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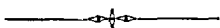
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Himself for us," and who, "though He was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich."

J. EUSTACE BRENNAN.



#### ART. IV.—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICA AND AMERICANS.

FOR the man whose brain is overworked, and whose nervous system is consequently below par, a trip to America will do more in the way of recuperative power than all the drugs in the Pharmacopœia put together. I should advise any man who feels out of harmony with himself, and possibly with the world around him, to pack up his portmanteau—let it be a small one—and secure a "state cabin" on one of the first-class steamers which leave Liverpool two or three times a week for New York. From the moment he arrives at Prince's Dock in Liverpool he will experience a new train of associations. The hum and bustle at the landing-stage, arising from the heterogeneous assemblage of passengers, porters, sailors, servants, mingled with the shrill and discordant note of steam-whistles on every side of him, will at first, perhaps, produce a little bewildering excitement. Piles of "baggage"—Americans never call it luggage—of every conceivable shape, and secured by an endless variety of locks, straps, and cordage, are being skilfully stowed away on the deck of the "tender;" and after a prolonged and final warning, off they go to the big ship lying in the Mersey. The moment you put a foot on the steamer's deck you begin to breathe freely, assuming that you are an over-taxed man, and all your great and little cares and worries insensibly ooze out at your fingers' ends.

For about half an hour there is an indescribable hurryscurry on board. Some are looking for their sleeping apartments, others for their seat at table—a luxury often of very short-lived duration, as they know to their cost whose sailing qualities are not very pronounced—others are taking leave of their friends, while the captain is signing the ship's papers, and is discussing topics connected with the business department of the company with one or two of the directors. We are under weigh before we are aware of it; and the waving of handkerchiefs, the moistened eye and trembling lip, indicate that the returning tender is taking back those who have come to see the last of the friends outward bound. By-and-by a visit of inspection is paid to the state cabin, which for nine or ten days is to be the principal place of rest of the tourist, in

company with some person or persons hitherto unknown whom chance has directed to be his fellow-occupant of the same apartment. If you are lucky enough, and are blessed with more money than you want for your ordinary purposes of life, you have managed to secure the cabin of the captain, or one of the officers for extra consideration; but if not so fortunate, you must take your chance for better or for worse in the ordinary cabin, which contains two, four, or six passengers. The present rate is thirty, thirty-five, or forty-five guineas on the Cunard Line for a return ticket. On my first voyage I was very unlucky, as I could get no place on board except in the stern near the "screw," and in that part of the ship where the light was dim, and the motion, especially in a stiff gale, far from agreeable, and yet it cost me twenty-six pounds for a single voyage. My companion was a Russian gentleman, attached to the Embassy at Washington. That voyage was his first acquaintance with "life on the ocean wave." The first thing which caught my eye on entering my cabin was a full-sized violoncello in its bulky case lying full length on the floor. It was anything but a satisfactory arrangement; but my Russian co-partner of the cabin so courteously entreated to be allowed to retain it that I willingly consented.

Twelve days and nights were passed in the good old ship *Cuba* with the varying fortunes of life at sea, when, on the 8th of September, we arrived at New York. It was my singular good-fortune to meet with some very agreeable American companions, between whom and myself there has ever since existed an intimate friendship. American hospitality is proverbial. There is a whole-heartedness about it not often experienced in our colder clime. I shall never forget my earliest impressions of New York. The day was bright with sunshine, not a cloud to be seen, yet not too hot. Everything seemed to me so new and interesting that it was like going back to the days of one's youth, when "the wild freshness of morning" tinges every object around us with that delightful sense which springs up from the enjoyment of mere existence. Soon after landing I was conveyed, with three others, in an old-fashioned roomy carriage, horses and all, on a ferry-boat across the river, a fact of which we were not conscious till getting to the New York side. Within a few minutes I found myself located in the "Brevoort House," Fifth Avenue, the proprietor of which was universally esteemed by the general citizens, and valued by the friends who had the privilege of knowing him in private—the late Mr. C. B. Waite. He was not merely the proprietor of an hotel in a business point of view, but the considerate host of all his guests. He sank the man of business in the friend, and he studied the interests of travellers with the most unselfish and disinterested

feelings. The untoward death of his eldest daughter, by the sinking of the ill-fated steamship *Ville de Havre*—in which his eldest son, the present proprietor, and I, had taken our passage in 1873—so affected his spirits that his health gave way, and, though a man of Herculean bodily frame, his sensitive nature never recovered from the shock.

He was the most successful American who ever “ran an hotel.” He seemed intuitively to understand what travellers wanted, and especially English travellers. After tossing wearily for many days and nights on a very treacherous ocean, it was like entering Paradise, after life’s “fitful fever,” to enjoy the peaceful repose and pleasant surroundings of the “Brevoort House” in the Fifth Avenue.

American hotels are institutions unlike anything of the kind in Europe. There are two kinds. As a rule they are called “houses”—such, for example, as the “Brevoort House,” the best hotel *facile princeps* in the world; the “Revere House” in Boston; the “Sherman House” in Chicago; the “Lick House” in San Francisco. Some are conducted on the American system, others on the European. In the first, such as the “Fifth Avenue Hotel” in New York, you pay from four to five dollars, inclusive of everything except wine. Meals are at fixed hours, and if you do not attend at the appointed time you must pay extra. The other hotels are on the European plan: you dine and breakfast *à la carte*. In that case you can have what you please, and regulate your own expenditure; to an Englishman this plan is infinitely preferable to the other. I spent ten days on my first visit, and three weeks to a month subsequently at the Brevoort House; and before I had been there a week I had begun to experience the invigorating influences of the bright clear bracing atmosphere of New York, considerably assisted by the hospitable attentions of the proprietor, and the unusually attractive *cuisine* under his special management. After ten days’ residence in this home of luxury and repose I started out West, and arrived just in time to witness the “big fire” of Chicago. That was the most awful, and at the same time the grandest, spectacle of its kind that I ever witnessed. It would take more space than I can command to give a description of it, and therefore I must content myself by remarking, that to see a city on fire, about four and a half miles in one direction, and a mile and a half in another, was a sight unusually impressive.

After spending four months wandering over the United States and Canada, partly with the desirable object of “prospecting,” with the view of the possible settling of young men—personally interesting to me—as members of my own family, in some fairly remunerative position, I came to the conclusion,

after considerable reflection, aided by facts and the matured advice of old-established Americans who had acquired colossal fortunes, that if a young man can be sent to an English university, and afterwards to a profession, it is a far better provision for him than to send him out on a haphazard venture to America, with the prospect of leading a Bohemian life on some wild but fertile prairie; or running the gauntlet between working in a "store," following sheep on a "mustang" all day long, planting vines, digging mines, cattle-ranching, or some other of the manifold varieties of American employment which so temptingly present themselves to young men of an ardent temperament and love for physical excitement. We hear only of the successful adventurers; those who have collapsed are seldom, if ever, mentioned. I am now alluding only to young men of capital, who have the means at their disposal of entering a profession at home. If they have no money, and that their object is to procure a livelihood by hook or by crook, then, no doubt, America offers a wider field for that purpose than Great Britain. It has, moreover, the additional advantage of enabling a man to earn his bread in positions where he can be self-reliant, without shocking the feudal sensibilities of his "respectable" friends and relations. The dignity of labour is nowhere more fully recognised than in America. It makes no difference what may be a man's occupation; nothing is considered by sensible people menial or undignified provided it makes and keeps a man honourable and honest. Young men of very good families in this country will do many things in a foreign land to earn their bread from which they would indignantly shrink in England from a feeling of family pride—false pride. They will consider no form of manual labour disreputable which enables them to maintain a position of self-respect based on self-reliance. I have been the guest of the nephew of a baronet on the lonely prairie of Illinois, and I saw him and his "chum," the son of a London rector, working in the field like "common men." They milked the cows, fed the pigs, cleaned the stables and the pigsties, drove their carts to market, sowed the corn, and afterwards "husked" it with their own hands; and uncommonly hard work husking is for delicate hands. In a word, they were their own proprietors, and their own farm-servants. They had one man, an emigrant from Devonshire, who "helped" them at thirty dollars a month and his "keep." He had been day-labourer in England, but in Illinois he sat with his masters at the same table, and took his share with them in the work of the farm. There was no difference that I could see, except that the gentlemen put a little more heart into their service, and made more frequent "spurts" to finish up some heavy job.

My young friends were very happy. They worked all day, from light to light, and, when supper was over, they sat round the fire drinking uncommonly good coffee, and smoking in moderation some uncommonly good tobacco. Their bodies were as hard as nails, their faces bronzed like Red Indians, their appetites fit for an alderman, and their sleep as sound and sweet as a day of healthy labour in the most delightful of climates could secure for honest working-men.

Their farm consisted of 360 acres, of which about 200 were under cultivation. They had quite enough of land for their manual resources; and unquestionably, if a young man, educated amid the refinements of life, could content himself with such a mode of existence, cut off in a great measure from the sympathies of human nature and of society around him, the prairie farm offers many solid advantages. The difficult knot to cut in all such cases is the prospect of family relationship. Marriage with a young "squaw" would hardly be according to the fitness of things; and to ask a young English girl to face the realities of a prairie home would involve grave responsibilities. Some few young ladies have dared to leave a comfortable English home for the free-and-easy life of the prairie homestead—what will not love do?—but I fear that the resolve was taken in a moment of illusion, and that "the fairy hope" took wings at the moment of disenchantment.

I have seen with my own eyes stern facts in the far Western States—in California, Colorado, etc.—where, with every possible advantage of soil and climate, life was not all plain sailing, as the advertisements announce to intending emigrants. Hard work—work of the hardest kind, amid much that was unpleasant and little that was hopeful—often tries the temper and sours the disposition. Incessant toil, which only gives the *modus vivendi*, but not much margin in the way of savings, after a time tells its tale on the mind. Many who at home were surrounded by the softening influences of social amenities, after a year or two become restless and discontented. The fact which struck me as most worthy of notice was the paucity of American-born citizens in any occupation involving manual labour. I never knew a native American engaged as coachman, or "driver," as they call him, or as day-labourer on a farm. They are too well educated for the competition of muscle against mind, unless on their own account. They take higher flights than farm service or hotel waiters, and find employment as mercantile clerks or assistants in dry-goods stores, or conductors on railways, while they leave "the hewing of wood and drawing of water" to the newly-arrived emigrants from the Old World who can neither read nor write, or, at least, who are insufficiently educated.

I should strongly advise any young man, without capital, not to go to America in order to settle down in the wild unsocialities of the Western prairies. Better far to remain in the large cities and obtain some mercantile post, with the view of acquiring an independent position, than to work in the Rocky Mountains at thirty dollars a month and his "board." I have known Cambridge men, near Denver City, engaged as "helps" on those terms, with little or no prospect of ulterior advantages, and bitterly they deplored their error in going there without capital. It is no doubt a wild life of excitement while it lasts; but without money it is a *cul de sac*—it leads to nothing of a permanent or lucrative character.

I am constrained to say, that in several instances which came under my immediate observation, it would seem that English parents are much to blame for allowing their sons—provided they have any control over them—to enter upon such a wild-goose chase without carefully weighing the consequences. It is to be feared, and it is painful to say it, that there are parents whose object seems to be attained if only their sons are off their hands, even though it be in some wild, rough occupation, anywhere out of Europe. Week after week I read advertisements, from some agricultural company, purporting to secure employment for gentlemen's sons, on the moderate outlay of £50 for passage-money; and, on arrival at the farmer's house, they are to be lodged and boarded and taught farming, besides receiving, in our money, £12 a year to enable them to buy clothes. It reminds me of the old advertisement of a rival barber, who, in order to attract customers from his neighbour's shop, ostentatiously announced on his sign-board: "What do you think? I'll shave you for nothing, and give you some drink." The idea of any respectable farmer undertaking to pay a raw lad so much a year, and at the same time "find him in everything," is no doubt a tempting bait to parents with a large family. But the fact simply stated, means, in plain English, that it is a cleverly disguised "dodge" to procure farm-servants at a very small outlay. Of course they teach their *employés* something. They can see how farms are managed, and they can have the additional privilege of being permitted to work with their own hands as much as they please, and to discharge all those offices which at home would be done by a day-labourer. I am glad to think that I have opened the eyes of some parents in this country to the folly of such a mode of provision for their sons, before they had finally come to terms with the plausible agents of these farming associations. If a young man wants to learn agriculture, there are plenty of well-to-do farmers of repute, who, for a fair consideration, would be willing to take a gentleman's son

to live in his family, and treat him properly. But the idea of paying a lad so much a year, instead of the lad paying so much by way of "fee" to the farmer, only suggests the idea of Grecian tactics—"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

Education in American schools is becoming every day more and more consolidated. Any American citizen can procure for his son the very best education, from first to last, without costing him a single cent for books, stationery, or anything. On the same form, side by side, may be seen the son of a bricklayer's labourer and the son of some rich banker or successful merchant prince. Whether for evil or for good, American institutions are already influencing the atmosphere of the social and political life of Old England. Little by little American notions are moulding the thoughts of the lower classes in Great Britain, and in Ireland too. Republican sentiments are already working their way among the masses at home. Like the shadow on the dial, which we cannot see actually in motion, but by taking a segment of the dial-plate and marking the progress made in the course of a few hours, we can easily perceive that the shadow has moved—so, by comparison, we can trace a marked alteration in popular feeling as to education and political opinions, if we go back, say thirty years ago, and note the progress of events. By taking certain breadths of time we can, without difficulty, ascertain that a very great change has come over the minds of the English public in the direction of assimilation with American ideas.

There can be no doubt that the Americans are a prosperous people, and their country is destined to play a very important part, if, indeed, it is not now doing so, in the future history of the human race. The young Republic has rapidly risen into power, and already it has entered into successful competition with England in commercial activity and manufacturing industry. The importation of cattle from America has injured the farmer at home. Prices for cattle have been kept down, although strangely enough the price of meat has gone up. But this is mainly owing to a combination among the retail dealers. In New York or Philadelphia, in the meat-market, one must pay at least thirteence a pound for prime joints of beef; and if so, cattle will always find a ready market in America without interfering unduly with the markets in England. The cry is, "Still they come!"

The Americans have not only utilized the improvements of European ingenuity, but they have considerably enlarged the sphere of inventive genius, from the very nature of the circumstances attendant on the development of the varied resources of their country. It is only when Englishmen have



visited America, and by personal experience have become familiar with the everyday life of the people, that they are competent to form a definite opinion upon this subject. Too often conclusions are arrived at from very insufficient or inaccurate data. From the standpoint of actual observation, after mingling freely with Americans and seeing them, not as prejudice supposes them to be, but as they really are, it is impossible to withhold from them the praise which is so justly connected with energy and perseverance under more than ordinary difficulties.

Just conceive that here is a nation which has started into vigorous existence within a century, and that during this brief period the offscourings of all nations have, like a mighty tide, been incessantly flowing into every part of it. No doubt some of the Old World's social ornaments have also found their way thither, but the poverty-stricken—the uneducated and ignorant—have formed the staple commodity of the emigrants. This influx of people to the United States resembles the description given by the Roman historian when alluding to the character and the condition of those who flocked around the standard of Catiline. The discontented, the needy, the lawless, those in debt, the men who could not work because they would not, came, says Sallust, pouring into Rome. Now, *mutatis mutandis*, America is, in the same way in a great measure, indebted to the surplus population of the Old World. For, although, all along, many men of good position and high attainments have migrated to the far West, and from the very first have secured a certain social status, and made their influence felt, still these persons are the exception and not the rule. It is well known that in England a few years ago, when some "young gentleman" had run a wild and restless career of extravagance and folly—wearing out the patience and almost the affection of his family—the climax of his erratic conduct was reached by going to America. A sum of money, sufficient to carry him across the Atlantic and keep him from starving for a few weeks after his arrival, was placed at his disposal, and then this luckless scion of respectability was shipped off to another soil.

The number of such emigrants has been considerable. And when viewed in its true proportions this almost forced captivity in a foreign land has effected a double blessing. The young adventurer relieved the feelings and the sensibilities of his friends by voluntary exile, where he could no longer occasion heart-burnings by publicly tarnishing the traditions of feudal pride; while he greatly benefited himself by the merciful arrangement of being compelled to do something to earn an honest livelihood.

When will Englishmen learn to respect the dignity of honest labour, and to feel that there is no condition of life low or menial, if it only tends to make and keep a man honest and trustworthy? The feudal system, though a great benefit in many ways, has, with regard to the disparagement of honest though humble industry, a good deal to answer for. A lord who cannot pay his debts is flattered because he is a lord, while the hard-working tradesman who keeps "a dry-goods store," and never is indebted to any man, is looked down upon with an air of cold exclusiveness. And yet, by a strange anomaly, when that very tradesman has made a large fortune and retired from business, he, in his turn, will be permitted to enter the magic precincts of respectability, provided he can be found in any way useful to the ornaments of society.

I knew a West-end tradesman who was the architect of his own fortune. He began life without a shilling, but afterwards became a millionaire. He could hardly speak his mother-tongue correctly, and it was with difficulty he could write it without doing violence to the plainest rules of grammar. But he kept "open house"—and a very fine house he had—gave grand entertainments, subscribed largely to all charities, and was most liberal every way. One or two of "the Upper Ten" in time patronized him, and soon others, like a flock of sheep, went upon the same "run," and his house became a rendezvous for rank and fashion. His humble origin and defects in orthography and grammar were no bar to his adoption by people of rank—people who, apart from his great wealth, would look upon him a very far off indeed!

There are many instances of well-born young men who would have died in England rather than engage in hard work for their living, yet they unhesitatingly have undertaken very humble employment in America.

The largest proportion of emigrants has been from the ranks of the humbler classes of the Old World. They have gone thither in the hope of "bettering themselves." Without any fixed plan, they have thrown themselves at haphazard on the shores of the far country to do their best. Unable to read their mother-tongue, or even to speak it correctly, these uneducated classes came to their new homes as pioneers in the field of labour.

It is very remarkable to notice the effect which is produced even in the second generation of the most boorish of the Old World's population. Men who forty years ago wore smock-frocks in Old England, and were starved out from want of work and the imperious exigencies of a large and increasing family, are now rich and respectable, while their sons are still richer and filling some of the most important positions in the

country. The writer has become acquainted with several Americans, whose traditional history in England for centuries past may be summed up "in the short and simple annals of the poor." One case, which may be selected as a type of a large class, admits of the following description: A poor labourer in Somersetshire left his home in the year 1840, as a steerage passenger in one of the old emigrant ships. He could neither read nor write—a mere serf, like so many of his race in the old country. He settled in the State of Ohio, and, "after many a toilsome step and slow," he raised himself to a position of honourable independence. His son, born in America in the same year in which his father arrived there, is now in his forty-first year, and yet he has amassed what in England would be considered an enormous fortune.

But the pecuniary portion of this young man's history is not the most singular feature of the case. It is the complete alteration, both physical and moral, that is presented by him. He is the second generation, and yet there does not exist a single feature in his physique of the well-known Anglo-Saxon type. He is tall, thin, lanky, sallow, and, in short, thoroughly unlike in every respect what he would have been had he been "raised" in the South of England on his father's cottage-floor. But he is transparently intelligent, and he is fitted to do the world's work in the best possible manner in which it can be done. Already he has acquired by his own industry and perseverance a capital of £500,000. And there was really nothing very peculiar in his career beyond the fact that at eleven years of age he began to work, and, after the fashion of American enterprise and perseverance, he won his way, climbing from branch to branch, till he finally reached the top of the tree—an eminence to which he never could have attained in the surroundings of his father's home in England. It is this scope for the development of the inventive and intellectual faculties, or even of the mere material forces of physical muscularity in necessary labour, which opens up to men of every caste, condition, and constitution the almost boundless resources of the great American Continent.

Under ordinary circumstances in the old nations of the world, the influx of such a multitude of heterogeneous characters could hardly fail to do mischief. Not so in America. Whether the new-comer be German, French, Italian, Scotch, English, or Irish, after a brief sojourn in the United States he generally lays aside his distinctive badge of nationality, and, both in name and nature, is identified with "the people" in the land of his adoption. All nationalities are fused in one crucible, and the mass on cooling is unmistakably American. This is one source of the strength and vastness of the American

Republic. If to this be added the universal diffusion of education among the masses, we have the real solution of the whole problem connected with national prosperity and cohesion. It is the experiment of government on the co-operative principle. The variety of these nationalities being merged in the unity of a common government, not only animates them with a common impulse, but confers upon them the dignity and personal responsibility of American citizens. Thus the merchant risks, the lawyer pleads, the soldier fights, the scholar studies, and the mechanic toils, feeling that all ranks and classes are moulded into singularity by the plastic hand of reciprocal interests. The cement which binds this fortuitous concourse of nationalities together is "the government of the people by the people, and for the people." The old feudal element—which places an impassable barrier between the peasant and the peer, making the former little better than a mere serf—has no recognised existence in America. The result is that the poor emigrant feels, after breathing the free air of American independence, that he is no longer a mere cipher in the world. He is free to think and speak as he likes, provided that he keeps within the bounds of law and order. There is no class legislation. Hereditary caste has no existence. Rank at last seems to him to be but the "guinea's stamp—the man's the gold for a' that." This free growth of true manhood is one of the most powerful ingredients in the strength of the commonwealth. A man is a man if he be willing to toil, and there is nothing degrading in any position in life, however humble. Labour has a dignity which reduces all men to the level of a common brotherhood.

Owing to various causes there are doubtless the same tendencies to exclusiveness, the same desire at isolation of class or "set," the same hankering after the formation of artificial boundaries between an aristocracy of wealth and the commonalty. But there are checks and barriers erected against the inroads of social despotism that prevent the arrogance of any one section of society.

If the high social standard, the refined taste, the easy, well-bred gentleness of manners, and the delicate and dignified reserve of Englishmen and Englishwomen be not as frequently witnessed on the other side of the Atlantic, yet there certainly is more friendliness, more unselfish hospitality, and more personal attention to strangers than in the Old Country. The American is more abrupt and less formal in his address than an Englishman; but he is also more susceptible, more impressionable, more prone to take offence, and quicker to resent it. From the fact that there are larger demands upon the nervous system in the New World than in the Old, the people

are more emotional, but they are also more whole-souled in everything they undertake. The religious Americans are, for this reason, apparently more religious than Englishmen. They make everything bend to the ruling passion. Everything gives way to it—no half-measures, no mere idle talking about it. Look at their churches, schools, public institutions, missionary societies! These results of a healthy tone of public religious feeling speak for themselves. The English are more solid, slower, probably more reliable; but unquestionably if America had been to this hour dependent upon the Old Country we should see comparatively little progress, and nothing of that self-reliant dash and venture which, with their obvious drawbacks, are nevertheless, under proper restraints, the very life-blood of American enterprise and success.

In very many cases the married life of wealthy Americans, especially those who, by speculation, have been suddenly enriched, is somewhat anomalous. What we allude to is the want of that domesticity of feeling and that reciprocity of interest which makes the homes of Old England so enviable. The result is, that in a great many instances, in the large cities at least, the husband is hardly anything more than a boarder in his own house; he is so absorbed in the distractions of business, and is so acted upon by that nervous apprehension often connected with great undertakings, that he seldom sees his wife and children during the day. He leaves home early and generally returns late. The little ones are in bed. The lonely watcher is left to her own thoughts during long and weary hours. Her husband has his gentlemen associates, whom he meets at the club, while his wife and children are left alone too much. Many husbands in New York have but one meal a day at home; they breakfast at their house, but all their other meals are away from home. Their personal ambition is very great. The one overmastering influence which shapes their character and gives it individuality is eagerness for getting money—to be rich honestly, if possible; if not, anyhow. But to be rich, and in a very short period, that is the cankerworm at the heart of many men of business. Thus the wife is left too much to herself. She is expected to train up the children, to see about their schooling—in fact, to do everything for them. Her responsibility is not shared as it ought to be by her husband; he is too busy; he has other thoughts which engross his time, and hence American wives are forced into an independence ill-suited to the gentler character of women, and which, in the end, gives them a hardness which sits inelegantly upon them. These husbands of whom I speak are not unkind to their wives, far from it. They tell them to dress well—very well, probably too well; they keep a carriage for them; they

indulge them "to the top of their bent;" but it is only as a doll—a living marionette, a pretty show thing of whom they are proud, just as a piece of furniture to look at or to be admired. But all this time the wife knows nothing of her husband's affairs; how much he makes or loses, or anything connected with his commercial career.

During the panic in 1873 one of these kind of men lost \$50,000 in one instance, and yet his wife knew nothing of it except through the little whisperings of a female friend. Now all this secrecy, designed or undesigned, this absorption of soul in business, this life spent away from the cares and caresses of home, and wife, and children, sooner or later brings forth bitter fruit. A woman, a true woman, must have affection; she lives for it—it is her ruling passion. The great want of her nature is an untiring fondness and fidelity for her husband. She no doubt likes dress, and jewellery—"Can a woman forget her jewels?"—and carriage, and a grand house, and anything in which she can hold her own with other women and other wives in her own sphere. But far above all these material blessings the true woman will be miserable if she has not her husband's undivided allegiance and sympathy in home-life. This is the missing link in too many American homes. And what happens? As time rolls on from the wedding-day, when the novelty and first poetry of married life have settled down into the prosaic routine of everyday existence, the wife often finds relief in travel, or, at all events, in being much away from her husband's society. He does not seem to miss her very much; things begin to explain themselves. She will try change of air and scene in Europe, or perhaps in America. Money will be freely given her; and it is no uncommon thing for an American wife to leave her husband for six or even twelve months spent in foreign residences in some of the capital cities of the Old World. A neglected wife is an interesting thing. There are persons who understand this, and practise on their knowledge. Gradually the wife, finding the hopelessness of expecting her husband's love, but finding some spiritual affinity with some one congenial, in spite of her better nature, her pride, her self-respect, and all the other bulwarks of female character, she imperceptibly, and with unwilling heart, slowly drifts into loving some one else, in whom she finds, or thinks she finds, that reciprocity of feeling which she cannot have from him whom alone she ought to love. Thus there is a process of gradual estrangement of heart between her and her husband; and while all the decencies and proprieties of life are ostensibly kept up between them she is thoroughly wretched, because she has to keep up outward appearances which are so different from the real sentiments of her heart. Without, by any means, suggesting

that any positive act of dishonour or of infidelity may be the result of this platonic affection, still there is enough of misery in a woman's heart when she becomes convinced that between her and her real or ideal happiness there exists the tie of a present marriage, which nothing but death or dishonour can dissolve. Is it any wonder that all sorts of abnormal institutions have sprung up in America connected with the relations of the sexes? Thus we have the abominations of the Mormons and the Free-lovers; the unnatural but mistaken, yet the well-meaning efforts of the Shakers; and the too facile and almost tempting escape from married life by the various State laws for procuring divorce.

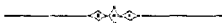
The rich American is generally a man of a profuse disposition. He is fond of novelty and splendour—of splendour, because he loves it; of novel splendour, that it may seem to be his own. This being so, it is no wonder that in his own dwelling-house, and in the house of God, everything should appear to be new and beautiful. Nothing can be seen but fancy woods, and paintings, and gilding, and gorgeous furniture, and statuary, and articles of *vertu* bewilderingly beautiful, in his private house; while in the places of worship everything that art and the skill of cunning workmen can accomplish, contributes to impress an Englishman with the idea of something too florid for the simplicity of divine worship.

There is one difficulty which besets a writer who undertakes to criticize American institutions. No two cities have exactly the same standard of social position. In New York it is decided mainly by money; in Philadelphia, by moral worth; and in Boston by intellectual calibre. Or, in other words, in New York the question is, "What have you?" in Philadelphia, "What are you?" and in Boston, "What do you know?" There is no respect of persons so far as theory is concerned, but in actual life the same instincts which in the Old World decide the social position of a man, assert their supremacy even in the model Republic. There is, and there must always be, an unconscious testimony to moral worth, wealth, and intellect. The only difference is that no man is looked down upon because he is poor or humbly born. And yet there is no country in the world where the spirit of toadyism is so prevalent as in America, or where titled people and men with handles to their names receive more incense or flattery than among the advocates for the equality of man and man? A young lady in the Great Republic will fall down and worship a Russian nobleman, or an English lord, without much inquiry as to his personal character or the probability of future happiness in domestic relations. A young, clever, handsome, and accomplished American girl will hazard her chance of future

happiness for the doubtful advantage of becoming a lady of title in the Old World—a Russian or Italian countess or grand duchess!

Time, which tries all things, will test the stability of present institutions in America, and it may be that, in the future history of the Republic, the country may be divided into East and West, instead of North and South, as the once abortive attempt suggested. The Atlantic and the Pacific are boundaries too distant to be governed from Washington, unless under a limited population. But when the States are duly represented by their full complement of people, and wealth, industry, and capital develop the almost boundless resources of the country to the west of the Rocky Mountains, it may be found expedient, if not necessary, to form two co-ordinate Governments, whose mutual interests may preserve the Union intact, and by the principle of reciprocity maintain a cordial understanding between all parties in the Great Republic.

G. W. WELDON.



#### ART. V.—CHRISTIANITY PARCEL OF THE LAW.

THE result of the summing-up of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, in the recent trials of “The Queen *v.* Bradlaugh” and “The Queen *v.* Ramsay and Foote,” has been described as “nothing less than an epoch in legal history;” and this is true in more ways than one. It is, indeed, impossible to hide the gravity of the new construction which Lord Coleridge has given to the Common Law of England, and equally impossible to foresee or to measure the mischievous effects which can hardly fail to follow, so long as this view of the law remains unquestioned.

It is not too much to say that the *dicta* of Lord Coleridge relating to the legal *status* of Christianity are absolutely novel, and derive their force wholly from the fact that they are the judicial utterances of a Lord Chief Justice of England. In view of the vital importance of the questions at issue, it may be well to briefly recapitulate the facts and to carefully limit the discussion to the principles at stake. Questions of this moment are very easily obscured by extraneous matter being imported into them, and it would be far from difficult to give the *dicta* of Lord Coleridge a wider meaning than can properly be attributed to them.

It will be remembered that the defendants in these prosecutions were indicted for publishing certain “blasphemous libels”