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TWO LECTURES GIVEN IN HUDDERSFIELD, BY REV. G. G. LAWRENCE, M.A.,  
Incumbent of St. Paul's Church, Huddersfield.

PART I. WHAT I SAW.

PART II. WHAT I THOUGHT.

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### **LECTURE I. WHAT I SAW IN AMERICA.**

When a man undertakes to write a book of travels, or to lecture about a country which he has visited, he is always in danger of falling into one or other of two opposite mistakes. If he confine himself entirely to a description of what he has seen, and of what has happened to himself, and if, as is the case with ninety-nine travellers out of one hundred, nothing very particular has happened to himself, then the book or the lecture will prove but meagre and frivolous, and the reader will lay down the book, or the hearer will retire from the lecture, saying, what have I been wasting all this time upon, of what possible consequence is it to me whether Mr. so and so had, or had not, a pleasant time of it at such and such a place. I have more than once heard, and no doubt most of you have heard, people making these complaints of books of travel they have got out of the circulating library. If, on the other hand, the writer or the lecturer tries to avoid all appearance of egotism or frivolity, and employs himself chiefly in giving statistical accounts of the present condition, or historical accounts of the past fortunes of the cities or countries which he has visited, then he runs the risk of making his book or his lecture very dull, and incurring the charge of being a mere compiler, without any original ideas of his own. Having the dread of these two opposite mistakes before my mind, I will endeavour to steer a middle course. In my first lecture I will describe the scenes which I visited, and some of the most interesting things that happened to myself. In my second 4 lecture I will speak of the social and political condition of the American people, and of the terrible calamity which is now desolating some of the fairest provinces of North America.

And first as to the way of getting to America. Let us suppose ourselves to be starting from Liverpool for New York in the Great Eastern. We leave the hotel in a cab early in the morning, in the midst of a drenching rain; in a few minutes we arrive at the place of embarkation. The cabman, a regular full-blown Hibernian of the lowest stamp, takes us for unsophisticated foreigners, and demands three times the proper fare. With some

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difficulty we find a policeman, who states what is the proper fare, and sends our Irish friend grumbling away. Then we get on board a small tender, where no proper shelter is provided for us against the beating rain. We manage to creep under the shelter of some tarpaulins, provided not for us, but for the luggage which is piled up around us. Presently other dripping and disconsolate beings come and crowd up in front of us, shut us out from the light, which is unpleasant, screen us from the wind and rain, which is pleasant, and we console ourselves by reflecting how much better off we are than they, and by admiring ourselves for the wisdom we displayed in coming on board early. We steam down the river a few miles in this fashion, we reach the great ship, get ourselves on board, and our luggage safely stowed away in a comfortable, well-lighted, well-ventilated cabin, which we have all to ourselves—a thing not easily to be obtained in most other steamers; and so our discomforts end. In due time we are summoned to dinner, find an elegant and substantial repast provided for us, find also that we have for our neighbours men of intelligence and refinement, chiefly Americans, who have much to say upon the war, the prospects of America, and other kindred subjects. Such was my experience of the first hours of an Atlantic voyage.

The next day we anchored off Queenstown. I will not attempt a description of that beautiful bay, but rather speak of the curious scene which I there witnessed. As soon as we had anchored, two small steamers came up, crowded with people and luggage. These were the Irish steerage passengers, who were to be carried 3000 miles, and fed during the voyage for the small charge of £5 5s. each. There were altogether about a thousand steerage passengers, most of them Irish labourers with 5 their wives and children, some artisans from Lancashire and Yorkshire, some broken-down men about town, and some foreigners—a very motley group. They were all limited to one part of the ship, that nearest the stern, and it was very interesting to pass from the comparative solitude of the central part of the ship, reserved for the first and second class passengers, and find yourself at once in the midst of a crowd: and still more curious was it to go down into the dimly lighted hold, and see them clustering like bees round the narrow tables, or tumbling into

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or out of the crowded berths on each side. I will only add, that the food, with which they were supplied, seemed to me good in quality and abundant in quantity, though in some respects the arrangements were perhaps scarcely in accordance with the refined notions of the present day. And what is life on board an ocean steamer? some one may ask me. How do you spend your time? Some perhaps fancy that it is a life of much excitement, that one is always either expecting a storm, or actually encountering a storm, or trying to recover from the effects of a storm. That is far from being my experience. I found life on board a steamer a very calm, quiet, easy, monotonous sort of life. We had on board the Great Eastern an abundant table, four meals a day for those who chose to eat as many, a good library, a splendid drawing room, chess and other games for such as liked them, and plenty of people to talk to. On the other hand, your cabin, though very comfortable for a steamer, does not offer the comforts of a bed-room in a gentleman's house, you can get no fresh newspapers, no letters from absent friends, and the people around you are strangers and not friends. I thought that it was a life that would do very well for a few days, but only for a few—a life that would be highly beneficial to an invalid, or a man whose brain was wearied out with over-application to business; but a life also, which if carried on too long, would be very enfeebling to the mind, and have a tendency to make a man idle and selfish.

The fifth day of our voyage was the 4th of July, the great national fête-day of the Americans, because on it they first made their declaration of independence. The fête was celebrated on board by a procession of passengers round the ship, by speeches from one or two of the principal Americans on board, by a salute of nine guns fired in honour of the American flag, and by a grand ball in the evening, of which last I cannot give an account, not having been present. The next day was Sunday; we had in the morning the regular Church of England service in the grand saloon, which was attended by as many of the officers and crew as could be spared, and by a large number of passengers. We had an excellent band on board, and with their assistance sang two or three appropriate hymns from Mr. Mercer's collection. In the afternoon there was a more simple service held

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in the steerage compartment for the steerage passengers, and it was attended by more than I had expected, considering how many Romanists there were amongst them. There was to have been another regular service in the evening, but the sea became rougher, the ship rolled, and the captain thought it had better not be attempted. As I was the only clergyman on board, these services fell to me, and I was much gratified by being accosted on the following day, as I was walking among the steerage passengers, by two or three very respectable looking young men, who asked me if I would kindly give them my name and address, and alleged as a reason that they had been Sunday school teachers in a Church school near Leeds, that they had promised their clergyman to send him an account of the way in which they spent their first Sunday from home, and that they had got the text and heads of the sermon, and only wanted the name of the preacher. On Monday we saw some whales at a distance, and got into the foggy regions near the banks of Newfoundland. The fog remained with us for fully 1000 miles, and on Tuesday, the 7th of July, just one week after we had started, the feeling of the air on deck was very like that which in England generally precedes a snow storm. And therefore, though we could see nothing through the fog, experienced seamen concluded that there were icebergs not very far off. The most exciting moment in the voyage was not that in which land was first seen, but a few hours after, when the pilot came on board. It was very exciting for us all, but especially for the Americans on board, because the last news when we left England was that Lee was advancing with a vast force into Pennsylvania, and none of us knew whether he were master of Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, or whether his army had been surrounded and destroyed. The first words of the pilot were "Vicksburg is taken, Washington is safe, Lee has retreated." And the ringing cheer that burst, not from my lips, but from the lips of many around me, is one which I shall not easily forget. The last night of the voyage, there was another grand ball on board, and in the midst of it, when the dancing was at its height, the ship ran down a small schooner which was at anchor without a light, and a man and a boy, who were asleep in their berths, were instantly drowned, the rest of the crew escaping. I had just gone to bed at the time, felt nothing of the collision, and could hardly at first credit the account that was given me of the accident when I got

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up the following morning. It was however clearly proved that no blame attached to the captain or pilot, as the schooner had not hoisted a light. Sunday morning found us at Flushing Bay, about seven miles from New York, the nearest point to which the great ship could venture to come. And here we left her after a voyage of about twelve days. I kept a reckoning of her progress during nine of those days, and, on referring to it, I find that her greatest speed was 321 miles in the 24 hours, and her least 180, the average being 273. As so much has been said in disparagement of that noble ship, I feel bound to bear my testimony to the excellent management which was displayed alike in all departments, and the great courtesy and attention which was shown to the passengers by the captain and officers. I much regret that the late trips of the Great Eastern should, in a financial point of view, have proved so unsuccessful. I regard it almost as a national misfortune, for, had her success been such as to encourage her owners not only to continue her trips, but to build one or two more such ships, I am convinced that, after a short time, the number of persons travelling for pleasure between England and America, would have greatly increased, and the bonds of friendship between the two countries have been proportionately strengthened. Were I to cross the Atlantic again, I would far sooner go by the Great Eastern than by any other ship, even if it cost me a few pounds more.

On leaving the ship we were conveyed in a small steamer up a narrow arm of the sea, called Long Island Sound, or the East River, lying between Long Island and the main-land. This sail was one of the most delightful—perhaps the most delightful I ever enjoyed. The weather was warm and fine, but the sun was screened off by light clouds, and the heat tempered by a soft sea breeze, and then the scenery was very very lovely. On the one side we had the 8 graceful villas, the green banks, the tea gardens and pleasure grounds of Manhattan, studded here and there with gay groups of adults and children, playing by the water's edge, and gazing upon us as we glided swiftly past them. On the other side, lying between us and Long Island, was a succession of small islands, Randall's Island, Ward's Island, Blackwell's Island, covered with stately public buildings, hospitals, asylums, penitentiaries. Soon we arrived at the landing-place, and found the arrangements very

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bad, and the delay great. The custom-house examination of luggage was very strict, more so than any I have witnessed in England, or any of the continental countries of Europe. When these formalities were over, I looked round for a cab, hansom or four-wheeler, such as we have in our cities, which carry you off at once from the dock or the station to your hotel. But I looked in vain. Strange as it may seem to us, who, many of us, have come to look upon a cab almost as a necessary of life, neither in New York, nor in any other American city, did I ever see a one-horsed cab; there were only huge ponderous two-horsed hackney coaches, such as I am told, were common in London some fifty years ago. Indeed, when I first looked upon them, I could hardly help fancying that the very identical hackney coaches used by our forefathers had crossed the ocean, and were there before me—so quaint and old fashioned did these New York vehicles appear. I got my luggage hoisted on the top of one of these leviathans, found a lodgment for myself in its ample recesses, and naturally enough, according to all English precedents, supposed that cabby was going to drive off. But cabby had not the slightest notion of doing anything of the kind. So I sat there, and waited, and waited, and waited, and then a lady, who had also arrived by the Great Eastern, got in—into the vehicle which I supposed I had engaged for myself—accompanied by a gentleman who resided in New York, and had come to meet her at the custom-house. And we waited, and waited, and waited, and my hopes of attending Church at New York that evening slowly faded away. At length we applied to a policeman, who said the driver was a long way off, by the water's edge, looking for some more passengers, and advised us to move into another coach, which we accordingly did, and at last after a delay of some two hours found ourselves in motion. So my first impressions of nature's works, of the scenery about New York, were most favourable; 9 but my first impressions of man's works, of New York municipal arrangements, were most unfavourable. And I began to think I must have arrived at the spot celebrated by Byron, as the land where “all save the spirit of man is divine.” However, though I had to wait so long, I could not complain of feeling dull. I was kept thoroughly alive and awake all the time by the strange scene of confusion that I saw all around me; horses and coaches running into each other, cabmen cursing and swearing, wild Irishmen looking at each other as only wild

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Irishmen can look; yet somehow no accident seemed to occur, people around me seemed to think that horses and coaches were made to run into each other, and that cursing and swearing was an Irish cabman's regular orthodox vocation. I employed myself too, whilst I had to wait, by trying to picture to my own mind the blank amazement that would seize upon some of my worthy friends in quiet Huddersfield, if, just as they were setting out to go to Church in the evening, they were suddenly transported into the midst of such a scene. Probably, before another Sabbath came, more than one of these cursing swearing cabmen was laid low in a bloody grave; for that fair lovely summer Sunday ushered in for New York the week of terror, the week of fire, the week of blood, the week in which more blood was shed in the streets of New York than had ever been shed before; and in the riots of that week this very class of Irishmen furnished both the most violent combatants and the most numerous victims.

At length I arrived at the St. Nicholas, one of the largest hotels in the United States; it was erected in 1854, at a cost of more than £250,000, it can accommodate 1000 guests, and there are more than 300 waiters in attendance. If you enter the St. Nicholas from Broadway by the main entrance, you look down a columned vista, 100 feet in length and averaging 60 feet in width; indeed the ground floor of a first class American hotel seemed to me more like an Exchange in business hours, than any thing else. Walking up a passage, or sometimes ascending a flight of steps from the street, you get into a large open space, with benches or sofas on the sides, and reading-rooms, and smoking-rooms, and barbers' shops opening into it. It is generally full of people, and you could not be there long without being forcibly reminded of the notion prevalent among American men that, when the feet are not wanted for standing or walking, it is very desirable that they should be on a level with, or, if possible, higher than the head. One day I heard an American trying to account for the habit, and gravely arguing that there was something in the American climate which caused a rush of blood to the feet, though what was the evil to be apprehended from such a rush, whether apoplexy in the feet or some other sort of disease, he did not think it necessary to explain. My experience of American hotels was

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that they were so constructed as to combine great splendour with little comfort; much magnificence in the state-rooms, the bedrooms for the most part small and meagrely furnished. The arrangements about meals I thought very judicious. A printed bill was given you, stating that breakfast was to be had in the public rooms, say, from eight to ten, dinner from two to four, or from three to five, as the case might be, tea from six to eight, supper from nine to eleven; if you went in at any of those hours, a head waiter shewed you to a seat, and a bill of fare was handed to you; you generally had a choice of some twenty or thirty dishes at dinner, and a smaller number for the other meals. The supply of vegetables was very abundant and varied, comprising all our English vegetables, and, in addition, the egg-plant, and several other kinds of vegetables not known in England; but the meat was decidedly inferior to what we have here. In some hotels the waiters are black, and in others white, but, in accordance with the American notion that white and black men should not work together, where one is black, all are black, and vice-versâ.

On Monday morning, finding that it is not the custom in New York to employ a guide or valet-de-place, as is usual in Paris and other cities on the continent of Europe, and not being able to meet with the friends who were to have shown me over the city, I set out exploring for myself. And first, having some business in the lower, that is the older, part of the city, I turned my steps in that direction. And perhaps it was well for me that I did so, for just at that time the rioting began in the upper part of the city. I noticed an appearance of unusual excitement in many persons whom I met, I saw anxious and agitated groups round the principal newspaper offices; but, knowing that the Americans were an excitable people, and that a great civil war was going on, I did not at first perceive how critical was the state of affairs, especially as in Broadway all the shops were open, the omnibuses running, and numbers of gaily 11 dressed ladies walking about, and I heard no rattle of musketry, and witnessed no actual conflict. Several blocks of houses, amongst others the Coloured Orphan Asylum, were burnt down, and many lives were lost that day. Still, though I was walking about the streets the greater part of the day, till about eleven o'clock at night, I had no idea of the importance of the events that were taking place. In the middle

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of the night I was awakened by the incessant clanging of the fire bell. I remained in bed for a long time, but, finding that it became louder and louder, my old recollections of Paris in 1848—for I was there just after the days of June—flashed upon me, and it occurred to me that probably what I heard might be the booming of the tocsin, summoning the citizens to arms, and intimating the approach of danger. So I got up, and went down stairs to ascertain the exact state of affairs, and whether there was any prospect of the hotel being attacked. However, I found it was only the fire bell, which was kept constantly going, because the rioters had fired several buildings in different parts of the city, and no one could tell at what point the flames might at any moment burst forth. One of the waiters took me to an upper window, where I had a good view of a splendid conflagration about a mile and a half distant, and, when that had subsided, I went to bed again quietly, seeing that the Yankees knew how to put out a fire as well as how to light, one. The following day things looked more serious. The St. Nicholas hotel happened to be the head quarters of the Government authorities, and a large body of police and soldiers, and, during a portion of the day, two or three pieces of cannon, were stationed in front of it. In the afternoon the appearance of the city was somewhat changed, most of the shops in Broadway were closed, and the omnibuses ceased to run. I visited several of the buildings that had been burned the day before, the Coloured Asylum amongst others, and conversed with several persons who probably had been among the rioters, but again I missed seeing any of the conflict. This may seem strange, but it must be remembered that New York is a very large city, and besides, the rioters did not adopt the plan that is common in riots at Paris, that of seizing a portion of the city, and fortifying themselves there with barricades, but they assembled in one place, burned down some houses and slaughtered any negroes they could catch, then dispersed to meet at some other point, thus rendering it difficult for the authorities to know where to find them. Most of you know what was the origin of these riots. They arose from the strong dislike felt by the working men at New York for the Conscription Act, especially for one clause of it, which provided that any one might be exempted on paying 300 dollars. All the young men, who had a taste for fighting, had gone already as volunteers, many of them having received large bounties, and those

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who remained, were not inclined to leave their families and risk their lives for a cause in which they did not feel much interest, for they knew that the question was not, whether their own homes should or should not be attacked, whether New York should or should not be subjugated, but only whether certain Southerners, who lived a long way off, and whom they had never seen, should be allowed to govern themselves or not. Thus there was some reason for the riot, the rioters had a real grievance to complain of, and at first I was rather inclined to sympathize with them. But the course of events soon showed what a horrible thing a riot, an armed rebellion against the civil magistrate, really is, and how important it is that such a thing should be put down at once, from whatever cause it may have arisen. The rioters having killed, or put to flight, the Provost Marshals, and other persons employed to carry out the Conscription Act, and burnt their papers, then proceeded to burn down the houses of prominent citizens who were obnoxious to them, or indeed any houses that their leaders pointed out. And the professional thieves, of whom there are many in New York, soon found it their interest to come forward as leaders, and were careful to point out to the mob the houses where they thought they should get the richest plunder. But the most revolting feature in these riots was the cowardly and cruel slaughtering of negroes. I fear it is but too true that in New York, that week, atrocities were perpetrated, not death only, but lingering tortures, were inflicted on black men, in a manner that would have disgraced the lowest savages of Africa. And I fear it is also true that the perpetrators were nearly all of them emigrants from the sister isle. The hatred of the Irish towards the blacks is always great, because they look upon the blacks as their competitors in the labour market; and the conscription increased this their hatred, because, hating the conscription, they hated the war which led to the conscription, and they thought that the blacks were in some way or other the cause of the war. And remember every one of these ignorant and brutal murderers is by the law of America entitled to an equal share in the government of the country with the wealthiest and most enlightened merchant in New York. The vote of the one is just as good as the vote of the other. Let the advocates of universal suffrage in this country reflect upon this, and derive encouragement from it, if they can.

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Early on Wednesday morning I left New York, and sailed up the Hudson river as far as Albany—a distance of about 145 miles. The scenery strongly reminded me of the Rhine, and, were it not for the historical associations, and the picturesque ruins of the German river, probably the American would be considered its equal. On board this Hudson river steamer I for the first time resigned myself into the hands of a negro barber. When the operation of shaving was duly performed, the man calmly enquired whether I wanted to have my *head fixed*. This question seemed very alarming and unsatisfactory, and my thoughts naturally reverted to what I had read in Sir Walter Scott and other writers about the Jacobite noblemen and gentlemen, who, some 120 years ago, had their heads taken off and fixed on Temple Bar by order of the then government. Upon further enquiry, however, I found my sable friend was not referring to them, nor recommending any experiment of that kind, but simply meant to suggest that what little hair I had on my head might with propriety be combed and brushed, to which proposal, when clearly explained, I readily assented. The boat had many fugitive negroes on board, who lay huddled together in one place out of the way of the whites.

At Albany, which is legally the capital of the state of New York, that is the place where the state legislature holds its meeting,—at Albany, I had my first experience of American railway travelling. The American railway cars, as many of you are aware, are very differently constructed from ours. Each car will hold from fifty to sixty persons. On the sides are short well-cushioned benches made to accommodate two persons: in the centre is a gangway allowing sufficient room for one person to pass. These benches are arranged, not like the seats in an omnibus, but like the pews in a church, so that each person has his face towards the engine: but the top part of each bench rests upon a pivot which can be made to swing round, so that a party of four friends can, if they please, sit facing each other, as in one of our railway carriages. At the end of each car is a small platform, from 14 which you can step into the next car, and so walk from one end of the train to the other. Or you can stand upon the platform and enjoy a ride in the open air, though the railway officials in many lines object to this, as it often leads to accidents; for you may easily slip

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off from the platform on either side, and be crushed beneath the train. At the end of each carriage you will generally find a large can filled in summer with iced water, and a cup beside it, a stove for the winter, a lavatory, and other conveniences. Then in the night trains there are what they call sleeping cars. On payment of an extra charge of half a dollar or a dollar you are admitted into one of these, and find provided for you what looks like a berth, such as you see them in our Havre or Jersey or Irish steamers, with mattress, sheet, and pillows. An attendant is there, like the steward of a steamer, who will clean your boots, if you wish it, and call you at any hour of the morning you please. The arrangements about the luggage also are convenient. When you have got your ticket, you go to the luggage master, and get from him a brass cheque for each article you leave under his care. On this cheque is engraved a number, and the names of the stations from which and to which you are going: he fastens another cheque, exactly corresponding, on the article, and then you have nothing further to do with your luggage till you arrive at your place of destination. And you are not always obliged to look after it even then, for, if you are going to any large town, a well dressed man will generally step into the train at the last station, and ask you whether you want your luggage taken to one of the hotels or Railway Stations in that town. You give him your brass cheques, he gives you a receipt; on arrival you walk or ride to your hotel, and, soon after, the luggage arrives, and there is a settled moderate charge for bringing it, which, is generally paid by the landlord, and put down to your account.

After staying some days with my relatives on the banks of the Genesee river, which falls into Lake Ontario about seventy-five miles east of Niagara, I went on to those far-famed falls. If there were nothing but Niagara to see on the other side of the Atlantic, the sight of Niagara alone would well repay all the fatigue and trouble of the passage. Amongst the ten or a dozen passengers who sat with me at the captain's table on board the Great Eastern, there were not less than three, who were going ever simply to see New York, Niagara, and the St. Lawrence river, and were to return by the Great Eastern in ten days. And if they had only a month or six weeks to spare for travelling, I think they were wise in spending it thus. The falls of Niagara are, as you are aware, the greatest cataract or water-fall in

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the known world. Niagara is a corruption of the native Indian word Onyakarra signifying mighty, wonderful, thundering water. The Niagara is commonly called a river, though it hardly answers to our notion of a river, which is a body of water, small at first, but gradually increasing from the influx of tributary streams, as it rolls onward, whereas the Niagara has just as much water at one end as at the other. The Niagara is a vast mass of water, which is constantly rolling from Lake Erie into Lake Ontario, a distance of 36 miles, on its way to the St. Lawrence river and the Atlantic Ocean. And the falls of Niagara is the point where this water rushes down a precipice. There are two principal falls, the American fall, which is entirely on the eastern or American side of the Niagara, and the Horse-shoe fall, the larger of the two, so called because in appearance it somewhat resembles a horse-shoe, projecting at the two ends, and retiring at the centre. The reason of there being two, or, properly speaking, three falls (for there is a small fall called the central fall) and not one *only*, is that the Niagara about half a mile above the falls is divided into two parts by an island called Goat Island, which lies only a few rods from the American shore. The water, which flows between this island and the American shore, forms the American fall, the water outside forms the Horse-shoe fall. Goat Island is easily reached from the American shore by a bridge thrown over what is called the Rapids, that is, the water which rushes rapidly onward towards the American fall. From the head of Goat Island to the falls the Niagara descends about 50 feet, and increases in velocity from the rate of 7 to that of 30 miles an hour before it makes the final plunge. When you stand on the bridge leading to Goat Island, you see the water sweeping on beneath you at the rate of nearly 30 miles an hour, tossing and foaming as it goes. This view is very grand, especially when seen by moonlight Goat Island is a delightful little island, with an area of about 70 acres. Part of it has been laid out in nice walks and carriage drives, while other parts are quite in a state of nature, covered with fine timber and brush-wood. So that, even when there are many visitors on the island, you can retire into almost perfect seclusion. There is only one dwelling upon it, a small cottage near the bridge over the rapids. On the further side, at the point nearest the Horse-shoe fall, is a tower 45 feet high, called the Horse-shoe tower. At the foot of this tower you can approach within a very few feet of the fall,

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near enough to dip a handkerchief in the rushing stream. Passing from Goat Island to another smaller island called Luna Island, which is reached by a foot-bridge, you can, if your nerves are steady, stand within one foot of the American fall. The three points which interested me most were, the standing on the bridge leading to Goat Island, and looking down upon the rapids rushing beneath me; the view of the Horse-shoe fall from the Horse-shoe tower; and the view of the American fall from Luna Island. Then, you may not only look down upon the falls from above, but look up at the falls from below, and this is best done by taking a small boat which is kept for visitors a little below the falls, and rowing up as near to them as is consistent with safety. Having visited the principal points on the American side, you can then cross to the Canada side, either by the ferry-boat, which starts from a point at a short distance below the American fall, or you can take a carriage, and cross the Suspension Bridge, which is about two miles below the falls, and connects the American with the Canada side of the Niagara. This bridge is 800 feet long, and 258 feet above the water. It belongs to a joint stock company, and cost about £120,000. You have here a beautiful distant view of the falls. Having crossed the bridge, you travel up again towards the falls, till you get to Table Rock, which is nearly opposite the Horse-shoe tower. Here it is usual for tourists, those at least who have nerve enough to undertake it, to provide themselves with a guide and some waterproof clothing, and walk down a steep and somewhat slippery descent, and get underneath the fall. The sensation here is very peculiar and far from agreeable, and I remember I was very glad to get away after remaining there for a few minutes. Still the spot is very well worth visiting. I suppose it is almost the only place in the world where you can see a vast mass of water bounding over you with a deafening roar, clearing you as it were, with a mighty leap, covering you with spray, interposing itself between you and the rays of the sun. Besides Goat Island and Luna Island, there are several other smaller islands, very pretty looking and 17 covered with vegetation, which are at a very little distance from the shore, but are practically inaccessible, as any boat that attempted to cross over to them would be almost sure to be swept down the falls. In the year 1841, a man named Allen attempted to cross the Niagara in a skiff, some considerable distance above the falls, where it was considered safe to

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do so. But he broke one of his oars, and was swept away by the current. Being a man of great skill and presence of mind, he managed so to guide his boat as to bring it quite close to one of three small islands, called the Sister Islands, and he jumped ashore, while his skiff darted on like an arrow over the falls. Though saved from immediate death, he was in a terrible position. It was very doubtful whether any one could reach him, and, if he remained where he was, he must be starved to death. He lighted a fire, and so attracted attention to his case. Numbers of people assembled, and heard his cries for help. At length a rope was thrown across from one island to the other, and, by means of that and a skiff, he was got safely to shore, after remaining two nights and one day on the desert island. It had a strange effect upon my mind, the looking at these small islands so very close to me, and then feeling that most of them probably had never been trodden by any human foot, and that for all, practical purposes I was further from them than from China or New Zealand. But I must not dwell too long upon this stupendous specimen of nature's workmanship, before which all works of man sink into insignificance. The perpendicular height of the American fall is 164 feet, of the Horse-shoe fall 158 feet, and scientific men have computed that upwards of 100 millions of tons of water pass over the falls every hour. And Niagara is always the same. It is not like the Ocean, which one day is smooth as a mirror, and the next day raging with mighty billows. It is not like a river, which one time is swollen with winter rains, and another time half dried up with summer heats. As I looked down from the bridge upon the rapids, and saw breakers here, and breakers there, here a small eddy, and there a larger one, I thought, as these breakers, the eddies, are now, such and precisely the same they were before my birth, such they have been every moment that I have lived, such they will be when I have gone where my fathers are. The individual particles of water are changing each second, but the general aspect never changes. There is something solemn and awful in gazing upon that which is ever changing, and yet always appears the same.

After a sojourn of three days I left Niagara, crossed the Suspension Bridge, and travelled by rail through Western Canada about 230 miles to Windsor, a small Canadian town

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situate on the eastern shore of the strait, or channel, through which the waters of Lake Huron pour into Lake Erie, and exactly opposite to the large and flourishing American town of Detroit in the state of Michigan. At Detroit one may properly be said to enter upon the Western States of America—the land of rolling prairies and wide waving fields of corn,—the land of which Mr. Henry Russell sings,—

To the West! to the West! to the land of the free, Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea; Where a man is a man if he's willing to toil, And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil; Where children are blessings, and he who hath most; Has aid for his fortune, and riches to boast, Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest, Away, far away, to the land of the west!

To the West! to the West! where the rivers that flow, Run thousands of miles, spreading out as they go; Where the green waving forests shall echo our call, As wide as old England, and free to us all. Where the Prairies, like seas, where the billows have rolled, Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old, And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest, Away, far away, to the land of the west!

Passing, as I did, rapidly through the country, one can scarcely get an adequate idea of these prairies, especially as the land on the side of the railway is now nearly all either under cultivation, or covered with light timber. I am told that, if one goes some distance from the railway, to some spot where the prairies are still covered with nature's flowers, in the spring or the summer, when the flowers are in their bloom, a scene presents itself which to a lover of flowers far surpasses anything to be seen in Europe. Illinois is *par excellence* the Prairie State, and Chicago, the chief city of Illinois, is a most interesting place, and has sprung up with a rapidity unexampled even in fast growing America. Some 25 or 30 years ago its site was but a wild swamp, and now it numbers more than 150,000 inhabitants. It is the great entrepôt of the western grain, which is conveyed from thence down the lakes for the consumption of New York, and the other large Atlantic cities, or for exportation to Europe. Here, nearly 1000 miles west of New York, where lately none

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but the savage Indian lived, you have all the appliances of advanced civilisation, splendid hotels four and five stories high, with hoisting machines for conveying up to their rooms those who are too feeble or too lazy to walk up stairs—and when the thermometer is at 90 or 100 this is a convenience not to be despised—you have many noble churches, handsome schools and colleges, wide streets, omnibuses running on tramways, and hackney coachmen, who know how to charge twice the proper fare just as well as if they were in England or Ireland. From Chicago I made an excursion to the neighbouring state of Wisconsin, and, being furnished with a letter of introduction by the Bishop of Illinois, who was very kind and hospitable to me during my stay at Chicago, I visited Nashota. Nashota is a beautiful retired village, situate in the midst of the lovely lakes for which Wisconsin is famous. But its chief attraction is its college, where young men are trained for the ministry of our sister church, the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. Nashota college is conducted on a plan very similar to that followed in St. Augustine's college Canterbury, and she treasures with care and pride in her library, several valuable books which were sent as a present to her by the Warden and fellows of St. Augustine's. Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality with which I was received by the Principal and professors of Nashota, and, notwithstanding the loveliness of the spot where they reside, I could not but regret that such highly gifted men had not chosen for their establishment some spot in the neighbourhood of a large city, the inhabitants of which might be benefited by their preaching.

From thence I returned to Chicago, and, at the railway station there, I beheld a sight seldom or never seen in England, and never seen in America till within the last two years. Just as I had got my ticket, a file of soldiers marched up with fixed bayonets, guarding a number of men who were handcuffed together by twos. At first I thought they were Confederate prisoners, but they proved to be deserters, who were being conveyed for trial to some central depôt. They were rough ill-looking men, but I could not help feeling some sympathy for them, for I thought some of them might be conscripts, dragged forcibly into a 20 war in which they felt no interest, and compelled to fight against men with whom

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they had no quarrel. From Chicago I went to St. Louis, which, next to New Orleans, is the largest town on the banks of the Mississippi. It is situate about 20 miles below the junction of the Mississippi and the Missouri, and is distant 740 miles from St. Anthony, the highest point at which the Mississippi is navigable, and 1212 miles from New Orleans, the whole distance, from the mouth of the Mississippi to the point where it first becomes navigable, being 1952 miles, or nearly five times the distance from London to Edinburgh, and considerably exceeding the distance from the Irish Coast to Newfoundland. When I arrived at St. Louis, I for the first time entered a slave state,—the state of Missouri. The number of slaves here is but small, and the curse of slavery is not much felt. Yet even here I thought I could notice a difference. The general aspect of things was more gloomy, the buildings more rickety and dilapidated, the streets less carefully attended to, and fewer signs of energy and thrift than in Chicago and the other northern cities I had just left. This may partly be accounted for by the fact that I was now in one of the Border States, that is, the States which have suffered most from the war. There has not been much bloodshed in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Louis, but some parts of Missouri have been fearfully desolated, and in this State, and also in Kentucky and in Maryland, the two parties being nearly equally balanced, much ill-will has arisen, and many, who for years had been intimate friends, have broken off all intercourse with each other on account of their opposite views in politics. The most remarkable objects in St. Louis are the quays, extending several miles along the banks of the river. When I was there, there were many steamboats lying at anchor, but they were few in comparison with the number there before the war. The Federals have several large military hospitals here. I visited one of them, and conversed with several of the wounded soldiers. Every attention seemed to be paid to their wants. There was a good staff of doctors and nurses, plenty of books for those who were well enough to read, and one of the principal Episcopal clergymen at St Louis, who kindly showed me over, acted as chaplain, and spent much of his time there. From St. Louis I made an excursion about 80 miles S. W. to what is called the Iron Mountain, a good-sized hill, of which, not earth, but iron, 21 is the principal ingredient, to the extent, I am told, of not less than 90 percent. I was disappointed with its appearance, when I got

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there, for what earth there was, lay all on the surface, and on it grew the usual trees and herbage, so that it looked just like any other hill. But I derived much gratification from my visit there in another, and that an unexpected way. That part of the country was in a very disturbed state, and a strong force of Federals was stationed there; indeed it was their frontier post. The railway extended no further, and all beyond was considered unsafe. I brought a letter of introduction to the General in command, who received me very kindly, and asked me if I would like to sleep in the tent of one of his aides-de-camp—an offer which I gladly accepted, and, as the weather was very hot, I found it quite comfortable. Soon after I arrived at the General's tent, I heard accidentally that a court-martial was about to be held, and I expressed a strong desire to attend it. Enquiry having been made whether the public would be admitted, and a reply in the affirmative having been received from the President, I went in, and found myself the sole representative of the public—a very responsible position—considering how much is said just now about the majesty of the public, and the force of public opinion. The court-martial was held in a small tent, in which were assembled half a dozen officers, two non-commissioned officers, acting as secretaries, the judge advocate acting as prosecutor, the prisoner and his solicitor, and the public. The weather was hot, and the court was for the most part divested of coats and all other apparel that was not strictly necessary. Some of the members of the court, being prudent men, guarded against a rush of blood to the feet by keeping them on the table in the approved American fashion, others neglected this precaution, and sat like Europeans. The prisoner was comfortably seated in a corner of the tent, but unfortunately was near enough to the table to admit of his adopting the precaution to which I have alluded. The case was not one of great importance. The prisoner, an invalided sergeant, a very fine looking man, was charged with having written a letter, and spoken words, disrespectful to the medical officer in charge of the hospital. And, as the said letter and words had special reference to a certain dish of hash, which had been serve up one day to the prisoner and other invalids, a long and very droll discussion arose as to the merits or demerits of the said hash 22 and also as to whether certain expressions used by the prisoner, which were very amusing, but rather too gross to be repeated here, were addressed by him to

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the cook, the author of the said hash, or were intended as a message to be conveyed by the cook to the medical officer. Then several witnesses were called as to the prisoner's character. The answer of one of them was rather characteristic. He was asked by the court what he knew of the prisoner. "Well, as to that gentleman in the corner," replied he, (for, you know, in America, every one who does not wear petticoats is a gentleman, if you are walking through the streets of an American city, and your boots get soiled, there are of course no shoe-blacks, but a young gentleman will be willing, for a trifling consideration, to restore to the boots their proper lustre,) "as to the gentleman in the corner, I don't know much" "about him, but I have seen a good deal of him the last few days," "and I consider him decidedly a genteel man,—a most genteel" "man, I may say." This struck me as rather queer, but the court took it very quietly, as just the sort of answer to be expected under the circumstances. At length the case was adjourned to give the most genteel man, and his lawyer, time to prepare a genteel defence. When official proceedings were discontinued, a little general conversation arose between all parties as to the merits of the case. The public remarked that it was a pity the hash itself could not be brought in to tell its own tale. The president, a fine gray-headed officer, said this would have been well, had it been possible, but it did not much signify, as so much pains had been taken to ascertain what the hash was made of. But the most genteel man declared, that to bring the hash into the tent would have been most injudicious, for, considering the heat of the weather, and the nature of the hash, if the hash had come in, the court and public would have had instantly to go out, and the hash would have remained alone in its glory, monarch of all it surveyed. This case gives us rather a low idea of the employments of these military gentlemen. But this court, quaint and rugged as it appeared, was invested with the power of life and death, and perhaps, had I come a day or two earlier or later, I should have found them considering, not the merits of the hash, but the question whether a batch of guerillas or of captured deserters should or should not be forthwith shot. Once or twice the proceedings of the court were suspended, from a witness not being on the spot, and having to be sent for, and then some of the members of the court, bent upon continuing the work of examination, began to question the public as to the view of the war generally entertained

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in England. The public was much concerned at this, and wished they would think more about the hash, and less about England, for the public did not want to leave upon their minds the delusive idea that the English people looked upon them as heroes and patriots, and yet the public was desirous, under the circumstances, not to provoke their hostility. So the public said, that, when John Bull saw a little boy fighting with a big boy, he nearly always felt inclined to side with the little boy. The court seemed to feel as though they were big boys, or at least members of one Federal colossal big boy, were satisfied, and returned with fresh vigour to the hash question. This incident is one of the many proofs which daily and hourly forced themselves upon me of the immense importance which the Americans attach to the good opinion of England. They, or the popularity hunters among them, may abuse England with the lips, but they have a deep respect for England in their hearts.

From St. Louis I went down the Mississippi about 170 miles to Cairo, a place situate at the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers,—a place which in ordinary times would be very flourishing, but for its extreme unhealthiness. It is very low, and is surrounded by swamps. It is generally supposed to be the place described under a fictitious name by Mr. Dickens in his novel of Martin Chuzzlewit. Much has been written and said about the dangers of Mississippi navigation, about the frequent explosions, and the probability of running upon a snag or a sawyer, and going to the bottom. Of late years these dangers, I am informed, have greatly diminished. Strict laws have been passed, forbidding the engineers to go beyond a certain speed, and enforcing periodical inspection of the engines and boilers. These snags and sawyers are large masses of timber, the remains of trees which grew by the river side, and were swept away by it, when it overflowed its banks. These often get impeded or entangled as they float down, and stick right up in the channel of the river, generally projecting two or three feet above the surface, but sometimes. (and then they are more dangerous,) remaining just below the surface where they cannot be seen. In consequence of so much land having been cleared on the banks of the Mississippi, they are said not to be so 24 numerous now as formerly, though I saw a good many of them as we sailed down. The banks of the Mississippi are very flat and uninteresting, except in

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the upper part of the river, in the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin. I intended to have stayed a few hours at Cairo, but, finding a steamer just about to sail up the Ohio, I went on board her at once. The scenery on the banks of the Ohio is finer than on the Mississippi, and the difference in colour between the two rivers is very striking. The waters on the Ohio are clear and sparkling, those of the Mississippi turbid with mud and sand. After a tedious journey of about 190 miles, during the greater part of which we did not go at the rate of above 5 miles an hour, I got to Evansville, a small town in the state of Indiana, and from thence by rail to Louisville, the principal city in the influential and populous State of Kentucky. The state of feeling in Kentucky seemed much the same as in Missouri, and the position of both is very similar, though slaves are more numerous in Kentucky, and therefore the emancipation proclamation of the President was regarded with great disfavour even by Union men. In Kentucky I saw for the first time both the tobacco and the cotton plant growing.

In Kentucky the great attraction for the tourist is the Mammoth cave. To reach it, one has to travel about 85 miles south of Louisville by the Louisville and Nashville railway, to a place called Cave City, and thence about 7 miles in a stage coach, which brings one to a nice hotel near the mouth of the cave. This cave is by far the largest in the world. About 150 avenues in it have been explored, and the total length of these is more than 100 miles, and there are still hundreds more that never have been explored, but are supposed to be quite as large as those which have been trodden by human foot. The interest of this cave arises chiefly from its gigantic proportions, for I did not see in it any specimens of stalagmites and stalactites equal in beauty to those I have seen in the eaves near Castleton in Derbyshire, or in the cave of Adelsberg in Austria—the cave in Europe which, in point of size, approaches nearest to the Mammoth cave. As Niagara is a mass of water, ever changing, yet ever appearing the same, so is the Mammoth cave a mass of solid matter ever appearing, and ever remaining the same. The temperature is always the same, exactly 59 degrees by the thermometer. No rays of the sun ever penetrate there; change 25 of seasons is unknown; day and night, summer and winter, have no existence

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in that subterranean world. It has even been stated by a scientific man that "in many parts of the cave time itself is not an element of change; for, where there is no variation of temperature, no water, and no light, the three great forces of geological transformation cease to exist." The atmosphere is most delightful, perfectly pure and exhilarating, and it is not uncommon for a person in delicate health, who could not walk 3 miles on the surface of the earth, to walk 20 miles in the cave without suffering fatigue. I went down about eight o'clock in the evening, and came out about one o'clock in the morning, and, when I reached the upper air, I was almost overpowered by the heat, even at that hour of the night, and I wished I was in the cave again. Some years ago, the cave was much frequented by persons in an advanced state of consumption, and I saw the ruins of two cottages, which they had occupied. But this experiment did not succeed. Several died in the cave, and nearly all, very soon after they came out. It is said that those patients who remained three or four months in the cave presented a frightful appearance, the face was entirely bloodless, the eyes sunken, and the pupils dilated to such a degree that the iris ceased to be visible. At the further end of the cave is a river called Echo river, connected by a subterranean unexplored channel with a river in the neighbourhood called the Green river. The Echo river extends a distance of three quarters of a mile, and varies in width from 20 to 200 feet, and in depth from 10 to 30 feet. In the river are found eyeless fish of a peculiar kind, about eight inches in length. Bats are to be found in all parts of the cave, and in some parts rats, crickets, and lizards. The principal avenue as yet explored is called the Main cave. It is 6 miles in length, and varies from 40 to 100 feet in height, and from 60 to 300 feet in width. There are many interesting points in it, but that which struck me most was what is called the Star Chamber. This Star Chamber is 60 feet in height, 70 in width, and about 500 in length. The ceiling is composed of black gypsum, and is studded with innumerable white points, which, by a dim light, present a striking resemblance to stars. Here it is usual for the guide to take the lamps, and descend behind a ledge of rocks. By this, a cloud is made to pass slowly over the ceiling, and it looks as though a storm were approaching. The guide then disappears D 26 with the lamps, through a lower archway, several hundred yards in length, leaving the visitor in total darkness, and, after a few

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minutes, reappears at the other extremity of the Star Chamber, holding the lights before him. As he slowly raises them from the cavern from which he ascends, the effect produced is that of the rising sun. I remember well what my feelings were when the guide left me in total darkness. The air was so sweet and balmy, so different from the burning air I had been breathing for days past, with the thermometer ranging in the day time from 90 to 100 in the shade, and the nights feeling almost hotter than the days. Left thus by myself in the darkness, I had the most perfect sense of physical enjoyment I had ever experienced. I felt as if I could wish to remain for days, for years, and for centuries, exactly as I was, with mental consciousness, but without mental exertion, caring for nothing, troubled by nothing, without a single want to be supplied. And, as I lay there, the thought arose within me—may not this, or something like this, be the condition and feelings of those who are lying in a cave yet more dark and still, in the silent tomb, and, if so, are they not happier than the living. But I repressed that thought, for I remembered that the Bible teaches that a dreamless slumber, or a painless, thoughtless, consciousness of existence, is not the portion of the immortal spirit; that, when once it has begun to think, it goes on thinking for ever, ever increasing in happiness or in misery, according as, during its season of probation, it has done or has not done the will of its Creator. From Louisville I sailed 140 miles up the Ohio river to Cincinnati, the capital of the great State of Ohio, and having a population of upwards of 160,000 persons. The general aspect of the city was nearly the same as that of Chicago—lofty houses, wide streets, enormous warehouses—and in the suburbs long lines of elegant villas, ornamented with trees, and the grounds perhaps rather more nicely kept than at Chicago.

From Cincinnati I returned to the shores of the Atlantic, making one journey of over 700 miles—the longest I have ever made by land without stopping—from Cincinnati to Philadelphia. This I accomplished in about 27 hours, the train going at an average rate of about 27 miles an hour. Philadelphia is the second city in the United States. It is situated on a plain, bounded on the east by the river Delaware, on the west by the river Schuylkill. Its length from north to south is 20 miles, and its breadth 8 miles. In 1840 the population

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was about 260,000, in 1862 it was 700,000, and so rapid is the increase of the city that it is estimated about 2000 new buildings are erected every year. The city is not thickly populated, for the streets are very wide, and the inhabitants of all classes enjoy more room than in European cities. The principal streets, running from east to west, that is from the Schuylkill to the Delaware, are called by the names of trees, Spruce-street, Chestnut-street, Mulberry-street and so on, and the streets from north to south are numbered first, second, third, and so on. If, for instance, you ask where a person lives, you will perhaps be told corner of Spruce-street and eighteenth. You first get into Spruce-street, and then, looking up at the corner posts where one street intersects another, you find that you are in Spruce-street fourth, fifth, or sixth, as the case may be, and you have only to walk on without asking any further questions, till you get to Spruce-street eighteenth. By means of this plan of numeration, which is followed in several American towns besides Philadelphia, a stranger very soon acquires a knowledge of the relative position of the different streets. The two most interesting buildings in Philadelphia are the Hall of Independence, and the Girard College. The Hall of Independence is one of the oldest buildings in the United States, having been completed in 1734. This building is regarded with special veneration by the Americans, because there the Declaration of Independence was signed on the 4th of July, 1776, and the original document, with the signatures, is still preserved there under a glass case, and gazed upon each year by thousands. Philadelphia boasts of many splendid schools and colleges. Of these the most striking is that known as Girard College, and founded by Mr. Stephen Girard, for the gratuitous instruction and support of destitute orphans. It stands on a slight elevation, is built in the best style of Greek architecture, and reminded me somewhat of the Church of the Madeleine at Paris. The cost of building this college was nearly £400,000, the whole of which was defrayed out of Mr. Girard's estate. The corner stone was laid in 1833, the buildings were completed in 1847, and the institution entered upon its work the 1st of January, 1848. There are now 370 orphans, who are admitted between the ages of 6 and 10, remain till 28 between the ages of 14 and 18, and are then apprenticed to some trade. They receive an excellent secular education, but unhappily it is strictly secular, the views of the founder on the subject of religion being

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indicated by the fact that he left a clause in his will forbidding any clergyman or minister of any denomination to be admitted under any circumstances within the precincts of the college. Mr. Girard was brought up in the Church of Rome, and looked upon every clergyman as more or less of a Jesuit. This rule is so far enforced that no one known to be a clergyman is admitted. A prominent citizen of Philadelphia, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and who was kindly shewing me over the town, seemed wishful to shew me the interior, and to smuggle me in as Mr. Lawrence, but I declined this, and preferred an outside view. Philadelphia is surrounded by beautiful walks and drives, in which long rows of stately trees meet the eye on every side. Near the city are several noble cemeteries. I visited one of them, the Laurel Hill Cemetery, situate on an eminence overhanging the Schuylkill river, about 2½ miles from Philadelphia. The place is one of exquisite loveliness, and the monuments are, for the most part, worthy of the place.

From Philadelphia I went to Washington. Washington, I need scarcely tell you, is next to New York, perhaps I may say, is without excepting New York, the most interesting city in the United States. It has been called the city of magnificent distances, because the space which it occupies is quite out of proportion to its population, which is not very large. There are fifteen noble avenues, that number being fixed upon as equal to the number of original States in the Union. These are very wide and magnificent, their aggregate length being 65 miles. Besides these, there are a number of streets, crossing each other at right angles, varying from 70 to 110 feet in width, and forming an aggregate length of 199 miles. The two principal buildings are the Executive Mansion, popularly known as the White House, and the Capitol. The Executive Mansion is a fine building, 170 feet long in front, and 86 feet in depth, standing in the centre of a plot of ground of 20 acres, which slopes gradually downward till it reaches the bank of the Potomac. In this mansion are the public reception rooms, which may be visited by strangers at all times, as well as the private apartments of the President. And, speaking of public and 29 private apartments, I may notice the extreme readiness with which Americans do walk in anywhere and everywhere, and the almost entire absence of the thought, which so often occurs to an

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English gentleman, and expresses itself in the words, "I hope I don't intrude." The notion of a public man in America, seems to be, a man who can be visited and questioned at all times by everybody, and the President, being the most public man in America, is the man who can most be visited and questioned at all times by everybody.\* We have a notion in England, that just at present Washington is a place full of spies, and where a stranger would be stopped at every corner. The gentlemen to whom I had letters of introduction being much occupied, I visited several of the public buildings by myself, and certainly, I was surprised at the perfect ease with which one could get about everywhere. I walked up into the Executive Mansion, went all about, in and out of the public rooms; no one took the slightest notice of me; the Capitol the same, the Treasury the same; no guard or official anywhere, or, if there were, he certainly thought that asking questions of strangers was not part of his duty. The Capitol is a very splendid building, having a length of front of 352 feet, depth of wings 121 feet, and height to the top of centre dome, 145 feet. It cost about one million eight hundred thousand dollars, rather less than the sum bequeathed by Mr. Girard for his college at Philadelphia. It contains the Senate Chamber, corresponding to our House of Lords, the Hall of Representatives, corresponding to our House of Commons, the Library of Congress, the Chamber of the Supreme Court, and the Rotunda, a round hall, which is 96 feet in height, and has its walls adorned with historical paintings. Four of these are by Colonel Trumbull, one of the aides-de-camp of Washington in the Revolutionary War. They are described in nearly all books of American travels, and are much noticed, more perhaps for the position which they occupy, than for their intrinsic merit, though this is not inconsiderable. The subjects are,—first, The Declaration of Independence; second, The Surrender of General

\* A well known American writer, describing his experience as American Consul, at Liverpool, says,—

They (my Yankee friends) often came to the Consulate in parties of half a dozen or more, on no business whatever, but merely to subject their public servant to a rigid examination, and see how he was getting on with his duties."— *Hawthorne's Our Old Home. Page 9.*

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30 Burgoyne; third, The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis; fourth, The Resignation of General Washington. In each of these paintings there are authentic likenesses of the most eminent men present at those scenes.

From Washington, I went a few miles down the Potomac to Alexandria, the first place in Virginia which was occupied by the Federals. I noticed particularly the house where fell the first, or one of the very first victims of the war, Colonel Ellesworth, who was shot dead by Mr. Jackson the owner of the house, as he was in the act of removing a large Confederate flag, which Jackson had hung out. Jackson was immediately bayoneted by the Colonel's followers, and I remember the affair made a great sensation at the time, both in America and in this country. Alexandria left a more painful impression upon my mind than any other town I visited. There was plenty of life and movement, the walls were thickly covered with play-bills of all kinds, every other shop had marked upon it, "Sutler's goods sold here." But it was an artificial, not a natural life, that I saw around me, it was not the life of the proper inhabitants, of the rightful owners of the place, but of the stranger and the oppressor, who had forced himself into their place. Had I gone to Nashville, or any other thoroughly Southern town, now occupied by the Federals, I should no doubt have seen these painful features yet more fully developed. And at Alexandria I was compelled to stop. I had confidently reckoned on visiting the army of the Potomac. I had letters of introduction to several distinguished officers, and one gentleman in particular, an old and valued friend of my family, was fully expecting to see me, and had furnished me with every detail as to how I was to make my way through the different corps d'armée to the place where he was stationed. But, after all, I was disappointed. A rule had just been passed, that no one should visit the army except on urgent public or private business, and, as I could not plead either, my request, though supported by influential recommendations, was refused. I am bound to add, that the authorities in Washington acted towards me with the utmost courtesy, and, though my disappointment was great, I do not blame them in the least. The rule was laid down with the intention of excluding, not quiet travellers like myself, but agents of the press, or persons likely to give information to the Confederates. Still, I

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always respect those, who, whether acting in a public or private capacity, strictly adhere to rules which they have once laid down. I visited Washington at the worst time in the year for seeing remarkable persons. Congress was not sitting, the heat was great, and all persons of note, who could possibly be spared, had dispersed to various watering places or country seats. Hence, the only person of European fame, whom I saw at Washington, was President Lincoln himself. I was presented to him by an Episcopal clergyman, the Incumbent of one of the first churches in Washington, and who was therefore well acquainted with all the leading men. We went to the Treasury, entered a large room filled up like an ordinary merchant's counting house. At one end was a secretary writing letters, and at the other, sitting on a form behind a high desk, was a tall middle aged man, whom I at first supposed to be another secretary, but who proved to be the chief man himself. He rose, and welcomed, and shook hands with us both very cordially, and asked me what I thought of Illinois, his native State, through which I had just been travelling. I mentioned to him my disappointment at not getting a pass to the army of the Potomac, he seemed much inclined to let me go, but upon reflection, said that, as I had already applied to the War office, and been refused, he could not very well interfere. I was much more favourably impressed with the President's personal appearance and manner than I had expected from the accounts I had read in the papers. He is described by many both here and in America as a great joker, and it is said that many of his jokes are not of the most refined nature. What he may do in this way when surrounded by his intimate friends, I do not know; but his manner towards me, as a stranger, was at once courteous and dignified; his face bore deep marks of care and labour and sorrow; and, if it may be said of rulers generally that they do not rest upon a bed of roses, the saying applies with tenfold force to him. A man who knew him well told me that of all men he thought that he was the most to be pitied. It is a terrible thing for a man of ordinary strength to be placed in a position where the strength of a giant is required. On my return from Washington, I spent one day at Baltimore, the capital of Maryland, which seemed to me a good deal like Philadelphia, but with everything on a smaller scale. And then I returned once, more to New York.

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And how—in a lecture where I have so many other things to speak of—how can I give a description of that great and glorious city, which may well claim more than one lecture for itself alone? New York has three things to recommend it, first, a situation of great natural beauty, secondly, splendid streets and houses on the adorning of which no expense has been spared, thirdly, a bright sky and a pure air which displays everything to the best advantage. New York, as most of you are aware, is situate on a tongue of land—an island or quasi-island, called Manhattan, bounded on the west by the Hudson, on the east by the East River, which meet at its apex, and form the bay of New York. This bay communicates with the outer Ocean by what is called the Narrows, a narrow channel lying between Staten Island, and Long Island, and forming the usual entrance through which ships sail up to New York. But there is another approach by the north of Long Island, called Long Island Sound, by which the Great Eastern came, as she cannot pass the Narrows. Owing to this her peculiar position, there is scarcely a city in the world, the inhabitants of which have so great a choice of aquatic excursions as the New Yorkers; and steam boats, pleasure boats, ferry boats, boats of all kinds, are starting from dozens of piers at all hours of the day. Some of the principal charitable institutions, hospitals, workhouses, asylums, are situate in the smaller islands, such as Blackwell and Randall Islands, and the inmates have delightful walks, extending from one side of the island to the other. The two most remarkable streets in New York are Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Broadway is a great business street, commencing from the Battery, which faces the waters of the bay, and running upwards several miles, presenting two rows of stately buildings, broken only here and there by a small park or square. In Broadway all is din and excitement; every thing is done in a hurry; all is extreme anxiety; crowds of foot passengers are hastening along; omnibuses follow one another in endless succession. Indeed, a stranger will be utterly at a loss to understand how these omnibuses all pay, until he comes to understand two marked features in the American character; the one being a strong desire to move about from place to place, and the other an extreme dislike for walking. An American will go out when an Englishman would remain at home, and an American will ride when an Englishman would walk. Hence, all these omnibuses pay, though the uniform charge is but five 33

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cents, or twopence half-penny, go as far as you will. As Broadway is a picture of New York at work, so is Fifth Avenue a picture of New York at rest. Fifth Avenue is 100 feet wide, shaded on each side by noble trees. Fifth Avenue in its best parts knows nothing of omnibuses,—only the sound of a private carriage or of a tradesman's cart breaks its calm repose. Fifth Avenue presents a succession of splendid mansions, which, in many instances, cost from £10,000 to £40,000 each. Broadway is, in my judgment, more than equal to Regent-street and the Strand, and Fifth Avenue is more than equal to the west end streets of London. The only streets which I have seen superior to Broadway and Fifth Avenue, are Prince's-street in Edinburgh, High-street in Oxford, the Boulevard des Italiens and De la Madeleine, and perhaps the Rue de la Paix and the Rue de Rivoli, at Paris. But London, though inferior to New York in her natural advantages, and in her streets, far surpasses her in size and population. London has also much finer parks and squares; she has her Crystal Palace; and, above all, she has her time-honoured Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's Cathedral, her Tower with its hoary memories of crime: and with all these, New York, the young and gay Queen of the West, has nothing to compare. The place from which New York is seen to most advantage, is the top of the steeple of Trinity Church, one of the finest churches in the city, situate in Broadway about half a mile from the lower end of the city. I have ascended many steeples, and looked down on not a few fair and populous cities in Europe, as well as in America. But never did I witness so lovely a panorama as from the top of Trinity steeple, an elevation of about 320 feet from the ground. Immediately beneath me, extending north and south, lay crowded Broadway; beyond, miles of house-tops, spires and steeples of every form; beyond these, the two majestic rivers which enclose Manhattan, fringed at the sides with forests of masts, thickly dotted in the centre with fast-gliding steamers; further still, in one direction, the lovely bay of New York, Sandy Hook, and the coast of Staten Island in the far horizon, in another direction, hills and valleys clothed with stately trees and waving crops. Thus I saw at once, glorious scenes of nature, and mighty works of art. Well may England be proud of her daughter, self-willed and undutiful though that daughter may sometimes prove. If America had nothing but New York to boast of, if New York constituted E 34 the whole

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of America, still America would be no common child. And then New York has so great an advantage over our English cities, especially over London, in this, that every thing there looks so bright and clear. A building in London may in itself be very grand and noble, but then there is the smoke overhanging it, and the fog that partly hides it, and the particles of soot that gather round it, and gives it a dingy look almost as soon as it is built. There are none of these drawbacks in New York. New York has not really a better climate than our own, for men die much faster, and woman's beauty fades much sooner than with us; there is the scorching heat in summer, the piercing cold in winter, such as we know not; but things there look brighter, if they are not really better. "All that glitters is not" "gold," said Shakspeare, and it is a saying very applicable to many things in New York

### **LECTURE II. WHAT I THOUGHT OF AMERICA.**

When I had the pleasure of addressing you on the subject of America last week, those of you who were then present will remember that I confined myself to a description of the scenes which I had witnessed, and the places which I had visited. I then spoke to you of Niagara and the Mammoth Cave,—the two greatest natural curiosities in North America,—of the Mississippi, its greatest river, of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis, Chicago, and of a few of the most striking points of difference between this country and America as to the modes of living and of travelling. This evening I propose to speak to you about some of the moral and social characteristics of the American people, about their form of government, about their ecclesiastical arrangements, and about the terrible war which is now wasting their vast resources, and burdening them with a debt which it may take generations fairly to get rid of. My present lecture, therefore, will necessarily assume something of a political character, and I shall have to touch upon points in respect of which some or many present may hold views very different from those which I am about to lay before you. Public opinion in this country has now been much exercised on this American war, so that in regard to it almost every thoughtful and intelligent Englishman has formed a decided opinion one way or the other. Most lecturers too on this subject, lecture rather as advocates than as impartial judges. At least nearly all the speeches and lectures

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that I have heard and read, give you one side of the question, and keep back the other. Though I shall not hesitate, when I consider it advisable, to state my own opinion, yet my aim will be rather to lay before you as clearly and as concisely as possible the principal arguments on both sides, and leave you to draw the inferences for yourselves. But first I would make a few observations as to the moral and social condition of the people. It should ever be remembered that a new country, like America, has one enormous advantage over an old country like England. No man in America, who has strength of body and of mind, has any occasion to be a needy man. It is a very rare thing for such a man not to be able to find employment. Then, every man has abundant opportunities of getting his children educated at a trifling expense, large sums of public money being set apart in most of the Northern States, but especially in Massachusetts and the other New England States, for educational purposes. Hence pauperism is very little known in America, at least among the native Americans, as distinguished from the emigrants; and gross ignorance, inability to read and write, is in the Free States very little known also. Freed from these two tremendous evils, pauperism and ignorance, America ought to be a very happy country. And probably America, in her normal state, when she is not distracted by civil war, is a more happy country than England. I do not mean by this that you, ladies and gentlemen, or persons in your rank of life, would be more happy in America than you are here, but I mean that a much larger percentage of the inhabitants are in easy and comfortable circumstances there than in England. It is no disgrace to us that it should be so. God has given them a much wider land, far greater material resources than he has given us. And, as the natural result of this general diffusion of comfort and education, the Americans are, in my opinion, upon the whole, taking all ranks and classes into consideration, more orderly than the English. Some of you may wonder how I can say this, for in many books of travels the American is represented as a being, whose chief objects in life seem to be, to chew tobacco, to expectorate, to put his feet on high, to ask impertinent questions, and to make himself generally disagreeable. I will tell you what my experience is of the orderly or disorderly conduct of Americans. I travelled in America by rail and by steam boat about 4000 miles. There is no distinction of classes in American railways and steam-boats;

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the rich man, the poor man, the planter, the merchant, the ploughman, the mechanic, all sit side by side. 37 And from the construction of the American railway cars you are constantly in presence of some forty or fifty people, and would readily notice any gross act of misbehaviour on the part of any one of them. Did I ever see any such act? No. Did I ever hear any insulting language used? Once only, and that was near Washington, by a soldier, who evidently was not an American, but a raw Irish recruit. Did I ever have an impertinent question addressed to me? Never. Was any incivility ever shewn me because I was a foreigner? In France I have often experienced this, but in America never. One painful thing I did hear again and again in American cars and steam-boats, and that was God's holy name taken in vain. They better understand how to reverence one another than how to reverence God. In England, if a mass of first class, second class, and third class passengers were thrown promiscuously together, I think we should hardly travel 4000 miles without something unpleasant occurring. Then the Americans are very kind to their relatives when they need help. I had a striking illustration of this one day. I had been taking tea with some of my relatives at the house of a gentleman whom we will call A. Returning home, I enquired, who was the young lady doing the honours of the tea-table, was she one of his daughters? "No," was the reply, "his daughters are daughters are from home," "she is a niece of A, his brother died some time ago, leaving" "her unprovided for, so he has taken her, is giving her the best" "education, and intends to provide for her as if she were his" "daughter." I made some remark expressive of my admiration of A's conduct as being something unusual. "Oh," there is "nothing" in that," exclaimed an American lady, "everybody about" "here would do that,—why, there is B who has done it, and C" "and D," enumerating various persons whom she knew; "guess" "you would do the same in England, would you not." I did not think it advisable to answer that question, but turned the conversation. It may be indeed that the American acts thus, not because he is more generous at heart than the Englishman, but because he is less afraid of poverty than the Englishman. The Englishman, would like to do much for his more distant relatives, but, he thinks, if I do much, perhaps I may not be able to leave my own children sufficiently provided for, and that would be a dreadful thing. The American thinks, if I can leave each

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of my children a handsome fortune, well and good, but, if not, it 38 does not much signify, they can do very well without it, they can make their way in the world as I have made mine. Still I look upon this readiness to help, as one of the bright traits in the American character. But there are dark traits, as well as bright traits. And one of the darkest seems to me to be this. The Americans admire above all things smartness, and with them, I fear, smartness too often means the grasping at money by unfair means, that very covetousness which St. Paul declares to be idolatry. And this is one of the chief reasons why America is not so happy a country as she might be. It is a sad thing, it adds much to the tear and wear of life, to be constantly suspicious, constantly on the watch against your neighbours.

And then the Americans, so highly favoured as to material resources, are badly off in several most important things. The altar is not there. The throne is not there. They have no established church, no ruler who commands respect. In America all denominations, as they call them, are on an equality; a man chooses and pays his minister just as he chooses and pays his lawyer or his physician. Many think this is a very good thing. Let me very briefly shew you some of the results to which it leads. You go to a small American town, a town, it may be, of some 1500 or 2000 inhabitants. You see there four or five buildings with a turret or a spire, each of them nearly capable of holding the church or chapel going population of the place. Therefore each of them is half or two-thirds empty, and each wishes to fill itself at the expense of the rest. Each has its minister, and hence, so far as regards services on the Sunday, four or five ministers do the work that might well be done by one or two. And each of these ministers has to be supported. The town is rich enough to provide a comfortable maintenance for one or two ministers, but it can only afford a bare pittance to four or five. Each man chooses his own minister, knows or thinks he knows what his own religious views are, and he chooses the minister who will best set before him these his own views. He does not want a minister to teach him, to shew him in what points he is wrong or imperfectly informed; he wants a minister to tell him he is right, to develop for him his own ideas on religious subjects. And then again, in such a town, the ministers do not always quite agree among themselves as to what ought to be done

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by the people. Brother A, the Presbyterian minister, has the highest esteem and affection for Brother B, the Methodist minister, thinks him a pious, a learned, an excellent man, but each man has his own peculiar gifts, and there is Mrs. C the wealthy and charitable lady, who sits under brother B's ministry, who just wants a few little difficulties explained to her, a few comforting texts suggested to her, which are not quite in brother B's way, pious and excellent man though he be, and there is a seat just vacant which would exactly suit Mrs C, might it not be whispered in the lady's ear, that those difficulties can be explained, that those comforting texts can be suggested? But in regard to the man Z brother A thinks differently. The man Z has lived long in the place, has done no good to himself, or any one else, has never entered a place of worship. And, the man Z has become dangerously ill. And the man Z have expressed a willingness, almost a desire, to see some minister. And brother A Would like to go and see the man Z, but then brother A has much to do for, his own congregations, he has been called to the place to minister, not to the public generally, but to his own congregation, and besides brother B knows of the case, and is just the one to give the man Z the warning which he needs. But brother B is diffident of his powers, and thinks brother A is just the man for such a case. And the other three ministers are all humble-minded men, and each of them thinks that, of all the ministers in the place, he himself is the least qualified to make an impression on so hardened a sinner as the man Z. And the man Z dies, and, though five ministers live near him, none has been to see him, none has said to him, I am an ambassador for Christ, I beseech thee in Christ's stead, be thou reconciled to God. England the mother gave to America the daughter, or recommended to her by her example, two things, first, an established church, secondly, a parochial system, But the daughter would have no such antiquated absurdities, as she thought them. And what has she got in their place? She, has got first, a needless multiplication of ministers and churches. She has got secondly, ministers insufficiently paid, and from whom, therefore as a general rule (with bright exceptions, for there are some great and good ministers of the gospel in America) from whom, as a general rule, nothing great is to be expected. She has got thirdly, ministers, whose worldly interests are directly opposed~ to one another, who are as it were rival candidates for popular favour,

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and who will therefore be strongly tempted to speak or 40 think evil of one another. She has got fourthly, ministers, who are not teachers, speaking with authority, telling the people of their faults, but who are rather lecturers, putting things before the people in the way in which they, the people, like best, shewing the people how wise and judicious they, the people, are, as in other respects, so especially in their present selection of ministers. She has got, lastly, ministers, who are bound to call upon the righteous, but are not bound to seek the lost sheep, and this, because they are not the ministers of a parish, but the ministers of a congregation, and the parish contains good and bad, lost sheep and found sheep, but the congregation contains only the righteous, or at least those whom man considers such. The parish contains both Mrs C and the man Z, but the congregation contains only Mrs. C. America lost much when she lost her altar.

The great advantage of an established church lies in this, that it secures the teaching of religion to the masses of the people free of charge, and that it provides as teachers, not mere volunteers, acting on the spur of the moment, who may or may not be competent, but a learned body of men carefully trained for their work. We have all heard of the society formed of late in this country, for the purpose, as it is alleged, of liberating religion and its teachers from state control. But it ought rather to be called a society for liberating the state from the duty of providing for the religious instruction of the people. This is a duty which, to a greater or less extent, has been undertaken by nearly all civilized states in all ages. It may be objected that most states have supported erroneous forms of religion. But that is another question altogether. Which forms of religion, which doctrines, which mode of church government are, and which are not, in accordance with the mind and will of God, this is a theological question. But whether it is the duty of a state to provide teachers of religion for its members, or whether it should leave them to provide them for themselves, this is a question which belongs to political science rather than to theology. The Old Testament sets before us an example in the state provision made for the Priests and Levites. But, because Christ's kingdom is not of this world, because Christ came not to be a judge or a divider in worldly matters, therefore the New Testament is silent on this

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and all other political questions, only laying down the general principles, that all power 41 is of God, that the powers that be are ordained of God. and that therefore, Christians ought to be subject to the rulers, both civil and ecclesiastical, whom God has set over them. Following the opinions of the vast majority of good and wise men in every generation, I firmly believe that the state ought to make provision for the religious instruction of its members, and, as the civil rulers, who are the representatives of the state, cannot in their official capacity, properly take cognizance of purely theological questions, the state should provide religious teachers, whose teaching is in accordance with the views and wishes of the majority of those who constitute the state. The state should allow the minority to provide for themselves religious teachers of their own, at their own expense, but should countenance those teachers who express the views of the majority. Let me illustrate what I mean by a reference to existing facts. Holding the views I do hold, and residing in England, I support the church of England both on political and on theological grounds—on political grounds, because he is the church of the majority of the English people—on theological grounds, because. I believe her to be the true church—the church whose doctrines and formularies and discipline are most in accordance with the mind and will of God. But, were I living in Scotland, I should support the Established Church of Scotland, which is a Presbyterian Church, on political grounds, and yet I should oppose her on theological grounds. I should say it was quite right that she should be the established Church in Scotland, that the state should support her and her alone, because the vast majority of Scotchmen are Presbyterians, and not Episcopalians. But I should still say that she was not the true church, I should remain. an Episcopalian still, only, being one of a minority, I should expect from the state toleration merely, and not encouragement. If our Nonconformist brethren in this country would only consider this, would act towards us in the same spirit in which we, if our positions were reversed, if we were the minority, and they the majority, should be willing to act towards them, if, they would only be careful to keep political questions and theological questions quite distinct from one another, much of the bitterness and ill feeling, that now exist, would be removed. As a strong proof of the soundness of the views I have just expressed, I may refer to the example set us by

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one whom we all esteem and venerate, by our chief magistrate. We have no reason F 42 whatever to doubt that our Queen is a sincere and attached member of the Church of England. She has had all her children baptized into our church. She has caused their religious education to be superintended by clergymen of our church; one by one, as they become old enough, the Princes of the Royal Family are confirmed according to the rites of our church. We are not to suppose that the Queen changes her own private religious views every time she crosses the Tweed. Nevertheless, when she is in Scotland, she, in her official capacity, becomes for certain purposes a supporter of the Scotch Church. She attends officially the services of that church, and thus acknowledges her to be, what in fact she is, the church legally and rightfully established in that portion of the British empire. Thus, you see that it is quite consistent for a person to support an established church on political grounds, without assenting to her doctrines, and creeds, and formularies. But, some one may object, why should the state provide religious teaching for the people? Why should not a man be free to choose his minister as well as his lawyer or his physician? My reply is that, where there is an established church, a man is quite free to choose his own minister. All that the state does is to provide for him a minister free of charge. If he declines his services, and prefers another, whose views are more in accordance with his own, then he must support or contribute to the support of that other minister himself. And the blessings of an established church, while they extend to all ranks and classes, are greatest to those who need them most, to the poor, the ignorant, the wretched, to those, to whom Christ specially referred, when he said, *unto the poor the Gospel is preached*. It is no hardship for a rich man to provide for himself, or to join with other rich men in providing, a place of worship, and a minister suited to his views. But it is a hardship for a poor man, who has scarcely bread to eat, to have to pay for a seat at church. And besides, in humane and civilized countries such as England, the state does provide, in some cases even a lawyer, and in all cases a physician, for the very poor who cannot provide one for themselves. The state, to some extent in England, and to a much greater extent in America, does help to provide a schoolmaster to give secular instruction to the children of the poor. And the state should provide religious teachers also, because the soul is worth

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more than the body, because the instruction, which 43 maketh wise unto salvation, is more important than instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, though this is important also. Many persons ignorantly fancy that English churchmen are mere aristocrats, thinking only of what is most for the rich man's benefit. Whereas the very reverse is the fact. The wealthy churchman, in defending the union of Church and State, is fighting the poor man's battle, is striving that religious instruction may continue to be given in this country, without money and without price, to those who have no money to pay. And it is a fact well worth noticing that, where none but the very poor are found, there, as a general rule, none but the state clergy are found to give them instruction and comfort. In moderately affluent districts, where there are many skilled artizans and small shopkeepers, who can afford to pay for sittings, chapels often flourish and abound, but not so in districts where the population is mainly composed of persons who live from hand to mouth, who know not whence to morrow's bread is to come. Some of you may have read the very interesting statements given in some of our church publications about districts in London and some other large towns—districts which have morally and socially deteriorated during the last 20 or 30 years, because all the better class of persons have left them to reside in other less central and more healthy localities, and the uniform testimony, as regards such districts, is, that the chapels, which once existed there, are now closed, that no religious teacher is to be seen in those dark and dreary hot beds of misery and crime, but the hard-worked and ill-paid curate. And would he be there, were it not that he feels that he is a man, on whom is laid the responsibility of a parish, and not merely of a congregation, that he is one of the clergy of the nation, and that therefore every member of the nation, residing within his prescribed limits, has a claim upon him? And remember that in England the clergy are not paid out of the national taxes. All that the state does is to authorize them, as the clergy of the nation, to receive the revenues derived from certain property, which was set apart by the piety of our forefathers for purposes of religious instruction. Tithes are not a tax. A man buys an estate subject to tithes, and he pays less for it accordingly. Is he the poorer for that? Surely not, no more than a man, who buys for £1000 a house with a ground rent of £10, is worse off than if he bought it for £1200 without any such ground

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rent. 44 In France it is different. There the state admits the principle that it is its duty to provide religious instruction for the people, but then, instead of providing such only as will be acceptable to the majority, it tries to meet the views, if not of every individual, yet of every large and organized religious body. Accordingly in the annual budget, along with the expenses of the army and navy, are entered the expenses of public worship, and, as all the church property was sold or lost in the first Revolution, salaries are paid out of the taxes to all ministers, who belong to sects recognized by the state, and who can prove that they have a sufficient congregation. The money allotted for defraying the expenses of public worship is paid impartially to Roman Catholic priests, to Protestant ministers of all shades of opinions, and even to Jewish Rabbis. What would our Nonconformist friends say, if, when the tax-gatherer came round to them, they had the satisfaction of knowing that one infinitesimal portion of their enforced contribution was to be applied to the support of the Romish priest, another to that of the minister of their own persuasion, another to the Church of England clergyman, another to the Jewish Rabbi? A year or two of a national budget, swollen out to the extent of some millions by the expenses of conducting public worship, would make even Messrs. Cobden and Bright wish the old church back again with her tithes and her endowments.

In her rejection of all national provision for the spiritual wants of the poor and the ignorant, America stands, I believe, alone among the civilized nations of the earth. And she suffers for it, though she suffers less than we should suffer in England, because, owing to her vast material resources, the poor and the ignorant, those who have no money to pay for religious instruction, and those who have no desire to receive religious instruction, are not so numerous as they are here. Still she suffers for it, and one of the proofs is that ministers of religion are not treated with the respect which is due to their sacred office. As an illustration of this, I may mention the fact that no ministers of any denomination are exempt from the conscription that is now, or was lately, going on. One day I read in the American papers a list of several, both Roman Catholic Priests, and Protestant ministers, who were drafted, and had to be bought off by their congregations raising by subscription

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the 300 dollars required. Fancy the astonishment of an English congregation, if, when assembled at church 45 some Sunday morning, they were informed by the church-wardens, that there would be no service that day. The vicar was not ill exactly, but the recruiting sergeant had quietly stepped up to the parsonage the day before, brought the reverend gentleman a shilling and some ribbons for his hat, would take no denial, but marched him right off to the nearest barracks, where he was about to enter upon a course of drill, instead of a course of sermons. Another explanation of the fact, that, Mr. Lincoln's government requires ministers as well as laymen to serve in the army, was given me one day by an American gentleman. He said, the clergy owe this to Mr. Beecher and some others of the New England preachers. They have blown the war trumpet with such vigour, and declared so often and so earnestly that it is the duty of every man to take up arms and rush to the South, that the government have felt that they could not in common courtesy do less than give them a fair opportunity of practising what they preached. I need scarcely add, that my informant was not an Abolitionist.

As America has lost her altar, so has she also lost her throne. Everything in politics is settled by the will of a numerical majority. The poorest, the most ignorant man, has just as much political power as the richest, the most highly educated. And what is the result? A government much inferior to the people, a government bad, but not very bad, which would be very bad, were it not for the general intelligence of the people. I, for my part, think a government ought not to undertake too many things. I have no sympathy with those so-called paternal governments, which interfere with every one's private affairs, which do not allow a man to go ten miles from his house without a passport. I call our government in England a good government, because it undertakes a few things, and manages them, upon the whole, well. And I call the American government a bad government, because it also undertakes a few things, and manages them badly. But it is not so bad a government as the despotic governments of ancient and modern times, as the Russian government for instance, because these undertake a great many things, and manage them all badly. One of the most convincing proofs that the American is a bad, and not a good government, is

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the way in which that government has managed its foreign policy, the bullying tone which for years past it has maintained towards England and other European powers. And America has a bad government, partly because her best men, generally speaking, will not come forward as candidates for public office, and partly because the electors do not know how to select the best men even when they do come forward. We here, in my opinion, form far too low, too unfavourable an opinion of the American people. Why? Because we, those of us who have not visited America, judge of the Americans by their government and by their press. And the American government and the American press are unworthy of America. Her best and ablest men are not in Congress, are not place-holders, are not writers in newspapers, or editors of newspapers. Intelligent foreigners form a very high opinion of England. Why? Because they read our debates in Parliament, and they also read our Times. And our members of Parliament, and our Cabinet Ministers, be they Whig, or be they Tory, are worthy of us, are our best, our ablest men. And the Times, with all its faults, is by far the first paper in the world, and is therefore, in my opinion, worthy of the first nation in the world. And America has a bad government also, because political power there rests upon the wrong basis. In America, political power (I mean by political power the right of voting for, or being voted into, political offices,) is given to all men, as men, that is, as beings possessed of a human body and a human soul, and, as all alike are possessed of these, all have an equal share of political power. But political power ought to be given to a man, not simply as a man, but rather as a man contributing to the support of the state which gives him the power, and the man who contributes more, who pays more taxes for the support of the state, ought to have more power than the man who contributes less, just as in a joint-stock company the man who has fifty shares has more control over the management of the affairs of the company than the man who has only five shares. It may be argued as an objection to this, that intelligence, and not wealth, is the proper basis of political power, that the men, best fitted to govern a country themselves, or to determine who shall be its governors, are the men of intelligence, the men who understand the real interests of the country, and not the men of mere wealth, who perhaps have very little intelligence, understand little or nothing about politics. There is some truth in this, and

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intelligence does exercise a proper influence in all countries that are constitutionally and not despotically, governed, 47 in this way, that the men of intelligence are the men who take the lead in the management of public affairs. A poor man, who has sound sensible practical ideas of things, and can express his views in becoming language, if he get into our House of Commons, will have far more weight there, than a millionaire who has no ideas, and can hardly put together two sentences of English. But still I think the right of voting should be based on taxation rather than on intelligence for two reasons. First, for the reason already mentioned, because the more a man pays in direct taxation, the greater stake he has in the well-being of the country and the stability of its government. And secondly, because you can measure direct taxation precisely, but you cannot with any degree of accuracy measure intelligence. It would be no very difficult matter to ascertain how many persons in Huddersfield pay direct taxes, and how many do not, and what amount is paid by each, but what man, what board or tribunal, would undertake to fix the precise degree of general intelligence or of political intelligence, possessed by each man in Huddersfield? So far as the suffrage in England is concerned, I think the country is now in a very peaceful and prosperous state, not agitated, as it once was, by the storms of revolutionary passions, and that therefore it would be far wiser and safer to leave well alone. Still, if there were to be a change made, I should not object to an extension of the suffrage to all rate and tax-paying householders, on certain conditions. And the most important of these conditions would be, that a suggestion should be adopted, which was made not very long ago by one of our deepest political thinkers, one of our best writers on logic and political economy, Mr. James Stuart Mill. His suggestion, if I remember rightly, was that a plurality of votes should be allowed to a man who paid more taxes than the majority of his neighbours, for instance, that the payment of the ordinary rates and taxes which every householder pays, should entitle a man to one vote, the payment of income tax above a certain amount to a second, the payment of assessed taxes above a certain amount to a third, and so on. This seems to me a more equitable plan than the present one, of drawing a sharp line of demarcation, based upon the rent which a man pays for his house, and saying, absolute equality for all on one side of the line, absolute exclusion for

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all on the other. And then the intelligence-test might also to a certain extent be applied. It might be ascertained which of the rate payers were not grossly ignorant, and which took an interest in political affairs, in a very simple way. It might be required of every one, who wished to have the opportunity of voting for a member of parliament during the year, that he should, during the first month in the year, go to the registrar of the district, or some other officer appointed for the purpose, take with him his last receipts for rates and taxes, to shew that he was not in arrears, enter his name and address in a registry-book of voters which should be open for public inspection, and pay the officer a small entrance fee. All this might be done in five minutes. Those who did not know how to write their name, or did not care to take this little trouble, could not fairly complain if for that year they were debarred from voting, they would be non-electors from their own fault. I think that in some such way as this the great principle of political power based upon amount of taxation, with due regard paid to intelligence, might be carried out in England even more thoroughly than it is now. But I am not addressing you as a reformer or an innovator. I am a conservative, I am well satisfied with things as they are, though I think they might perhaps be made to work a little more comfortably, and so as to take away from non-electors all possible grounds of complaint. The principle of political power, based upon amount of taxation, is substantially carried out in England, and from it springs the good government of England. The opposite principle, the principle of political power based on mere residence in the state apart from taxation, is carried out in America, and from it springs the bad government of America. Give us the American principle, and we should have as bad a government, or perhaps a worse government than the American. Give America our principle, and her best men would be at the head of affairs, and Mr. Seward would give his whole attention to his private business, and we should see far less blustering, and far more performance, out yonder. But a bad government has not been of so much consequence to the Americans as it would be to us. And this, because their material resources are so vast. Through these, the Americans have managed, in spite of their bad government, to prosper and advance with enormous strides up to the outbreak of the present war.

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And what is this war? I think this war may be fairly called an attempt to settle the question, whether a partnership can be dissolved at the pleasure of one of the partners without the consent of the other. The Southerners say, it is right that it should be thus dissolved. The Northerners say, it is not right, unless the partner who demands the dissolution can shew that the terms of the partnership have been broken. They add, it is true that we dissolved partnership ourselves, that we seceded from England, but then, say they, England broke the terms of the partnership, we laid statement after statement of our grievances before the English parliament, and asked redress. When this was again and again refused, then, and not till then, we declared ourselves independent of England. But we have never broken any article of our compact with the South, the Southerners themselves never complained of any actual grievances, but were only fearful that, at some future time, some grievances might arise. The Northerners say, we fully concede the right of insurrection or of secession, where there are grievances for which no redress can otherwise be obtained, but we do not admit the right of secession without any grievances, for this is a principle which leads at once to anarchy. If, say they, we allow the South to secede, any county or town, that finds itself in a minority on any question, may secede, and we should soon be broken up into a number of petty states, like those of Central America. Again, the Northerners say, that it would be impossible to draw a proper frontier line between them and the South, that there would be constant frays on the boundaries about fugitive slaves. They further maintain, that the present Constitution of the United States cannot strictly be called a partnership entered into by the several states of the Union, that it was agreed to, not by the states as such, but by the people or inhabitants of the states, who for certain purposes reserved the sovereignty of their respective states, but for other purposes wholly, and for ever, relinquished it, declaring that for these purposes they should henceforth be considered as one nation, and not as a confederation of states. And, in support of this, they lay great stress upon the fact, that the preamble of the Constitution was not, *we the several states, but we, the people of the several states*. Then I have met with some Americans, who have said that perhaps, after all, the Southerners had a right to secede, G 50 but that nevertheless the war was a justifiable one, because the Southerners

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carried out their plan of secession in so arrogant and offensive a manner that the North could not submit to it without an utter forfeiture of the national dignity. And they put the case to us English in this form; you may be willing, it may suit your policy, to give up the Ionian isles, but still, if the Ionians were suddenly to rise up, and kill or make prisoners of the English garrison, you would feel that your dignity required you to wipe out the insult before you gave up the isles. And this is a line of argument to which it is difficult for us Englishmen to reply. We all know what answer the Southerners make to all this. They say, we have different institutions, habits, feelings, different natural interests too, from the Northerners, we have tried union with them, and it does not answer, therefore we wish to live by ourselves and for ourselves, we have no wish to interfere with the North, all we want is that the North should not interfere with us. Thus we see, that there is much to be said on both sides, and therefore, I think we ought to pause, before we pass too severe a censure upon either party. It often happens in a law-suit that both parties are partly in the right, and partly in the wrong, and in such cases it is sometimes very difficult to apportion the proper amount of praise or blame to each party. And is it not so, in this gigantic and terrible law suit, which has caused such torrents of man's blood, such rivers of woman's tears, to flow? Viewing the question in a strict, legal, technical aspect, as a lawyer would view the contents of a deed submitted to him for his opinion, I am inclined to think the North are in the right, because they took up arms in a conservative spirit, to maintain existing treaties, compacts, laws, to prevent all change, to make things go on still as they had gone on for years. Viewing the question in a broad, practical, common sense aspect, I think the South are in the right, for they only want to manage their own affairs, and they have all the elements requisite to form a separate nation. The history of the world presents to us this unfailing law, that, when empires become too large and unwieldy, when opposite interests spring up, and the different parts of the empire cannot fairly and satisfactorily be represented in a common assembly, or have their different wants fully understood, and properly provided for by a common monarch, then they break up into two or more separate empires. And it is well 51 for the human race that this law should exist. And therefore, so far, I think, a fair, calm, unprejudiced spectator of the conflict will wish success to the

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South, on the ground that they are acting in accordance with the general fitness of things, with the fundamental principles of human society, though perhaps, not in accordance with the terms of a certain legal document, drawn up under a different state of things, by men who are now in their graves.

But then, the slavery question comes in. The Southerners are fighting against oppression, if not actual, yet apprehended. But are they not themselves guilty of a far worse kind of oppression? This consideration should not deter us from acknowledging the independence of the South, if they succeed in establishing that independence, but it may have, or ought to have, some weight with us in determining whether we should, or should not, help them in establishing that independence. Slavery is a terrible thing, bad for the slave, and bad also for the master. The owner of slaves has constantly the opportunity of giving vent to the worst passions of human nature, almost without control from human laws, for, according to the laws of the Southern States, by which a slave's evidence is not received in a court of justice, he has only to take care that no white man be near to witness his proceedings, and then, he can do almost what he pleases to his slaves. I do not mean that all slave owners, or most slave owners, are guilty of acts of wanton cruelty, but they have the power, though happily they often have not the will. And it is a severe trial for poor, weak, sinful creatures, such as we all are, to have the power of indulging our worst propensities without the restraints of human law. The more deeply we look into our own hearts, the more clearly we shall see the need of such restraints. When we read and shudder over the deeds of some brutal slave-driver or remorseless slave-ship captain, the thought may occur to us, and it will be wise to dwell upon it—had we been brought up like these men, should we have been better than they. And then, in the Slave States, besides the slave owners, who are comparatively few, there are the non-slave holders, the poor whites, the *mean trash*, as they are called, and they are many, and most of them in a very wretched condition. And they are in this condition, not because there is nothing for them to do, no means of earning a livelihood, but because they consider it beneath their dignity to engage in manual labour. Wherever 52 slavery exists, those, who are freemen, consider it

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beneath them to engage in the same kind of work on which the slaves are employed. And this rule applies with special force to cases where the slaves belong to a totally different race from the freemen. Even in the free Northern States, there is a feeling against white men and black men working together on terms of equality. Hence, the poor man in the Southern States, will not do work, which the poor man in the Northern States, or in Europe, is quite willing to do; he thinks himself too much a gentleman for anything of the sort. And thus, pride and ignorance, and that abject poverty, which is the child of these, reign over him, and morally, he is as much a slave to these, as physically, the negro is to his white master. In a private letter I received from America, during the present month, I had an interesting account given me of a young Confederate soldier, who was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburg, and who sometime after died of his wounds, but not till after he had been attended, and brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, by a friend of my correspondent, one of the Chaplains of the Federal army of the Potomac. The young man died with the words on his lips, "Lord, I believe, help" "thou mine unbelief." But, before the Northern Chaplain visited him, he had never seen a Bible, and thought that he had never heard of one. Statistics shew how much the Southern States, with a finer climate and a richer soil, are behind the Northern States in education, in wealth, in civilization. You may meet with a few Southern Planters, of high education and refined manners, just as you may meet with a few Russian noblemen of the same stamp, but they are the few, you cannot judge of the general condition of the nation, by looking at them. Then comes the question—if slavery be so bad a thing, can it safely be got rid of? This is a most difficult question. If the blacks were willing to labour for fair wages, then abolition would work well. And, if the whites could manage to get on with their plantations without black labour, then, it might also work well. Can either of these things be confidently looked forward to? After hearing and reading much about both these things, my own impression is, that the blacks, generally speaking, could not be depended upon as labourers, because, they would naturally be anxious to get out of the way of their former owners, and the country is so vast, that they could easily retire into the interior, and squat down in unoccupied spots. Still, there would always be a certain amount of black labour to be obtained, and,

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I think, Mr. Olmstead and others have satisfactorily shewn, that, in a large portion of the Southern States, white men can do out-door work without injury to their constitution. Still some fertile districts, the rice swamps for instance, might have to be abandoned. Abolition would cost the South a heavy price, but yet one which it might be worth their while to pay. The material wealth of the South might for a time be diminished, but the moral condition of the South would be immeasurably raised.

The North did not undertake the war for the abolition of slavery, but simply for the preservation of the union. All the Americans, with whom I have conversed, agree as to this. I was fully aware of this, even before I went to America, notwithstanding all the clap-trap speeches of certain advocates of the North in England. But what does surprise me, is, that the sympathy of intelligent Englishmen should be claimed for the North, on the ground, even supposing it to be true, that the war is a war for the abolition of slavery, and not for the preservation of the union. Arguments of this kind seem to me to imply, on the part of those who advance them, an utter ignorance of the first principles of civil and international law. If this were true, if the Northerners were doing what some of their advocates represent them to be doing, I should think far worse of the North, than I think now. If the Northerners had done what John Brown, and other brave but misguided men, wished them to do, had declared an aggressive war against the South for the abolition of slavery, they would have been trampling under foot laws, covenants, promises of the most binding nature. What should we think of an English statesman, who should propose that England should forthwith declare war against all slave holding nations, simply on the ground that we did not approve of these their internal arrangements! The idea would be scouted as monstrous, and the proposer regarded as a mad enthusiast. But still, England is not bound to slavery by solemn engagements, as the Northern States, before this war, were bound. England would be wrong in going to war with a foreign nation about slavery, because she would be interfering in matters, in which she is not called upon to interfere. But the Northern States, had they gone to war with the South, simply for the abolition of slavery, would have done more than this, would have interfered in matters, in which they

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had solemnly promised not to interfere. There is one thing which the Northerners might have done, and, had they done it, they would, I think, have won for themselves the highest praise from England, and the whole civilized world. They might have said to the South,— we thoroughly disapprove of slavery, and therefore we cannot any longer give our moral sanction to its continuance; if you will make arrangements for the gradual extinction of slavery, let the union continue as before; if not, we will separate; our soil, shall be a free soil like the soil of Canada, and you shall take the guilt and responsibility of slavery entirely upon yourselves. This, I think, would have been the true, straight forward, Christian policy for the North to have adopted. This is the policy which I should have advocated, had I been a citizen of one of the Northern States. For, I should have said, do not let us fight and kill our brethren, because they are slave owners; God does not require this of us; but, if we really believe slavery to be a base and immoral thing, let us shew our belief by declining to give it any longer our moral support, by refusing to be any longer politically united with Slave States. Had this course been adopted, had the North seceded from the South, instead of the South from the North (and, I believe that in Massachusetts, the most enlightened, the most highly educated, of the Northern States, there were many who were willing to have done this,) then this war would certainly have been avoided, for the South would not have been so mad as to attempt an aggressive war against the North for the preservation of the union, and slavery would probably have received its death blow. Slavery would not have been abolished at once, nor would this have been desirable, for, bad as slavery is, the sudden liberation of numbers of persons, wholly unprepared for liberty, would be even worse than their continuance in slavery. But, under the moral disapprobation of the whole civilized world, including the Free States of America, slavery would have wasted and dwindled and finally disappeared, would have fled away, like the shades of night before the bright beams of the morning sun. For the Northern States to have declared a moral war against slavery, to have said, we will repeal the fugitive Slave law, and all other laws which preclude us from fully shewing our disapprobation of slavery, if our Southern brethren will have slavery, we will leave them entirely to themselves; this would have been just, and noble, and glorious. But for them to take up

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arms against slaveholders, simply as such, to seek to kill them merely because they were doing that, which it had from the first been admitted that they might legally do, this would not have been noble or glorious, because it would not have been just. So, in private life, if you have the misfortune of having for your next door neighbour a very immoral man, a confirmed drunkard, if he keep himself to himself, and do not indulge his evil habits in such a manner as to annoy you, you may shew your disapprobation of his character, by declining his acquaintance; but you must not go and wantonly injure his person or his property, you must not knock him down when you meet him in the street, nor break his windows, nor climb over his garden wall at night, and spoil his fruit trees and flower beds; if you have sought an opportunity of friendly remonstrance with him as to his bad practices, or if, not having any such opportunity, you have avoided his society, and so declared that you will not be a partaker in, nor an approver of, his evil deeds, you have done your part, you must leave the rest with Him who has said, "*Vengeance is mine, I will repay.*" The free-soil man of the North has a right to remonstrate with the Southern slaveholder, and point out to him the evils of slavery, but he has no right to kill him because he is doing what his fathers have done before him. And, if the individual citizen has no right to do this, neither has the Federal government a right to do it, because it is admitted by all writers on the American Constitution, that that Constitution regards slavery as a domestic institution, an internal arrangement, over which each state, within its own frontiers, has the entire control, and in which the Federal government has no power to interfere. If you read carefully President Lincoln's proclamations, you will see that he has always admitted this. When he brought out his emancipation proclamation, he did not pretend that he had a legal right to deprive slaveholders, merely as such, of their slaves without compensation. What he said was that the great mass of the Southern slaveholders were rebels, in arms against lawful authority, and that, as rebels, they had forfeited the right to all their property, and consequently to that portion of their property which consisted of slaves, and that therefore he had a right to declare their slaves free. And his conclusion was quite logical, if we admit his premise that they are rebels; only we in England are, most of us, inclined to dispute his premise, and to regard them not as rebels, but as gallant men,

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struggling against fearful odds for the independence of their country. But, though this war was not commenced by the North for the abolition of slavery, yet, from the course which it has taken, the triumph of the North would probably lead to the speedy downfall of slavery, while the triumph of the South would ensure its continuance, at least for a time. Hence, we should be careful how far we assist the South, lest by so doing we may be rivetting the fetters on the slave. We may wish the South success so far as we view the question as one between Northern whites and Southern whites, but our wishes may be somewhat cooled down, when we think of the slave.

Then another question will arise, whether it is most for the interest of England that the mighty nation, hitherto called the United States, should remain in its beauty and its power, or should be broken up. Our answer to this question will depend very much upon whether we regard the Americans as a friendly or a hostile people. The American government and the American press, for years past, have tried to bully England, and, naturally enough, people here are inclined to regard the Americans as a hostile people. On the other hand the French government have been uniformly courteous to the English government, and the French press has been more courteous than the American. Still I believe that the French people are in their hearts decidedly hostile to England, and I have a strong hope, almost amounting to a conviction, that the Americans are a friendly people, that in their hearts they respect and love their mother country. When I was in the United States, I conversed much with many intelligent men about England, and I could plainly trace an upper and an under current of feeling. The upper current displayed itself in violent complaints about the hostility of the English press, about the recognition of the South as belligerents, about the Alabama being allowed to leave an English port, about so many troops having been sent over to Canada,—all which complaints seemed to me utterly ridiculous, and only shewing what a thin-skinned, sensitive being an American is. Then, beneath all that, I could trace a most earnest desire for the good-will and support of England, a feeling 57 that, whatever they did, they must be right, if England only said they were right. Many of them spoke to me about the reception which they had given to the Prince of Wales, and

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asked me, do you think we should have given such a reception, or anything approaching to it, to the representative of any nation but England. We all know the famous Yankee saying, "The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the" "British." This war may have raised in them some misgivings as to the latter part, as to what they can do, but they have undiminished faith in the former part, as to what the British can do. I spoke to several Americans about our danger of being invaded by the French, but they would hardly listen to such a thing, and one in particular, a leading general and statesman of the Republican party, whose name has often been in our papers, expressed to me, in the strongest terms, his conviction that such a thing was utterly impossible. With all their blustering, I believe there is no nation so thoroughly aware of the moral greatness of England as the Americans. I mean the native Americans, I do not include the Irish and German emigrants, for whose special gratification most of the violent tirades against England are written by unprincipled members of the American press. And therefore I cannot but think that the Americans are, at the bottom, friendly to England, more friendly than any European nation. They often get angry with England; but it is the transient storm of passion felt by a self-willed boy towards a parent or an elder brother, not the deep lasting resentment felt by one stranger towards another stranger, who, he thinks, has wronged him. When I compare together the passionate declamations of the Americans against England, and the calm firm tone of the English government, and the English press, towards America, I am often reminded of those lines in the romance of Waverley, where wild Davie sings,—

Young men will love thee more fair and more fast,  
But old mens' love the longest will last,  
The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire,  
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire.  
The young man will brawl at the evening board,  
But the old man will draw at the dawning  
the sword.

America, young America, gets angry with Old England, but it soon passes off in smoke, it is like the light straw on fire. But, if England were to get seriously angry with America, it would be no trifling matter, it would take longer to cool down than the hottest of hot steel. I believe England thought far more seriously about going to war with America two

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years ago in the affair of the Trent, than America has ever thought about going to war with England. The violent anti-English articles in American newspapers, and the violent anti-English speeches in Congress, written or spoken, not from conviction, but simply to gain a momentary popularity, all these are as the brawling of the young man at the evening board, the idle talk of a raw lad, who has taken more wine than is good for him at dinner. But do you remember how, just two years ago, large and enthusiastic meetings of British seamen were held in nearly all the, principal British ports, and how in those meetings unanimous resolutions were passed, that the flag of England had been insulted, and that they were ready, all of them, to go that very moment, and, at the peril of their lives, wipe out the insult, if the government would only give them leave? There was no blustering, no popularity hunting, in the sturdy old tars, they spoke out what they felt, they meant what they said. That dawning looked very much like the old man, at the dawning, in his sober senses, with all his wits about him, if not actually drawing, yet making ready to draw the sword.

And the last question connected with the war, on which I will touch, is, What will be the probable issue of the war. If Europe interfere, there is no doubt that the South will succeed. If Europe still continue to hold aloof, I think the issue will depend upon whether the masses in the North are really in earnest or not. They are in earnest so far as this, that they are willing to pay others to fight, but are they willing to fight themselves? Numbers have been willing, have gone as volunteers; but of these many are dead, many are disabled, few comparatively remain. The conscription has been a failure, for it is well known that, of those who have been drafted, a very large percentage have been erased, whether from their having made things pleasant, as the phrase is, with the medical officers who had to examine them, and so being pronounced unfit for military service, or from being really unfit, or from other causes. On the other hand, much territory has been won by the North; they have opened up the Mississippi, they hold New Orleans, and the whole of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and a great portion of the States of Mississippi and Louisiana, and we have reason to believe that the South is fearfully exhausted. I believe

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the South could be conquered, if the North would make a united and desperate effort, but will they make such an effort? It is said, the South, if conquered, could not be retained in subjection. I have conversed with intelligent Americans on this point, and they say, if the South were a democracy, it could not be done; but political power there is in the hands of an oligarchy of a few wealthy slaveholders. Let them be banished, and their confiscated estates given to Northern emigrants, and the mass of the population, the non-slaveholders, would see that their interests were not bound up with the continuance of slavery, and would rally round the Northern flag. I do not vouch for the absolute truth of these assertions, but I believe they are deserving of serious attention. To the question then, what will be the issue of the war, I would reply, that is a very bold thing, a very unsafe thing, in the present enlightened age, to set oneself up as a prophet, to attempt to say what turn political affairs will take either in Europe or in America. Still, if I may venture to express an opinion on the point, I think it most probable that the North will not make such an effort as is required to subdue the South. They are accustomed in America to sudden changes of political men and political measures. The popular idol of to day is but a shadow to morrow. Most likely, ere long, the various sections of the Democratic party, which of late years has nearly always been the most numerous party, will again unite, and drive from office the Republican party, to which President Lincoln belongs. And the Democratic party, once in power, will probably make peace on moderate terms. They will secure for themselves three points. First, they will retain in the Northern Union the great Border States, Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, part of Virginia, and perhaps Tennessee. Secondly, they will insist upon the free navigation of the Mississippi. And thirdly, which is the most important point of all, they will require the South to give up all claim to the Western territories, that vast expanse of country to the West, which is still unoccupied. On these terms, which the South, if unsupported by Europe, will be obliged to accept, the Democrats of the North will leave the Slave States to work out their own destiny. After millions of money, and thousands of lives, have been wasted, they will allow the South to do that, which, if they had been wise, they would have allowed them to do at once. Ten or twelve years hence I expect we shall see the vast region, hitherto called

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the United States, divided between two rival empires. And one of these will be a happy, an increasing, a living empire. And the other will be a wretched, dwindling, dying empire. I say the slave empire, if it be established, will be a wretched, dwindling, dying empire, because I believe in the progress of the human race, and therefore I believe that slavery has no future before it. See within how narrow a compass slavery is confined in our days, as compared with its wide and all but universal prevalence 500 years ago. Slavery is a thing of the past, and in some regions unhappily it is still a thing of the present, but it is not a thing of the future. Ours is an age of advancing knowledge, of increasing civilization; and therefore I no more believe in the continuance of slavery in the political world, than I believe in the continuance of Romanism, and, other kindred forms of superstition, in the religious world. Slavery, superstition, these are owls of the night, what have they to do with the coming day? And the slave empire will dwindle and die, till at length, by little and little, it will become absorbed in the mighty free empire beside it, just as waste barren tracts, lying near a large and increasing town, are gradually absorbed into that town or its suburbs. Our children, I think, will see but one empire in North America. I have great faith myself in the future of the Western land, I fully believe in those words of the popular song, "The star of empire glitters in the West." I quite expect that on the soil of America will be planted a mightier empire than the world has ever yet seen, and an empire which will consist exclusively of freemen, of men possessed both of personal and of political freedom, free from slavery, free also from despotism. But I do not think President Lincoln and his party have gone the right way to bring about this grand result. If the South were bent upon secession, they should have let them secede, and try what good they could get by it. The Southerners, if left to themselves, would have found out their mistake, and, after a time, would probably have been glad enough to come back to a new union, the cornerstone of which would have been freedom—freedom for all God's rational creatures who have not forfeited their freedom by crimes against society.

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Some of you, ladies and gentlemen, may have occasion, sooner or later, to go to America, either to settle there, or to go and come back, as I have done. I hope that those among you, who may go and come back, will return, as I have returned, with feelings of attachment to your native land, to your English constitution, stronger and deeper than you ever had before. Do you want to see material greatness, wide rivers, vast plains, magnificent distances, immense tracts of land waiting only the touch of the husbandman to yield fruit for teeming millions? Go to America, there you will find all these. Do you want to see moral greatness, wise laws, able and just administrators of those laws, a high sense of honour, lofty principles nobly carried out into practice? You will find more of all these in England, Do you seek rude abundance? Seek it in America. Do you seek genuine refinement? Seek it in England. As to climate, America is a land of extremes, the summers are hotter and the winters colder there than in England. As to social differences, England is a country of extremes. A first-rate Englishman is superior to a first-rate American; but then the lowest class of Englishmen are worse, more drunken, more brutal, more degraded than the lowest class amongst the native Americans, at all events in the free states. Americans are fond of talking of the greatness, by which they mean the physical size and extent of their country. When an American begins to talk to me in this way, I call his attention to the smallness of England, I tell him that the physical smallness of England is the most convincing evidence of the moral greatness of England. Look, I say to him, at the map of the world, and see how small a space England occupies there. Look at the history of the world during the last three centuries, and see how large a space England occupies there. The American says, England is not larger than one of our large States. I reply, if that be so, then each of your large States must be able to point to achievements, done by herself separately, equal to all the achievements of England, before you, as a nation, can lay claim to a moral greatness equal to that of England. And that is the right conclusion, for the real test of a man's or of a nation's moral greatness, is not, what that man or that nation has done, or is doing, absolutely, but what that man or that nation has done, or is doing, as compared with the means at his or its disposal. A little boy, who struggles manfully on under a heavy burden, 62 deserves credit for his perseverance and

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energy, but, if a full-grown man take the burden, no credit is due to him, it is just what might be expected.

In conclusion, I love America much, but I love England more. I love England for her past and for her present, and these are certain things. I love America for her future, and this is uncertain to man, certain only to God. America has her plains and her rivers, all the elements of material greatness. But England has her altar and her throne, and on this firm foundation is reared a superstructure of moral greatness, such as no other country has ever yet attained. If I read history aright, the Anglo-Saxon race is intended by providence to stand high above all others as the ruling, the guiding, the colonising, the civilising, the evangelising race. How important for the whole world is it that that race should not be divided against itself, how important that England and America, the two Anglo-Saxon empires, should be to one another as an elder and a younger brother. I repeat again, I do verily believe that America is at heart friendly to England; she is not so friendly as she might be, but still she is friendly. And, if she be but friendly, she can never become too great for England. A loving child can never become too great for his father; there can be no rivalry between them; for is not the child's greatness reflected back upon the father, does not the father become great in his child? And therefore, after much hesitation, and though at one time I was inclined to think otherwise, I have come to the conclusion, that the English government have done right in exercising the utmost forbearance, in doing everything they could do, consistently with the national dignity, in order to avoid a war with America. Both North and South now complain of England, illustrating the truth of the old old saying, that, where party feeling is high, moderate men are blamed by both parties. Thirty or forty years hence, the sons of the North, and the sons of the South, will join in admiring the conduct of England, in acknowledging the firmness, the calmness, the wisdom, the gentleness, that have marked the actions of our government. I have no fear for ourselves as to the consequences of a war with America. I believe that, at the present moment, England with her gigantic navy, could in a very short time humble to the very dust the Northern States of America. But is it glorious, is it profitable, for the father

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to humble the 63 child? It is not glorious, neither is it profitable, for the child may grow strong, and the father may grow old, and the stranger may be threatening the father, and the father may look to the child, and the child may say, I was humbled once, let others fare as I have fared. England and America have each a glorious future, each a high place to fill in the world's history. How much wiser, how much happier will it be for both, if they do not confront each other as, rivals and enemies, but, as brethren, dwell together in unity! In the present distracted state of America, be it ours to feel for both parties, be it ours to wish well to both, be it ours to suggest counsels of moderation, counsels of peace, when we have reason to hope that these counsels will be heard. May England ever remember her Master's words, "*Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall*" "*be called the children of God.*"

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