many different flowers, and, after the manner of beginners, had for the most part armed themselves with specimens of the order *Compositæ*. An herbarium, collected by the girls themselves, is in course of formation.

Lastly, I was present at a portion of a lesson in composition by Miss Mary Willard, a solid, steadfast, kindly teacher. She was teaching by the true method: drawing out, by individual questions, the thinking powers of her children, making *them* observe, reflect, generalize. I might not agree with Miss Willard's definitions (not given, but literally educed from the students) of poetry, coloring, feeling, and the like, and I might take exception to her habit, at times, of asking a “What” question—as, “Now, that line of prose is deficient in what?”—but I recognized the practised and thorough teacher in all her work.

One thing, I think, is worth altering in the classes—that is the addressing of each girl as Miss A or Miss

B. I suppose this is the American "Sir" carried into scholastic life.

A stained-glass window keeps in memory the sad event of the death of three teachers in 1883, within ten days—Pauline M. Ebecke, Selina Godwin, Eliza M. Philips. The artistic excellence of this window is hardly as commendable as the feeling that called it into being.

Coming out from this magnificent building filled with its crowds of future teachers and mothers, and reflecting that all this teaching was given them absolutely free of cost, my thoughts went across the seas to England, and took the word-form—"How long, oh, Education, how long!"

CHAPTER XXII.

BOSTON SCHOOLS.

In this chapter I propose to give (1) a few facts of cosmopolitan interest in regard to the Boston schools as a whole ; (2) an account of a visit to one especial building in which three of these are located. These three are a Manual Training School, the Boys' Public Latin School, the Boys' English High School. For my opportunity of seeing these, and for facilities in becoming acquainted with many details of the Boston school system not actually seen by me, I am indebted to Edwin P. Seaver, City Superintendent of Schools.

There are in Boston five sets of public schools : primary, grammar, high, special, evening. The primary are one hundred and forty-five in number ; the time of school life three years. The grammar are fifty-one in number ; the time of school life six years. The high schools, under which are here included the Normal Training College, for girls, and the Public Latin, for girls and also for boys, are eleven, with a school life of three years. To these last students can only pass from the grammar schools, by virtue of a diploma. The five special schools are two for manual training, the Horace Mann school for the deaf, two cooking schools. The evening schools are thirteen elementary, one high. All these are absolutely free, and all books and appliances for the scholars are supplied free of cost. And yet, there is no public kindergarten. A Mrs. Shaw has shown

practically, however, that kindergartens can be carried on successfully under private direction, and that parents are anxious to send to them their children. From that which my friend Mr. Seaver has written, and has said to me privately, it will not be long before public kindergartens will be founded in Boston, as they have been in other cities of the States.

On January 31, 1886, the Boston primary schools had 24,888 pupils; grammar, 30,082; high, 2,743; in all, 57,713. The population of Boston was, in 1880, 390,406. The school population (between the ages of five and fifteen) was, in May, 1885, 68,702. In May, 1885, according to this same census, 52,445 of these were in public schools, 8,352 in private or parochial schools, and 7,905 were not in school at all during the year. Of the 7,905 non-attendants, 5,435 were five or six years of age, 1,300 between seven and thirteen, and 1,700 were fourteen years of age. Over these 7,905 absentees Mr. Seaver's mind is sorely exercised, and as to the 8,352 in schools other than the public ones, he is almost as greatly concerned. For he apparently holds, and holds strongly, the opinion that private, and especially that parochial, schools are unsatisfactory, or worse. Not a few of the cases of absenteeism are directly traceable to the terrible competitive system under which we live—and die. Thus, in many cases “extreme destitution, with sickness or death of one or both parents,” was the comment of the truant-officer. In a yet larger number of instances “there was no *reported* distress, but undoubtedly the family circumstances were such as to make detention from school highly desirable, even for the sake of the small wages the children could earn. In his sixth annual report, that for 1886, Mr. Seaver says, “There are many cases where the grim struggle for existence in-

volves every child in the family old enough to earn a dime."

The truant-officers—akin to our School Board visitors—made in November, 1885, a canvass of the establishments in Boston where children were employed. The result, sad as it is absolutely, would certainly compare favorably with that of any similar canvass made in an English city or town. Two thousand two hundred and eighty-eight children were found. Of these, 1,023 were fifteen years old; 857 were fourteen; 272 were thirteen; 136 were twelve.

Two other general points out of the many interesting ones that offer may be touched upon before I pass to the more special account of the schools visited by me in Boston. One is the number of pupils per teacher; the other, home-lessons. The standard number of pupils to a teacher in the primary and grammar schools is 56. In January, 1886, the average size of the divisions of the second class in the primary schools was $55\frac{2}{10}$ pupils; of the divisions of the first class, $52\frac{7}{10}$; of the divisions of the lowest (sixth) class in grammar schools, $53\frac{7}{10}$; second class, $50\frac{4}{10}$; first class, $38\frac{6}{10}$. Here, then, the higher the scale of the teaching, the smaller the class. And this leads Mr. Seaver to a singularly clear, logical, and judicial investigation of the vexed question—should the abler and more practised teachers have the lower or the higher grades, the larger or the smaller classes? The arguments on all sides I need not repeat. The summing-up of an observer so dispassionate and so experienced as Mr. Seaver I can give for what it is worth, and that is a great deal. He regards the custom of making small divisions for upper-class teachers and large ones for lower-class teachers as bad.

As to home-lessons, four-fifths of the pupils, *i.e.*, all in the primary and in the sixth, fifth, and fourth classes

of the grammar schools, have no home-lessons at all. One-fifth, *i.e.*, the pupils in the third, second, and first classes of the grammar, and in all of the high schools, have home-lessons. As to these, the regulation limits them for the grammar school upper classes to such lessons "as a scholar of good capacity can learn in an hour's study." None is to be studied in the month of June. Holidays extend from the beginning of July to the end of August. Here, again, it is not necessary to give the data upon which Mr. Seaver founds his conclusion. His conclusion is that the rule is reasonable.

For the high schools (not inclusive of the two Latin and the Normal Training) hitherto the amount of home-work has been left to the discretion of the teachers. A new regulation is now proposed, prescribing a limit time of two hours. In the Latin and Normal there is, of course, a special case to deal with, and special rules are necessary. Certain work *must* be done by those preparing for college (nearly equivalent to our university) or for teaching. If the student cannot do this work, he or she must give it up. The limit time for each pupil must here be determined by the particular circumstances of each particular case. But if that limit is too circumscribed to allow of the work being done by the individual student the attempt to prepare for college or for teaching had better be, in that special case, abandoned.

One final paragraph in this connection may be quoted. It is, I fear, of wider application than the limits of Boston City. It may come home to some of us at home. "On the whole, I am inclined to believe that the rules [as to home-lessons] are generally well observed; but that indiscreet zeal or mistaken judgment in teachers makes transgressions more frequent than they ought to be."

At the rooms of the Board in Mason Street, Boston, soon after nine o'clock, one morning in the fall, Mr. Seaver was waiting for me. We set out at once by tram-car and a little walking to Warren Avenue. The way was beguiled by much pleasant talk of the informing kind. Our superintendent has six supervisors under him. These are the equivalents of our school inspectors. I should have written "had," or else "five" instead of six, for within the week one had died, and her funeral was to take place that very morning. This one woman of the six was Miss Lucretia Crocker, of whom all spoke well. Her especial work had been the supervising of observation lessons, geography, astronomy, botany, zoölogy, sewing. It had been most thoroughly, most conscientiously done. "I hope," said Mr. Seaver, "we shall have another woman in her place, though such another we can hardly expect."

The magnificent building on Warren Avenue is a double school. The Boys' Public Latin and English High schools are here under the same roof. Nay, in a sense, it is a treble school. For the first thing I am shown is a carpenter's shop, on the ground-floor. Here is the manual training school that until September of this year was the only one of its kind in the city of Boston. For two years this one has been at work with the most satisfactory results. Here every week two hundred boys have a lesson of two hours' length. They come in twenty at a time, each batch of twenty from one of ten selected grammar schools. The new manual school, whose foundation was warranted by the striking success of this one, is connected with one grammar school only. The boys to attend this course of instruction are chosen by the head masters of the respective schools that furnish the contingents. No practical inconvenience has followed from the conjunction

of this kind of training with the ordinary educational work, and the effect on the boys has been admirable. The desire of the boys who attend the school one year to come again the next is one of the best evidences of the success of the undertaking. Those that I saw busy at their play-work seemed most happily and healthily absorbed in it. And it is very interesting to hear that in one year, with only this one lesson of two hours per week, a boy can make a very creditable chest of drawers. This is an answer at once to those who object that nothing practical can be effected by a small devotion of time to manual instruction, and to those who uphold the system of over-work of the individual laborer to-day, on the ground that without ten or more hours' toil for three hundred or more days in each of thirty or forty years a man cannot acquire skill!

Above the carpenter's shop is the Latin school. Here boys are preparing for college. Side by side with it is the English high school. Here boys are preparing for commerce and the life of the store. The two, in a word, represent our classical and modern sides. In 1844 they were founded in, or, as the Americans say, on, Bedford Street. In 1881 (February 22d) the present building was formally dedicated. At that ceremony Ralph Waldo Emerson was present. Emerson did not speak that 22d of February. But the eloquent and simple words that day spoken by men of Massachusetts and America must almost have made amends even for his silence.

The Latin school fronts on Warren Avenue; the English on Montgomery Street. Both these thoroughfares run off Dartmouth Street. The brief description that follows applies to the whole building, *i.e.*, to the two schools. Length, 423 feet; breadth, 220 feet. School-rooms, or class-rooms, as we should call them,

forty-eight in number : twenty on the first, twenty on the second, eight on the third floor. Each room is 32 feet long, 24 feet wide, 14 feet high. It has two doors on the corridor side, four windows facing these ; two top-lights for ventilation over the doors ; two high-lights on hinges between them. The pupils (thirty-five typically in number, seven rows of five each) face the teacher's platform and have the windows on their left. Under the windows are cupboards for coats and caps. A similar cupboard in the end-wall behind the platform is for the teacher—for his use, of course, I mean.

The assembly-halls are on the third floor in the central part of the building. There is one for each school, seating, amphitheatre fashion, eight hundred and fifty. The libraries, one for each school, are on the first floor. Above them, on the second floor, are the science lecture-halls. One of these has an off-room devoted to physical apparatus ; the other, a kindred room devoted to natural history specimens.

Each school has a teacher's conference and a teacher's reception room, a head master's office, a janitor's (*Anglice*, porter's) room on the first floor ; and on the second, the janitor's dwelling-rooms. The basement has, besides local habitations for boilers and fuel, a covered playground.

Common to the two schools is a drill-hall on the level of the street ; 130 (floor), 160 (roof), by 62 by 30 feet, are the dimensions. Lastly, in a building detached, architecturally speaking, are the chemical lecture-hall, laboratory, and accessory rooms. The whole building is fire-proof.

As to the furniture of the class-rooms. On three sides are blackboards ; an electric dial in each room, driven by one central clock, gives the time. A rather too grand bookcase, an oak teachers' desk and Queen

Anne chair, and the scholars' desks and chairs, complete the normal inventory. The scholar's desk and chair are almost universally of the Boston high school pattern. The desk is of cherry-wood; the chair of maple. The former is 26 inches long, 20 inches wide at the top. The fall lid has a width of 15 inches, and a slope of $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch. The front flat lid is 5 inches wide, ending in front in the hollow for pens and pencils and a vertical board $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in height. The ink-wells are those known as the "Best," invented by A. D. Albee. Nothing short of a diagram could explain the excellence of their design.

On the day of my visit the Latin school was given over to a declamation. We should call it recitations, but American pedagogy has used that word up already. The declamation was going on rather lethargically in the assembly-hall. The head master, Mr. Moses Merrill, sat on the platform, gave out the name and declaimer of each declamation, as if they were hymns, and then subsided into a state of apparent somnolence. Each boy came on, bowed as if he had a hinge in his waist, and broke out into Webster at Bunker Hill or The Missouri Compromise. No applause was allowed to the hundreds of boys, with many negro faces and a master here and there scattered among them. The programme was far too heavy—only one piece in seventeen having a suspicion of humor about it. Altogether, it was a dull affair.

In the English high school the classes were in full swing of work. The hours are from 9 to 2, with two recesses: one short one, another of a quarter of an hour at 11.45 for lunch. The time is divided up into five lesson-hours. Only a few notes are, by reason of space, possible to me on this most interesting school. The question-and-answer method is much in vogue.

Hands are raised by those clamorous to correct or supplement a companion's reply. Each boy answering or trying to answer rises in his place. Some of the teachers sit to teach. The best, as usual, stand, and often walk to and fro. In many classes, notably a geometry one (they do not use Euclid, by the way, but Chauvenet), a kindly and useful criticism by the pupils one of the other was well carried out.

The German and French teaching, by a Mr. Babson, was of the best. Passages were learned by heart and the translation of them filled out by grammatical study of the sentences committed to memory. It was odd to hear the turning of *Der Tannenbaum* into American, and *Je suis très malade* rendered "I am very sick." Not less odd was it to hear old Greek stories told, and well told, with an American twang.

The English teacher, Mr. Luther Anderson, is of a good school. He reads his Shakespeare with the boys, or rather makes them read it, *without notes*. The only three points on which adverse criticism on the methods of teaching can be passed are the sedentary teacher, the allowing geometry students to refer to a proposition by number and not by enunciation, and the habit, among some of the teachers, of dwelling too long upon one boy. But we all of us are inclined to do that if strangers are present and the boy is one of our brightest pupils.