

## **Ab-O'Th-Yate in Yankeeland, the results of two trips to America.**

BEN BRIERLEY'S TALES AND SKETCHES.

AB-O'TH'-YATE IN YANKEELAND.

Faithfully yours Ben Brierley

AB-O'TH'-YATE IN YANKEELAND.

THE RESULTS OF TWO TRIPS TO AMERICA.

BY BEN BRIERLEY.

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### **DEDICATION.**

To Samuel Gradwell, Esq., The Companion of my First Trip to America, This Book I Gratefully Inscribe.

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THE AUTHOR.

### **FIRST TRIP, 1880.**

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**AB-O'TH'-YATE IN YANKEELAND. FIRST TRIP, 1880.**

**CHAPTER I. THE VOYAGE OUT.**

The idea of taking my old friend "Ab" to grass among "fresh fields, and pastures new," originated with me some years ago; but allowing circumstances to get the better of my determination, the project had to be shelved, where it had remained only to be dusted, and redusted, ever since. The time came at last, when the trip could be put off no longer; and on the 22nd of April Ab bade farewell to Walmsley Fowt, accompanied as far as Liverpool by his "old rib," and "troops of friends," to wish him God speed on his voyage.

It was not an everyday matter for our friend to get away from his home. There were associations that were dear to him. There was his garden, already lighted up with a lustre of flowers; his beehive, that while he was away would be musical with industrial life; his loom, B 2 that would be silent until it was covered with dust and cobwebs; the old bobbinwheel, now no longer doing duty as a "feel-loss-o'-speed;" the gate which for hundreds of hours he had sat upon absorbed in dreams of his peculiar philosophy—these would be among the first things missed. Then there was the "Old Bell!" What could he do without his accustomed nightcap at that glorious "rallying point," and his frequent skits with "Fause Juddie?" What was there in the land he was going to that would compensate for the loss of all these? There was nothing that the future yet promised; and, lacking this, his spirits succumbed to melancholy.

But there was one thought that would cause him to smile when the dumps were deepest. If he could fleece a Yankee, or scalp an Indian, or shoot a buffalo, or tell the biggest lie, these extraordinary feats might afford a little satisfaction to one who is not in the habit of expecting too much. But who would "catch a weazle," or "shoot a thief?"—and who would be his companions in the practical joking, which had hitherto been the salt of his life? More than all, who would comfort his old "stockinmender" in his absence? That thought caused the tear to flow many a time when no one witnessed it. The old girl had her peculiarities,

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no doubt; and a little of that which all women possess, temper. Neither of these would trouble him; but when in her loneliness she would cry out “Where's my Ab? Where's that foo, but one o'th best o' foos?” and there is nobody there to reply, she might be tempted to follow, or in a desperate moment try the navigation of the mop-hole. “Th' childer had 3 groon up,” he said, “an' like young sparrows when they'd forsaked th' neest, cared nowt for it;” so he felt no regret about leaving them.

There was, however, one drop of comfort in his mixture of many troubles; the friends he was leaving behind would do what they could to fill up his place. Jack o' Flunter's had promised to look after his hens, and Siah at owd Bob's, who had recently killed a pig, would see that the old rib did not go short of bacon. Jim Thuston promised that the milk-score should not be limited, and Billy Softly would overtop the kind offices of the rest at a very cheap rate—he would read for her a chapter every Sunday out of the old Book; not forgetting that about Jonah and the whale. Fause Juddie declared his readiness to do anything he could for the family, if the Americans would “keep th' foo' o' their side o' th' wayter, or drop him about th' hauxe road across.” All the neighbours appeared to be desirous of doing something for Ab; but how far these desires would find expression in deeds was quite another thing, and might never be realised. However, it was a source of consolation to our old friend when he was most in need of it, and it helped the poor fellow to loosen the ties that bound him to his native earth without lacerating the flesh that adhered to them.

When Jim Thusto's donkey-cart drew up to the door, to take down the luggage to the railway station, I thought Ab looked like a man who, standing above a crowd, was listening to the ministrations of a representative of divine mercy, whilst another individual was coolly toying with the noose end of a rope, that was not to be employed in fishing something out of a well. When the luggage had been hoisted up, and Ab was asked if that was all he wanted, the poor fellow fairly broke down; and, saying that he did not know what he had done amiss that he should be sent three thousand miles away from home, he took hold of several proffered hands, and shook them until he had gone three or four times round the

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group, and would have been shaking now if time had permitted him. That over, he threw a few crumbs to the poultry that had assembled to witness his departure, knowing that at the same time they were losing a friend, and, seeing that they were too full of emotion to indulge in a single “peck,” he tore himself away, and never spoke, nor looked up, till he reached the old Bell, which he seemed to think he was visiting for the last time.

“Th' last pint,” he said, throwing himself down on a chair in the kitchen. “I may never have another. Th' next I drink may be saut wayter. But there's one comfort, if a shark gets howd on me, he'll have a toughish job for t' get through his meal, speshly when he comes to my ears. A pair of shoon would be a foo' to 'em, if it wurno for th' nails. But it's like out o' place jokin at summat ut's wurr than a buryin; so, come,—farewell!”

What a crowd followed us to, or met us at the station; and what a crowd accompanied us to Liverpool! The Cheshire Lines Company kindly placed a couple of saloon carriages at our service, and both were well filled. Our friends grew quite hilarious as soon as the train left the station, where handkerchiefs were being waved by those left behind. It might have been a welcome home, 5 instead of a farewell, the merriment went so “fast and furious.” Ab was somewhat disconcerted at this, and observed to me, dolefully—

“Yer yo, how fain they are becose I'm gooin away! Well, I reckon sich is life.”

I had to ply our old friend with a few drops of his favourite “cordial” to keep his spirits floating; and when medicine time came, his mouth was always ready.

Ab expressed himself as being alive to the fact that—“if a mon wants to be looked after he should sit in his dumps. If he felt brisk, he'd get nowt.” A little more of his left-handed philosophy, I thought. After feasting right royally at the “Queen's,” in Liverpool, we made for the landing-stage, where the first object that caught our attention was the “City of Berlin,” the vessel that was to convey us across the Atlantic. Our future home had in its appearance such a promise of safety that the fears which had from time to time haunted my sleep subsided at once. The sight of the noble ship had the same effect upon Ab; and

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as he gazed at its formidable outline, he ventured on the opinion that it was “safer than lond.”

There the many-eyed monster lay that was destined to

“—walk the ocean like a thing of life;”

the captain's flag waving from the yard; and the crew moving about the deck as if “clearing” for action with some unseen enemy. The long trail of smoke that was being vomited from the coalpit-wide funnel told us that everything that was being done now was in earnest, and we must at once prepare ourselves for the worst.

6

The tender was crowded with people who had come, perhaps, to say the last words they might ever speak to relatives or friends departing, and whom the huge monster, snorting, and seeming to paw the sea, was eager to get in its power. The size of this monster grew upon us as we approached its anchorage, and the huge walls of timber presented to us the appearance of an impregnable fortress.

“I dar goo anywheere wi' that,” said our friend Ab, as he looked up at the hull and yards, and the funnel that would have done for the casing of a coal shaft. “There's not a bit moore danger bein theere than bein i' owd Thuston's barn in a March wynt. I should no' care a bit if th' owd rib wur gooin across wi' me, an' wouldno' be poorly. I mun say, an' I'll tell th' truth for once, if I commit a sin by it, ut I dunno' like leeavin her beheend me, hoo looks so weel to-day. But then, yo' seen, if hoo're usin a tub at th' same time as I wur, an' I couldno' look after her, there'd be sich a dooment, as far as a tongue an' a pair o' lungs wur concerned, as never wur known i' that cote. I shouldno' wonder if she turns eaut like Ruth at last, an' says where I goo *hoo'll* goo. Women *are* queer.”

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By the time our friend had finished his remarks, which were highly characteristic of the man, we were ordered up the gangway communicating with the tender and the ship. No sooner had Ab set his foot on the deck of the noble vessel than he exclaimed—

“I'm upo' th' scaffold now; th' next thing 'll be swingin off. It'll oather be life or eternity then.”

7

Through the kindness of Mr. Wilson, the Manchester agent for the Inman Company's steamers, our friends, to the number of forty, were shown over the interior of the vessel; and it was edifying to hear the observations that were made by them in relation to the accommodation for passengers, the provision made for their comforts, and the luxurious character of the surroundings. But the time was too short to see everything as we have seen it since. Those on board who were not prepared for a voyage of three thousand miles were warned to depart. But one, a lady of good dimensions, stuck to the last; and I had the unusual treat of witnessing the introduction to a scene that had its ludicrous, as well as its impressive side. The philosopher of Walmsley Fowt had his handkerchief in his right hand, and about twelve stone of a “dear owd crayther” on his left arm. The working of his features had the elasticity, and the variety of expression which a good manipulator can get out of the face of an indiarubber doll. But here I must draw the curtain.

“Farewell, a word that must be, and hath been, A sound which makes us linger, yet farewell!”

There is a splashing in the river; and we have a consciousness of something receding from us. It may be a sad face; a group of many loving hearts; bright scenes of many, many years ago, remembered at that moment as if they had occurred but yesterday; and all might be leaving us for ever. White handkerchiefs are waving; there is a throbbing motion beneath our feet. Is it the pulsation of the many hearts on board, responding to those that are nearing shore? Or is it the engine? Perhaps both.

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“Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell.”

And all was over.

“Come, Ab, let's liquor,” said “Sammy o' Moseses,” one of our party, and about the jolliest.

“Stop a bit,” said Ab, with his breast firmly jammed against the bulwarks, and his eyes fixed upon something in the direction of Liverpool, “I con see her yet.”

“What *her*?” said Sammy.

“Wheay, there is nobbut one *her* i' this wo'ld,” replied Ab, “an' hoo's just wringin her napkin now. Jack o' Flunter's, an' Siah at owd Bob's, an' Jim Thuston, are sayin summat to her. An' now th' bottle! Thou'll do, Sarah, owd wench, in a bit. God bless thee!”

When we had got Ab's waistcoat unglued from the bulwarks we took him into the smoke cabin, and in about ten minutes after, “Walter,” a very amiable and attentive steward, had ministered to our wants, my lord Abram was crooning over a love song, which I must confess I never heard before.

““We never miss the water till the well's run dry, 'tis said; We never know what hunger is until we're short of bread; Nor know we woman's love, nor yet the fulness of her heart, Till the moment comes when fate decrees we must forever part.”

“There's about sixteen more verses,” he said, when he had finished the first, “but I feel as if I could not get through 'em o. Yon poor wench has howd *on* me yet 9 with a grip like a pair o' pincers, an' hoo's loth to leeave loce. Beside, I'm havin me last glent of owd England for a while. It's settin now like a love-star. Farewell. Thou's a good deecal o' fauts; but I'm th' same wi' thee as a woman is wi' a drunken husbant, I like thee through 'em o, an' nob'dy mun say nowt again thee, nobbut me. If they dun they may look out for timber.”

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Some people, I found, are not the least affected by a change which I consider a great one. To them a voyage of three thousand miles is not worth a passing thought. No sooner was the luggage, or as the Yankees call it, "baggage," disposed of, than out come sundry packs of cards, and in a few minutes they were "Nap"-ing it all round. Sentiment was either not with them, or was hushed for the time, as they were eager on sport, or merry over winning. Our friend Ab was in hopes that some of the players had return tickets, as he "calkilated" that by the speed in which they were emptying their pockets their "bottom dollar" would soon make its appearance. I was told in New York that one of our fellow-voyagers had won about a month's sea-fare. That would have been a matter for congratulation if nobody had lost the same amount. It was Nap, Nap, Nap, every day but two, and one of them was Sunday. Of the other day, anon; it will not be readily forgotten.

We had very steady sailing across the Irish channel, and we took it to augur a pleasant voyage throughout.

"It's far safer than bein upo' lond," Ab remarked, in a running comment on seafaring in general. "There's no earthquakes here; nor no tall chimdies rockin. Yo' 10 conno' tumble down a coalpit; nor get hanged in a clooas-line of a dark neet. There's no danger o' gettin run o'er wi' a butcher's cart, or a nob's carriage. Then yo' conno' get into a doytch when th' whisky has th' upper hond. An' yo' con find yo'r clooas i' th' mornin without knowin they're on a cheear-back afore th' fire, dryin. Th' sae has its advantages."

With the fall of evening came the shores of Ireland, lovely under the westering sun; and peaceful as the sleep of childhood. When its outlines were hidden in the dark and still darker grey of night, we began to feel that we were not of earth, but children in the lap of a new mother, the mighty deep. And more than that, we knew that our adopted parent would have much of her own way with us; and would take care that we were at home before "ungodly hours" broke the morn's repose.

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“Ay, hoo'll do that,” said Ab, about the “tab-end” of a reverie. “Hoo'll no' stond shoutin at th' bottom o'th' fowt, an' threatenin for t' throw someb'dy i'th mop-hole if they dunno' come i'th' house. Hoo'll gether 'em into th' nook beaut any trouble; an' if they trien t' get out o'th' road of a good hoidin, they'n nobbut so far to run afore they'n find a fence they dar' no' get o'er. If our Sal had me so safe every neet, wouldno' th' owd ticket look breet? I can see her cockin her spectekles at me, as hoo's drawin a stockin on her arm, an' sayin ‘Abram, I ha' thee now.’”

### A STORM.

It was a novelty to me that I cannot now realise the effect of, climbing into my berth, as if I was putting 11 away on a shelf, ticketed as clothes in pawn. It is a marvel that I slept, as I had looked forward to a night on the sea as the greatest trial of the voyage. But I slept; and when the morn broke I took a peep through my eyeglass of window, and was gladdened to see that the sun was dancing on the waves, inviting us to rejoice with it. On reaching the deck I found our friend Ab taking in a view of Paddy's land, which lay in strips of grey and purple to the west. This morning's sail was a delightful one, hugging, as we did, the ever changing shore, till we reached Queenstown, where we had to take in the Irish mails. Here we were detained seven hours, the victims of beggar solicitude, which is intolerable. A blessing for a penny, and a good cursing if we gave nothing. The land must be lost that suffers this.

“A nice bit o' lond,” said Ab, as we were leaving shore; and he showed me a bunch of primroses that he had gathered. “One would ha' thowt it would ha' made nicer folk. I'd an owd woman at me just as I're getting to th' end o'th' plank; an' I thowt hoo're gooin to strip every rag I had off my carcass'. Th' blessins an' blarney hoo gan me made me feel that I mit waste a penny on it, an' be no wurr off: But when I felt i' my pocket I'd nobbut a haupenny; an' when I gan her that I thowt hoo'd ha' flung it i' my face; but hoo didno. Hoo gan me a good cussin i'stead.”

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What a pity, I thought,—a people so neglected.

We are again on board the “City of Berlin;” the steam is up; and the first throb from the breast of the broad Atlantic signals our departure from the last stretch 12 of our Northern Isles. The next land we see will not be our own; but as Ab tritely remarked,—

“It's nobbut my uncle Sam's fowt; an' I dar'-say he'll be fain t' see us. I should think that lad of his, Jonathan, is groon up by this time. He're aulus a *tall* un for his age. If he'll nobbut be summat like that blunderin owd foo of a Jack Bull, he may do; but he winno' have as mony centuries o' wickedness an' misrule to onswer for; no' yet, at anyrate. Yond's th' last bit o' lond, like a streak o' dun cloud. It's farewell after this.”

It was farewell. The land melted into the memory like a glory of the past; and the “watery waste” was now to be our home. After all, it was a relief, like the drawing of a tooth, when it was over.

And now for a new, and terrible experience in my brief sea-faring life. I had had two days of violent retching; and when the spasms were on me I had no care whatever for anything. But those two days over and I was a new made man; and the sea, and the vessel, were as playthings to me. I entered into the social life of the company; took an interest in their pastimes; and felt that if things grew no worse, the remainder of our voyage to New York would be a most delightful one. But I found I had calculated upon chances that were far beyond my ken.

It was on the day before we were due at New York that the company of cabin passengers arranged to hold a concert in the saloon, previous to their saying “good-bye” to each other. The programme was written out; rehearsals were “fixed;” the piano had been tinkling all 13 morning; when about noon suspicious-looking clouds were observed to windward; and anxious glances were given in their direction by the officers of the vessel. The wind, from a moderate freshness, rapidly increased to a gale. The sea swelled into heaps of

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angry water, that chafed, and bellowed in a frightful chorus. A storm was inevitable, and preparations were being made to meet it. When the gale was near its worst I dodged out of the saloon, where I had been lying on a lounge, and was afraid of being pitched among the crockery that was being set for dinner,—and struggled to get on deck. I was banged about fearfully; and when I reached the head of the stair, I felt myself quite unprepared for the sight that was presented to me. But as Ab has given a full description of the scene in a letter to his wife, and which will appear in our next chapter, I will pass on to an interesting incident.

I found Ab sitting at the door of the smokeroom, apparently in deep meditation, if not in earnest prayer. There was no playing at “Nap,” anxious eyes were strained over the wide field of watery strife; and voices were only heard in “bated breath.”

“Art' i' thy dumps, Ab?” I whispered, rousing up my old friend into a consciousness of my presence.

“I am,” he replied, with a sigh; “up to th' knees in 'em. I'm tryin to mak up my club books, so ut they con goo afore th' Great Committee witheaut bein a farthin wrong; for I can see ut we shanno' be lung upo' these booads. Yer yo', heaw th' ship keeps gettin hommered wi' th' waves! It's a wonder we are no' at th' bottom this 14 minit. But th' owd crayther stonds it like a stone wall. I've been wonderin whoa I've done owt wrong to i' my life; but conno' reckon upo' nowt nobbut one thing—takkin a hontful o' Joe-at-th'-Knowe's marbles when he'd won o mine off me; an' he're th' least lad o'th' two. If there's forgiveness for that I con be yezzy. Our Sal'll fret awhile, I know; but hoo may clog again, an' forget me. I dunno' know whether it's a sin or not for t' be a foo. If it is I'm done for. But I never hurt nob'dy, unless it wur wi' gettin th' owd rib's temper up a bit above th' boilin mark. But hoo could aulus cool hersel wi' a fly at my yure; so that owt no' stond i' my road. I've prayed mony an heaur i' my time, but without makkin a noise, as some folk dun; an I've happen bin yerd by th' Great Judge of o' as weel as th' biggest shouter ut ever rent a throat. Will that do for me?”

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I told him I thought it would; but, as dinner was ready, we had better defer these considerations until it was over.

“Let's go down, then,” said Ab, getting up from his seat, and giving me a butt in the stomach. “We mit as weel go down wi' a full senglet; we shall sink sooner.”

### **CHAPTER II. AB ON STORMS, AND OTHER THINGS.—HIS FIRST LETTER TO HIS WIFE.**

Metrolopitan Hotel, Broadway, New York, May 3rd, 1880.

Owd Blossom! —I'm wick! If that's as mich as thou cares for thou's satisfaction. But I know thou cares for moore than that; an' ut thou'rt fairly itchin for t' know how I've bin on th' road to here. I thowt I'd let thee know ut I're livin th' fust thing of owt; so ut thou could lay thy spectakles down, an' give a good soik of relief. Now, then, for summat moore.

When I lost seet o' thee at Liverpool; an' after I'd wrung my rag a time or two, I began a-wonderin' what I'd laft thee beheend for. It's true thou'd tow't me th' use of a needle an' threed, so ut I could linder a button to a shirt as weel as some women con; but I soon fund out that wurno' o ut a mon wants a wife for. It had never crossed my mind before ut a woman wur a mon's best companion,—speshly when he's a bit poorly, as I've bin, goodness knows. I should mak a poor widow, tho' I con bake, an' wesh, an' mend stockins, an' do other bits o' odd jobs ut seem nowt to women; but summat 16 when a mon tries his hond at 'em. Losing thee so suddenly, I felt as if I'd lost my reet arm. I moped about th' deck o' th' ship till Sammy o' Moses said I favvort a boilt owl; tho' what that is I dunno' know, as I never seed one. What I should ha' done if it hadno' bin for th' brandy that good woman ut keeps th' Tower Hotel gan me, I fear to think. Co, an' thank her for it th' next time thou goes to Manchester; an' tell her if it hadno' bin for those *sperrits* I should ha' lost my own.

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By th' second day I coome round a bit, an' I could talk to folk; an' th' sae hadno' bothered me yet, becose it nobbut skipped a bit, as if it wur having a quiet frolic. But I fund it could be a lion, as weel as a lamb, before it had done wi' us. However, I mun tell thee about that when it comes in. Sammy an' me had to sleep i' th' same cote, but that thou knows oready. I're feart o' gooin' t' bed th' fust time, as I didno' know what mit happen while I're asleep. But musterin a bit o' courage, I scrambled on th' top shelf at last, barkin one shin, an tuppin my yead again th' ceilin. That done, I stretched mysel down, pood the clooas o'er me, an' thowt about thee. But I yerd someb'dy singin, an' I said to mysel, if anybody's pluck to sing, surely there's no 'casion for any dumps i' me. Then I toped o'er, an' dreamt about seein a mermaid—just like thee hoo wur as far as her stays, if hoo'd had any; but hoo wore th' skin of a fish for unwhisperables, an hoo'd booath legs i' one sleeve. But even i' that dress hoo wurno' mich unlike some young women, ut are so tightened up they con hardly walk. Hoo said hoo wur *thee*, an' had bin transmogrified into 17 what hoo wur for wishin I'd get drownt. I towd her ut if hoo hadno' bin guilty o' that damp't lie I'd ha' helped her into th' ship; but tellin me sich a thumper about thee hoo mit dive, an' be danged to her! So hoo dove—wi' her thumb to her nose an' her fingers spread out like a hen's tail. Th' plunge this merwoman gan when hoo went down wakkent me, an' I could yer Sammy o' Moses's wur droivin pigs finely. An' ther sich a thumpin noise goin on ut I wondered what wur up, when ther a hudther, ut shook the vessel as if there'd bin a saequake.

“How art' gettin on, Ab?” Sammy shouted fro' th' bottom bunk.

“Gettin th' worst o'er,” I said.

“I deaut it,” Sammy said. “We'n had no weather yet. Wait till th' ship lies o' one side like a drunken jackass, or a stoo wi' nobbut one leg, an' thou flies out o' that bunk same as if someb'dy had lifted thee out o'th' owd Bell wi' their foot. That's th' time for tryin' what a chap's made on.” That caused my fingers to tingle.

“What's that noise ut's bin gooin on o neet?” I axt him, for I'd bin bothert with it.

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“What's it like?” Sammy said.

“Well, it put me i' mind o' James o' Joe's loom, when he used to wayve o' neet,” I towd him.

“Oh, it wur th' engine,” Sammy said; an' ever after that it went by th' name o' “James o' Joes loom.”

Sammy towd true i' one thing. He said we'd had no weather yet. But I booath seed an' felt some in about two days after. Sunday wur a quiet day. Th' sae C 18 seemed as if it had had its Setturday's neet's sleep, an' furgetten it wur daytime; for to my thinkin I du'st ha' ventured on it i' our owd kayther (cradle), if th' rockers had bin pood off. We'd church sarvice i'th' mornin',—everythin obbut th' sarmon, an th' “I believes.” Th' captain wur th' pa'son; but o' somehow he looked at th' wrong job; un' so did his clerk. Their faces wur too mich like rough weather for churn-milk-and-traycle wark. I're as devout as anybody, for I felt as if I're i' Someb'dy's honds beside my own.

That wur about th' only quiet day we had. Th' wynt began of a spree, an'—so did I th' day after; but we'rn different. Th' sae wur “merry,” some said. Others said it wur “lumpy;” an' I began a-feelin a bit of a sinkin my inside. I—re watchin 'em play “Nap” i'th smookin shop, when o of a sudden I had to run as if someb'dy had shouted on me, for t' see 'em tak their last.

“Where art' off to, Ab?” Sammy o' Moses' shouted, when I twitched out o'th' dur, as if I're slippin thee.

I dustno spake, for—oh, dear me!—where's ther a quiet corner? I fund one at th' starn end; an' I stopped there, starin at th' rudder-froth, an' now an' then givin a bit of a crow, like a choilt does when it's th' chinkcowgh. I should say I're a stone leeter afore I laft that shop. My senglet flapped about me as if I'd bin a lad, an' wur wearin my grondfeyther's. I thowt I'd done then; but I hadno', I'd another left-handed prayer-meetin th' day after; an' when I'd cleared out th' sins o' my in'ard flesh, I felt like a new made mon,—fairly a lad

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again. I knocked about the deck like a young swell showin his 19 new clooas at a pastime, little thinkin what wur i' pickle for us. An' when I tell thee how weel off we wur to what wur th' lot o' some folk ut had Christian feelins like oursels, thou'll wonder how it is ut they con see, or feel, or taste, anythin to live for. I dunno' think, Sarah, ut th' good things o' this wo'ld are fairly divided; but th' richest aren't th' happiest, for o that.

I're clompin up th' stairs to th' top deck one mornin, just for t' have a bit of a breeathin, when I yerd someb'dy shout out—

“Ab, how's th' owd rib?”

“I'd as soon ha' expected yerrin an angel's trumpet as that i'th' middle o'th' sae, about fifteen hundert miles fro' whoam. I looked down among the steerage passengers, where I thowt th' sound come fro', when among the crowd, ut were packed like folk at a playhouse dur at a pantymime time, an' I seed three or four faces ut looked like gradely uns.

“Wheree dun yo' come fro?” I axt 'em.

“Owdham an' Mossley,” they said.

“Wheree are yo' goin to?”

“To Fall River.”

“Han yo' shops to go to?”

“Nawe, but we'n friends theree.”

An' yo'n want 'em, too, I thowt—God help yo! “Anybody wi' yo?”

“Ay; th' owd hens, an' th' chickens.”

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Then I noticed some women an' childer sittin on th' bare deck, wi' their backs reared again th' cookhouse. They'rn jollier than thou could ha' bin under the same 20 circumstances. For my sake they oppent some music books an began a singin—one o' Sankey's hymns, it wur—"Pull for the Shore." That melted me fairly to my heart's deepest tallow. Th' little uns joined in wi' their sweet trebles, an' their feythers knelt down outside th' ring, dooin th' bass. When they'd done they axt me if I'd have a drop o' "jacky" wi' em. Thou knows whether I'd refuse it, or not—under th' *circumstances*. When they'd done I promised 'em i'th' name o' my companions ut they shouldno' go short.

"Eh, we'n moore than we shall want," they said; an' that wur a bit o' satisfaction to me. Oh, rare independence, my Lancashire lads!

"Tell Sam Smithies," one on 'em said, "th' next time yo go'ne to Mossley, ut yo'n seen Buckley."

I promised him I would; an' I will. We did a good deenal o' neighbourin after that, when th' weather wur reet. But they must have had a hard time on't when we'rn crossin th' "Devil's Hole," or th' "Roarin Forty." / had, as thou'll see. Lorgus me, Sal, I thowt I must never ha' seen thee no moore.

Ther a storm coome on as sudden as if it had bin ordered to th' minit, an to be browt in wot. I clenched my nails i' my bonds, an' set my teeth, ready for what mit come. I wished I'd bin sae-sick then. If I had I shouldno' ha' bin feart o' nowt,—not even *him* ut theau used to fretten our childer with when they'rn auvish. Sammy o' Moses's wur on his back wi' a sore throat, an' knew little o'th' storm. But I couldno' ha' slept if I'd had two cupful o' owd Jacky wife's cordial. Th' sae wur like 21 a thousant cloofs rowlin o'er one another, wi' a million o' hedges on th' top, an' th' sides, covered wi' white blossoms, or wi' haliday shirts. Sometimes we'rn at th' bottom; sometimes dashin through th' middle; sometimes at th' top, as if we'rn flyin o'er, an then plungin down soss, like throwin a dog i'th' middle o' owd Thuston's pit. When th' wo'st wur at the wo'st, an' I'd gan mysel up, I're axt down to my

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dinner. Rayther a strange feelin coome o'er me at th' thowts o' feedin, happen th' last hour o' one's life.

A thowt struck me. As I didno' want to swim so long, when ther no chance o' bein saved, I'd an idea that a pound or two under my waistcoat would do i'stead of a stone round my neck. So I floundered down to th' Sal-oon, an' housed my last meal, as I thowt. But before I'd finished I're slat o'er wi' soup, an' my e'en wur plaistered up wi' mutton fat, becose th' table kept wautin, an' me wi' it, till I're sometimes o' my nose, an' sometimes o' my back. My "boss" axed me if I could do wi' a drop o' silver-necked *pop*. As it wur th' last do we should ever have t'gether, unless we loded inside o'th' same shark, I said I didno' mind. It would be like gooin to one's fate filled wi' glory an' fireworks. We had it, an' when th' last drop had fizzed I felt quite ready for my share o' saut wayter. But while we'rn primin oursels for a new sort o' wark th' rockin an' bumpin geet slacker, an' th' lamps didno' swing about as mich as they had done. Th' whistlin music i'th' riggin geet deawn to a moan, an' a chap ut I'd seen lookin very white abeaut th' gills coome down wi' th' news ut th' storm wur deein away, an' we'd a new leease o' life made out to us. That wur rayther 22 like a disappointment after we'd made up our minds for th' grand change; but I took things as weel as I could put up wi' 'em, an' went upstairs. Ther a bit moore life stirrin, I fund then, than there wur when I went down. It wur like th' difference in a gambler's face between winnin an' losin.

We should ha' had a bit of a singin do that neet; but o th' singers wur i' their bunks, makkin a different sort of a noise to singin, So it had to be put off till th' neet after. We sung upstairs, too, rejoicin, like, ut our clooas wur dry. An' th' cards coome out, as if nowt had happened. How soon we forgetten danger when it's passed! It's like a lad when he's just missed a good hoidin, he goes straight int' mischief th' next minit.

We'd a fine day o' Setturday; an' everybody began a-brushin up for londin, just as if we'd nobbut an' hour, or so, for t' be on board. We'rn towd we shouldno' lond afore Sunday afternoon. One mon said he didno' care if he never did lond. He'd bin nine days, an' spent

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nowt, tho' he'd lived like a feightin-cock o th' time. As soon as he loded he knew his hont would ha' to be divin into his pocket at every turn.

Just as we'rn pooin up for t' lond o' Sunday afternoon I 1 seed two faces on th' londin-stage ut wurno' quite strange to me. They belonged to two owd marble companions,—Jack o' Jimmy's, an' Will o' Jimmy's. They'd yerd I're comin; so coome for t' leead me up. They'd laft mony a score beheend 'em waitin for t' gie me welcome. How I went on I mun tell thee i' my next letter. I think I've tow'd thee enough at once. I'm 23 drinkin nowt stronger than “lager-bier;” an' nob'dy con mak a foo o' theirsels off that; so thou may feel yezzy abeaut me. Ta-ta! fro' thy lovin yorney, AB.

Taking up the thread of my narrative where our friend Ab has left off, it will be my duty to chronicle the lesser events of our voyage. Our concert on the Saturday evening was quite a success, and the saloon presented an unusually gay appearance. A temporary proscenium, formed by the intermingling of the British and American flags, was erected in front of the piano; and as the vessel rode very steadily, there was no difficulty in the performers keeping their legs. It would be unfair to criticise that which could not be heard, the thumping of the engine being the principal part of the performance—except the collection. That I might contribute my share towards the proceedings I had to write a “copy of verses,” which were read, by way of prologue, by a Dr. McManus, of Texas. They were as follows:—

When we sailed from the Mersey, as strangers, on board The “City of Berlin,” a ship without *brother*; Long ere the loved shores of old England were lost We spoke to each other.

Though the husband would feel for the wife left behind And the youth new to life might then think of his mother, We pledged “new acquaintance” in tears not yet dried, And we talked with each other.

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No sooner had Erin's green shores left our view, When the struggle was hardest our feelings to smother; Then we were all "Johnny Butterworth's lads" o'er again, And we grew to each other.

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The first morn that broke on the Atlantic's broad breast Each woman a sister had found, and a brother; And a newly-made family, wedded to home, Now clung to each other.

In calm or in tempest, in sunshine or haze, When a sister in pain lay we did all to soothe her; And a face that was missed was as one passed away, And we mourned with each other.

Though the memory of *old* friends may lie next the heart, When we find among strangers a *new* friend and brother, 'Twere a glorious feeling that, go where we may, We shall think of each other.

Then toast we the captain, the doctor, and crew,— With the Bridge\* that hath rendered our roadway much smoother, And the stewards, who our ministering spirits have been, May we drink in another.

\* The purser's name is Bridge.

Through the voyage of life may we brave every ill, Feeling stoutly prepared to face rock, shoal, or weather; And when in Eternity's haven we're moored, May we greet one another!

### **CHAPTER III. A YANKEE DONE "SLICK."—AB'S SECOND LETTER.**

At Will o' Jimmy's, Paterson, New Jersey, May 7th, 1880.

Owd Tulip! —I've bin a day or two tryin for t' collect my thowts an' my wits an' my recollections together, an' made a very poor bond o'th' job. They keepen whizzin about me like a swarm o' vexed hummabees, ut winno' be driven into their cote. Do what I will

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I conno' think ut thou'rt far off me. When a branch of a tree maks a patterin noise at th' window I turn round, thinkin it's thee come'n a-axin me if I've a penny for th' sond chap. Then I soik, an' think about big waves, an' James o' Joe's loom, an' Sammy o' Moses's, an' that everlastin "Nap." Then I see a stretch o' green wayter, changin into blue, until it gets pieced to th' sky, an' so'dert round wi' a dark seeam. But th' idea ut I'm above three thousand miles fro' wheere I know thou'rt sittin, thinkin about me, I conno' gawm at o.

How I geet here is a puzzle to me. I con just recollect stonidin by a wayter side ut I reckon must be th' sae, an' some sort of a ship wi' a big hole at th' end, an' driven by an "owd Ned" engine ut worked on th' top outside, comin plashin to'ard me. I recollect, too seein hosses, wi' carts 26 at their tails, gallopin into that big hole. Then seein th' lond leeavin me at one side, an' comin narr me on th' tother, an' Sammy draggin me into a railroad carriage as long as our fowt, an' tellin me I should be oather kilt or drownt if I didno' give o'er starin at women. I think I yerd him say ut we'd crossed a ferry. An' now it comes to my mind our londin at New York th' last Sunday. I wonder if it's wi' gettin o'er too mony 'Stone-fences ut's bothered me a bit. They're wurr than as mony doses o' owd Bell whisky, speshly when they're mixed up wi' young icebergs.

One never knows wheere trouble is to be met, nor when there's a chance o' losin th' seet on't. Sae sickness is bad enough, but there's sich a thing as lond sickness, an' o' th' two it's th' wo'st. At th' timel should ha' bin coodlin wi' thee, an' bargainin for a "jacky" tae, I stood like a lost donkey under a shed, waitin t' ha' my what they co'en "baggage" examined. This wur one o' thoose trials I wurno' prepared for, becose I didno' expect my bit o' stuff would ever be noticed. If I'd thowt it would ha' to be overhauled I shouldno' ha' browt that pair o' thou-knows-whats, thou sent as a present for Mary at thy uncle John's dowter. Lors a mercy, Sarah! When I seed a chap maulin among Sammy o' Moses's shirts, an' knowin it would be my turn next, an' a crowd o' folk watchin, I went as sick as if I'd bin i' love. I knew th' mon mit be sure they wurno' for *my* wearin. Just at th' last minit I bethowt mysel of a plan for throwin th' mon off his guard. I fished up that box thou gan me, ut's like a book, an' laid it th' topmost. I knew there'd be 27 some fun when it wur oppent, an' thowt

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th' mon would get so laafed at ut he'd look no furr. But it taks a clever chap for t' dodge a Yankee. It coome to my turn at th' last, an' I could see Sammy's shooters shakin, an' his face covered o'er wi' waves o' merriment. I'd towd him what there wur among my baggage.

This customs' officer, as they co'ed him, wur a tall, lanky chap, wi' a hont like a bent gridiron, an' he coome clawin at my "work-box" like th' owd 'Meriky aigle does its pearch, as we seen pictured everywhere.

"Nothing here only for your own use?" th' mon said, as he lapt his fingers round th' box.

"Nowt ut I'm aware on," I said. This wur th' fust lie I'd towd i' Yankeeland.

He wouldno' tak my word, noather, but oppent th' box. I dar'say he expected findin a lot o' jewelry an' stuff, an' ut I should have some dollars for t' fork out. But I dunno' think th' mon wur ever so gloppent in his life. That ballis-leather face of his went like as if it had bin newly-damped for stretchin, an' ther cracks o' laafin went off, like shots at a sham-fight. He turned th' things o'er as soberly as he could, but a hen could ha' done th' job as weel. It wur a study for t' watch his lips mutter—

"Four rows o' pins; one paper o' needles; two bobbins of cotton—white and black; two stocking needles; one ball of worsted; one pair of scissors; one pair of spectacles; one dozen shirt buttons; four pants; one knot of tape; one bodkin; piece of watch spring; tailor's thimble; tooth brush; star watch-key; box of pens; two 28 holders; two pencils; rubber; beeswax; boot laces; Cockle's pills."

"Has he bin goin through thy museum, Ab?" Sammy o' Moses's shouted as weel as he could for chinkin.

"Ay, I've letten him in beaut payin," I said. "He's on my free list."

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We cleared eaut o' that owd barn, for it looks like one, or moore like owd Williamson's show ut used to come to Hazelw'th at a wakes,—an' I set my foot for th' fust time upo' gradely 'Meriky lond.

“Let's goo an' have a *lager*,” Will o' Jimmy's said. An' he motioned to'ard a buildin ut looked like a public-house.

“What's a lager?” I axt him.

“A sort o' ale ut doesno' mak 'em drunken,” he said. “Thou'll smack thy lips when thou's tasted. If yo' drank it i' England yo'd goo a straighter road whoam than yo' dun, an' not abuse yo'r wives as mich. Thou'll like it, I con tell thee.”

We hadno' mony yards for t' goo to th' corner o'th' street wheere this house stood; but, lorgus, Sarah, I thowt I should ha' brokken my neck afore I'd gotten there. Talk about pavements! If thou geet thy foot i'one o'th' ruts o' New York thou'd shout o' someb'dy for t' lift thee out. Owd Thuston's cow-lane after a frost, an' snow, an' rain, an' a week's cartin stuff for t' put on th' meadows, would be a love-walk i' comparison. A Yankee never crosses without gooin round by th' crossin stones. A “Britisher's” known by his takkin a slantindikilar cut, an' gotten his feet fast, or his ankles thrown off. I 29 managed to flounder across without any greater misfortin than rippin a gallows button off; an' we shot through a dur-hole ut wur guarded wi' nowt nobbut a little pair o' wickets made out o' yeald shafts, an' hung about th' middle way between th' top an' bottom. Th' place wur summat like a Manchester vault; an' we had to stond up at th' keaunter.

“Four lagers,” Will o' Jimmy's said. They sound th' word as if it wur spelt “lawger.”

When th' glasses were smashed on th' keaunter—they dunno' put th' things down quietly—th' stuff looked like bein o froth; an' I're feart o' dippin my nose in it.

“Come? I” said; an' a chap at th' fur end o'th' “saloon” said—

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“Do!”

Everybody pricked his ears at yerrin that; and i' hauve a minit ther sich hond-shakin as I ha' no' seen for some time. He proved to be a Glossoper; an' had nobbut bin i' New York for a two-thri months. That afternoon hardly looked like Sunday when we parted. But ther no hurt done ut I know *on*. Lager winno' mak folk int' foos. But when folk o'th' same kither meeten i' forrin parts they like, go'en off it for a bit.

Well, lager s nice drinkin; an' th' Yankees moppen it up like Ralph Bailey's pig did its swill. If they did as mich o'th' owd Bell tiger they'd never be wakken, sayin nowt about bein sober. When we'd had our fill we set off to th' Metrolopitan Hotel, where th' fust things I seed when I geet i'th' lobby wur our baggage. Sammy o' Moses's had had it checked on to there while I're botherin 30 wi' th' Custom House chap. Sammy's a good deaal t' onswer for, as thou'll see. But moore of our dooins when I write again. Keep thy pecker up, owd wench!—Thy snivellin foo. AB.

### **CHAPTER IV. NEW YORK AND NEW YORKERS.**

#### AB'S THIRD LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

Same Shop as before, May 10th, 1880.

Owd Thimble-“Slinger,” —I'd yerd so mich ut wur noane so good about New York, an' th' folk ut liven in it, that I felt rayther wakken, if no' lively, when I fund I'd thrown my lot in among 'em. I fancied I could see a pistil i' every mon's pocket ut I met, an' murder in his face. If I yerd a dur bang i'th' hotel, it wur a shot; an' a shufflin o' feet i'th' lobbies wur th' carryin of a corpse to his chamber. These fears I couldno' get rid on for mony a day; an' seein a darkie grinnin beheend me every time I turned round wur sure to bring on a mild sort of a fit. Ther four on us t'gether ut, like, coed oursels chums. But what could we

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ha' done in a row when we carried nowt about wi' us harder than our fists? It's keawrdly feightin, feightin at a distance.

Dear a-me, Sarah, what a place that Metrolopitan Hotel is! Fairly bewilderin to a yorney like me. It's three front durs to it: an' if a chap doesno' mind which he goes in at he may go slap into a theaytre. I missed 32 my road th' second neet; an' becose I couldno' show a ticket I're ordered back. I thowt it wur a queer hotel if they had to ha' tickets for t' goo in with. However, I went into th' street, an' made a fresh start. I thowt I happen mit ha' gotten to th' wrong shop. But I hadno', I're at th' reet pleck, but had gone in at th' wrong dur; an' somehow couldno' get reet wi' my turnins. Th' second start loded me; but through a side dur I could see th' mon ut turned me back. It wur th' blaze o' leet there wur ut I believe threw me wrong. It wur summat like owd Jammie at Abram's, ut wur so used to gooin t' bed without candle it bothered him to find th' road when it wur moonleet.

Th' fust thing ut wur done at us when we geet to this hotel wur shuttin us up in a cage ut they coed th "elevator," while th' hotel sank down three storeys. When they leet us out they showed us our sleepin shops. I've wondered sin' why they couldno' ha' wund us up i'stead o' lettin th' buildin sink down.

When we'd looked at our beds, an' relieved our faces of a day's dirt, we geet into this cage again; an' th' hotel wur wund up. If an Englishman had planned that, we should ha' bin wund up, an' letten down i'stead o'th' hotel. But what con they expect out of a wooden nutmeg? We'rn shown into a room wheere a black mon took our hats, an' put 'em on a shelf; then we went into a bigger shop ut wur filled wi' tables, an' blacks wi' white senglets.

"What is there t' be done here?" I said to Sammy o' Moses's, ut had howd o' my hont, for fear *on* me bein lost.

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"We're gooin t' have a bit o' baggin," Sammy said.

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“But what are o these Sambo's dooin here?” I axt.

“They're Christy Minstrels,” he towd me. “They're gooin t' sing for us while we're feedin.”

“What, o'th' Sunday neet?”

“Oh, it maks no difference here. If it goes under th' name o' ‘Sacred Music,’ owts reet fro' ‘Yankee Doodle’ to ‘Bob an’ Joan.’ If thou'll goo i'th' next street thou'll see a shop wheere young women singers are donned i' very nee nowt, singin sich like songs as thou'll yer any neet at th' Alick. An' thou'll see it printed up at th' dur ‘Sacred Music on Sundays.’”

“Sammy,” I said, “is that so?”

“Ay, that is so,” he said. “Thou may see for thysel if thou's a mind.”

“Dear-a-me!” I said, “wherever we go'en to this wo'ld is full o' shams.”

We'd getten oursel's “fixed” at a table; an' two niggers wur doancin about us like a couple o' barbers.

“Dinner, or tea?” one o' these sons of a coal-hole axt me; an' he showed me a card.

“Dost think we'n reaum for a dinner?” Sammy said.

“If ther a potato pie on th' table, kalkilated for four, I could fix about th' hauve on't,” I towd him.

“Then we'n ha' dinner,” he said. “What dost think thou con fancy?” an' he looked at his card.

I looked at mine; an' tried to fumble my road through this list— D

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Windsor a la crème. Consomme Brunaise au pâte d' Italie. Baked shad farcie, au finis herbs. Turkey aux concombres a la poulette. Beef a la mode a l' allemande. Blanquet of veal â la Toulouse. Macaroni â la Solferino au jus.

I went no furr, becose I're out o' my depth for a start. "Try that second on th' list," Sammy said, seein what a stew I're in. I'll tell thee what, Sarah, I swat wur than if I'd bin in a hay meadow; for th' place we'rn in wur like a oon. They han it made wot so ut folk conno' ate so mich.

"But what mun I ax for?" I said. "These 'Meriky words are too big for my mouth."

"It's French," Sammy said. "Everybody ut comes here is supposed to understond French."

"Thee ax for me, Sammy, that's a good lad." So he said summat like this, but I'll not be sure I'm reet—

"Kong-so-mai Brungay o paut Italie."

If I'd had to say that I should ha' brokken my jaw, or getten my tongue teed of a knot. But I never tried. While the mess wur i' comin I spekilated as to what it would be like; but when it wur pushed under my nose I felt reet. Whether it wur broth, or soup, I dunno' know, an' little I cared so ut th' smell wur reet. I polished it off like winkin, an' sit starin again.

"Baked shad farcie," I said, so as to show ut I wurno' sich a gaumblin as I looked.

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That I fund wur a nice bit o' fish stuffed wi' yarbs; an' I licked my lips at it. Then I went down th' list, pointin what I wanted out to th' blackymoores; an' geet through it that road. Just as I're scapin up I yerd a fluffin noise; an' at th' same time ther a flash like leetenin. It wur th' gas lit by electric wire. It made my inside jump, it coome so sudden. Ther mony a hundert leets; an' I could see moore o'th' company than I cared to see. Ther blacks without

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end; an' one or two would stond o'er me while I're atin, as if they'rn feart of a knife an' fork, or a spoon goin out o'th' seet; an' I fancied their clooas had bin mixed up wi' a hamper o' onions. I gan one a hint ut he'd better be gettin his music ready, as I're just windin up my affairs, an' could do without him. Sammy said summat to him, an' he shot off. But i'stead o' stoppin away he coome back, an' browt a long-necked bottle wi' him, wedged in a bucket o' ice. When th' cork were drawn ther a sound rumbled among th' glass shades like a bit of a anthem. That wur th' sacred music ut Sammy wur thinkin about.

It wur a sort o' music I didno' object to if it wur good Sunday. I'd yerd a strain or two on it before; an' when I'd *tasted* on't, it like reconciled me a bit to Yankee life. When we'd done a comfortable housin I stroked my senglet down, an' said I're ready for owt obbut a bullet. It would be a pity if a piece o' leead should disturb th' serenity o' my feelins. But Sammy made a bit of a row under my waistcoat without a bullet, after he'd axt me—

“How did t' like that Kong-so-mai Brungay?”

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“That wur th' fust looad, wurno' it?” I said.

“Ay, th' fust.”

“Well, it wur middlin good; an' thoose bits o' flesh ut wur in it wur tasty. But I'd rayther have a basin o' gradely leg stew, an' some toasted wut-cake, an' a coolish mornin.”

“Some folk would rayther have it than green fat.”

“Well, th' taste isno' mich unlike it.”

“It shouldno' be,” Sammy said. “Ther's no' so mich difference between a frog an' a turtle.”

“What dost meean by that?” I said.

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“Well, if there is any difference a turtle is th' ugliest o'th' two,” Sammy said.

“Wheay, what has a frog to do wi' that soup?”

“It gives it that nice flavour. If it hadno' bin for frogs' legs thou wouldno' ha' cared for it.”

“An' wur those bits o' flesh frogs' legs?”

“Just that bit o' fillet inside; that's o. They dunno' put th' whul leg in. Folk would find out what it wur if they did, an' mit no' care for atin th' stuff. Drink thy glass up, an' let's goo out. I see there's summat up wi' thee.”

An' there wur summat up wi' me, too. Th' idea *on* me atin frog soup made me feel as I felt a time or two on th' sae; but a glass o' lemonade, sucked through a straw, sattled me, an' th' ship gan o'er rowlin. After o, th' soup wur nice takkin. I shall remember th' name as long as I live,—“Kong-so-mai Brungay.” I've wondered mony a time sin' if Sammy wur havin me on, becose I catcht him laafin as we'rn goin out. How that nigger ut took 37 our hats could sort 'em out fro' amung about forty is a marvel to me. But he laid his honds on 'em at once. I couldno' ha' piked my own out without tryin three or four. He'd be a useful chap at a buryin, that darkie would.

“How soon dost think we shall be shot at?” I said to Sammy o' Moses's when we'd gotten on th' swing, an' put on that swaggerin look ut nob'dy nobbut a “Britisher” con do, when he wants to let folk know whoa rules th' waves.

“Oh, there isno' so mich o' that sort now as there used to be,” Sammy said, as if he felt quite comfortable about things. “I conno' yer ut they knocken above a dozen a day o'er now.”

“Getten down to a dozen a day, han they?” I said; an' I looked round for t' see if ther owt pointed at us.

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“An' that bit o' execution's chiefly done i' one street, an' ov a Sunday neet,” Sammy said.

“What street's that?” I axt.

“Th' Fifth Avenue; we're gooin theere.”

“Hadno' we better put it off till some other neet?” I said. “We ha' no' seen mich of Ameriky yet; an' it happen mit hinder us.”

“If thou'rt feart thou con walk th' fust. They aulus shooten 'em i'th' back,” Sammy said.

“It isno' becose I'm feart,” I said. “But if thou geet shot I should be lost.” Th' tother chaps had gone another road. They'd a bit of an objection to gooin into th' target bizness. So had I. But I thowt I'd show a bit o' sham English pluck, if I'd noane o'th' real stuff.

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“Ab,” Sammy said, wi' that twinkle in his een ut thou's seen mony a time, “thou'rt an' owd humbug!” I darsay thou thinks th' same; but if I am, I'm thy lovin “humbug.” AB.

### CHAPTER V. A CITY OF THE DEAD.

Hotel life is one of the institutions of the States. The “Delmonico,” the “Aster House,” the “Metropolitan,” and the large establishments in and about Madison Square, are so many temporary homes for the swarming population of New York. In these places the *élite* of the city spend their Sundays, and in many instances the evenings of week days. The large dining rooms are so arranged that each family of boarders can sit round its own table, without forming more than one isolated section of the assembly. The ease and *nonchalance* displayed by each person, whether *pater* or *mater*, or the youngest of both sexes, strikes you as being the result of familiar acquaintance with such kind of life. Why they prefer spending their Sundays and evenings in this manner is variously accounted for. One reason given is the love of show. If Materfamilias has a daughter not too plain to

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take out, she dresses her for this market, as the farmer would the occupant of his shippin. And the Yankee ladies *can* dress. It is quite essential to a passable appearance that they should. Put one of these fragile creatures inside the garments of some of our would-be-fashionable people, and what a sorry figure she would 40 make. What nature has left short in her work, silks and jewelry have to make up.

Another reason advanced is that the American women are either too lazy, or too much indulged, to attend to culinary matters when an extra dinner has to be provided; and the hotels can supply such wonderful varieties. The cost is not allowed to be a consideration. Cheeseparing enters not into the calculations of a son of the west when the requirements of the dear bit of skin and bone that claims to be flesh of his flesh have to be attended to. Be it in the purchase of rags, or rings, or refreshing meats, the "bottom dollar" is ever ready to be called forth; and there is nothing more striking in American life than this slavish indulgence shown by men towards their wives. There is scarcely a woman to be met that is not ringed to her finger-nails; and the labour bestowed upon her toilet is a proof that very little time is spent on anything else. There is a saying that "America is heaven for women, but *another place* for men and horses;" and the truth of this axiom, so far as my experience goes, I can verify. But more of this in future chapters. I have to deal with our friend "Ab" at present.

The "philosopher of Walmsley Fowt" took special interest in the various traits of character which distinguish our American cousins from our kinsfolk at home; and in the matter of hotel life, and the manner of "feeding," he was peculiarly at issue. He pronounced both to be "strong weaknesses," that would imperil the strength of their national life. His experienees in this 41 direction were to him a source of anxiety and misgiving, which found expression in his characteristic style.

"I dunno' like th' thowts *on* 'em gooin' again th' wall," he would say in a serious mood, "for they'n some of our blood in 'em, thoose that han any blood at o, an' are no' like corks, or dried apples. But watch 'em ate! No mon could do justice to a bit o' beef if he never takes

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his nose six inches fro' th' plate. If it's a bit towgh—an' some on't is none so very tender—it must go down his throttle in a lump. Look at that mon,” he remarked, pointing to a spare individual whose knife and fork were in exceedingly active movement; “what must be th' state of his inside after sich housein as he's dooin? I seed a sarpint havin its dinner once, an' I could watch th' one lump it swallowed go slidin down to'ards its tail like a slow boat in a tunnel. I con see it goo down yond mon's throat just th' same. His neck must be made o' indy-rubber, or elze it wouldno' stond th' ratchin. An' what good will it ever do him? I reckon he's etten o' that fashin ever sin' he could hondle his tools; an' look at him! Sammy, here, could double him up an' shove him through that stove-pipe hole; an' he's etten very nee as mich as th' stove would howd. Where's it gone to? When a mon delves into a potato pie, an' leeaves reaum for th' steam to get out, he'll side his mess in a thowtful way, as if atin wur a pleasure not to begetten through in a hurry. An' he'll now an' again rear back in his cheear, an' stroke his senglet down comfortably, like as if his soul had summat to do with it; then, swiggin off his pint at th' finish, would say 'heigher!' 42 He'd rise fro' th' table like an Englishman, ut had some thowts of another day; but yon mon would have his face scauden before he could get to work gradely. Eh, my!”

“Like stuffin blackpuddins,” Sammy o' Moses's observed.

“Thou's just hit it, Sammy,” said Ab; “for o th' wo'ld like ladin in thoose lumps o' fat, an' fillin up wi' thin stuff. If yond mon wur cooked like a rappit they'd ha' to put him i' th' oon skin an' o. There'd be nowt nobbut summat like a long basket beside. An' what con a country stond ut feeds itsel o' that fashion? A generation or two would see it jiggered up if it wurno' for th' fresh blood ut's bein sent into it. Fifteen hundert folk we browt wi' us across th' sae; an' welly so mony are comin every day for t' keep th' stock up. Th' childer o' these 'll begin a-suckin gum an' candy afore they con walk. Then when they'n bin lengthened out, like pooin a sugar-stick, they'n begin a-swallowin their mayte whul, an' chewin bacco i'stead. That sort o' feedin winno' mak muscle; an' what con a country expect to come to when thoose ut should be its props are nowt nobbut bags o' sawdust? If we'd this country, Sammy; or they'd let us have a bit o' their grand sky, we'd show 'em a different dub. We'd

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ha' summat elze beside wrinkles at th' back o' our ears; an' about five yures hangin at one's chin. I dunno wonder at 'em shootin one another i'stead o' gradely feightin. If they wur t' have a go at our sort there'd be a noise like a crash o' paesticks when they went down. An' their women, Sammy! Well, they conno' help bein not o'th' prattiest; but if they'd get 43 some o' owd Shaw's sort o' energy reviver, a good 'eish plawnt' (ash plant); an' let 'em ha' middlin strong doses on't between mealtimes, they'd mak 'em t' stond o' their feet a bit moore than they dun. They'd find summat for their fingers t' do, too, than aulus bein hooped round as if they'rn cracked. There's plenty o' wark for a good skoomester wi' a heavy hont."

"But thou munno' put 'em down as bein o' alike," Sammy said. "I've seen a difference."

"So have I," replied Ab; "but the prattiest an' best ha' no bin born here. Thoose ut are th' latest fro' th' owd sod are th' moost like gradely women. I con tell one as soon as I see her. Hoo doesno' walk on her toes, an' hoo doesno' wear two sets o' rings—one for her bare fingers an' th' tother for her hont when it's getten its leather clooas on. Nor hoo hasno' that kerly-merly yure petched i'th' front of her yead, like th' ornaments round a lookin-glass. Thou remembers thoose women we seed at Paterson, Sammy?"

"Ay, I should co thoose a gradely sort," said Sammy.

"Just so," said Ab. "They're no moore like these white-livert buzzarts than a chawk image is like flesh an' blood. They'n some bant about 'em, thoose han, an' fit to be th' mothers of a young nation. Beside, they'n lost noane o' their English prattiness, an' they are no' feart o' wark. I believe it's nowt nobbut their mardness an' their way o' livin ut causes these New York dolls to be so mich like faded waxwork, ut's been melted down for any sort of a face, fro' a queen to a mermaid. If they'd live gradely, an' be gradely, an' do their share o' wark 44 like other women, I see no reeason why they should no' be as pratty as thoose in New Jarsey. Does thou?"

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“Nawe; gradely wark an gradely livin has made our English stockin-menders what they are,” Sammy said. But if we begin a-pamperin 'em—”

“We're done for,” concluded Ab, with a fist emphasis on the table. “Candy an' monkey nuts —never!”

These remarks ended the conversation; and we adjourned to make preparations for seeing two of the finest sights to be seen in the world, the Cemetery at Brooklyn, and the Falls of Niagara.

To a stranger New York is a prison. He cannot get out of it without crossing a ferry at one point or other. Enclosed between the two forks of the River Hudson, which take the names of the North and East rivers, it is completely surrounded by water; and a person who wishes to cross to a certain point finds it exceedingly difficult to hit upon the right ferry. We were in a continual “fog” all the time we were in the city; and sometimes travelled miles to find ourselves at the wrong place after all. On one occasion, having been by accident separated from my companions, I found myself at Jersey city when I imagined I was at Brooklyn. And at another time, we were landed at the Pennsylvania Railway Station, when we ought to have been at the depôt of the Erie line. Once get wrong, and the difficulty in getting right is ten times greater than when starting from Broadway as the centre.

It happened to be Sunday when we crossed to Brooklyn. Had it been Saturday we might have been groping 45 about the streets the whole of the day, and possibly have been landed at the wrong place as a reward for our pains. The scarcity of traffic on the Sunday helped us over our difficulties; and we only made the mistake of landing at the wrong part of Long Island, upon which Brooklyn is built. A few changes of street cars; any number of inquiries; the annoyances of the exact five cent. fare, neither more nor less, to be dropped in a nick; a few cross purposes, and a great deal of strong language, and we reached the destination we set out for.

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We were hospitably entertained by a family of Newton Heath Americans, the head of which has lost none of his Lancashire idiosyncracies; and after our bodies and our tempers had been somewhat cooled by ablutions of lager, applied inwardly, we took a car for Prospect Park and Greenwood Cemetery, our entertainers accompanying us.

You seem to breathe a freer and fresher atmosphere in Brooklyn than you do in New York. In the latter city you feel oppressed by the height of the buildings, and the many contributories to the dangers of the streets; whilst the abominable stink given out by one of America's greatest sources of wealth, petroleum, pervades everywhere. Our friend Ab said it was "like following a foormart o't'gether." As regards the street dangers, the "Walmsley Fowt philosopher" had a startling experience of them the day before. We happened to be passing along a street, the middle course of which is canopied by an iron net-work in the form of a branch of the "Elevated Railroad;" a delightful structure regarded from a tradesman's point of view, as it prevents the sun 46 from spoiling the goods in his windows, and would-be customers from entering his door. We were dodging as well as we could the tramcars and other traffic below, when our attention was called to the dashing past of a train of cars over our heads. This would have been sufficient of itself to have alarmed us; but when it was accompanied by a yell, and the pouring forth of a torrent of language that could only be printed in dashes, the excitement was doubled. Ab had got his fingers in his collar; and the way in which he was tearing at it was suggestive of his having a wasp, or more probably a mosquito, in active work there.

"What's up now, Ab? Is it *bitin*?"

"Bitin be—dashed!" he exclaimed; "it's takken a piece out, an' part o' my collar."

"It must ha' bin an owd dog, then; it's never been bred this summer. It wouldno' ha' had its teeth set."

"Teeth set, eh? I didno' know ut a cinder had teeth."

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“Wheay, isno it a miss-kitty?”

“It's moore like a *fizz* -kitty, for it's bin fizzin i' my neckhole. I wish I'd howd o' that infernal Yankee ut invented these sky railroads. I'd crom a red wot cinder wheer he couldno' shake it out in a hurry—that I would. I'd mak him sing ‘Yankee Doodle’ wi' variations, an' doance to his own music, too.”

The reader will easily infer from these explosions of temper on the part of Ab that the cause of his suffering and pardonable wickedness was a cinder that had dropped from the engine on passing, and found a lodgment 47 beneath his bump of philoprogenitiveness, where it was reluctant to be disturbed. These elevated railroads are a great nuisance in many ways, and not likely to be adopted in England.

By this time we had arrived at Prospect Park, a large tract of well-wooded and well-watered land, which calls for no especial remark when we consider that we are in near proximity to the sight of all sights to be seen on Long Island. After resting ourselves on a piece of the higher ground, which commanded a view of many miles of land and sea, and from which we could observe the constant aud swallowlike flitting to and fro of the ferryboats that ply in the Sound, we prepared the tone of our thoughts and feelings so as to accord with the character of the place we were about to visit—the “City of the Dead”—Greenwood Cemetery.

It were not fit that we should approach the place in a buoyant and joyous spirit, although the bloom of the dogwood tree sheds light and loveliness on a scene where Beauty had made her home ere the florist's spade, or the sculptor's chisel, essayed to make what seemed perfection even more lovely. The shadowless noon is past; and the sun in its westerling glory picks out with purest gold the marble chasteness of the blossoms which droop sympathetically over kindred stone that marks the spot where heroes sleep. Here, stealing among the fretwork of light and shade, the ghostlike form of a woman arrests our attention. In deepest black she is attired; and now she pauses at a wicket-gate that leads

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to a “plot” in which a small white headstone is the central object. 48 She kneels, and trims the flowers growing on a mound near the stone. Perhaps her little one lies there; and she can fancy the spirit of one so loved is hovering among those sweet emblems of a sweeter soul, and her fingers yearn to fondle among them. No; her soldier husband sleeps in his death bivouac beneath that turf, and he fell in defence of his country's unity. Honour to his name, although it may be among the nameless! And now other sisters are seen kneeling at similar graves, a mournful host. If the prayers which I can imagine to be articulate on their lips are heard, slavery can never again overshadow that glorious land.

We drive about for miles, forgetful of the character of the place we are visiting, for it seems too lovely for a tear to be shed near it. If the dead are there we feel not their presence, only as though they were with us in the flesh, but a purer flesh than we know. Two hundred thousand soulless tenants inhabit these quiet homes, and there are half-way resting places for bodies to find a temporary shelter when frost or snow prevent the strongest builder of all from completing his edifice. See Greenwood Cemetery, and learn to love without tearful regret, is the benefaction of one heart that is not unacquainted with the deepest sorrow.

### **CHAPTER VI. ON THE WAY TO NIAGARA—AB'S FOURTH LETTER TO HIS WIFE.**

Queen's Hotel, Toronto, Lower Canada, May 16, 1880.

Sarah, —As it's Sunday I'll co thee by thy Sunday name, an' not “Owd Ticket,” or summat o' that sort. Sin' thou yeard about me th' last time, Iorgus me, what a lot o' ground we'n gone o'er! I should think we're very nee tumblin off th' edge o' th' wo'ld. I dar'say thou'll want to know how I am i' health, as it leaves me at present; an' whether I've bin bitten wi' owt or not. I may tell thee I'm o reet, as far as flesh an' boan are concerned. But my “husk,” as owd Jack Robinson used to say, has bin a bit damaged. It reminds me now an' again ut I'm mortal, an' subject to mortal ailments, not o together brought on by my own dooins. I've had a bit o' bad luck lately wi' th' hangin quarter—my neck, as thou'll

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understond. A rope round it would hardly feel comfortable just now. Last week I're bitten wi' a cinder ut fell out o' th' engine fire of a sky railroad i' New York. I wish I'd howd o' th' mon ut invented that neck-or-nowt way o' travellin. He'd be roughly dealt with, I con tell thee. I'd crom a cinder, an a big un too, where th' owd E 50 pa'son had th' hummabees. Sammy o' Moses's winno' believe ut a cinder would drop out o' th' engine, an' just leet i' my neck, as if my collar wur a dust cart. He says I must ha' bin i' some hesshole, or other, somewhere. For t' show thee ut that couldno' happen I may tell thee ut there are no hessholes i' Yankeeland; so I couldno' tumble i' one; an' I should ha' moore sense than wroastle a stove pipe, even if it wur winter, an' it's anythin but winter just now, tho' I've bin welly starved to deeath within th' week. I'll tell thee how that happened e'ennow.

Last Sunday we went across th' wayter i' one o' thoose "owd Ned" boats to the "city o' churches," that's Brooklyn; where Beecher an' Talmage, as thou's yerd spake on, makken folk be good again their will. Theree I seed one o'th' grandest seets ut ever thou seed i' thy life, tho' thou's seed mony a one, not forgettin a merry meal or two, an' th' babby's frock ut a kessunin, beside a hoss race, an' a henpecked club procession. But my "boss" tells me he's been writin about that, an' if I trespass upo' his ground he'll hommer me. But there's one thing he tells me he hadno' mentioned, a mechanical cow. That's an animal of a breed thou's no' seen i' England. I'm noan hintin at th' pump, but a gradely cow, an' one ut would let thee milk it without strikin out, or showin signs ut it ud mak its yead int' an "elevator," an' gie thee a lift. We'd gone to a place they co'en Coney Island; that's at th' top end o' Brooklyn. It's a sort of a place like Blackpool, or New Brighton, or Daisy Nook if ther any sae theree; obbut ther no lodgin 51 houses nor wot wayter shops. There's nowt nobbut th' sae, an' a lot o' atin an' drinkin places, an' photorgraph chaps, beside th' average number o' yorneys, ut one sees everywhere.

These atin an' drinkin shops dun a good bizness when th' weather's wot, an' they'r'n gettin ready for it then. I'd noticed a cow stonidin very quietly by itsel. It had nobbut three milk jets. Sammy o' Moses's said it had lost th' tother wi' havin th' milk feyver. I wonder how he knew ut it had had it. Considerin ut ther no pastur theree, I wondered how it wur ut it would

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stond so quietly, an' let anybody milk it. I said, "Cope, wench," same as Peggy Thuston used to talk to 'em! but it never stirred nor mooded. I wondered then if it didno' understand English; or if ther sich a thing as a cow bein deeaf an' dumb. While I stood there, a young woman coome a milkin it. Hoo swirted out two glasses full; but when hoo tried a third it coom rayther slow. An' now, what surprised me th' moost, an' showed me what these Yankees are up to, wur th' way o' getten th' cawvesuck int' full flood again, after th' stock had bin drawn off. Hoo'd takken th' glasses to wheere they'rn wanted, an' then coome back, as if hoo thowt th' spring had gan out a fresh supply, an' hoo'd come for moore, or becose hoo browt a can wi' her, hoo mit ha' bin for feedin th' cow. Well, hoo did feed it; but it wur in a way ut fairly made me bawk out till thou could ha' yerd me a fielt off l'stead o' feedin it at th' mouth, what should hoo do but oppen a lid at th' top of its back, an' teem a canful o' milk in it, just like as if hoo're fillin a boiler for weshin. 52 Whether hoo teemed any wayter in with it I dunno' know. Happen th' Yankees are no' up to that trick yet, bein a young family.

Well, isno' that a surprisin sort of a cow? But thou may bet thy "bottom dollar," as they sayn upo' one thing,—they'n never mak any beef out o' sich an animal. If they boilt th' whul carcas, an' made broth on't, they couldno' raise a star for t' leet it up with.

Th' day after leavin Brooklyn we set out on our road to Niagara. We nobbut had to travel about four hundert an' fifty mile, which is looked on as a mere cock-stride i' Yankeeland. Will o' Jimmy's went wi' us, for tho' he'd lived in Ameriky on an' off for above twenty year, he'd never seen th' greatest wonder to be met with i' that country. We'rn gooin to do our travellin by stages, for t' mak it less of a toil; but it wur a hard enough job as it wur; an' for a start we had t' sail up th' River Hudson in a neet boat. That's a sort o' travellin thou'd like, bein a woman; for it's a paradise for women if they'n yorneys o' husbands for t' look after 'em. These river boats are palaces. I thowt th' "City o' Berlin" wur grand; but these are grander. I're fairly dazed when I fund mysel on board, it seemed sich a size; an' I'd mony a narrow escape fro' bangin into lookin-glasses, ther sich a lot on 'em. For a while I couldno' get it int' my yead ut I're upo' th' wayter; but felt as if I'd bin transported to that

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country wheere pantymimes come fro'; an' wheere that lad wi' th' wonderful lamp wur born. After climbin a pair o' stairs wi' brass steps, I fund mysel in a grander shop than ever; an' I're fairly up to the knees i' carpet. 53 I stood stock-still for a minnit, for, Sarah, I dustno' stir.

Th' boat's summat like th' shape o' that tin dish thou feeds th' ducks out *on* ; an' if thou wur to navigate th' mop-hole with it, it would draw very nee as mich wayter as th' owd "Drew." An' talk about paddles! That wayter wheel at Laxey's a foo to 'em. They're so big ut a Yankee towd me—an' I never catch't one in a *single* lie—they takken th' boxes off i'th' winter time, an' makken circuses *on* 'em. That's th' reason there's so mony circuses gooin about th' country. It's a grand sail up th' Hudson even at neet; so what must it be on a fine day? An' when I tell thee there's about a hundert an' forty mile on't an' no' twenty yard alike, thou may be sure there's summat for th' een to look at. Ther some miles on't lit up by what they co'en th' "leetenin bug;" that's a sort of a flee ut carries a lantern about with it; but wheere it's hung, or whether it bruns oil, or carries a 'lectrifyin machine on its back, is a thing I never could find out. But we seed 'em i' thousands; an' th' sparks they droppen are like little flashes o' leetenin. Ther so mony in a wood we passed ut I thowt ther rows o' houses at back on't wi' ther windows lit up. Seein these is one o'th' sees o' this part o'th' wo'ld. But we'd summat for th' ears, as weel as th' een—sich music as thou never yerd. I thowt at th' fust ther a lot o' fife an' drum bands, ut had getten so drunken they'd punsed th' ends o' ther drums in, an' lost th' finger-holes o' their fifes; for th' yellin, whistlin noises there wur flogged o.

"Yond chaps 'ud get takken up if they'rn i' owd England," 54 I said to Sammy o' Moses's, ut wur tryin t' imitate a fife, ut had summat like a throstle note.

"They'd soon be set down again," Sammy said, quite dryly, an' whistlin again.

"Why, dun they carry revolvers wi' 'em, or summat?"

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“Nawe, they'n no 'casion,” Sammy said. “If thou wur t' get howd o' one o' their instriments' thou'd soon drop it. Thou wouldno' blow one for a ten dollar rag.”

“Why, what for?”

“Why?” an' he began a-chinkin. “Yond band chaps, as thou coes 'em, are frogs,—whistlin frogs. When they're i'th' humour they con whistle Yankee Doodle as weel as a lad wi' two top lips.”

“Sammy,” I said, when he'd tow'd me that, “another week 'll mak thee int' a Yankee. Thou'rt takkin thy larnin up fast. Thou con tell a tarnation sproanger now without thy hat flyin off. Whistlin frogs, eh?”

“Just thee ax owd Juddie for t' look i'th' Nattural Hist'ry, an' see if he con find any ackeaunt o' these whistlin frogs. But I dar'say he'll think thou'rt havin him on th' stick, an' winno' look.”

That noise, whatever it wur made by, followed us for miles; an' it wurno' till bunk time ut we yerd th' last on't. When neet had fairly set in, an' we could see nowt nobbut th' leetenin bugs' lamps, we went down stairs, four *on* us, to what they co'en dinner. I should ha' co'ed it supper. I're a little bit sharp-set; an' when one o'th' black stewards ax'd me what I'd have, I looked down th' list, an' seed “porterhouse steak.” By th' price on't I 55 thowt it must be summat grand; an' as I'd had nowt yet but I could ha' carved wi' a spoon; I'd goo in for this mess. So I had to write it on a ticket; an' when th' darkie seed it I thowt his face would ha' flown oppen, an' lapped o'er th' back o' his yead.

“Am it for four,” he said, when he'd done grinnin.

“*Am* it be jiggered!” I said. “It's for mysel. These chaps mun do their own.” An' they did; for they ordered a “porterhouse steak” apiece as weel as me. Then th' nigger went fairly wild.

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“Here, my noble Zulu,” Sammy said; “if thou'rt goin to perform a war dance, let's ha' those steaks th' fust, or thou'll get nowt put i' thy hat.” But we could hardly get him to goo his arrand. He kept turnin round an' lookin at us, an' scrattin his cocoanut; then, givin' another caper, shot out o'th' seet.

Th' steaks wur sich a while a comin ut we'rn welly laft by oursels; an' ther a good deal o' heavy grumblin goin on. But at last they did come; an' four pair o' een flew as wide oppen as th' darkie's had done before. Any one o'th' steaks wur big enough for a Sunday dinner for o our family before ther any wed, an' a bit laft o'er for th' weshin day.

“Two you gemmen come to dis dable?” the blackymoor said, puttin one have of his looad on th' next table. Ther wurno' room enough for o'th' lot on one.

I never seed four chaps so o'erfaced i' my life; an' we looked round for t' see if ther anybody takkin th' stock, A “porterhouse steak,” as they cutten 'em, is intended for four aters, an' we'd one apiece. Luckily there wurno' 56 mony laft for t' watch us, an' we stripped for wark. Nob'dy du'st oather spake or look for a while, everyone wur so gloppent; an' before one have o'th' mess had been put out o'th' seet, th' housein began a-bein very slow. At last there four honds went up, an' th' battle wur o'er. Th' steaks had won. I never threw th' sponge up moore backartly, I con tell thee; but it wur no use. A mon's nobbut fit for one mon's wark after o.

Ther some heavy snoorin i' our bunk that neet; an' when mornin broke we tumbled out for t' see if ther owt beside river wayter to be gotten at. We fund summat; an' by th' time we raiched Albany we'd gotten a bit sattled down. Anybody mit ha' thowt it strange seein four chaps wanderin about th' streets at six o'clock i'th' mornin, an' not one on 'em wantin a breakfast. I said if any o'th' tother three named sich a thing I'd tak a different side o' th' street.

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Albany's a nice city; an' moore than that, it's the capital o'th' New York State. I dar'say thou thinks, like mony a one beside thee, ut th' Manchester Town Hall is a grand buildin. I thowt so once; but I dunno' feel as if I wanted to see it again after seein th' new State House at Albany, or what there is built on't. It stonds on a risin ground wheere th' main street oppens into a square, or, as some would co it, a "circus;" an' as we seed it fro' th' boat it looked like a marble mountain glitterin i'th' sun. If Solomon's Temple wur owt like it, it's a pity it wur ever poo'd down an' carted away. But this State House has bin so long i' buildin ut it's said thoose ut seed th' foundation stone laid 'll never 57 live to see th' finishin stroke. Cuttin an' shapin marble isno' like chippin grey stone.

Fro' Albany we took another boat to Troy, about seven mile up th' river. Theere they'rn showin a whale ut a mon said had bin catcht a mile or two furr up; but I hardly believed him. Sammy o' Moses's said it wur "very like a whale," tho' he hadno' seen it. Fro' Troy we went on a car to Cohoes, wheere we seed th' biggest factory i'th' wo'ld, an' driven by wayter, too. What surprised me wur seein at one o'th' durs a sign similar to what we seen i' parks, wi' th' words painted on, "Please to keep off the grass." Is there owt o'th' sort to be fund about Butler Street, i' Manchester?

We put on th' cheek for t' ax if we mit go through this factory. One o'th' bosses never made no bawks ut lettin us; an' he sent upstairs for another boss for t' show us round. As soon as this mon clapt his een on me he fell back again th' wall, wheere he stood a minit pantin, as if he're out o' wynt. Then he rubbed his een, an' raked some cotton out of his yure; an' when he'd getten round a bit he set up sich a shout—

"By goss, if it isno' owd Ab!"

His name's Bradburn Cocker, an' he comes fro' Staly-bridge. He said he'd seen me flourishing my red breeches once at their wakes. That wur how he coome to know me.

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Well, it wur a spree, goin through thoose miles o' rooms; but as thou'll no, care for readin owt about the inside of a factory, I'll nobbut tell thee how we finished up. When we'd done th' last bit o' "Platt Brothers," 58 Cocker piked up his clooas an' on wi' his jacket. In an hour after that we'rn singin like larks at th' Cataract Hotel, wheere th' Little Mohawk wur joinin us wi' th' music of its falls, an' th' poppins o' corks put in a note or two at welcome times. We'd a jolly time on't, obbut it would bother me to tell how we geet to Troy, an' fro' Troy to Albany; an' when we tumbled into a railroad carriage for to goo on to th' City o' Rochester, whoa it wur ut had howd o' my hont, sayin he'd never leeave me, "owd dog!" I dunno know. Th' last car whoam, he said had gone; an' he mit as weel go to Niagara, too; but he didno'. I seed two on 'em, one wur a londlort, tryin to widen a durhole wi' their shooters. Whoa th' tother wur I'm hardly sartin; but I fancy they'd be a boss short at Cohoes th' mornin after.

### **CHAPTER VII. AB'S FOURTH LETTER TO HIS WIFE CONTINUED.**

#### AT THE GREAT FALLS

My fust ride on what here they co'en a "railroad car" wur about as lively as bein at a buryin wheere there's eight in a coach. These cars are nowt like what our carriages are i' England. Th' seats dunno' raich across, but are divided down th' middle, like th' pews i' our chapel, ut thou says I seldom see. One seeat's made to howd two passengers. Folk con oather ride face to face, or back to back, or spoon fashion, becose th' seats 'll turn o'er. But th' spoon road's mooest general. Havin so mony windows, some *on* 'em's sure to be oppen; an' th' cowl when it is cowl, an' th' dust when there is dust, an' that's aulus, maks things as pleasant as stonidin in a ginnel ov a wyndy neet waitin o'th' sweetheart comin out. Ridin i' one o' these cars is sometimes made moore comfortable by th' yeat ov a red wot stove, ut gives out a smell like that caused by a saucepan wautin o'er on th' fire. But that neet th' stove wur cowl, an' so wur th' wynt, tho' we'd bin roasted i'th' daytime; an' if they'd laid a dust track for us we couldno' ha' bin wur peppered o'er than we fund

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ourselves when we geet to Rochester. 60 We looked just like as if we'd bin turned out of a fustic mill, or had spent a neet i'th' hesshole.

We rowled out o' Albany "Depot" about eight o'clock, wi' as cheerful a prospect before us as a gang o' thieves bein sent away at Government expense, wi' this difference—our prisonment wouldno' last so long. We knew wi' should ha' to pearch o neet upo' seeats for two; so ut there'd be no chance o' stretchin out, even if a mon had boath seeats to hissel; an' that he couldno' have, as we'rn very throngly packed. We knew, too, ut peckin or weetin one's whistle would be out o' question. However, that we shouldno' ha' minded if we could ha' snoozed th' time o'er. But a wooden rail for a pillow; an' that th' back of another mon's seeat, isno' like buryin one's nose among fithers; speshly if thoose i'th' front are given to writhin about; an' now an' then takkin a fancy to stretchin yo'r yure wi' their coat collar. Will o' Jimmy's made a deecal o' labbor o' mine; an' I dar'say I gan someb'dy at back o' me a tidy rakin or two when I stretched up; for I could yer growls, an' mutterins o' summat ut sounded like—

"I guess I git to go for yew, old woman, if yew don't keep outter my haair."

If I sit up, an' tried to keep wakken, ther nowt to look at nobbut summat like an owd lumber yard, where ther a lot o' loomstays reared up, some wi' boots at th' end, an' others wi' a bare stockin. Thoose ut had notions o' comfort different to mine had their legs up as straight as if they'rn gooin to balance a pow, an' wur waitin for th' music.

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An' now that just reminds me ut I'd some music at back o' me ut wurno' calkilated for soothin a savage breast. I dar'say it would be summat after midneet; an' I'd nodded, an' winked, an' blinked, an' yawned, an' writhen about, till I felt moore in a feightin humour than any other, when summat interfered for t' put a bit o' life into me. After feelin "around," as a Yankee would say, for a yezzy shop, I felt mysel gooin into some strange lond, where there nowt nobbut deead timber groon, an' at wur used for hens pearchin on. I

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could yer the sound of a steeam saw crashin through knots an' nails, an it so edged my teeth that I wakkent, an' fund at th' noise wur caused by two chaps at back of me. They couldno' sleep theirsels; so I reckon they'd take care ut nob'dy elze slept. They talked to one another loud enough for t' ha' kept folk wakken i'th' next car, an' anybody ut has yerd a gradely Yankee spout his words down his trunk needs no description fro' me. That wur th' sawin I'd yerd i' my dream.

“I wish yo'd poo those penny trumpets out oyo'r noses, an' talk gradely,” I shouted out, for they'd robbed me of at least forty winks. “Yo'r wurr than a childer's band.”

They quietened down for a bit; but I could see they didno' like givin in to a Britisher. In a while they'rn at it again, “guessin,” an' “is that so”-in, as loud as ever. I turned my yead again, for my temper wur as rowsty as an owd scythe, an' I—shouted

“I guess if yo' dunno' tak that owd lumber saw into some other yard, there'll be some tarnation opposition, for I'll sing, an' see how yo'n like that.”

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Three yeads i'th' front *on* me rose up as sudden as pigeons out of a trap; an' three fists were shaken; an' I yerd a solemn warnin fro' someb'dy—

“Howd thy noise, Ab, or thou'll have us shot. He's pointin his revolver this road now.” Then th' yeads went out o'th' seet, mine with 'em, as nee th' floor as I could get.

By gadlins, Sarah, how I swat!—though I—d bin have starved to deeath before. Wi—mixin as I had done among folk, an' findin 'em very much like one's sel, obbut a bit moore politer than some *on* us are, I'd forgotten their ways o' feightin. I're down wi' my nose to th' floor till my knees wur givin way; an' when I're fairly done up I yerd some titterin, an' then a gradely yawp out o' laafin. Th' tother chaps wur havin a bit o' fun at my expense. Those two Yankees had shifted to another car, as they con do at any time without th' train stoppin. I dar'say they'rn feart o' my singin, an' had gone out o'th' road on't. I geet a vote

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o' thanks after for what I'd done; but it wur gan on condition ut I didno' try it on again, as it mit leead to some bizness bein done i'th' drillin line. I promised I'd keep out o' danger as mich as I could for their sakes; but I considered I carried th' owd British flag o'th' top o' my shoulders; an' if anybody made a hole through it they mit look out. But I should never "strike" it to anybody. Theer's pluck for thee, Sarah.

I felt a bit o' relief when dayleet broke, an' I could look out o'th' window, tho' there wurno' mich to look at. Railroad travellin here is nowt like what it is i'th' owd 63 country. We may run fifty mile, an' fancy we'n turned back a dozen times or so, an' wur goin through th' same country o'er again. No green hedges to be seen like thoose ut are gettin scarcer i' owd England; but i' their places what they co'en "snake," or "worm fences;" th' ugliest things ut could be planned by th' owd Lad hissel, if he'd full scope, an' wur tryin to mak this wo'ld a place fit for nobbut blynt folk to live in. These fences are made o' trees ut are fit for nowt elze, nobbut brunnin, an' hardly that. These are split up th' middle; an' laid one piece on th' top of another, in a zig-zag way; here an' there bund t'gether by a yeap o' tree roots, th' legs up'art. Some fences are made o' nowt nobbut tree roots; an' these are th' ugliest of any. We'd now an' then come on a solitary farmhouse, wheere there'd be an orchat i' full blossom, an' these to us wur as refreshin as just havin a cupful fro' under th' berm. About have past five we rowled into th' City o' Rochester, a very fine town on the Genesee river, an' about seven mile fro wheere it joins Lake Ontario. Th' country, I'd noticed, looked a deaal better than th' mooest we'd seen; an' when thou comes to consider ut ther about four thousand acres o' fruit gardens scattered round th' district, thou'll think ut Ameriky isno' o alike. Thou may be sure ut Rochester is a thrivin place when thou'rt towd ut i' 1820 ther nobbut 1,502 folk in it; an' forty year after th' number raiched 48,243.

For th' width o' th' streets, an' th' fineness o' their buildins, we'd seen nowt like it nowhere, not even i' New York. These we could see at their best, becose ther 64 nob'dy stirrin. We'n nowt like it i' England. Th' buildins are built o' blue limestone, an' look everywheere as if they'd everyone bin put up yesterday; ready stocked wi' goods; windows ready furnished; signs new painted; an' wur waitin for tenants. That wur th' appearance o'th' town about

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six o'clock ov a cowl sun-shoiny mornin, when four shiverin, dusty, an' sleepy owls wur blinkin through th' streets, huntin up warm coffee an' shoeblacks. We'd had a run o' two hundert an' thirty mile without tastin owt.

Just afore we'rn ready for droppin i'th' street we yerd th' dur o' summat like a barber's shop bein unbarred; an' we'rn round it like flees at a lump o' sugar in a minit.

Just what we wanted. Coffee wur ready; but ther nowt to be had thicker, as it wur nobbut a bit of a stond-up box, made pleasantly sweet wi' th' smell o' paraffin. But it wur a grand hotel to us then.

“Con we have owt stronger than coffee?”

“I guess yew can.”

“Brandy?”

“Brandy, or whiskey, or rum.”

“We'n dropt on our feet, Sammy. I'm for rum.”

“Th' tother chaps would ha' th' same; an' we had it, but a thousand to one that rum had never seen Jimmyaco. I've wondered, sin' if th' mon had made a mistake an' gan us paraffin. It wursummat like th' flavour. As it wur owt wur welcome if it wur weet an' warm, like Owdham breawis! By th' time we'd swilled our throats out, an' paid five cents. apiece for our shoon 65 havin their faces breetent, ther a place oppent ut we could feed at.

Things wur lookin up then. We breakfasted like lords, an' when we'd had a swill in a tin mug, an' our cloas rid o' clouds o' dust ut streammed out o'th' dur like reech, an' set passers-by agate o' sneezin', th' City o' Rochester, fine as it looked two hours afore, had improved ten fowd. Th' buildins wur then like marble. We'rn so ta'en up wi' th' place ut we missed our on train, an' had to wait another hour an'g a have. That we didno' care for

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mich, as we'd had quite enough o' rails for a Week. But at last we geet off, swingin past moore miles o' snake fences, so like thoose ut we'd past ut I'd a misgivin ut we'd gotten on th' wrong train, an' wur gooin back again. But we'rn reet. Sometime i'th' afternoon, an' after we'd had another change, we fund oursels rumblin slowly o'er a bridge, an' Sammy o' Moses's said:

“Here we are. Look out, chaps.”

I looked out, an' seed summat i'th' distance ut reminded me o' that weir at th' Wayter Side, obbut it mit be a bit broader an' deeper.

“What is there to be seen here?” I axt.

“Wheay, th' Falls—what elze?” Sammy said. “Cont' no' see 'em? Be sharp, or elze thou'll miss 'em.”

“What Falls?”

“Wheay, th' Falls o' Niagara, thou hurnyead!”

“Yond bit o' wayter th' Falls o' Niagara?” An' my heart fairly crept down to my shoon. I thowt it wur a gradely Yankee sell. “Han we travelled four hundert an' fifty mile for t' see summat ut looks like a big dayleet F 66 reflector i' some back street i' Manchester. I've a good mind to stop wheere I am, or goo on to Toronto, if that's o there is to be seen.” I would ha' done, too, if I hadno' bin hungry.

I felt a bit consoled, after we'd crossed th' bruck, when Sammy pointed to a house on our left hond wheer ther a jolly-lookin owd chap stonidin at th' dur, as if he mit be lookin out for us.

“That's th' shop,” Sammy said, pointin to th' house. “Roslie's Hotel. If we con get fixed there we're o reet. Th' best an' chepest place at th' Falls. I hope there's a good dinner

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ready now. Ab ud give o'er skrikin as soon as he're sit down. Now, chaps, get ready for yo'r baggage being examined; we're under th' British flag now."

"Is that so?" I said. An' I looked out. Ay, theree th' Union Jack wur wavin an' flutterin as briskly as if it had bin upo' our chimdy for thy birthday. I felt then as if I wurno' above two mile fro' whoam, an' could goo in a cart. I'd seen so mony stars and stripes that I began to think ther nowt elze i'th' wo'ld. Everythin wur starred an' striped—dresses, bonnets, stockins, an' at one place we'd bin at we seed a young woman wi' a wooden leg painted th' same pattern as her odd stockin. That's patriotic feelin for thee. How would thou look wi' a pair o' Union Jacks at thy boot tops, an' th' lion an' unicorn dabbed on thy back? Seein a bit o' English colour wur have maybe to me; an' I gan in for t' have my baggage examined as quietly as a mon ut's havin his pockets overhauled by two thieves. These things getten through we trotted down to owd Roslie's, for t' see if he 67 could find us a bunk apiece; an' when he said he could, an' we'd looked inside, I felt quite reconciled to Niagara Falls, even if it wur a Yankee sell.

We'd getten now in a wo'ld o' quiet, wheere folk wurno' breakin their necks for t' keep on their feet. Th' very pictur o' owd Roslie hissel wur enough for me. He'd no loce skin about his gills; nor they couldno' co' him a wittled down stalk o' humanity! He're as fine a Jack Bull as ever I seed; an' if ther wurno' sich things about, I could yer th' clankin o' buckets, scrapin o' hosses' feet, th' squeakin of a pump, an' th' gee-wo's o' jolly wagginers. I're fairly gloppent when he towd me he're a Swiss. I didno' think ther any country under th' owd sun ut could ha' bred sich like nobbut owd England. But it seems Switzerlond con. Th' house wur like th' londlort. Every nook an' stair carried with it th' same look o' hospitable welcome (big words, Sarah), an' I flung my hat upo' the table as if I'd bin awhoam. Whoa cared owt about th' Falls o' Niagara then?

After we'd dusted an' damped our husks we planked oursels down at th' table; an' I mun say ut a better dinner never made my mouth watter. Then everythin about wur so nice an' cool, wi' garden trees flattenin their noses again th' window, as if they wanted to watch

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my bit o'th' performance; an' our jolly host lookin like a big posey at th' yead of o! Niagara behanged! I felt as if I're noane goin t' stir fro' theree to look at an owd silver gridiron. However, th' tother chaps prevailed on me to go wi' 'em. So we romped into a two-hoss carriage; an, we rowled through about four inches thick o' 68 dust till I yerd a hummin sound ut geet louder as we went on. Then ther a roar ut made my flesh creep—we'rn at th' Falls.

After londin fro' th' carriage I fixed mysel like one o' thoose wooden Indians they hah at 'bacco shop durs i' New York, an' stood starin at—What? Not wayter, surely, but millions o' loads o' hay, rowlin an' jumpin up fro' miles away, for t' be tumbled o'er a rock above a have a mile wide, an' down a depth of above sixty yard deep, never to be seen again. What a waste o' fodder, I thowt. Then it took another form,—mountains stricken wi' th' rod o' Moses, an' melted down, an' tryin to find another restin place they're hurried into Eternity. Like th' shifting slides of a magic lantern it grew into another an' moore awful seet. This made my yure rise,—not wi' fear, but wi' wonder; for I felt same as Charles Dickens when he're on th' same spot, that I're face to face wi' th' Great God of o. I'd lost my companions, tho' they stood by me. I'd no recollection of ever havin any. I'd forgetten everythin,—ay, even thee. Th' wo'ld I'd lived in had vanished; an' in that awful sound that rang, an' kept ringin', an' wur to me a summons to Judgment, I could yer angels' trumpets; an' th' singin o' thoose blessed souls ut I hoped to see ere long, tho' I felt mysel an' unworthy visitor. An' this. image kept grooin an' grooin,—bigger an' bigger, till I felt as if I're bein lifted off my feet, an' wur soon to join that great choir that wur fillin heaven wi' this everlastin music. Then I're startled wi' a voice that had at one: time bin familiar to me—

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“What dost think about th' Falls now, Ab?”

“Sammy,” I said, “where has thou sprung fro'? Has thou changed thy state o' bein, too?”

“Rayther moore than an owd silver gridiron, Abram? How dost feel?”

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“As I'd like to feel for ever, Sammy. Time wur once when I liked a good joke, or a good skit. But now there's summat tinglin through me of a grander feelin, an' I dunno' wish it to be disturbed. How long han we been here?”

“Above an hour.”

“An' han yo' never gone away?”

“Not a yard. When I axt thee how thou felt, I meant what wur th' state o' thy throttle.”

“What, Sammy—are we i'th' owd wo'ld yet?”

“Noane o' thy dreeamin, Ab, here. Come an' have a lager. It's a dry job watchin wayter.”

“Poo me away, then, for I feel as if I couldno' goo o' mysel.” But o' somehow it didno' want mich to draw me when I fund we'rn still on th' yearth. Oh, mighty Niagara; upon thy wondrous face could my vision dwell for ever!

We're just gooin out for a droive, so sha' no' ha' time to write to thee again, an' finish this Niagara job, till we getten to Montreal; un' that's three hundert an' ten miles away. Good neet, owd brid! Th' next time thou yers fro' me we shall ha' shot th' “Lachine Rapids,” if we dunno' get dashed on th' rocks, an' shall ha' crossed Lake Ontario. Pray for th' safety o'—Thy wanderin pilgrim, AB.

### **CHAPTER VIII. AB'S FIFTH LETTER TO HIS WIFE.—WHITEWESHIN A NIGGER.**

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal, May 19, 1880.

Owd Blessin! —It's ringin i' my ears yet; an' shut my een as I will a great shadow keeps stonidin before me, an' howdin our little Betty in its arms. It's a good while sin I're boggart-feart afore; but I am now. I'm so that I hardly know th' difference o' bein asleep an' bein wakken. I may be dreamin now for owt I know. It's nobbut when a Miss-Kitty gets a

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mouthful fro' just at the back o' my ear that I con feel sure ut I'm among th' realities. Then I *do* feel sure; an' say things ut I shouldno' like t' see i' print. But that music, Sarah, never leeaves me; an' it's aulus playin th' same tune,—one continual rowl o' thunner without leetenin.

As mich as I seed o'th' Great Falls th' fust day I'd seen nowt to what filled my een,—ay, even till I believed I could see wi' my ears—th' day after. Thee dunno' believe folk when they tellen thee they con yet th' sound o'th' Falls five miles afore they getten to 'em. They conno' yer 'em a hauve a mile off till they'n seen 'em. Then they may yer 'em three thousand five hundred miles 71 away, as I shall yer 'em when I get whoam. Thou may think it's becose I've getten a cowl i' my yead; or had it inside a keg o' lager; but it isno'.

Thou knows ut I'm a tickle sleeper—ut I'd give owt sometimes for a firm wink or two, speshly when I conno' ackeaunt for mysel, an' know what I may expect when thou's flung thy neetcap on th' drawers, as savagely as if thou'd bin cloddin at a cat. But my fust neet at owd Roslie's I lay on a softer bed than could be made o' fithers; for I felt as if I're lyin upo' nowt—swimmin, as one may say; or flyin bout wings. Th' music o'th' Falls, an' bein without th' fear o' thy tongue i'th' mornin, geet me asleep as nicely as a babby wi' its thumb in its mouth; or as a lad when his tooth's gan o'er wartchin. I my dreeams I're out of o reckonin. I couldno' remember leeavin this wo'ld; but still I must ha' left it. I're bothered to think how I'd slipped thee; or whether thou'd drawn my full buryin brass or not; becose th' last club neet I didno' pay up. I hoped thou hadno' spent what bit thou had to draw upo' coaches; an' Ut thou'd get wed again. I're a little bit gloppent i'th' mornin when I wakkent; an' yerd what I took to be a whul hive o' hummabees buzzin i'th' window. That wur th' sound o'th' Falls. I lay wakken mony a minit afore I du'st oppen my een; as I didno' want to find it out ut I're wick. But when I yerd a voice ut I'd yerd afore mony a time; an' that voice said “Physic time, Abram,” I gan mysel up to another round o' mortal ills.

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“What, ninety-five cents' wo'th again, Sammy?” I said; for thou may calkilate whoa it wur ut stood at my 72 bedside, howdin a glass in his hont wi' a piece o' ice in it. They usen a deaal o' ice i' these parts.

“Nawe, it's noane sich a price here as it is i' New York,” Sammy said. An' he took his own share o' iced “physic,” ut seemed to do him good o at once. I think it's th' climate ut's th' cause on't, th' air's so very leet an' fine.

“Sammy,” I said, after I'd oiled th' wheels o'th' mornin, so ut they'd go round sweeter, “I thowt afore I wakkent ut I'd flattened my nose again an iceberg for th' last time. I dreamt I'd slipped my cable, an' sailed o'er to th' majority.”

“If I could dreeam like thee I'd ne'er be wakken,” Sammy said, oppenin th' shutter blinds, like oppenin a pair o' cubbort durs an' lettin in a streeam o' sunshoiny leet ut made me reconciled to another leease o' this sort o' life, an' th' bother there is with it. “Anybody ut con lie i' bed a mornin like this is fit for nowt nobbut dreeamin. Get up; we're gooin down th' Falls after breakfast.”

“Down th' Falls, Sammy! Yo'n ha' to goo without me, then. Thou knows I conno' swim; an' if I could they wouldno' catch me divin that depth. Nawe, Sammy, go yo'rsels; I'm noane so tired o' livin yet.”

“But we shall go down in a carriage,” Sammy said.

“Thou'll never know ut thou art gooin till thou gets to th' bottom, if thou'll shut thy een.”

“Dun other folk. do it?” I axt.

“Ay, everybody ut comes here.”

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“Well, I dar do owt ut other folk dun, obbut bein wicked, an' gooin up in a balloon.” An' I sprang out o' bed, an' girded up my loins for what I dar'say thou'll think wur a foolhardy marlock. Whether it wur or not, thou'll soon see.

After we'd etten enough for a day we mounted our carriage again, like four lords, an' rowled down Clifton i' grand style. Afore we went down th' Falls we drove to a place they co'en Chippewa, wheere ther a battle fowght once between th' English an' Americans. O that line o' frontier is noted for oather feightin or smugglin; speshly smugglin. Owd Roslie knows summat about that. He's yerd a bullet whizz past him afore now. We'rn shown into a house wheere ther a well, an' inside this well ther a pipe wi' a blaze at th' end. This they co'en the “Burning Spring.” I didno' like th' smell o' that shop, I con tell thee; an' when Sammy o' Moses's said nob'dy knew wheere th' gas coome fro', but wur thowt to coome through a crack i'th' roof o'th' Owd Lad's Palace, it didno' mak me think a bit better *on* it. I'd rayther ha' gas ut had been made somewheere elze, if I paid moore for it. A Yankee towd me ut owd Mesther Nick had once bin seen, as he said, “prowlin around,” for t' see if he could find th' leakage out. But he're feart that if he tried to stop it Niagara mit break through, an' damage, his bizness. So he didno' meddle wi' it. What a pity!

We drove back to what there is left o'th' “Table Rock,” an' theere I're lost i my dreeams again. Lookin down into th' trough wheere th' wayter tumbles we could see as mony as five rainbows at once. An' as th' sun 74 shifted they shifted; sometimes breakin into pieces, an' at others formin very nee a whul circle. They'rn not as big as th' rainbows we seen i' England, but ther moore on 'em to mak up for size. An' these con be seen o th' day o'er when th' sun shoines, oather o' one side th' river or th' tother.

When we'd getten as nee drunken as wur safe wi' lookin down th' Falls, we crossed o'er a bridge ut I thowt we must never see th' end on, it wur sich a length an' made o' wire, too; what dost think about that? When we did get across we'rn stopped at a tow-bar; an' a mon coome round a-seein' if we'd any baggage with us. We'rn on th' American side again.

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“Dollar and a half,” th' tow-bar chap said! an' he held his hont out to me.

“What for?” I wanted to know.

“Toll,” wur th' onswer.

“Carriage an' body duty,” Sammy o' Moses's said, as I thowt not i'th' pleasantest way. He seemed to ha' made his mind up that we shouldno' be allowed to stir i'th' lond of freedom an' “clam chowder” without havin to fork out, an' smartly too. “Everythin has to pay duty. Hosses an' carriage a have a dollar, an' a quarter apiece for us. Get yo'r green shin plaisters out, we sha' not ha' done yet.”

Well, I thowt that wur a corker; but ther no help for it; we had to part. It's lucky for folks' feelins ut they'n so mich papper money in Yankeeland. Fling a five dollar rag down an' it seems nowt. Get three dollars an' a have i' silver for change, an' we favvorn havin th' best 75 side o'th' swap. I felt a deecal better satisfied after that, kalkilatin ut I're a richer mon. If we'd that sort o' papper money i' England we should never save nowt, becose it looks wo'th nowt. A Yankee 'll tak a hontful out of his pockets, as if he're gooin t' leet his pipe wi' 'em; an' anybody ut'll ax may have as mony as he wants.

Havin sattled our “just dues an' demands,” as our ley felly used to say, an' wheeled on a bit furr, we coome to th' entrance o' what I took to be a tunnel. Well, it wur a tunnel i' one sense, but it wur like lookin down a long pair o' stairs, wi' rails fro' top to bottom. Moore forkin out. Then we geet into a carriage, an' I shut my een. I yerd a rumblin sound, an' felt a shakin under me; an' my inside wur a bit i'th' way one feels when we're pearched at th' end of a ship ut's hee up on a wave, then comes soss down i'th' sea wi' a plunge ut shakes every plank. Or it wur a bit like gooin down a coalpit, obbut noane so dark. When I felt we'd let at th' bottom I oppent my een, an', eh, dear me, Sal, I fund we'rn at th' bottom o'th' Falls.

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Believe me, bein at th' top wur nowt to bein here. I'd lost my companions again, an' I're i' meditation wi' summat I didno' know, an' could never get to th' sacret *on* till I'd thrown off these fleshy trammels. This great sheet that's bein unrowled fro' th' top must be th' drapery ut covers that "Great White Throne" we readen about; an' out o' that white cloud th' sun's collectin an' distributin segments o' coloured arches for t' build one glorious canopy that should cover a comin Greatness; an' that comin Greatness should rise eaut o' that white 76 cleaud, an' th' unrowlin o' that mighty screen should stop for ever, The Kingdom of the Most High shall ha' bin begun. These wur my feelins, mind thee; an' thou'd ha' had bin th' same if thou'd bin there. Do what I would; feel about, an' try to think different; grope among solid rocks for an argyment, I couldno' bring mysel to believe ut these things wur o' this wo'ld.

Let me shut my wings, an' come to mysel again, for I feel just now drunken wi' glory and beauty. We'rn wund up th' railroad, an' we drove off to another place wheer ther moore tow to pay on th' road. We must ha' gone a couple of miles, or so, when we stopped again. Moore tow. We'rn lookin down into th' "Whirlpool Rapids," a fearful seet. I could ha' looked at th' Falls for days, an' never felt a bit terrified. But here my knees shaked; an' my yead wur havin a good deead of its own road. Well, I may say ut my whul carcass wur in a state o' general wacker. How I du'st ventur down four hundert steps, an' into that—I're very nee usin a feaw word, I dunno' know. But I fund mysel at th' bottom, watchin a hundert thousand Macbeth witches, doancin round an' round; an' throwin their arms an' heels up i' wild, an' never slackenin fury. An' what wur th' cause o' this, I wondered. I're towd; an' when I yerd it explained I felt moore terrified than ever. When one comes to consider that twenty-eight theausant tons o' wayter are dashed o'er th' Falls every second, we may think ut that wayter would find its way to somewheere elze, an' no be very partikilar as to what wur i'th road on't. But th' surface o'th' river for a mile or two below th' Falls is as 77 quiet as that owd ink gutter i' Manchester; an' that looks strange. Wayter, when it tumbled sixty yard, an sich a quantity on't, must be a great weight when it leets. So it dives, like a diver under th' breast o'th' river, an' coomes up above three miles away at th' "Whirlpool

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Rapids.” What a depth Niagara must be! I've read that a Canadian sodier, wishing to desert to th' States, tried to cross th' river on a raft; but gettin too nee th' Rapids, he're swept into th' whirlpool, wheere for days after his mangled body was seen like a ghost gooin round an' round, wheere no human hond could raich him, an' wheere th' witches claimed him as their own.

I left that hole wi' a shudder, an' if I 're in a wackerin state when I went down, how must I ha' bin after climbin that stair o' four hundret steps? I felt lagerish, thou may be sure, an' my knees wanted spelkin. We drove back again to th' Falls. Moore tow. Here we crossed I dunno' know how mony bridges ut linked a lot o' islands t'gether, wheere th' wayter wur takkin its clooas off as if strippin for its great dive. Nob'dy con have th' leeast idea o' what's gooin down till they'n bin on thoose islands, an' watched it come rushin an' jumpin for miles—millions o' meaunted Assyrians, comin down “like wolves on the fold,” to find another Libnah for their destruction. We sit lookin on this seet till th' sun gan us warnin ut ther no twileet there as there is i' England, an' ut we'd better be stirrin afore it chopped dark. Then th' air felt keen, an' my honds wur same as if I'd bin trampin through snow. We gethert up our booans, ut wur then a bit jaded, an' after another tow we loded safe 78 at owd Roslie's dur, one *on* us feelin like a little lad ut's seen “owd Mungo” for th' fust time, for thoose “Whirlpool Rapids” wur as a neetmare to me.

Th' day after we did a lozzick, oitch gooin his own road, an' spendin his time as he'd a mind. I looked round Clifton, for t' see what th' place wur like, an' th' tother chaps went somewheere elze. I'th' afternoon I're in at a do ut wur as comical as it wur unexpected. It wur a nigger-whiteweshin. I're dooin a “scoot” round about th' station, lookin out for a bit o' summat that I could bring thee for a present when I coome whoam, when, as I're passin th' dur of a “Saloon,” I thowt I could yer voices ut sounded like bein i' our fowt; so I'd turn in, as thou'll think.

“Gosh!” wur th' fust word I yerd as I went in, an' it coome fro' between th' clog-heel lips of as jolly a lookin darkie as ever put a cloud between me an' th' sun. Three or four o'th'

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tother company mit ha' bin fresh fro' Lancashire; an' when I said, "How are yo', lads?" ther a lot o' honds held out.

"Fro' th' owd country?" one *on* 'em said, as his hond gripped mine wi' no kid-glove squeeze.

"Th' same shop, an' no' long fro' it," I said.

"I'm no' long fro' it, noather," he said, an' he squoze again. "We're just havin a bit of a skit wi' this darkie. We're gooin to whitewesh him, an' mak a Christian *on* him for th' neet. The bargain's made within ten cents. We'n offered him forty, but he wants fifty."

"I'll stond th' balance," I said. "So yo' con get to wark. But yo'r not gooin to use lime, are yo'?"

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"Nawe; it's a sort o' distemper paint we usen at th' station. It's i' that can, theere. It'll do him no hurt if it doesno' get into his een. He knows what it is hissel. Now Sambo," he shouts to th' nigger, "get that mug o' thine ready. Th' have dollar's made up. We'n decorate thee till yo'r Deb'll think thou's swapt yeads wi' someb'dy."

"Oh, golly, aint it jist dar?" Sambo cried out, grinnin so that grease wheezed out of every wrinkle that divided his face wi' stripes. "Haf dollah?"

"Money down." An' two quarters were flung on th' counter. "Thou mun shut that gap, too, or thou'll tak ten cents' wo'th off thy face."

"Am it shut much enuff now?" Sambo wanted to know. An' he levelled down his face till his lips stood out furr than his nose.

"By geaw!—talk about whiteweshin a fryin pon. It ud be a foo to this job. Poo that collar off; I meean havin thee as perfect as I con."

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Sambo off wi' his collar, an' sprad his shirt-neck oppen, as if he're gooin t' have his throat cut; then his operator took up th' paint can, an' began a-stirrin th' paint up wi' his brush.

“Thou owt ha' had those cracks puttied up, Jim,” one o'th' company said. “Thou'll no' be able t' get down in 'em.”

“I'll manage, thou'll see,” Jim said; an' he held his brush as if he're gooin t' gie th' nigger a dab i'th' mouth. “Put thy scrubber back, Sam, an' shut thy een. That'll do.”

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Sambo put his yead back, an' shut his een. Then Jim just drew th' brush across wheere th' “cracks” wur. Those wur wrinkles,—an' ther a shout.

“Thou mun leeave his eebrees black, Jim; or elze he'll look like a whitewashed pig,” one o'th' watchers said.

“I'll work round those, thou'll see,” Jim said; an' he did, leeavin as nice a black arch as thou'd wish to see on a pratty woman's face. Then he gan th' nose a daub; an' his cheek booans; an' of o'th' comical faces ut ever I seed in a toy shop window, that wur th' comicalist.

I fund mysel makkin as big a noise as ever Billy Buttonhole did; an' at every stroke ut th' painter made I roared louder. I shouldno' ha' begrudged twenty cents for to ha' seen that performance. Just as Jim wur gettin under Sambo's nose his black-an'-white-ship began a-splutterin, an' shakin his “scrubber,” an' battin his een, as if he'd gettin a mouse in his throat.

Then he yelled out—

“It am in my mout. Oh, golly, no. Jeerusalum, dat aint de ticket.”

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"I'm nobbut makkin a border line," Jim said, gooin on wi' his job.

"They'n know thou'rt nobbut a painted nigger if an inch or two o' that gash isno' filled up. Let him have a swill o' lager, chaps; it'll mix weel wi' this paint."

Darkie had his swig, an' then let Jim finish his "border" without any moore splutterin. Th' job wur done straight-forrard, th' white endin at that lump i' Sambo's throat. I'd like to know how he went on when he geet whoam. Their "Deb" would overhaul him, 81 I think. But hoo couldno' do mich at his "scrubber," because he hadno' a yure on ut thou could ha' gotten howd *on* wi' th' pincers; an' thou'rt a middlin good operator i' that line.

We'd a rare jollification after. We mit ha' bin at th' owd Bell, ther sich singin. Ift' wants to be satisfied, I may tell thee I didno' sing mysel, so thou may sleep upo' that. Th' tother chaps wur so mad when I towd 'em what fun I'd had, they threatened to chuck me into th' Whirlpool Rapids for no' lettin 'em know. I think it's that ut gan me th' neetmare, for I dreamt I seed thee i' th' Rapids, ginnin round an' round, an' shoutin to me for t' help thee out. I couldno' help thee, for th' Indians had teed me fast to a tree. But I welly pood th' tree up by th' roots wi' strugglin to get to thee. What art sayin?" "Gammon, Abram!"

### **CHAPTER IX. AB'S FIFTH LETTER TO HIS WIFE CONTINUED. "MISS. KITTIES" AND RAPIDS.**

I never wur so loth at leeavin a shop as I wur when we left owd Roslie's. Everythin wur so nice and quiet, an' dreamy. Somebody said it wur like "lotus atin," tho' what that is I dunno' know, as I never tasted any. I think th' house, an' th' londlort must have had summat to do with it, becose after Niagara there's nowt to be seen outside. No bits o' neezlin country like "Daisy Nook;" nor wild, tumblin mooreland like "Bill's o' Jack's." Booath Ameriky an' Canady are short o' that, or they're so far out o'th' road o' one another. O about Niagara for miles is as flat as owd Thuston's "five acre." But there must be a ridge or two somewheere—happen thousands o' miles away, for t' bring as mich wayter t'gether as would drown o

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England, Scotland, an' Wales, besides makkin pigs an' potatoes very scarce i' Paddy's-land. Little as there is to be seen after th' Falls, an' th' river, I mun say ut I strapped my bag wi' a heavy heart that 15th o' May, when we'rn gettin ready for crossin Lake Ontario, an' on to Quebec; a passage that would tak us two days an' two neets, if we didno' break our journey at Montreal. Owd Roslie went with us to th' station, for t' see us off; 83 an' th' partin wur like a feyther sendin four of his lads off to some war or other. I noticed that he'd summat under his arm ut wurno' exactly like a pair o' shoon; an' when he honded it into th' car we fund it wur a bottle o' brandy.

Another an' another shakin o' honds, an' again we'rn rowlin past miles o' ugliness i'th' shape o' snake fences; an' thousands o' acres o' lond ut no mon could swing a scythe on for stumps o' trees an' boother stones. We sected Lake Ontario about twelve o'clock, after we'd passed Hamilton; an' I thowt surely we'd gettin to th' sac-side, it's sich a size; an' yet it's leeast o'th' four lakes ut are drained into th' St. Lawrence. We could see ships on it wi' ther white sails, lookin as busy among it as if they'rn floatin about th' Bell Ship, outside Liverpool. About one o'clock we bowled into Toronto, where we'd another sniff o' that cuss o' any country where folk are born wi' noses, petroleum. Lors a-me, how we'rn poisent! We didno' think at stoppin at Toronto for moore than a halt, till we fund it out we couldno' get on as we wanted. Ther no' boat across th' lake till Monday, an' this wur Setturday. We should ha' to string up our clooas-line till Sunday wur o'er. We bundled of to Queen's Hotel, where ther one comfort—we hadno' to goo upstairs to bed, an' th' weather wur gettin above warm.

I rayther liked Toronto. Th' streets are moore like what we seen i' Manchester than any we'd met wi'; an' th' folk, somehow, wur of a gradlier pattern than any we'd seen sin we left Paterson. Th' women wurno' so mich like paesticks as they are i' New York; an' th' owd 84 fashint sort o' slippers an' white stockins could be seen anywhere. If we hadno' to walk upo' plank "side-walks," an' could ha' yerd a bit moore English spokken, I should ha' thowt we'd bin i'th' owd country.

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Hardly knowin what to mak our time away with, as we hadno' calkilated upo' stoppin there, we thowt we'd do a bit o' sailin on th' lake. So we'd six cents apiece wo'th on a steamer, after lunch, an' sailed to an island ut they co'en th' "West Point." But th' sail wur everythin.

I'd a bit of an exparience afore I geet on board again ut I didno' expect, an' I'm sure never bargained for. We'rn watchin th' marlockin of a racoon ut wur cheeaned to a stump, when o at once Will o' Jimmy's gan a jump, an' off he darted, shoutin—"Yo'n be bitten to deeath; yo'n be worried." What with? I wondered. Th' racoon couldno' get to us; an' if it could I should hardly ha' thowt ther any worryin power about it. I looked for snakes, but could see no signs o' one o' thoose pleasant companions about; an' lions an' tigers wur out o' question.

"What is there?" I shouted, when he'd stopped. Th' tother chaps could see nowt, noather.

"Miss Kitties," he shouted back.

"Wheer are they?"

"Thou'rt among 'em now."

Whether Miss Kitties crawled or flew I'd never read, nor bin tow'd; so at fust I looked about my feet, expectin to see summat about th' size of a frog. But seein nowt there I looked up, as ther mit be summat about th' size of a wasp buzzin about. I could see nowt nobbut a cloud o' midges there. But Sammy o' Moses's had his fingers 85 in his neckhole; an' ther one or two beside him wur doancin about. He must ha' catcht one, or elze one had catcht him.

"I see nowt nobbut these midges," I shouted to Will.

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“Thou'll feel summat e'ennow,” he shouted back. “They'n gi'e thee midges, if thou'll be hard.”

An' they did. Ther one geet howd o'th' back o' my ear, an' fairly twisted me round. I feel sure it sent its gimlet reet to th' boosan fust delve. I slapt my hont upo' th' spot in a crack, but could feel nowt. It must ha' struck its borin machine so far into my neck timber that th' little dule's body, wings an' o, must ha' gone with it. I'd very nee as lief have a hummabee drillin holes int' my husk as one o' these Miss Kitties. Thou “guesses” reet—I did gie mouth above a bit, for this one I felt wurno' th' only hand on th' job. Ther two or three coome a-helpin him; an' th lot on 'em wur workin piecemark. Ther others had kest anchor i' my companions' necks; an' they'rn talkin blue leetenin as weel as me. We cleared away fro' that spot i' double quick time; an' we took care it should be th' last visit.

A blanket-jumper is a great neet disturber, an' an enemy to dreeams. Sometimes one 'll put th' stopper on a neetmare. Then it's o' some sarvice. But these Miss Kitties are as bad as th' neetmare, for they carryn a band o' music wi' em, an' never stoppen playin till they'n buried their instruments in a piece o' fresh beef. Then they're so fond o' fire they'n ate a lamp leet up before thou could blow it out. I're towd a tale about two Irishmen i' 86 Newark ut slept t'gether, when they could sleep, an' they'rn so bitten they could hardly get their clooas on. Someb'dy advised them t' go to bed without lamp, becose wheer a leer wur th' little varmints would come i' clouds. They took th' advice, an' one neet they groped their road upstairs, an' into their chamber. Before gettin i' bed they oppent th' window, so ut if there wur any Miss Kitties on that particular huntin-ground they'd have a chance of gettin away. These chaps had hardly gotten under cover when they yerd th' band comin, hummin away like fifty peg-tops. This visit they didno come by theirsels. Ther a regiment o' leetenin-bugs wi' em, flashing about like Billy. One o' th' Irishmen seeing these, roars out to th' tother, “By jabers, Mick, but the little divvels are bringing their own lanthrums wid 'em!” As th' Yankees say'n about a spree, they'rn havin a hee owd time on't.

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I'm just thinkin, Sal, ut if a woman had as mich stingin power, i' proportion to size as a Miss Kitty has, a lot o' chaps would be peggin off to oather one wo'ld or another, an' no' gi'e theirsels time to look their clooas up, or calkilate what th' journey would cost, or whether ther a chance of a sattlement.

Th' Canadians are like th' Yankees, they takken a great pride i' their buryin greaunds. They never seem to be happy till they'n gotten someb'dy under th' clod. Then dunno' they show off? Nowt no commoner than white marble. An' if there's a nice spot o' ground anywhere they'rn dot it o'er wi' moniments whether anybody dees or not. An owd bachelor ut's nob'dy to rejoice o'er, 87 and spend moore dollars than tears on, buys a "lot" for hissel; puts his own moniment up; an' gets so used to gooin a-lookin at it, an' comparin his show wi' thoose of his neighbours, that he actily thinks he's deead.

I've bin led to think this by a pleasant droive we had after we'd loded fro' th' lake. It wur a nice bit o' country just outside th' city. Th' grass wur actily green; an' ther even green hedges. It wur as mich different to bein upo' th' island as our house would be if I showed thee a suvverin after thou'd thowt I'd spent it.

"Thou'd hardly think ther a bit o' country like this outside Toronto," Sammy o' Moses's said, as we trotted on. "Speshly after what we'n seen on th' lake."

"Nawe," I said, "it's very nee as nice as some parts o'th' owd country. I'll be bund t' say we shall see a cemetery afore lung."

"That's just what we shall," Sammy said, "we're at one now," an' he pointed out o' his side o'th' "buggy" to a place ut wur fairly snowed o'er wi' marble.

I dunno know how it comes about, but we go'en into these places wi' a different feelin to what we carryn with us into an owd English churchyard, when th' bell's towlin; an' there's some owd grey planks lyin about among grayer stones that are worn wi' feet an' time; an' shattered urns that han crumbled till their shape is lost. I' one o' these cities o' polished

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marble we feel'n as if we're lookin round a waxwork show, wheere thee nowt nobbut royal families in, an' thoose o' donned i' white. What a blessin it must be to be deead wi' o' this grandery about 'em! I'm no' quite sure that it's th' gradely thing 88 to be done, spendin th' lot o' brass ut these moniments must cost, just for th' pleasure o' thinkin "Jake Peabody's owd whitewashed chimdy-pot is nowheere at side o' mine." Flowers are th' fittest companions for thoose we liken ut we con keep no longer; an' moore likely than stones to be brushed wi' an angel's wing.

Sunday dragged heavily o'er. It wur too dusty to goo out mich, an' too wot to keep wakken in a church, as thou knows how soon I goo o'er if thou doesno' keep shakin me, or givin me pinches. So I spent th' afternoon chiefly i' hangin my legs off th' pier, an' lookin at th' boat ut I thowt I should ha' to ride an' sleep in th' day after, obbut it wurno' it. When that geet too dull I watched 'em unload baggage at th' hotel, an' wur curious to see whoa it belonged to. I seed one name ut's weel known i' Manchester. It wur "Furneaux Cooke," th' actor. I think it wur checked on to Montreal. When I could find nowt elze to get time on with I wrote to thee.

Monday mornin we'rn up as soon as th' sparrows, gettin ready for a bit moore emigration. We'rn for off now to th' tother end o'th' lake. What bustlin ther wur when th' owd rapid-shooter, "Corsican," drew up to th' pier, or, as some co'en it, th' wharf, an' th' gangway wur flung out. We'd a sort o' companions I'd seen noane on before, gradely red Indians; noane o' yo'r common black niggers. Fine lads they wur, too. I didno' like havin mich o' nowt to do wi' 'em, as I'd read about 'em whippin th' middle tuft of a chap's toppin off afore he knew wheere to scrat when th' place itched. Their talk to one another sounded to me summat like French, tho' it mit ha' bin 89 Welsh for owt I knew. But they could spake English as weel as I could; becose one on 'em axt me for a match as plainly as if thou'd bin axin me for a shillin. He talked quite civil, too; an' I could hardly think he're one o' thoose ut could creep at th' back of a chap like a cat, an' tommiawk him in a snifter. But he hadno' his war paint on; an' that happen made th' difference.

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Ther one owd squaw among 'em wi' a face about th' size an' shape an' colour o' that pon thou boils plums in at pursarvin time. Hoo're a gradely owd blossom, an' spent th' mooest of her time wi' nussin a "papoose," ut I dar'say hoo're th' gronmother to. An' Indian nussin is different to any thou sees i' our fowt now-a-days. No wheelin 'em about while they lookin through shop windows, an' run among folk's legs, but havin 'em aulus with 'em, as if they didno' want to get rid *on* 'em, or wanted 'em to take care o' theirsels.

Sailin on Lake Ontario wur just like bein on th' sae; an' I sometimes thowt I're goin whoam to thee, ut made me feel melancholy. We'rn out o' seet o' lond directly, but we kept puttin in at places, looadin an' unlooadin, ut kept us fro' being deead alive. When we geet among th' "Thousand Islands" things began to be a bit moore lively, for ther aulus a bit o' nice lond to look at. Beside, it wur like playin at "hide an' seech," speckilatin which o'th' gaps th' boat would go through. Then we'rn aulus shootin through bits o' rapids, till we geet Lachine; then everybody wur towd to look out. Th' captain had gotten his spy-glass to his e'e, an' wur lookin o'er th' wayter for summat.

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"It'll be a job for us if th' owd Indian doesno' turn up," a chap said to me, ut I'm sure wur fro' th' owd spot.

"What Indian?" I axt him.

"Indian John, the pilot," he said.

"Why, what is there to pilot for?"

"Th' Rapids. If he doesno' come an' steer us we're lost. Nowt could save us. We shall be dashed on th' rocks. He's noane i'th' seet yet."

Then someb'dy shouted out—

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“Thoose ut care about their clooas strip.”

Well, whether I're lost mysel or not I didno' want my clooas to be spoilt; so I'd prepared for th' wo'st. I'd just gotten my jacket off, an' wur mutterin a word or two about thee, when ther a shout set up. Ther a little boat i'th' seet; an' it wur comin to'ard us. Th' captain's face breetened up; an' ther a bit o' a stir gooin on. Th' owd Indian pilot wur rowin to our salvation. “Here th' owd lad is,” an' not a minit too soon. He's on board, an' up aloft i'th' steerin box. Four strong chaps han howd o'th' wheel; an' th' owd Indian's een are pointed at summat; an' when I looked i'th' same direction I could see th' wayter boilin up like an egg pon when th' egg's brokken. Everybody wur as quiet as if ther some leetenin flyin about, an' they didno' know which it would strike. Then th' engine stopped, ut made things moore fearful. What, are we goin to be boilt i' that hole? Th' owd Indian's een are fixed there yet, pointin to'ard that boilin wayter like th' muzzles of a double-barrel gun. We're sinkin. Th' nose o'th' boat's gooin down, an' th' heel's gooin up. “If ever yo' prayed i' yo'r lives pray now,” someb'dy 91 shouts. I took his advice, an' said summat about thee. It's o'er wi' us. We're gooin like leetenin,—cleean on a rock; an' th' next minit we shall be—Nob'dy taks their wynt. Crash!—Nawe, we'n just missed it; an' Sammy o' Moses's said—

“Ab, thou'll live to plague that best friend o' thine a bit longer. We'll shot th' Rapids.”

Return thanks for th' safety o'—Thy lucky yorney. AB.

### **CHAPTER X. AN OLD BATTLEFIELD.**

Let me give our friend Ab a brief holiday,—lay him comfortably on the lounge in the grand hall of the Ottawa Hotel, while he gets over the almost tropical heat, and the effects of climbing over too many “stone fences,” when nothing but the stars ought to have been shining.

“I'm done up,” says the philosopher of Walmsley Fowt, as he rakes a debris of broken ice from among his hair; “gradely done up. Sammy, here, says it's stone fences ut han done it.

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But I know a good deecal better;—it's th' weather. I'm sure I conno' stond it mich longer. I'm gooin as fast now as a candle on a fender. If it keeps this road another day there'll be nowt left on me but a parchment bag full o' booans. Wheere's Sammy?"

"Getting ready for a drive over Mount Royal."

"What; that hill wi' o that brushwood on it?"

"That hill that appears to be covered with trees."

"An' how con yo' get up it? Yo' mit as weel talk about droivin o'er Pots an' Pon's, i' Saddlewo'th."

"There is a road winds round to the top, about six miles in length. We can reach it that way."

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"Well, goo an' wind round it; an' have yo'r yure brunt off yo'r yeads; I'm for stoppin wheere I am. Is there any moore ice about? I could do wi' tuppin my yead again a whul berg."

"Go into the barber's shop, and be shampooed. That will cool your head."

"Ay, an' goo whoam wi' a toppin as clear as if a red Indian had bin tamperin with it. Nawe, not me. I tried a dose o' that i' New York, an' I thowt he wouldno' ha' left as mich yure on my yead as would ha' done for tuftin a shuttle. Another skeawer like that, an' our Sal wouldno' know me when I geet whoam. Nawe, I'll be as I am, an' weather it out. Oh, for a Niagara, an' another owd Roslie!"

Taking up the pen at the point where our friend has laid it down, I must take the reader along the St. Lawrence, and on to Montreal. Here two of our party left us to proceed by rail to New York, the rest having resolved upon a few days' tour through lower Canada. We had on setting out purposed "striking" Montreal for a couple of days' stay; but finding there

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was a steamer going down to Quebec, and ready to depart, we boarded her at once, and were immediately under way. After sailing three hundred and fifty miles, and spending two days and a night on board, we had now before us a night voyage of an additional hundred and eighty miles. Rather taxing one's power of endurance after nine days' ocean sailing, a night on the Hudson, and a memorable journey on the Erie Railroad. But, with all its perils and inconveniences, river travelling, both in America and 94 Canada, is by far the pleasantest and cheapest way of seeing the country. We have neither the dust nor the draughts to give as a most trying discomfort; and we can walk about at will, and refresh when necessary.

The sun was preparing for its seeming rest as we steamed away from the wharf at Montreal; and a sunset in these regions of water is something to behold. It is far more imposing than when seen on land; and the twilight appears to hold out longer. The changing colours of the sky were remarkable in their transition from orange to amber; and then to a bright light green that darkened into a sombre grey, ushering in the night, and the stars. The lights from the fishing boats, and the numerous lumber rafts that brightened up the shore line, were pleasant company after other objects had disappeared; and they caused us to linger on the deck till those of the passengers who had not engaged "state rooms," were laid and posed in all kinds of postures among the freight; reminding us of a similar experience on our way from Albany to Rochester.

When we turned in upstairs we found we had the saloon to ourselves, with the exception of a steward, and a couple of stewardesses; all of whom I took to be quadroons. The latter were the most ladylike, and pleasantly spoken, of any we had met; no matter what colour. Their appearance and demeanour struck our friend Ab; and quite reconciled that worthy to their claim of brother and sisterhood with the stuck-up whites. He would have a word of observation before we retired to our berths.

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"I consider, Sammy," I heard him saying to his other friend, "ut these two women are quite as good as those we makken wives *on i'* our country."

"An' why not?"

"Ay, that's what I'm gooin to say. I'm sure they'r a decal better lookin than some I know; I meean i' sich like looks as belong to their behaviour. What their Maker has gan 'em they conno' help. An' how nicely spokken these are! I wonder how they'd goo on if their husbands went whoam about haue past eleven at neet, wi' one cooat lap torn off, an' his hat like an owd-pair o' ballis."

"They'd happen no' talk so nicely then."

"Well, it's likely that would raspen up their tongues if owt would. I wonder sometimes, Sammy, if we dunno' do a bit wrong to our wives; an' it's that ut causes th' bit o' roughness ut polishes our ears up when we should be asleep. Those women happen never sitten ov a neet grinnin at four or five cinders i'th' bars o'th' firegrate while their husbands han bin singin i' some alehouse nook, an' shakin honds about every two minits, as if they hadno' seen one another for years. I'm feart we'n a good deecal to onswer for, Sammy." These remarks by our friend Ab sent us to bed thinking.

Although the state rooms on these river boats are exceedingly small, the berths are ample and commodious; and the bedding, in this instance, as well as in most others, could not be surpassed for cleanness and comfort. I never rested better than I did on these boats; not even at that time of life when we have no anxieties about the 96 morrow; and did not live in fear of what the next post might bring.

It was calm and peaceful rest that brought a streak of sunshine through the window ere it could possibly be past midnight. Another wink or two, and there was a hurrying to and fro of noisy feet; the engine was motionless; and then came a knock to our stateroom door.

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“We want your tickets, gentlemen.”

How is that, so early? Hallo! Why, we are moored along the wharf at Quebec; and the famed “Heights of Abraham” are—no, not *frowning* down upon us, for the sun is throwing too much light on the face of that sky-kissing fortress to say otherwise than that it smiles. I may have taken that impression from the circumstance that there are to be great doings there in a few days; and that the old French city is now putting on its holiday attire. How is it that there is such bustle in the streets? Why are the military galloping about from place to place? Why so many flags flying? And why such a buzz of Canadian-French in our ears? Don't we know; and Englishmen too? Don't we know that on the 24th of May, 1819, Princess Victoria, now queen, was born? We did not happen to remember it at the time. Are we not aware that on the anniversary of that day the people throughout the Dominion hold holiday? Certainly not. Astonishing! We Britishers, countrymen of our Sovereign, not only do not celebrate a national event, but actually do not remember when that event takes place; whilst here, an alien race, speaking a language that to us is “downright Greek,” make general holiday on the occasion of an English monarch's birthday. Verily we “aire” a strange people! I did not hear this said, but the words passed through my mind.

Having run the gauntlet of a crowd of clamouring porters that make prey of disembarking passengers, and nearly devour them by their importunities, we made straight for the St. Louis Hotel, where we put ourselves up for the day. But no rest was there to be for the soles of our feet. We had barely housed our baggage, and refreshed our bodies, when we were climbing the Heights, and entering the square of the Citadel. Over these all but impregnable defences we were conducted by a private of the garrison, who very civilly and instructively pointed out to us the principal objects, historical and military, to be seen there. From the battery we had a bird's-eye view of the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, which is one of the most picturesque and magnificent sights in the world. I speak advisedly when I make this assertion, as the statement is backed up by authority that it would be rash to challenge. For miles in front of us, and on each hand, on the sloping bank of the

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river, rise terrace above terrace of glittering white villas, sleeping among low clumps of forest growth, like eggs dropped in nests of bright and leafy green. Stretching our gaze on that peaceful and lovely prospect, it was not difficult to forget that we were in the vicinity of military turmoil, with my hand resting on a cannon's mouth, and in view of the field where the bloodiest and most decisive battle of the frontier wars was fought. There Wolfe and Montcalm H 98 staked empire on the fight, which the former won, but at the price of his life.

Having feasted the eye, though not to satiety, on a scene that can never be forgotten, we had a drive about the city. It could not be with feelings otherwise than patriotic that we approached the monument erected on the "Plains of Abraham," to the memory of General Wolfe, and which marks the spot where the gallant soldier fell. It is a plain unpretending column, on the base of which is inscribed the following—

"HERE DIED WOLFE, VICTORIOUS, SEPTEMBER 13, 1759."

After dinner we drove to the "Falls of Montmorenci," about nine miles from Quebec. This is one of the sights of a country that appears to be richer in tumbling waters than America; for, after sharing Niagara with the States, Canada has of its own the famous cataract we were now visiting, as well as the "Falls of Lorette," which we intended seeing on the morrow; and the Falls and Rapids of the "Chaudiere," on the Ottawa. On the road we saw that which we might look for in vain in the eastern States of Yankeeland. We had to pass through several small villages scattered here and there by the wayside; the habitations of the dwellers therein, with fewer exceptions than are worth naming, being picturesquely constructed, and to appearances, very neatly kept. All of them had gardens either at the front, or behind, with what struck me as being potato "patches" in the farther rear. In nearly all these, women with broad backs, and faces that bespoke their Indian origin, were 99 hard at work; delving and hoeing, with strong limbed and strong minded purpose. Only fancy a Yankee "gal" doing that! "Yaas, and one of your tarnation Britishers," brother Jonathan might retort. Young and old, it mattered not, their hands found work to do; and

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they were doing it with a right good will. They just raised their heads as we passed, their dark piercing eyes peering from beneath their hats or sunshades, with mingled looks of curiosity and good humour. We supposed their husbands, or brothers, or fathers, were employed on the farms; and had left to these amazons the work of providing for the necessities of the kitchen.

I am afraid the further we go away from the confines of savage life, the less we become fitted for duties that are quite as essential to domestic comfort, or a nation's well-being, as the strumming of a piano; but are regarded as only suitable for a very low order of beings to perform. I am not quite sure that we can all be ladies and gentlemen in the way the terms are popularly understood, and the world go jogging on, as if the fields would cultivate themselves, and the harvests be gathered in by means of lessons in Greek, or afternoons spent in games of lawn tennis. Somebody will have to plough and harrow and cook and bake, irrespective of the size of gloves they take, or whether their tailoring is supplied by Regent Street or Shudehill. Otherwise to the “demnition bow-wows” we must go; and before long.

We came upon the Falls of Montmorenci as we did upon those of Niagara, without any very remote indication of their whereabouts. We were inclined to ask our 100 driver if he was not going wrong; or was quite sure of the way. He at last pulled up at the door of an hostelry situated in a picturesque glen, from which we could hear a faint brawling sound wafted by the wind in musical cadences through a fringe of forest. Our hostess pointed out the way we had to go; and, after a few minutes' walk, we were at our destination.

There is more of the pretty than the stupendous in these falls—well, we think so after Niagara; but when we consider that the water leaps in an unbroken sheet into a depth of 250 feet, scattering clouds of spray about till it is rendered dangerous to descend the wooden stairway that leads to the bottom, it would be accounted a grand sight if it was washing some ledge of rock in the old country. We were told that, during one severe winter, this magnificent cascade was fixed by the frost as if the whole sheet was of solid

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glass. Steps were cut in the frozen shell; and people ascended by them, whilst the great body of the cataract tumbled and roared beneath. Our friend Ab considered that the whole continent was being washed away; and that England would exist as an island long after the Alleghanies had hidden their backs in the Atlantic ocean.

Our next day's excursion, as I have intimated, was to the Indian village of Lorette. This, in one respect, was exceedingly disappointing. I was in hopes of seeing redskins in their native costume, and wigwams hung around with scalps. Instead of that we found a village composed of as neatly built cottage dwellings as any we had seen. The place and the inhabitants were quite of an 101 English type; and it was only by the depth of the eyes, and the prominence of the cheek bones, that we could distinguish these children of the prairie from the fairest of Europeans. Their house furnishings, as we could see through open doors, were similar to those we meet with in our Lancashire cottage homes. The housewives dressed after the fashion of our own, and the male descendant of perhaps "Chingagook" drove his cart and handled his spade like any other man. The philosopher of Walmsley Fowt said he would not be surprised if he heard the rattle of a loom, and saw the motion of the "twelve apostles;" by which term he meant the bobbin wheel. We were not to be scalped after all, nor compelled to take to each of ourselves a squaw of royal blood. And when we came upon an hotel much after the English fashion of such places, with a jolly Indian landlord, and a jollier Indian landlady, we voted the whole thing a sell: we were not in a savage land. And the farms, and the country round!—no: civilisation has planted its foot in this at one time a wilderness, and the varied types of the human race are becoming less distinct.

### **CHAPTER XI. AN INDIAN VILLAGE.**

Mine host of the hotel where we had called at Lorette was just opening a box of cigars, which was made up in a curious, and, I should say, primitive fashion. The box was formed out of a reedy shell, that had apparently enclosed a nut of some kind, and was petalled like a tulip; but in several folds. This shell was packed with the "weeds;" and on the outside

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the maker's name was branded in quite as official a manner as if it had been issued from Cope's.

But the Lorette Falls! Well; they are a succession of cascades, that leap, step by step, in clouds of spray, till, taking a final bound, the roaring mass plunges beneath a cavernous cleft, and is lost to immediate view.

These falls have more of the awful in their character than even those of Niagara; and the faint reproduction of them in my memory will at anytime make me shudder. I had forgotten to say that, though the day was hot, we frequently met with drifts of snow several feet in thickness. In fact, it was only just a week since the good people of Quebec had enjoyed their last sleighing. We saw more than one of these machines, the slides of which were not yet rusted.

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Leaving Lorette, the objects of curious squaws and screaming "papooses," we returned to Quebec, intending to take the night boat to Montreal. We were within a near shave of being detained another night in the city of Jacques Cartier; but our horse, like most others of its species, knew his way home; and the road was more kindly to his feet than it was on our journey out. The result of this superior animal instinct was, that we were put down on the quay so near to the time of starting that I found my washing there, waiting to be taken on board.

Going up this river was somewhat like the coming down, with this difference, the little daylight spared to us we had where in our voyage down we passed in darkness and in sleep. It gave us an opportunity of seeing how vast is this lumbering region; and how different from our own must be the habits of people who almost live on naked rafts, and are constantly encountering the perils of the numerous rapids. We arrived at our destination about half-past six of a glorious morning; and, not before we were in want of it, we were doing "ample justice," as the penny-a-liners say, to the "good things" that, in the

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shape of breakfast, were set before us. There is nothing beats a morning appetite. Heap it well up, and you require no additional fuel till the evening brings dinner-time.

So comfortably were we quartered at the Ottawa Hotel that our friend Ab declared his disposition to be blanked if he stirred from there to see anything till he had rested himself, and fetched up considerably his arrears 104 in feeding. He would be double blanked if we were not the uneasiest lot that he had ever the misfortune to go out with.

“Yo'r wurr,” he said, “than owd Donty Etches when he went a-fishin i'th' Cryme. Him an' young Donty had sit watchin for a bite above four hours, without as mich as havin a nibble. Th' owd un couldno' sit long i' one place, but kept tryin about, an' grumblin savagely. But th' yung un kept sittin there, as still as if he'd been i'th' stocks, watchin his flatter (float), an' chewin baitin dough, fort' keep th' hunger worm fro' botherin him. At last his patience broke down; no' becose he'd catcht nowt, but becose his fayther was so unsatisfied, an' kept breakin out wi' his fits o' grumblin. Turnin to th' owd chap, he said,—‘Dam thee, dad, thou'rt never yezzy.’ Yo chaps are th' same. Yo never putten yor heels down i' one place, but yo wanten to be turnin yo'r toes to'ard another. As for Sammy there, carryin' th' weight he does,—I'm surprised he doesno break down. I'm terribly bent now.”

Montreal, like Quebec, was preparing itself for the 24th; but after a different fashion. Here the Queen's birthday fêtes were at one time held, and the Catholic procession festival of “St. Jean de Baptiste,” which even outstripped the review in the splendour of its “get up.” But now the Mount Royal was not to echo the boom of artillery; nor were the streets to be bedizened with pious pageantry. The whole paraphernalia, if the word is appropriate, was to be transferred to Quebec. We cared not for sights such as human vanity, or caprice, or ambition, 105 had created. These could be seen at home. We were there to see what Nature had done in her mighty works, and commune in a humble spirit with what we beheld. But Montreal was preparing to go out of town, and the announcements of “cheap trips” and “special trains” covered the walls. This old French city is much like Toronto; and beyond Mount Royal and the waterworks the sights are little varied. There is a splendid

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Roman Catholic Cathedral there; so are there at many places in Europe, but that need not be particularised. We spent the day in lounging about, refreshing our energies for the coming morrow, when we were to proceed to the capital of the Dominion, Ottawa; another run by rail and water of one hundred and sixty miles.

The morning following we had to “hurry up;” the train to Lachine being tabled to start early. We were obliged to go this distance by rail on account of the impossibility of going up the rapids by boat. There had been rain somewhere—heavy rain—perhaps many hundreds of miles away; and the Ottawa, which joins the St. Lawrence at Lachine, was much swollen. We could see the difference in the colour of the two rivers. Arrived at Lachine, we took the boat; and notwithstanding the weather being inclined to be wet, the voyage between the woody and fair banks of the chief lumbering rivers was a most delightful and interesting one. On arriving at “St. Ann's” a cottage was pointed out to me, but which I failed to distinguish from the rest, in which Tom Moore wrote his celebrated “Canadian Boat Song.” The genial Irish poet could not, however, have been very well acquainted with river navigation, as is evident by the song. But as we approached the rapids I could not help humming to myself—

Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn. Row, brothers, row; the stream runs fast; The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sails unfurl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar. Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

Utaway's (Ottawa) tide, this trembling moon, Shall see us float over thy surges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer; Grant us cool heavens, and fav'ring air. Blow, breezes, blow, 'c.

Whatever may be its poetic or lyric standard, the above song does not indicate that Tom Moore was very proficient in his knowledge of river navigation. If the “rapids were near,

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and the daylight past," it is not likely that Canadian boatmen would wait on the river till the "woods on shore looked dim" before landing. I feel persuaded they would have moored their boat before the 107 daylight had passed, if they did not wish to be engulfed in the fearful rush of water which is immediately opposite St. Ann's.

The scenery on the banks of the Ottawa may not be as romantic as that of the Hudson; but it is quite as pleasing, or, we thought, must be, when the weather was propitious, and the river had not encroached too far on the farming lands, and the trees were not up to the waist in newly-formed lakes. After leaving the lock at St. Ann's, it became quite evident to us that the channel of the stream had been very much extended in width. Farmers do not usually build outhouses, or "heneries" in the midst of large pools; and the fowls would very soon be tired of trying to "peck" up a living among branches of larch. But the king of the roost was quite as jubilant on his foliage-hidden perch as he would have been on the more familiar dunghill. Possibly he knew that his exile was only temporary.

It was interesting, and sometimes alarming, to see the varieties of *debris* that floated past us; sometimes in the form of lumber, as if a yard had been swept out; and in successive instances something suggestive of raids upon household effects;—tubs, boxes, and turned materials, that led us to fear we might see a cradle, if not a baby, dancing among the eddies.

One of the strangest sights that could greet an untravelled eye is a lumber raft, such as may be seen on rivers like the Ottawa. They are like floating villages. You may see women at their tubs washing; others cooking; and lines of drying clothes that are flapping in the breeze 108 would almost suggest that the raft was being driven by them. One of these so amused our friend Ab that he waxed quite enthusiastic on the subject of the life it was possible to lead on board such novel craft. He expanded their usefulness immensely.

"I consider," he said, "that livin in a palace wouldno' be have as grand as livin on one o' thoose; no bad smells comin fro' neglected sinks; no beggars; no poor relations comin a-

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ownin yo'; no box organs; no gooin round wi' th' hat for chapels i' debt; no rent chaps; no gooin to th' owd Bell; no drunken folk knockin yo' up, an' wantin to know what day o'th' month it'll be at twelve o'clock; no looms, no bobbinwheels; no dogs smellin at yo'r stockings w' their teeth; no cats takkin lessons i' music when they should ha' bin mousin; nob'dy wantin to know if it would mak no difference paying for th' stuff afore it wur sent; no fife an' drum bands; no bazaars; no drunken pick-nickers yelin past yo'r dur; no elections, nor collections; no gooin wi' th' wife to a shop, an' stonidin at th' window till hoo comes out; no feel-loss-o'-speeds; no gooin into th' church last, so ut they con be better seen, when they'n had a pound or two spent on their yead; no wantin to read a chapter for yo', as if yo' couldno' read it yo'rsel. It would be like a week o' Sundays, sailing down a hundert an' odd miles, aulus livin in a fresh place, an' havin no lodgins to pay, seein fresh neighbours and fresh faces, an' no bother o'er gettin fresh tickets, an' no fear o' gettin into th' wrong train, or bein left at a station if yo' happen to get out for summat."

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We arrived at Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, before the night fell, and found the streets of this new city exceedingly muddy in consequence of the rain, and the ankle-depth of dust. We in England know nothing of muddy streets, as much as we grumble about them in newspapers. We had not many yards to go to the Porter House Hotel; but we were obliged to take a street car, although we had only our hand baggage with us. It is not to be wondered at that the roads are bad, the city has grown so rapidly since the seat of government was removed to there. We found things very much similar to what we find them in second-rate cities in the States, and which must be highly prejudicial to the eyes of foreigners; especially Englishmen. We had to pay very dearly for our whistles. I could live hotel life in that old worn-out country called England for two-thirds the cost of similar living in the New World. Everything, to use a homely phrase, is "brass savvort." We hired a carriage the following day, which cost us three dollars, or twelve and sixpence of our money, for a sort of sauntering drive of two hours, during which we did not cover more

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than twice as many miles. But it was Sunday; and possibly the price might have been “put on” in consideration of its being the Sabbath.

The wonders of Ottawa are its Falls and its lumber yards. The latter extend for miles; and the piles of sawn timber that meet the eye everywhere suggest the thought, that a number of new cities have to be built and furnished and otherwise completed at the rate of one per day. The saw-mills are on a par with the lumber yards; 110 and are all driven by water power. We were informed that the whole of the material we could see, and as much as could be sawn up to September, was already bespoke.

The Falls of the Chaudière, which are a good second to Niagara, only of quite a different character, are spanned by a suspension bridge, which is the principal connection between Upper and Lower Canada. From this bridge we had a splendid view of the cataract; which, though not so majestic as Niagara, is equally awe inspiring. Like Lorette, it is more a succession of rapids than a clear-falling cascade; and the terrible jumps and furious rushing of angry water make you feel that, secure as is the footing on which you stand, the flood in its wrath may yet reach higher with its mighty arms, and drag you into its fearful depths to be seen no more. Some passengers over the bridge had a horrible sight presented to them only a few days before we were there. A man in a boat was seen struggling in the upper rapids; and it was a struggle, as, no doubt, he felt, for life. Once get among those huge “lumps” of tossing water, and you may lay down your oars, and resign yourself to the care and keeping of the Almighty; for probably your end is near. The stricken crowd saw the speck of a boat and the arms flung wildly about as if in supplication for aid that it was impossible to give; and there was a few moments—only a very few—of suspense, as one by one, each larger than its predecessor, of those whirling and lashing fiends grip and toss the frail craft and its doomed occupant on their rapid and plunging course. Not a breath is drawn; but eyes are strained, and unuttered 111 prayers go forth that—he has shot the Falls, and—Great God!—there are a few splinters of wood whirling

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about below; a something is being ground in a mill of water for just while one could think, and all is over. He is sucked into the vortex and seen no more.

### CHAPTER XII. AB'S SIXTH LETTER TO HIS WIFE.—LOST AND LEFT.

Parker House Hotel, Boston, Mass., May 28th.

My Guidin Angel, —I've never bin i' greater need i' my life o' havin thee wi' me than I have bin this last three or four days. When a mon trusts to hissel he's very little to trust to. That I've fund out above once. A wife's guidance is th' next dur to everythin to him; an' saves him mony a time fro' gooin blunderin about like a walleed dog; an' gettin into scrapes ut are no credit to his bringin up. I hardly know how to begin o' tellin thee what I've gone through sin' I wrote to thee last time—how to soften things down ut I know are sure to goo hard again me, an' mak thee think I'm noane fit to be trusted above th' length of a bull-rope fro' our rain-tub. Happen it'll be th' best to let out gradely; an' leeave thee to deear wi' me as thou thinks fit when I get within raich o' thy nails.

For a start, I've bin lost! lost, as I may say, i' my own house; for it wur i'th' hotel I're stoppin at; an' that I consider's my whoam as long as I'm there. It coome about this road.

While we'rn stoppin at th' Ottawa Hotel, i' Montreal, an' it's very nee as big as some factories, whenever we 113 went to bed we'rn wun up by what they co'en th' "elevator." I'th' owd contry they'd co it a "hoist." After bein loded at our level I could find my road to our sleepin shop when I'd bin shown it a time or two tho' ther mony a twinin an' turnin, an' durs an' corners ut looked like ours, but wurno. One afternoon I wanted summat out o' my bag, —I may as weel tell thee what,—it wur thy likeness, ut I made a practice o' lookin at as oft as I thowt nob'dy wur watchin th' effect it had on me. This time I thowt I'd go by th' stairs, as I'd botheret th' young chap ut looked after th' elevator so oft that, whenever I happened to go past th' cage dur, he oppent it an' bounced into th' cage, as if he expected me to follow. I'd bauk him for once; so upstairs I went,—two storeys—an' began a-ramblin about. Wur ever anybody sent o' sich a gawmless arrand? I'd forgotten th' number o' our dur; an'

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tho' it wur on th' key I never once thowt at lookin at it. Eh, Iorgus a-me, Sal; what a trapes I had fro' lobby to lobby as wide as our lone; an' o'er carpets ut are padded under, till its like walkin o'er so mony fither-beds. "Tummas" seechin "Nip" wur a foo of a job to what I had i' hond. It wur as bad as tryin to slip thee at a wakes time. I kept moanderin about fro' dur to dur, peepin through keyholes for t' see if ther owt I could tell th' chamber by; an' sometimes tryin if my key would fit. It wur no use; so after huntin about twenty minits, without ever gettin on th' scent, I gan it up, an' would go down th' stairs again.

Ay , would go down stairs; but I mun find 'em th' fust. I co'ed mysel to ha' planted a lond-mark or two, so ut I 114 when I had to retrate I could do so without blunderin. But I couldno' tell these lond-marks again, so wur as fast as ever. I're gettin into new roads, an' new places. As for meetin anybody for t' sper 'em, I mit as weel ha' bin i' some wilderness between Dan and Beersheba, if t' knows wheere that is. I're as cleean lost as thou wur once when thou're seechin th' "Sorrow's Arms,"\* i' Manchester. I'th' depth o' my solitude I sit mysel down on a step for t' rest a bit, an' consider what I should do i'th' case of a fire breakin out. A thowt struck me, an' it coome buzzin into my yead like a hummabee—I'd go to th' elevator, an' start fro' there. But I couldno' find th' elevator. I mit as weel look for th' stairs as that; so I gan things up. At last I yerd what I took to be th' craikin of a boot sole, an' I hearkened till I dar'say my ears grew an inch longer. Crusoe never looked at a speck upo' th' sae wi' greater lippenment than I hearkened for that sound ut kept comin narr. "Ship-a-hoy!" I're saved, I kalkilated; when a summat broke on my seet i' th' shape of a young woman wi' wP a cleeanin rag in her hont. I felt then as if I'd a had her if thou'd bin out o'th' road.

\* The old "Sawyer's Arms," now the Wellington Hotel, Nicholas Croft, was at one time a favourite calling place for handloom weavers. Its name got corrupted into "Sorrow's Arms;" and I never in those days heard it called by any other.—B.B.

"Con yo' tell me wheere I con find th'—th'—a—hoist?" I said to her. I couldno' think o'th' word "elevator" then.

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Hoo grinned at th' fust, as if hoo thowt I're havin her on th' stick a bit; but at last hoo said—

“I guess I'm a Yank, an' don't know French.”

115

“That thing ut they wind up by,” I said; an' I began a-playin wi' a five cent piece ut I'd poo'd out o' my pocket.

Hoo hung her yead down a bit; then looked round, an' wiped her lips wi' her apron. Then hoo cocked up her jib, as if hoo expected me takkin out five cents wo'th of a—of a—smack.

“It's noane o' that I want,” I said; but at th' same time feelin desperately tempted—as thou'll believe; “it's *that* ;” an' I began actin as if I're pooin at a rope, and windin up.

“Elevator? around the corner there;” an' hoo pointed about a dozen roads in a jiffy; then off hoo skipped, but—not without th' five cent piece.

I fund th' elevator “around the corner there,” an' had another fair start. I're o reet now, I thowt; so set out on my wanderins again. I did what I considered my share o' turnins, on' coome to a corner ut wur rayther darkish, wheere I co'ed mysel sure o' findin our dur. Strange! th' dur wur part oppen, an' ther a key i'th' hole. Sammy o' Moses's hadno' come in, I're sure, unless he'd made his way there while I're blunderin about th' hotel on my vowage o' discovery. I pushed th' dur oppen, an' marched in; but wur turned on wi' a chap ut stood at th' lookin-glass.

“If you think you've as much right to this room as I have, come in,” th' mon said; rather sharply, as I thowt.

“Wheay, it's my shop,” I said; but believe me, Sal, I'd my deauts about it at th' time.

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"I guess it aint," th' mon said; an' I didno' like his looks a bit. "Hav'nt got so much baggage that I can spare any; so yer needn't prowl around here; for by Jimminy you won't git it."

I're never takken for a thief afore; an' if it had no' bin ut I could see things about that I hadno' seen afore, ut made me think I're i'th' wrong shop; I'd ha' had howd of a hontful o' pants in a have a minit. As it wur I slunk out as if I'd stown summat, an' went in for a bit moore explorin.

When I geet back to my startin point, I fund ther two women,—I reckon they'rn ladies, gettin out o'th' cage o'th' elevator. Then I seed Sammy o' Moses's at th' back *on* 'em; but he never offered to get out.

"What art' dooin there, Ab?" he said; as if he're gloppent at seein me.

"I've bin about three quarters of an hour tryin t' find our snoozin shop," I towd him.

"Ay, thou mit try a week, an' no' find it upo' this floor," Sammy said. "Thou'rt a storey too low. Get in here, an' I'll put thee to reets. Thou'rt no' fit to be trusted by thysel."

I geet into th' cage without twice tellin, as thou may be sure; an' I're some fain at seein a sign o' deliverance. It never coome into my yead ut I could get on th' wrong storey. I reckon thou'll think it's just like me.

"It's lucky I lit on thee," Sammy said, when we'd loded upo' th' reet floor. "I're gooin on th' spec o' findin thee i'th' chamber, dooin a snooze, becose they towd me thou'd takken th' key about an hour sin."

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"Well, I're never i' such a funk i' my life," I said. "I've walked mony a mile as sure as a yard. I're very nee makkin a mistake once ut mit ha' ended i' blood."

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“How did that happen?”

“I geet into th' wrong boose, an' wur very nee turnin a mon out.”

“That is if he'd ha' letten thee, I reckon.”

“Well, if his pants had bin strong enough to ha' held his weight he'd had to ha' gone.”

“It's a wonder he didno' shoot thee as it wur.”

“I didno' think o' that. By goss, Sammy, he mit oather ha' killed or winged me.”

Sarah, I believe ut if I hadno' somb'dy to look after me, an' keep me straight, thou'd never see me no moore. I should oather be kilt, or drownt, or lost. As it wur, Sammy put me to reets without makkin a wrong turn, an' I'd th' happiness o' lookin at thy portergraft once again. What a blessin! This happened after th' pilgrimage to Ottawa an' Quebec. But it wur nowt to what happened a day or two after that. We'rn booath *on* us i'th' mess this time; but thou conno' say 'at we'rn oather, *on* us i'th' faut, if thou thinks so. We went through a coorse o' roastin, an' clemmin, an' dryin up, an' powlerin about, ut wur even wurr than what we'rn dosed with on th' road fro' Albany to th' Falls o' Niagara.

We'd left Montreal for t' “rail” it, as they sayn, to Boston; intendin to break our journey at Lowell: an' see th' factories there. Five “pieces” of our baggage we'd checked on to th' fur end; an' took a bag apiece, wi' just a change o' skin coverin, for t' carry with us. 118 These we had i'th' car we travelled in. We'd kalkilated o' havin a grand out, th' mornin wur so fine; an' th' day bein very young, it wurno' so wot as it turned out to be later on. Th' train crept slowly o'er th' wooden bridge ut crosses a narrow part o'th' St. Lawrence—nobbut about a sprint race length short o' two miles; an' then we spun an' jowted through a country ut wur made for a railroad, becose there'd be no cuttin to be done; wi' thickly wooded slopes o' booath sides, ut made it look a bit like England. Wheere it wurno' like th' owd country wur when wer'n crossin narrow points o' Lake Champlain; an' by rivers sich

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as we'n noane awhoam. Th' beginnin o' our misery wur when gooin through a valley ut wur filled wi' flowerin willows. If th' windows wur shut we'rn roasted, becose we'rn gettin into a warmer country; an' if we had 'em oppen we mit as weel ha' bin ridin through a scutch-hole in a cotton factory. This willow blossom flew about like a shower o' riddled snow; an' covered us o'er till we hardly knew one another. But we should stop at St. Alban's, an' ha' twenty minits allowed for packin our insides, ut wur gettin wofully slamp; an' a brushin an' a weshin would mak us feel like new uns.

Well, we *did* stop at St. Alban's, an' twenty minutes, too; but we'd better never ha' stopt at o, for as we'd left Canady, an' getten int' Ameriky, we had to have our baggage examined, what little bit we had. Then we had to get fresh tickets; an' by th' time we'd done that we had to run for t' get into th' train. Ther noather bitin, nor suppin, nor weshin, nor brushin to be done. 119 We had to be fain we hadno' bin left on th' "dippo," as they co'en th' stations i' Yankeeland. What sort o' language passed between Sammy an' me would ha' getten us into a hobble if anybody else had yerd it. If th' owd brass bird, ut wur peearcht up at th' end o'th' car, wi' its wings spread out, could ha' had just a minit's life put into it, it would ha' pecked our een out. It wur one blaze o' temper after that, becose we'd nowt to cool it with nobbut about two have noggins o' iced wayter, ut wur sarved out like doses o' brimstone an' traycle i'th' warkhouse. Didno' we carry on? Thou'd ha' thowt so if thou'd yerd us. But th' wo'st had to come yet. When we'd bin peppered wi' dust an' willow blossom for above ten hours, wi' insides as empty as a red herrin on a grid-iron, we poo'd up at a place co'ed Manchester. It wur like havin a swig i' champagne pop to us yerrin that name.

"Come on, Ab," Sammy said; "there's a sign o' summat now." An' we scrawled out o' our seeats, as wambly as two roosters ut han fowten till they con hardly stond, an' crept to th' dur. We could see a bar window oppen, ut had biskets, an' other things i' glass cases.

"Is there time to have a drink here?" Sammy said to th' conductor.

"Plenty of time."

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We didno' stop for t' yer owt any moore, but dropt on th' flags, like two dried mops ut hadno' had th' sond wesht eaut, an' wriggled oursels to th' bar window. A sleepy sort of a young woman, ut couldno' find th' cork-screw when hoo wanted it, an' ut fAvvort hoo'd rayther 120 no sarve us than do it, kept us longin till we'rn ready t' drop. Then when hoo did teem summat out, an' we thowt our troubles wur comin to an end, ther new uns startin. Before we could get howd o' our glasses an' have a swig th' train wur off, wi' unchecked baggage at anybody's mercy. If our faces had bin portergraft, then they'd ha' made a fine picture o' disappointment, gloppentness, bewilderment, vexation, revenge, seediness, an' have fried beefsteaks. There's a mixture for thee. Then, when we could unglue our tongues, we let out—reet fro' th' shooter—till th' bar window wur banged down, an' th' shutters put up, for fear o' summat takkin fire. When we'd blown th' steeam off, we went to th' talegraft box, where ther a young woman, rather wakkener-lookin than that at th' bar, axt us what we wanted.

“Talegraft to th' station agent at Nashua (th' next dippo), for t' tak two bags out o'th' second car, an' send 'em by th' next train back.” That wur our order.

Hoo did so; an' when we'd waited for t' yer back, th' station agent “wired” ut he hadno' time to look for 'em. Then we wired in wi' our tongues, till th' telegraft box wur filled wi' reech.

Then we telegraft to Boston for t' keep th' bags there, if they could find 'em, an' put 'em to our checked baggage, as it would be too late for t' send 'em back. What made things wurr, thou sees, ther no' train fro' Manchester that neet; an' we'rn loded there, dusty an' raw; wi' nowt for t' change on; Up to th' ankles i' blazin wot sond; an' wi' tempers three times as wot. We towd that young woman ut if our baggage wur lost we should 121 send for t' British Lion; an' he'd chew up that owd ragged-winged sparrow-hawk o' theirs afore it could croak. That feart her so ut hoo wouldno' be paid for th' last o'th' telegrafts. I darsay hoo'd never yerd two Englishmen give a war-whoop before.

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Fort' make th' best o' things we went an' tried to cool oursels by th' side o'th' River Merrimac, ut turns about four factories theere. An' we geet a bit soothed wi' watchin th' factory wenches loce,—not as they dun i' England, wi' shawls o' their arms, an' cloggin it whoam four abreast. Waggonettes wur waitin for 'em, thoose ut lived at a distance; an' what surprised us when they drove past, wur to see 'em dressed up as if for a pic-nic, an' yer 'em jabberin French. What happened after I'll tell thee sometime else, I ha' no time now; becose th' chamber wench 'll be comin a-makkin th' bed directly, an' I've nowt on nobbut my stockins an' shirt; an' bein roasted even i' that state. So good day, owd crayther!—an' believe I'm still

Thy whoam-sick rambler, AB.

### **CHAPTER XIII. AB'S SEVENTH LETTER TO HIS WIFE.—YANKEE LADS AND LASSES.**

Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, Penn., June 3.

Owd Pow-star —I'm i'th' Quaker city; but how I've gotten here would bother me to tell. I've plashed through some wayter, an' dashed o'er some lond since th' last letter I wrote to thee. At one time I thowt that if ever I're shifted out o' Boston I should ha' to be carried in a seck; an' then there'd be nowt nobbut booans, an' thoose part brunt, as if they'rn bein made int' charcoal. It's noane so cool here when one gets into th' sun; an' there's no keepin out on't, unless we're inside somewhere.

I' my last letter I towed thee about bein left at Manchester, i' New Hampshire; an' what a fix we'rn in, wi' shirts glued to our skins, an' our faces like beef steaks sonded o'er i'stead o' bein sauted. How we'd nowt to change on, nobbut fresh cooats o' dust; an' th' year wur 127 degrees i'th' sun. After we'd welly set fire to th' station—dippo, I mean; by th' way we carried on o'er losin our baggage, we crapped into th' city; an' looked out for a

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place wheere they'd tak us in, an' put us under th' pump. Th' fust place we “struck” wur Manchester Hotel; an' we sattled on trying theree.

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I never seed a londlort look so puzzled as ours did when we stood afore him, as if waitin for our lowance after gettin coals in, an' sweepin a factory out. He seemed to be sayin to hissel,—“What, travellers, fro' England, an' no baggage with 'em! They must be a queer lot. However, if they payn their bill before they touchen a bite, or han a swig, it's nowt to me.” This we did; an' we'rn looked on as gentlemen, but of a strange breed, when we'd stumped down our green rags. After suckin a “schooner” o' lager, like suckin a egg, I went out for t' see wheere I could find a barber's shop; for my chin felt like a burr, or an urchant's back. I fund one close by, an' in I went.

“How mich dun yo' charge for shavin?” I axt.

“Ten cents,” I're towd.

“Ten cents! Wheay, I could ha' my yead shaved i' England for that,” I said, quite gloppent at th' price.

“I guess yew kin here,” th' barber said.

“How mich would yo' charge for th' loan of a razzor?” I axt, thinkin I'd get it at have price.

“Ten cents.”

“Let's be havin howd o' one. I'll show yo' how *us* Britishers con scrape a chin.”

He did so; but he turned white when he'd done it, an' seen my wild looks. I dar'say he thowt I're gooin t' do summat elze than shave. But I rubbed some soop o'er my chewin power, an' my nose flap; an' i' just one minit by a cuckoo clock I' cleared my lond o' every bit o' stubble here wur. I'd dun that while he're gettin howd of another chap's nose.

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“I’ve five friends at th’ Manchester Hotel, an’ they wanten shavin,” I said. “I con just net a hauce a dollar while yo’r dooin ten cents wo’t’h.” But he’d th’ dur baricaded up afore I could make a move.

I set up a crack o’ laafin; an’ he did th’ same, for he could see I’re nobbut havin him on th’ stick. Then he gan me five cents back; an’ offered to shave my friends at th’ same price; but I towd him they’rn i’ England; an’ it would be rayther too far for ‘em to come o’ purpose o’ bein shaved. He stared to some pattern when I towd him a mon i’t’h’ owd country could have shave, an’ yer o th’ news o’t’h’ day, an’ be towd as mony lies as would fill a Yankee newspaper, for a penny, or two cents. If it wurno’ for fear o’ clemmin other barbers to death, I’d stop in Ameriky, an’ run a shavin shop. I thowt I’d do a bit of a stroke for owd Jack Bull.

When neet set in, an’ we could get a window oppen to sit at, we began to feel a bit cooler. Th’ temper worked off a bit; an’ as we knew ther nowt gotten by frettin, we agreed not for t’ care a cent for our baggage chus whoo’ad gotten it. We’d tak things as they coome; but still it wur “tarnationly” provokin. I dunno’ think it lost us a minit’s sleep, we’rn so tired; an’ when mornin coome we’rn up, an’ had our collars turned inside out afore ther mony Yankees stirrin. It wur a grand mornin afore th’ owd sun had blown his fire up gradely; so we sauntered out, an’ looked about us, an’ counted th’ humber o’ druggists’ shops there wur, an’ agreed among us at ther summat beside physic swallowed inside ‘em.

125

If we’d seen Manchester under different circumstances than havin lost our baggage, as we thowt, I believe we should ha’ liked it. Like what con be seen i’ every Yankee city that we went to, there’s reaum for folk to tak their wynt, an’ that’s moore than con be said about towns i’t’h’ owd country. Just fancy, owd crayther, there bein a park i’t’h’ middle o’ Manchester, England. Fancy childer lookin healthy, an’ cleean, an’ weel donned. Fancy it lookin like a haliday o th’ week round, yet everybody workin,—no singin beggars i’t’h’

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streets; no auvish lads stonidin at corners; nob'dy followin thee, an' wantin just a pint; no signs o' clemmin, nor that sort o' idleness ut conno' be helped! "Ah, but," thou may say, "th' country's young yet; wait till someb'dy wants to ha' moore power than another; gets into th' President's cheear, and says nob'dy shall shift him. Let him parcel th' lond out to a lot o' folk like him, ut wanten power too. Let these gether round 'em a two-thri thousants o' foos ut'll shout, an' feight, an' give up their liberty for a bit o' glitter. Let 'em swap "Yankee Doodle" for "God save the King;" an' thoose parks i'th' middle o' their cities 'll goo out o'th' seet. Someb'dy's *rent audit* mun be made bigger; never mind noather health, nor comfort; build back-to-back houses; let th' streets be swarmin wi' ragged an' dirty childer; pauperise one have o' folk, an' let th' tother have live o' one another, an' then, like us, th' Yankees 'll ha' summat to swagger about. No country's gradely civilised till every town's made into a human middin.

If we'd had it as wot i' Manchester, England, as it wur 126 i' Manchester, New Hampshire, nob'dy could ha' lived. They'd ha' bin sweltered to deeath, becose they couldno' ha' fund room for t' get up a bit of a cool breeze. Here, wi' th' sun feet o'er our yeads, an' sendin down a yeat like comin out o' our oon ov a bakin-day, when thou looks how th' mouffins are risin, there's a bit o' comfort, becose we are no' choked wi' soot, an' fluss, an' reech, an' bad smells, an' a general thickness o' air ut owt to be thin. For o ut I had turned my collar, an' had a shirt on ut wouldno' pass muster even i'th' owd country, I felt quite leet. That bit o'th' park where th' war moniment stonds wur like rowlin i' new cut hay to me. There's summat good, I feel sure, i' trees; an' where they're deein out, as they are i' England, th' country winno' long be fit to live in.

After leeavin Manchester we geet to Lowell about th' middle o'th' afternoon, an' fund th' place very mich like other cities—white houses, sond, and trees. We'd a droive i'th' country, as us'al, for goo where we choose, Sammy o' Moses's would be at th' back of a tit's tail wi' three sticks howdin a cover up at his elbow. This time Sammy drove hissels. We'd th' cheek for t' goo an' ax a chap for t' lend us a hoss an' buggy, as if he'd known us fro' bein childer; but as soon as he yerd us talk, an' knew we'rn Englishmen, he'd ha'

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trusted us wi' owt; an' when an owd Irishman ut hostled for him towd him wer'n Lanky, I believe he'd ha' gan us his clooas an' never felt if ther owt in his pockets. I shawm sometimes when I think how forrin folk are o'erseen in us.

127

An' now for Lowell factory wenches, ut we'n yerd so mich about. We'd gone theree o' purpose o' seein 'em. I know what thou'll think when thou reads that. An' thou'll say to thyself—"Dear-a-me! travelled I know not how mony thousand mile, an' their yorneyishness no' rubbed out *on* 'em yet!" But we planked oursels under a tree—we couldno' ha' done that i' Owdham—an' waited till th' factories loced. In a while a procession began a-windin down th' street. We took it to be some ladies' skoo wi' their sweethearts followin 'em for t' know wheree they must meet 'em at neet. On they coome; some *on* 'em marchin two un' two, but never takkin o th' flags to theirsels. Th' mooest *on* 'em had blue veils o'er their face, ut prevented us fro' seein what they'rn like; an' they'd printed frocks on, made o'th' same shape, an' nearly o'th' same pattern o' print. I wish they'd begin a-wearin th' same sort i' our country, an' could look as cleeen. Th' faces we seed bare wurno' exactly o' my sort. Ther no apple cheeks; no dimpled chins; no e'en rowlin about wi' that sort o' wickedness ut makes a lad feel like a damp't foo, an' act like one; no clogs, wi' summat just above th' insteps neaw an' then peepin fro' under th' region o' frills like a pair o' white mice. Nawe, nowt o' that sort. They look like machine-made uns, so mich a dozen, an' two an' a have per cent off when th' bill's paid. Believe me, or believe me not, Sal; but I could look at a crowd o' these Lowell "gals," without my arm bein drawn to'ard any *on* em; an' thou'll think that's summat for me.

They tell me these wenches con write books, play th' 128 payano like angels, an' talk like saints. But I wonder what they'd do wi' a stockin ut's too much dayleet letten in at one window; if they know which side of a dumplin is th' reet un; if they could tell when a loaf wur baked enough by feelin at it wi' th' end o' their nose; if they could mak a new senglet for a youngster out of an owd pair o' pants; if they could get to know everybody's bizness without gooin out o'th' house; if they could "skelp" a three-year-owd till he couldno' sit, an'

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then give him a buttercake for t' give o'er cryin; if they could fotch a husband fro' a "saloon" without leeadin him by one ear, an' poo a dish out o'th' oon wi' yesterday's porritch in it for his supper; if they conno' do these things, what's their larnin an' their music wo'th? Nowt. Lanky lasses for my brass, if they are a bit noisy-mouthed, an' conno' write books; they con turn a mon out so ut he'll no' forget whoa he is, an' put him i'th' way o' knowin he isno' someb'dy elze if he goes whoam late o' neets.

After we'd looked through Lowell, an' seen their blocks o' smookless factories, we set out for Boston, an' wurno' long afore we geet theere. "Now for it," we said to one another; "ruin or dick; baggage or no baggage." Wi' tremblin clooas, an' insides givin way, we made our way to th' baggage-ream as soon as we loded. Hurray! Th' fust thing ut I clapt my een on wur th' bag ut had slipped me at Manchester, wi' th' talegraft papper stuck i'th' hondle. I felt like a lad ut had just escaped a good hoidin when I seed that; an' when we fund o th' tother things wur reet anybody mit 129 ha' swum i' lager. Yankeelond wur a grander country by th' haue then; an' even th' women wur nicer—bless 'em!

Wi' hearts as leet as my pockets wur th' day we'rn wed, we drove to th' Parker House Hotel, where thou'd my last letter fro'; an' drank one another's healths i' lager till we'rn like balloons. Thou may be sure we geet inside some cleeen calico as soon as we could get at it; an' what wi' that, an' th' swillin we had inside an' out, we felt new made o'er again; and looked so, too. I'd a notion ut we owt to ha' had a brass knocker a-piece fixed to our waistcoats, we felt, and looked so grand. We began o' explorin th' city at once. Surely that wur noane Ameriky; we'rn i' Liverpool. We could see th' ships' pows, an' "Dicky Sam" marchin down Lime Street, tellin everybody he's a gentleman afore they con find it out. Th' folk we met, too, wur summat like what they are awhoam; an' if th' owd red cross had bin flyin i'stead o'th' stars an' stripes, I should ha' bin axin what time ther a train to Walmsley Fowt. Here again ther a park i'th' middle o'th' city. They co'en it a "common;" but I'll leave thee to gex how mich of a common it is when we con walk about under trees ut th' sun conno' get through.

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Th' day after wur another blazer, an' we felt it wurr than we did i' Manchester and Lowell. Ther must ha' bin some thunner about, I thowt, for th' yeat fairly geet us down. But we'd th' courage to ride as far as "Bunker's Hill," wheere th' fust Independence battle wur fowt; but how we geet to th' top I dunno' know, K 130 though it's no heer than th' buildins. However, we geet paid for our wark. Sittin i'th' shadow o'th' monniment theere, ther a nice breeze coome sweepin fro' th' sae, an' wafted us better than a Chinese fan. But we had to be paid back th' tother road afore th' day wur o'er; it happened this way.

It wur bedtime; an' we'rn i' my sleepin shop, wi' th' windows wide oppen, tryin to cool oursels wi' lumps o' ice put into a glass, ut had a "kinder" brown liquor in, for t' melt th' ice so mich sooner. While we sit theere, gettin a little bit narr freezin point, but still a mile or two off, we yerd some singin, an' shoutin, an' thumpin o' tables. We'd seen waiters go past our dur, carryin summat like glass skittles, wi' white tops; an' we judged by that, an' th' singin, ut somed'dy wur havin what "Uncle George," at Fall River, would co "a high old time" on't. We didno' care to doff us while that wur gooin on; not that we cared for havin anybody's ice beside our own, but there'd be no chance *on* us sleepin. We geet on our feet, an' stretched oursels; then sauntered into th' lobby, an' went so far as t' peep into th' reaum wheere th' singin wur gooin on. "Come in!"—an' we didno' need twice axin. Th' two "Britishers" wur made as welcome as if we'd bin two Presidents; an' we'd our knees bent under th' table as soon as they used to be at our porritch time. We soon fund it out what those glass Skittles, wi' white tops wur, by *feelin* at 'em, an' puttin th' smo end downart.

We'rn among a jolly lot. They'rn young chaps fro' th' Harvard College, havin their yearly dinner, an' they'rn 131 just i' that state a mon's in when he doesno' care whether he goes whoam or not. They sung i'th' honour o' owd England; an' we had to get on our hinder legs. an' thank 'em i' our own way,—makkin use of a decal o' thick words, ut wouldno' come out o at once.

Ther a young Chinee chap among the lot—"Mon Cham Chung," he're co'ed, an' th' son o'th' Governor o' Canton. He sung a Chinee song ut I didno' quite understond, an' Sammy

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said it wur a bit out o' his line. But we clapt, an' thumpt, an' shouted as if we knew every word, an' had never yerd it better sung. Th' company, o' somehow, kept gettin less till we'rn left by oursels, an' strange, someb'dy had browt a wesh-stand an' dressin-table into th' reaum, an' a bed had bin put up at back on me. What I took to be Sammy wur a towel-rail, an' I'd bin axin th' towels, I dunno' know how oft, if ther any moore ice knockin about. Mornin wur just oppenin one e'e, an' wur blinkin o'er th' house tops. It wur no use o' me tryin t' find my own chamber, I thowt, so I'd turn in wheere I wur, an' chance it. When I wakkent I fund mysel i' my own bed, though how I'd gotten there wur a puzzle to me; happen one o'th' darkies carried me while I're asleep.

I du'stno' goo out ov o day for fear o' having sunstroke, my yead wur so queer; so I stopt i'th' hotel, an' wrote that letter to thee. We went out at neet; but it wur like walkin about in a oon; an' we'rn so done up we wobbled about like two owd wheelbarrows ready fort' tumble i' pieces. We lit o' "Mon Cham Chung" again, an' it wur a good job for me; for, when we could howd up 132 no longer, we tumbled—but it wur down some steps, an' into a place wheere ther moore *ice*. For two hours my Chinee chum wur fannin me as we sit at a table, an' we'd so mich ice that my inside felt like a frozen pump, while th' outside wur summat like fried tripe; but it geet me round, an' I slept like a top that neet. Th' mornin after ther what I expected—a thunner storm, ut made th' air so cool I could ha' done wi' fithers on. We cleared out o' Boston that day, an' took th' train for Fall River, a-seein "Uncle George."

### **CHAPTER XIV. AB'S SEVENTH LETTER CONTINUED. "UNCLE GEORGE."— DECORATION DECORATION DAY.**

It wur the pleasantest ride on a railroad we'd ever had i' this country, wur th' journey fro' Boston to Fall River. We wurno' smoot wi' yeat an' sond; an' th' distance wur just far enough for one go. It wur a shade i'th' afternoon when we pood up at Bowenville dippo, just on th' jacket-laps o'th' city, wheere th' factories are, an' factory folk. As ther signs o' moore rain we made th' best of our way to "Uncle George's." Sammy had bin before; so

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knew his road about. We knew folk would be on th' look out for us, becose it had bin i'th' papper ut we'rn comin; an' th' fire-engine had bin getten ready.

“Here we are,” Sammy said, pointin up at a sign ut said, “Forester's Arms, George Salisbury.”\* It didno' look like a newspaper shop to me.

\* “Uncle George” is a kind of pet *nome de plume* by which Mr. Salisbury is known in connection with the *Fall River Advance*. He is an Englishman, and was at one time on the staff of the *Blackburn Times*.—B.B.

We fund th' owd lad at th' back of his bar counter, weshin glasses; an' th' table i'th' front wur covered o'er wi' pappers. He eyed us o'er rayther keenly; becose he 134 could see ut we hadno' bin browt up o' wooden nutmegs; an' ther no loce skin about our jaws.

We could see by his looks ut he're wonderin whoa we wur, an' if we'rn th' two Britishers they'rn expectin. But he didno' wonder long after we'd axt for a lager a-piece, an' he'd guaged th' size of our humbrells, ut wur like giants at th' side o' theirs.

“Guess you're Lanky,” he said, when his een an' his ears had satisfied theirsels.

“It's like as we are,” I said.

“Guess one is Ab-o'th'-Yate; which?”

Sammy geet howd o' one o' my ears, an' I made a bow. Then Uncle George doffed his Yankee, an' put on his Lanky.

“Well, how arta, owd swell?” he said; an' he gripped me by th' hont, an' gan it a hearty shake.

“I guess I'm kinder good,” I said; thinking I'd just try a bit o' Brother Jonty's way o' talkin.

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He laaffed; as mich as to say, "thou's bin about ten minits i'th' States, I yer." Then he gan o'er weshin glasses, an' shouted of his wife for t' come to th' show. After that he put his mouth to a pipe, an' shouted, "are you there?" I reckoned someb'dy wur at th' tother end, an' made it known ut he wur; for George coed out after, "They're here." I wondered if he're shoutin to someb'dy upstairs; an' said so.

"Our mon at th' office," George said. "He wanted me to let hin know when owd Ab arrove. He says he'll get a cab, an' come down."

"What, come downstairs in a cab?" I said.

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"Downstairs, eh?" George said, wi' a chuckle. "He's a mile an' a quarter t' come. Our office is i'th' city. There'll be a swarm about here afore long; mind if there isno'. It's boomin around now ut yo're hitched up here."

He towd true; it wurno' mony minits afore ther a chap wi' his honds in his pockets, just as thou'll see 'em about th' owd Bell, coome peepin in. He set our humbrells like a dog settin a brid; then he looked round at us.

"Guess there two. Britishers here," he said at last.

"What d'yo' go by?" Uncle George wanted to know.

"Them circus's," th' new-comer said. An' he pointed to th' humbrells, ut wur reared up again th' counter.

"Nobody carries them only Britishers. Lancashire?"

"Th' owd spot," Uncle George said.

"Then, by Josh, one's Ab-o'th'-Yate; aint it, George?"

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“You bet,” George said.

“Well; how aire you?” th' mon said; an' he began a-overhaulin Sammy o' Moses's, till Sammy said he'd enough to onswer for of his own without havin my charikter pinned on his back. Then he rounded on me, an' said how fain he wur to see someb'dy fro' th' owd country, speshly owd Ab.

Afore th' mon could sit down others dropt in, till i' less than an hour, th' place wur as throng as a hive when th' hummabee parlyment is bein elected. I soon forgeet wheere I wur, an' fancied I're i' England, an' wur th' only Yankee i' th' company. I towd 'em I wouldno' forget 'em when I geet back to Ameriky. While th' men wur collectin i'th' bar, women wur collectin i'th' palour, till it 136 looked like a wakes neet when th' rush-cart had gone past. What wi' nussin lager, an “stone-fences,” singin geet up to ninety i' no time, an' afore th' gas wur lit th' place wur one blaze o' music. I had to tell 'em a tale or two; an' they looked as if they'd ha' jumped out o' their skins.

Word wur sent fro' th' fire-engine house, ut wur close by, ut they'rn gooin t' get a fire up fort' let us see how soon they could put it out; an' they wanted us to come afore dark. We went,—th' whul gang; an' seed a fire-engine ut we seen nowt like i' England. It favvort bein made o' silver; wi' here an' there a bit o' gowd, for t' set it off. We'rn towd by th' boss ut they could ha' th' hosses yoked, an' out i' fifteen seconds after th' alarm had sounded; an' fort' prove that, he had th' alarm sounded. In a crack two big durs flew oppen; two hosses dashed out, an' backed into th' shafts o'th' engine. They'd ha' bin off, too, but they could smell no reech; so they went back to their stable, seemin to do a cuss apiece for bein made foos on.

“Guess you Britishers can't do that,” th' boss said; lookin quite proud. “Fifteen seconds.”

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“We conno' get ready so soon by five seconds,” I said; “but I'll tell yo' what we con do; we'n a dog ut con tell when a fire's *goin* to happen, an' he barks a bark ut th' hosses know, an' they're off out, wi' th' firemen mounted, afore there's bin a spark seen. Lick that if yo' con.”

Th' boss stared at me, an' shaked his noddle. Then he said, as if he didno' like confessin' it

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“I guess you lick us thar.”

I wurno' gooin to be o'ermatched wi' a Yankee.

We'd a “high old time of it” that neet, thou may be sure. Uncle George wur i' grand form, an' rowled out his chaff by sheets; showin whoa wur th' boss o' that show. Mony a thing he yerd through th' telephone about folk ut wur round him, when ther nob'dy at th' tother end for t' shout. This caused a lot o' fun, speshly when th' hittin wur hard. We'rn short O' owd Juddie; he'd ha' bin a good mark if he wouldno' ha' rooghened wi' th' hondlin. George, like owd Mally-at-th'-rain-tub, seemed to know everythin ut wur gooin on i'th' neighbourhood; an' if ther a bit of a scent o' owt nice an' peppery he're sure to have howd on't, an' let other folk taste it.

Thou knows how time goes o'er if we areno' waitin o' summat. It went o'er that neet as if th' wheels wur new oilt, an' new springs had bin put to. It hadno' looked above an hour afore we'en bangin at our hotel dur, where a sleepy barman wur waitin for us. We'd a big day before us th' day after, as it wur th' “Decoration Day;” an' we had to ride wi' two o' their big nob's i'th' procession; then have another neet on't at th' finish. When I wakkent th' mornin after, an' looked what time it wur, I fund th' glass o' my owd ticker, ut Jack o' Flunter's coes a turmit, wur brokken. How had that bin done? I wondered. I couldno' remember runnin again nowt, nor nowt runnin again me. I axt Sammy if he could recollect any sort of a performance out o'th' regilar way.

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“Ay, steeplechasin,” Sammy said.

“We coome by th' road, didno' we?” I axt him.

“Ay, but that didno' prevent thee gettin o'er a lot o' 'stone-fences,' or elze th' stone-fences gettin o'er thee. I expected there bein a smash o' some sort.”

Sammy will have his joke at me if he's a chance. He knows I'd do th' same.

We wur to be at th' City Hall at nine o'clock that mornin, for t' tak our place i'th' muster for th' procession. It wur hauce-past eight, an' we had to dress an' get th' steeam up for th' day.

“We shall be left this do,” Sammy said, as we shelled oursels out o'th' bed clooas. “This is o through thy stone-fences, Abram; nice uns we shall look, runnin after th' procession. I shouldno' care if Uncle George wouldno' get to know about it; he'll *Advance* us; mind if he doesno'.”

We scuttered into our clooas as if we'rn havin a donnin match; an' down th' stairs we went, where we fund we'd th' breakfast table to oursels.

“Coffee, couple o' eggs, sharp.” That wur th' order.

“Yer thee, how they're rowlin past,” Sammy said, as folk clattered down th' street. “They'll be up at cemetery before we're out o' this shop.”

We hadno' a darkie for a waiter; but a fair sample o' Yankee muslin; an' hoo stared to see us i' sich a hurry, knowin ut we'rn Britishers. But when th' breakfast wur browt in we swallowed it express fashion, one chew an' a guttle; an' then “scooted” for th' procession.

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We'rn just i'th' nick o' time, as we thowt; but what a poor 139 muster! We'd th' City Hall steps to oursels; an' there wurno' a carriage to be seen. How wur that?

“They're not as punctual as they are i'th' owd country,” Sammy said to a mon ut coome up to us, an' ut we knew. “If this wur i' Manchester they'd start to th' minit; an there's nob'dy here yet.”

“Plenty of time,” th' mon said.

“Ay, they towd us so when th' train left us at the dippo th' tother day,” Sammy said. “Yo' Yankees are too sharp i' some things, an' too slow i' others. I dunno' think we shall get away fro' here i' less than an hour at this speed.”

“I guess we shan't,” th' mon said.

“Guess we shan't, behanged! We'rn ordered to be here not later than nine, as they should start on th' minit. It's now ten minits past, an' no signs o' startin. It's like makkin foos *on* us.”

“Wal, I guess it wants fifty minits to nine.” Sammy looked at his watch; an' then at me. It wur no use lookin at mine, becose it wur stopt.

“Another case o' stone-fences, Sammy?” I said, seein how gloppent he looked.

“Stone-fences again, Ab. If George gets to know about this it'll be wurr than if we'd bin late. *Ten minits past eight!* Lets get out o' this.”

So we'd a walk round th' city. We should never ha' seen Fall River gradely if it had no' bin for that mistake. Summat like a consolation for swallowin breakfast whul.

We geet back to the City Hall a minit or two afore nine; an' fund th' street full o' bustle. Hoss so'diers wur 140 caperin about; foot so'diers wur formed in a line, an' th' band wur

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ready for marchin. Th' carriages wur laid out in a side street; an' we'rn very politely shown to ours.

“Just in time,” one o'th' aldermen ut we had to ride with said, as we took our seats. “We were afraid you would be late.”

“Oh,” I said, “ *us* Britishers known how to hit th' time to a minit. *We* never mak any mistakes.”

I felt an elbow i' my ribs, so I said nowt no moore. It wur a gentle hint that I're lyin.

Well, th' procession started for th' cemetery, an' every yard o' “side-walk” i'th' city wur lined wi' folk, speshly women. Their husbands and brothers wur marchin. When we raiched th' cemetery we formed in a body i'th' front of a platform wheere ther wur some talkin to be done, and some music played an' sung. After this th' ceremony o' hangin an' sprinklin graves wi' flowers wur gone through—th' graves o' those ut fell i' that war ut wur very nee th' ruin o' Lancashire, I're surprised wheere o th' flowers coome fro', becose flower growin i' cottage gardens isno' carried on here as it is i'th' owd country. But when I're towd ther hunderts o' acres o' flower farms down West, I wurno' surprised then. It wur a touchin seet, an' for th' time I stood there I felt as if I're one o'th' mourners. Th' talkin I didno' reich matter. It wur too hee up for sich as me to get at it. But there's a general understandin that it must be of a tall sort for t' goo down. For o that, there's nob'dy knows better than th' Yankees theirsels how mich it's wo'th. An' they con laaf at it as heartily as we con, after they'n swallowed it. 141 Owd England couldno' tak a lesson fro' Ameriky i' these things, for its heroes lien i' other londs.

Well, ta-ta, owd crayther! Thou's nobbut about another time for t' yer fro' me ere thou sees my owd jib again; an' I've begun o' no' carin how soon that'll be; no' becose I'm tired o' this country, an' th' folk ut are in it. I've bin too weel done to for that. But I feel as if it wur a long while sin' I yerd one o' thy neetcap sarmons; an' my ears are gettin meault for th' want o'

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bein tickled wi' one. Another three week, an' then thou'll ha' me i' thy power again. Till then keep believin ut I'm—Thy here-to-day-an'-gone-to-morrower. AB.

### CHAPTER XV. AB'S EIGHTH AND LAST LETTER TO HIS WIFE. THE QUAKER CITY.

Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George, June 5, 1880.

My Owd Looadstone, —It's nobbut two days sin' I wrote to thee before; an' we'n travelled about six hundert mile i'th' time. Fro' th' owd Quaker city we'n gotten very nee th' borders o' Canady again, for t' see a show ut wurno' oppent when we'rn this road on before. But I've tow'd thee nowt about what I seed i' Philadelphia yet; so here goes.

I'stead o' co'in it th' Quaker city I should co it th' city o' blacks, becose there's no stirrin for 'em. They're welly as thick upo' th' sod as th' whites. Sammy o' Moses's says ut if it wurno' for havin white marble steps to their houses th' place would aulus be i' darkness. I hadno' bin on my feet above have an hour before I'd run into about a dozen *on* 'em; becose th' side walks are as bad to navigate as th' deck of a ship when there's a bit of a sae on. Wherever there's trees th' side walks han to be paved wi' breek; an' i' some places it's like as if they'd temd a barrowful o'er, an' left 'em there. No matter how level they laid 'em, tree roots groon so fast they'd have 'em lifted up in a day or two, as if moudewarps had bin about.

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Talk about bein' lost in a hotel!

That at Montreal wur a ready shop at side o'th' "Continental." We'rn lost booath inside an' out there. How we geet in I didno' know; but gettin out wur a puzzler. One time we fund oursels in a draper's shop, wonderin how we'd gotten there.

"How's this?" I said to Sammy; as we'rn gawpin about i'th' shop. "We'n ne'er bin out, han we?"

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“How could we be here if we hadno' bin out?” Sammy said. “An' now we are here, what are we here for? What is it thou wants t' buy?”

“I want t' buy nowt,” I said.

“What didt' bring me in for, then?” Sammy said. “I thowt thou happen wanted to buy a dicky, or summat.”

“What can I serve you with?” a mon said, seein me starin about me.

“I want nowt,” I said.

“Beg pardon; what is your wish?” th' mon said; seemin hardly satisfied wi' my onswer.

“My wish is for t' get out as soon as I con,” I said.

“Why did yo' come in?”

“We didno' come in; we fund oursels here, an' wanten to get out again.

Into the street, or the hotel?

“Into th' street, or anywhere.”

“That way, please,” an' he showed us th' road out.”

“It'll no' do for thee t' leead,” Sammy said, when we'd gotten i'th' street. ”Thou'll oather have us lost, or locked up. Where are we gooin now?”

“I dunno' know,” I said; “thee leead.”

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“Well, I believe there's a theaytre round th' corner, here. Let's goo an' spend an hour i' that.”

“Come on, then; I'm gam for owt short o' manslowter an' ruination.”

So we turned down a side street, an' in at a dur, wheere ther a lobby as wide as our fowt.

“This looks like a place ut I've seen afore,” I said when we'd gotten inside.

“Ay, summat like Niblo's; but we'r noane at New York now, so it conno' be that.”

“There must be a new company come'n in, as there's so mich baggage lyin about,” I said; “an' look, there's an elevator theree.”

“Why, we're i'th' hotel again,” Sammy said; “Theere's that skip I sit on while I're waitin on thee comin down stairs. Well, we're a pair o' nice uns.”

“It'll no' do for thee t' leead, Sammy,” I said;

“Thou'll oather have us lost or locked up. Let's see if we con find th' road back.”

So I tried; an' this time I walked straight into th' barber's shop, wheere ther two chaps bein shaved, an' a cheear empty. If I hadno' darted back i' two seconds I should ha' had a cloth under my chin, an' my nose between a finger an' thumb.

“Let's give it up Sammy,” I said, “an' go to bed, if we con find th' elevator. If we con find a road out, we shall ne'er be able t' find a road in again, unless we tryen to find another theaytre.”

So we agreed, that, sooner than risk bein lost, we'd stop wheere we wur, an' go to bed if we could find nowt 145 elze to do. We fund th' elevator, an' mounted. Afore we geet i' bed

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we made an agreement ut we'd never tell nob'dy when we geet back to owd England. So thou munno' let owd Juddie know.

Th' mornin after we managed to get out without any bother; so we'd goo an' see th' State House, an' look through it, if they'd let us. But wheere wur it? We'd ax th' conductor o'th' next car ut coome past.

“Put you down next block to it,” th' conductor said; so we'rn o reet for that job.

When we'd bin gooin about a hauve an hour, an' had turned down a lot o' streets, th' conductor said he wanted an extry six cents apiece, as it wur a double stage journey. We did a bit o' grumblin about that, as we'd never bin charged twice before, chus what distance we'd gone. But grumblin geet to summat elze afore we'd done. It took close on an hour for t' lond us; but we'd no difficulty i' findin th' State House when we'rn set down; an' we could walk in straight forrad, as ther no sittin that day.

I could ha' spent a day i' that place, tho' there's nowt grand about it; but Time seemed to be talkin to me about what it wur once, when an owd bell ut hung theree rung in a great day; an' Independence wur declared. This they co'en “Liberty Bell.” Th' owd frame an' yoke ut it hung in wur in another place; an' I read on it—“Wherein hung the old Liberty Bell, when on Monday the 8th of July, 1776, 12 o'clock, it was rung obedient to its motto—‘Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof. Lev. xx., v. x.’” Th' L 146 owd ding-dong's cracked now, an' hangs i'th' dome as we go'en into th' hall. It's a good while sin' thoose ut rung it had th' yead-wartch. But I're like as if I could yer it clang out its joyful prattle.

Th' cheears wur theree ut Adams an' Ben Franklin had sit on, an' an owd cane-bottomer ut belonged to th' fust President. Nob'dy i' Walmsley Fowt would ha' borrowed it for a buryin. An' ther a dur ut wur battered to pieces at th' battle o' Germantown, October 4th, 1777. For t' show us how things wur done two hundert year sin', ther a “brewin jar,” ut Billy Penn took with him th' fust time he went to Ameriky i' 1682. They must ha' had queer notions o'

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brewin i' thoose days, an' it seems Quakers liked their nut-brown as weel as sinners. What pleased me th' best wur th' picture of his owd stockin-mender; th' second ut pledged her neetcap to his; an', if th' pictur's owt like her, a rare sort hoo must ha' bin. It made me wish I're a lad again, an' I'd sich a one as her for a gronny. I'm sure hoo'd ha' gan me many a spoonful o' traycle, an' forgotten to put th' brimstone in it. Women didno' walk o' their toes when hoo're in her yardwide days, but timed theirsels wi' th' sun, an' seemed to set with it every neet. Bless her owd face! I'm like as if I think thine 'll be like it when thou'rt a bit mellow. Ther th' part of a pew i' some owd church at Franklin an' General Washington, General Lafayette, an' Bishop White used to ha' their Sunday nods in. Some owd spinnin wheels wur there ut I reckon wur worked at one time by ladies ut wouldno' look at one now.

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“Boggart-wood, Ab,” Sammy said, as he looked at th' owd worm-etten bits o' timber.

“I reckon it would be to some folk,” I said.

“If there'd bin a loom in, thou wouldno' ha' stopt i' this place two minits,” Sammy said; an' I think he're about reet.

When we'd done lookin through we'd goo an' have a peep at th' City Hall ut has bin i' buildin ever sin' owd Columbus teed his boat up to th' shore, if we mun believe some Yankees, an' it's noane finished yet, nor isno' gooin to be. It'll be a grand buildin i' three or four hundert year fro' now. O th' outside's built o' white marble. It's so nee th' State House, or Independence Hall, as some co'en it, that we'd no difficulty i' findin th' shop. It struck me ut we'd seen it th' day before; an' I very soon made mysel sure about that.

As it would be dinner-time when we geet back to our hotel, if we had to have another hour's ride, we'd better be shapin. So we geet in a car ut th' conductor said wur gooin past. We hadno' bin i'th' car two minits afore we'rn towd to get out; we'rn at th' hotel. Then didno' we carry on? We'd bin done out o' eighteen cents apiece, beside losin an hour, when we

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could ha' walked fro' th' hotel to th' State House i' five minits. We'd travelled very nee o round th' city. It wur like goin out at our back dur, an' goin round owd Thuston's pit fielt, for t' get in at th' front. It wur a warm day; but we made it warmer, If we could ha' gotten howd o' that fust conductor he'd ha' had to smell summat beside his dinner, that he would.

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As we'd an hour to wait for dinner-time we'd have a strowl, an' mind th' turns we made. Then we seed a seet ut made my jaws wartch wi' laafin. Ther ten mules, yoked like rush-cart hosses, one abreast, drawin some railroad waggins down th' middle o'th' street. I never seed nowt like it; an' happen never shall again. Eh, what ears!

I're towd ut they darno' let one o' these mules look through a lookingglass. Th' minit he seed his ears he'd begin a-pinin away, an' would never be fit for owt any moore. So lung as they dunno' know ut they could scrat th' top o' their stable wi' their ears they thinken they're hosses, an' worken like 'em. But no sooner dun they find out ut they're a bit connected wi' th' history o' Jerusalem than they takken th' sulk, an' winno' work another stroke.

While we'rn watchin th' mules, ther another strange seet coome i' view; it wur a darkie band. Ther nowt strange i'th' music, but i'th' way th' players marched. They wurno' huddled t'gether, like a lot o' skittles i'th' middle of a crowd o' childer. I should think they'rn twenty yard off one another, as sure as an inch; so ut their music took up eighty yard of a busy street; an' how they kept fro' under th' cars I dunno' know, nobbut by dodgin 'em, like hens.

After dinner we'd a droive through Fairmount Park. It is a park, too, for we did about nine miles in it. There's a grand look-out fro' th' top o'th' hill, for th' whul city o' Philadelphia, wi' its grand buildins, seemed to be lyin at our feet. There's a part o'th' exhibition 149 buildins still left stonidin; an' one could see by that what a great concarn it had bin. Before we left th' park we'd a sail up th' Schuylkill in a little steamer about th' size o' one o' owd Calip clogs; an' a pleasant sail it wur. We could see miles an' miles o' carriages droivin round th' park.

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I thowt Hyde Park i' Lunnon wur a seet, but it's nobbut a buryin procession at side o' what con be seen at Fairmount.

No' feelin satisfied wi' th' day's wark we'd put in another hour or two by sailin up th' Deleware; so we geet on to a market boat ut wur gooin about twenty miles, an' then comin back. We calkilated we should just get back i' nice time for baggin, accordin to th' speed ut those boats con goo at when they're put to it. But it wur a sort of a Pilgrim's Progress. It wur like comin back fro' bearin whoam when ther no 'busses. We'd as mony co'in shops as ever owd Senty had; 'liverin market stuff fust o' one side o'th' river, an' then o'th' tother; till we'rn doing a zig-zag o th' road up. It wur gettin close on dark afore we geet to th' fur end; an' then ther th' comin back to be done. What made it wurr ther nowt solider than lager on board; an' ther isno' mich for th' teeth to do i' that. But we should goo down th' river a deéal sharper than we did th' up voyage, becose th' boat would be so mich leeter, an' there'd be no co'in shops. However, we fund that we'd miscalkilated th' chances; for i' gooin down th' river we had to co at th' same places for t' tak on market stuff, for th' day after's market. For t' mak th' trip moore lively we'd a thunnerstorm; an' moore darkness than we could see through wi' an 150 owd shippon lantern. We loded i' time for t' f see every-wheere shuttin up: an' we'rn i' doubts as to whether we shouldno' ha' to go to bed without supper, sayin nowt about bein bagginless. Then we had to chance findin our hotel, an' gettin into it when we had fund it. But strange, for our general run o' luck, we walked straight to th' hotel, an' had our legs under a table in a minit or two.

### **CHAPTER XVI.AB'S EIGHTH LETTER CONTINUED. IN THE ADIRONDACK REGION.**

It wur about baggin-time when we geet to Albany, I wheere we'd th' satisfaction o' feelin th' air wur a deéal cooler, an' that we should have a chance of a comfortable stretch-out at neet. We had till th' neet-boat coome in; an' then th' wharf wur alive an' noisy, an' folk like picnickers wur grinning through th' sharp mornin' air, an' stowlin about th' streets as if they didno' know wheere to goo.

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We had to be up wi' th' sparrows; for th' train ut had to tak us on started soon; an' we'd a long distance to travel; but ther one comfort, we'd nobbut our hond bags with us. Th' tother lot we'd left at Brooklyn. We'd about as pleasant a ride on th' railroad as any we'd had. Th' country wur nice ut we had to go through; an' wurno' so dusty as we'd had it i' some journeys. We'd another glent at th' Mohawk Falls as we passed through Troy; an' that factory a quarter of a mile long we seed again. Then we passed through Saratoga, th' Leamington of Ameriky, where th' hotels are some o'th' wonders o' this lond o' wonders, for they're as big as some o'th' biggest 152 o' factories. There are moore beds in 'em than can be found i' o th' city beside.

It wur about noon when we geet to “Glens Falls,” where we had to leave th railroad, an' have a gradely owd-fashint ride on an owd-fashint coach. Noane o' yo'r omblibusses, ut looken like bein made for flittin house goods; but one like th owd “Red Rover,” where folk could see summat when they'rn peearchd on th' top. This had to tak us nine miles on an owd plank road; an' a nice spin we had. If we'd ridden so far on a road like th' Broadway, i' New York, we should ha' had every button jowted off our clooas. So how would our insides ha fared? As it wur we'd a nice chatty company, an' could yer what one another said. It wur a bit like droivin through sich a country as there is about Mottram, so thou may be sure we liked it. I nobbut wanted t' see a face ut wur summat like thine; an' yer someb'dy shout “Come to thy porritch,” an' then I should ha' felt happy.

Our journey's end for that day wur to be “Lake George,” where we are now, wi' hardly a soul i'th' hotel beside us, if I dunno' reckon about a score o' darkie waiters, an' as many young women gettin' th' house ready for crowdin time, ut they expected would begin in about a week. Ther a lot o' darkies shakin carpets in a meadow—carpets ut anyone *on* 'em would cover our fowt—an' dust rose i' clouds. I should think a darkie's face, when it's covered wi' dust, is abeaut as comikil a sect as con be seen. It's next to bein whitewesht. On th' foot-road leeadin through this meadow we could hardly put a 153 foot down for treadin on ant hills. We could see hunderts on 'em, wi' their little holes at th' top ut they

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used for durs, lyin as thick as wormholes on a bowlin green. On our road, just before we coome to th' hotel, we passed th' "Bloody Pond." Here, it's said, that at th' time o'th' border wars a party o' French soldiers wur camped one neet, havin their supper, when th' English surprised 'em, an' killed so mony ut their blood turned th' wayter red. Th Indians about towd us that, an' I reckon they'd had it fro' their gronfeythers.

This is a grand place, so very different to some parts of Ameriky. It's like bein i' Cumberland, obbut th' lakes are so much bigger, an' th' hills are green i'stead o' bein grey. We'd a strowl by th' edge o'th lake for t' watch th' sun set; an' what wi' now an' then th' chirpin of a whistling frog, an' th' croakin of a water hen, ut th' Indians co'en th' "Dumplin bird," an' ut maks a noise like th' workin of a pump, I felt sich a loneliness creep o'er me ut I're fairly chilled. Beside, ther some Indian farms about, an' I wurno quite sure ut they'rn gradely civilized. But they couldno' ha' gotten a scalp off my toppin, chus how.

I'd ha' bowt thee an Indian bonnet if I could ha' carried it safe, but bein made o' chips it would ha bin smashed int' toothpicks afore I'd gotten it to New York. Thou would ha' looked a bit of a blossom wi' one on thy yead, marchin through Hazlewo'th. Th' childer would ha' thowt thou'd brokken out of a show wheree ther some penny play-actin done. It's wonderful how they mak em; an' so is mony a thing they trucken in.

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I fund we'd nobbut come'n to this hotel for lodgins; for this mornin, as I're writin this letter, Sammy o' Moses's comes to me, an' says—

"Ab, thou mun cut off."\*

\* *Cutting off* among weavers means they must take in as much cloth as they have woven, when such cloth is urgently wanted.—B. B.

"What for?" I said,

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“Th' boat 'll be off in a two-thri minits; an' it's Sunday t' morn. We conno' cross th' lake then, an' we ha' not a day to' spare. So dry up.”

Chasm Hotel, Birmingham, New York State, June 7. Thou sees I did cut off, an' dry up, too, as Sammy towd me; an' now I'm gooin in for a finish. I scrambled my papper up at once; an' i' five minits after we'rn on board th' little steamer “Horican,” bund for Ticonderoga, or “Old Ti,” as they co'en it. This would be a grand sail on a fine day; but it wur black an' weet when we set out; an' a litle bit chilly. Our “circus's” wur o' some use then; an' it wur th' fust time they had bin.

A dark weet day in a strange country, an' i'th' wildest part o' that country, isno' so very comfortin; an' what made it wur, ther no *comfort* to be gotten on th' boat. But we made th' best we could o'th' circumstances, an' hatched t'gether under th' awnin', like two chickens wi' outside berths under th' owd hen's wing, an' spekilated on it bein' fine th' day after. But as things wur it wur like lookin' at a grand pictur wi' curtains drawn o'er it; an' we'rn missin one o'th seets we'd come'n so far to see. Th' 155 mountains, an' th' islands kept rowlin past us, till when we'd sailed about twenty mile, or a little above th' hauve road, th' owd sun drew his apporn fro' o'er his face, an' wi' one of his breetest smiles axt us how we wur.

Then we could see summat—green hills rowlin o'er one another as if they're playin at rowly-powly, streaks o' sunshoine braidin' 'em wi' gowd, an' bringin into our sect little white neests o' cottages petcht here and there, as if they'd bin built by some sorts o' brids, or beavers had larned how to build their houses wi' green windows to 'em, and had tiny boats for t' goo a-fishin with moored by th' lake side. A place co'ed “Sabbath Day Point” is so pratty that one mit forget what day o'th' week it wur, and co every day Sunday. An' everywhere's full o' tales o' wars, an' brushes wi' Indians. As we passed th' “Hermit Island” I're shown a bit o poetry ut's so good I know even thou'll like it. It wur th' fust time it had bin i' print, an's co'ed—

“THE JESUIT PRIEST; A LEGEND OF LAKE GEORGE.”

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BY MISS H. M. AMEDEN.

If you ask a story teller Of this old and ancient legend; Of this story of the Jesuit; He would tell you that in old-time, When the mountains on the lake shore, 156 And the woods between the mountains, Were the abode of Indian hunters, And the wild game of the forest; When no white man yet had entered On its waters, blue and tranquil, That a band of holy Fathers, In a far-off country eastward, Had established mission stations, That the red man of the forest Might receive the Jesuit customs; Worship at the Jesuit altars.

He would tell you there was treachery On the part of many red men; There was suffering with the Fathers, There were ugly wars and fightings 'Twixt the different tribes and clansmen. And the prisoners that were taken Suffered tortures; suffered torment; Till the life that once burned brightly Slowly flickered out and perished; And the Jesuit Fathers suffered With the suffering like the others. At the burning stake they perished, Asking mercy they received not.

Down among the eastern missions Came a wandering tribe, and hostile; Waited, till by shrewd and cunning, They could get a pale-faced captive. Then with prisoner strings they bound him, Till his flesh was torn and bleeding, 157 Set their faces towards the forest, With their prisoner in among them. Down beside the Hermit Island, On Lake George, the eastern shoreway, Where its mountains yet had never Echoed to the human voices, Save the cry of savage warriors, With their women, and their children. Out beside a birchen tree-top, From the shoreway, lone and silent, Shot a light canoe, and veering, Landed safe on Hermit Island.

Carefully the boatman landed; Pulled the light canoe to inland Underneath the brakes and bushes. But his mien is not a savage, And his robes are priestly garments. Now he rises —lifts his bony Fingers towards the light of heaven; Then he makes the sign of crosses, And his lips move as if praying. After these devotions over, Down he sinks as if exhausted, Borne to earth as if to rise not. Underneath his soiled garments Forth he draws a much-

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worn missal; Looks it over; waits, like doubting; Turns back to the whitened fly-leaf, And with pencil writes upon it— “Pere St. Bernard of the Missions 158 Of the East has been a prisoner.” Then he writes a brief narration Of his sufferings and his hardships, So that if he, wandering, perish, Some one in the years that follow May perchance receive the message. In a hollow stone behind him Places he that written leaflet; With a larger stone he covers Up the message, thinking, hardly, Will a human hand ere get it?

Half exhausted, hal discouraged, Down he sat alone in silence, Hardly knowing where to turn him, Which was safest route to follow. Then he heard a steady plashing Of oars upon the water; Looking towards the western shoreland Saw a lithe canoe and master Making towards him in the distance. Passive sat he in his covert, Knowing that retreat was useless— Then as if a new thought gave him Greater strength and greater courage. Drew the birch canoe to cover More concealed than first he placed it. Then advancing in the sunshine With a friendly gesture, greeted Him who landed on the island. Now the wondering savage listens 159 Till his greeting was well over. Then began the painted chieftain; “Pere St. Bernard, can you tell me What red man is speaking to you, How I know the holy Father? How I know the hungry pale face? Me forget? The Indian chieftain Writes not with the pale face's pencil, But his heart is great, and holds much; Does not say much, but remembers, And gives back as he is given.

“Pere St. Bernard! at the eastward When the red man, not a chieftain, Quarrelled with your pale face's brother, It was you who saved my life then.

You have been a prisoner yonder In another tribe than mine is; You are faint, and you are hungry, But the redman not forget you; You shall come across the water, Travel with me and my people Till you come among your brothers At the eastward where you left them.'

So the Hermit Isle, deserted By the priest and by the chieftain, Kept its little secret hidden; And if ever you may linger On the shore of Hermit Island, At the southward, towards the Lake Head, You may weave into your fancies 160 Jesuit Father, Indian chieftain; They

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upon the shore then, standing Just where you stand in the sunlight. And before you leave the island Search the hollow rock behind you, See where lay the hidden message, Secret of the Hermit Island.

After londin we'rn takken by train to Ticonderoga, wheer we'rn shipped again for t' cross "Lake Champlain," another run of 130 miles. This lake lies in a flatter country than Lake George,—well, just about th' wayter; but th' mountain i' th' distance looken grand.

Then there's th' "Queen City of the Lake," Vermont, wi' its tin towers glitterin i'th' sun like newly polished ale-warmers, on our reet, ut shows ther someb'dy beside Indians i' this wilderness. We loded at Port Kent; an' felt a little bit done up wi' our day's sailin; an' ther an owd shandry waitin for passengers to th' next city. We scrambled into th' owd leather box, an' gan orders for t' be dropt at th' "Lake View House," about three mile on th' road. Th' droiver towd us that hotel wurno' oppent for th' season yet; so we couldno' get in. Ther th' Chasm Hotel across th' river; we could happen bunk there. Any port in, a storm; but if th' hotels wur owt like the country we'rn gooin through there'd be thin pastur; for th' fields about had hardly a tuft o' grass to th' square yard.

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When we began a-goin down th' broo th' lond looked better, an' when we geet to th' bottom we could see an' yer ut we hadno' come'n for nowt. Birmingham lies here in a little neest, wi' a nail factory for t' keep everybody ut lives there. We'd a glent at th' Falls as we crossed th' river, an' as neet wur closin in th' chasm looked a fearful hole. Our hearse pood up at an owd house ut favvort havin th' windows nailed up, an' we'rn towd ut that wur th' Chasm Hotel. It made my flesh creep for t' look at it; an' Sammy's face wur as blank as if ther a boggart at th' door.

"I'm no' gooin i' that shop till I know sommat about it," he said, lookin th' picture o' disappointment. "Ab, get out an' punce th' dur, for t' see if there's owt wick about beside ettercrops. If not we'n goo on."

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I tumbled down an' mounted th' step, then geet howd of a knocker ut favvort bein made out of an owd reawsty quoit, an' leet it bang again th' dur. It made sich a strange sound ut I jumt back, an' would ha' run away if there'd bin nob'dy wi' me. But th' dur oppent, an' a face showed itsel ut put me i' mind o' owd "silver-yead." Th' body it wur fixed on wur tall an' lank, an' it nobbut wanted a candle inside, I thowt, for ' ha' made it int' a lantern. I axt him if he could tak two travellers in, an' he said he could, tho' they hadno' oppent yet. Seein ut I looked a bit down about th' place, he axt me to took through an' satisfy mysel about it. I towd Sammy an' th' coachman for t' keep their ears oppen, an' if they yerd a shout owt like "murder" they'd know what to do; then wi' a sinkin pluck I ventured into th' owd castle. M

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Ther just enoogh o' leet when th' windows wur unboarded for t' let me see what th' place wur like. Strange, it wur as cozy a shop as any we'd bin into, booath upstairs and down; an' when I seed two as bonny wenches as any we'd met, I said to mysel, "I'm gooin t' let my anchor down here whether Sammy does or not." I took my report to Sammy, an' he didno' want mich coaxin for t' turn in, as we'rn booath *on* us quite fagged out. We'rn as comfortable as two sondknockers directly; an' when th' supper wur ready, an' th' wenches wur cotterin about us wi' cleean apporns on, ther no two Yankees could ha' made theirsels feel moore awhoam than we did. We'rn a little bit dropt on, too, when we axt for a lager apiece, an' wur towd it wur a teetotal shop. Ther nowt nobbut bed for us, after supper; so we turned in i' good time, an' slummert soundly till mornin. Noather boggarts nor robbers disturbed us.

I'th' mornin we emptied th' hencote of o th' eggs they had, an' flung some good sweet ham after 'em, an' then we felt quite ready for what th' day mit bring us. Th' landlort towd us visitors wurno' allowed into the Chasm o Sundays; an' that wur a bit of a damper for us: we should ha' to stop another day. But we could see a part on't fro' th' bridge; so we'd go down that road. When we geet back we fund th' londlort had bin out, too; an' he gan us th' welcome news ut he'd gotten leeave for us to go through th' Chasm that day, an' a

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guide would goo wi' us. He said it wur becose we'rn Britishers. Th' owd chap looked quite another mon i' our een then; for he favvort he'd ha' done owt for us.

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We set off at once to the Chasm House, wheere we met th' guide. A young woman leet us in, an' oppent a dur ut led to a "stairway." We'rn towd to look at nowt nobbut th' steps as we went down, as a slip o'th foot would be th' last we should ever mak i' our lives. That advice wur so comfortin ut I said I'd wait at th' top till they coome back; but as Sammy said if I didno follow he'd turn back and throw me down, I thowt I mit as weel mak use of a chance; so I followed.

Lorgus o me, Sarah! when we geet to th' bottom o'th' stairs, an' looked up an down, I felt o of a tremble. We'rn like between two walls o' rock 200 feet hee; an' lookin so close t'gether ut they could whisper to one another. Between these two walls a river rushes at th' rate of about 15 miles an hour; an' th' guide towd us that i' some places it wur 70 feet deep. This Chasm conno be a rift. There's nowhere for th' rocks to set back to. It must ha' bin worn an' wshed out wi' th' river; un it must ha' takken ages upo' ages to do it. At one place there's a bend; an' here it's made a big chamber, ut reminds one o'th' Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara. Close to this there's a big cave they co'en th' "Devil's oven;" an' it looks as if Owd Nick had baked his dinner in it some time. Then there's a nattural stairway made o' ledges o' rock; and this is co'ed "Jacob's ladder." I shouldno' like to try t' mount it. It would be odds again thee seein' me again if I did. We had to walk by ledges o' rock, like shelves; an' every time we stirred a foot we'rn towd not to look down. At 164 some places wooden galleries are fixed, wheere if a nail slipped it would be wo-up!

When we'd walked, or rayther crept, about a quarter of a mile—it mit be a have a one—we'rn led down some stairs to th' edge o'th river. Here ther a little boat fastened up, an' we'rn towd to get into it. As I couldno' be i' greater danger than I'd bin in, I tottered into th' boat, an' tried to balance mysel'. Then Sammy followed, an' it wur same as teemin a load o' coals in it. I felt like as if I'd fast howd o' mysel, an' doestno' leeave loce. Then we shot

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off down th' river at a rate ut made me mazy—shot some rapids neck-or-nowt, till we geet to a hole ut I thowt would be my last restin-place, for it seemed to be throwin out its arms for t' get howd *on* us.

“Surely we're no' gooin i' that hole,” I bawked out.

“No,” th' guide said. An' he turned his boat into a bit of a creek, an' I took my wynt again.

“Is there no plan o' getting back nobbut gooin th' same road as we'n come'n?” I said to th' guide.

“You can't go the same way back,” he said. “It's as much as I can do to pull myself back by that rope.” An' he pointed to a rope ut wur laid by th' rock side, like a taligraft wire. “You can go by a footpath along here.”

“Thank thee,” I said. “I've no doubt but thou'rt a dacent lad o' someb'dy's. If I had thee at th' owd Bell, thou should have a sope o'th' best there is.”

We left him, an' wi' mich ado climbed th' rocks, an' loded safely out o'th Chasm after gooin through about a mile on't, an' feelin i' sich a pickle as I never meean bein in again.

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This is th' last ventur' upo' th' list. Th' next move 'll be for whoam. So, by-bye, till thou sees th' face o' thy prodigal husbant, AB.

### **CHAPTER XVII. AND CONCLUSION. A GREAT EVENT—HOMEWARD BOUND—HOME AGAIN.**

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home; 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

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Lord Byron.

We are again in the city of Paterson, New Jersey; and our friend “Ab” is relating some of his adventures with, I am afraid, a little tendency towards drawing the long bow. “Sammy o’ Moses’s” is enjoying over again most of these adventures, giving now and again a shrug of the shoulders, as much as to say—“Abram, thou’rt ridin thy big hoss.” Pipe-breaking “Frank” is again with us, colouring a new meerschaum, and regretting that he did not “do” the whole tour, instead of “lotus-eating” on the Passaic Falls. “Will o’ Jimmy’s” and his wife—a very dear cousin of mine—are manifesting their delight in real Lancashire fashion; and other members of a once closely knit family are listening with the air of mixed doubt and credulity with which the recital of strange adventures is sometimes received. And there are present several gentlemen of high standing in the city,— 167 aldermen and councilmen and officials of the corporation, come to welcome the “Britishers” on the completion of their 4,000 miles tour.

There are to be “high jinks” in the city: I am to have a grand “reception” at the Opera House; and every preparation for the event has been made. Whilst we have been travelling east and west, Anglo-American citizens have been busy to give the occasion a national importance, as may be gathered from the following paragraph which appeared in the *Evening Press* of June 1st: “Anglo-Americans interested in the Lancashire poet and dialectician, Ben Brierley, will meet at the City Hall this evening, to arrange for a fitting reception on his return from his western trip, about the 7th.” Large posters are on the walls; and my name, along with the line, “Memories of Old Lancashire,” is conspicuously blazoned forth. The English element is actively astir, for the event is to come off on the morrow. There have been doubts as to whether we should turn up in time, as nothing had been heard of us during the past fortnight. Newspapers have been busy with gossip; but the *Daily Guardian* sets the public at rest by announcing in its issue of June 9th: —“Mr. Brierley returned last evening, after a pleasant tour through the eastern States, Niagra Falls, and other places of attraction in that direction.” But rumour had gone before,

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and that occasioned this gathering. A merry one it is, and full of enthusiasm about the proceedings so soon to be inaugurated. There is singing and reciting; and Will o' Jimmy's is again on the platform at the "old school" in his native Failsworth, telling 168 the audience assembled there that his "name is Norval," and that, "on the Grampian Hills, his father feeds his flocks."

The morn hath come, and with it unusual bustle. The time of our departure for England is drawing near, and we have many friends, some of them new ones, to see and take leave of, It is now the ninth of June, and we leave New York on the twelfth. On the evening of this day, and that of to-morrow, I have to give "Readings" in the Opera House: that is the form the reception is to take. I am exceedingly nervous as to the success, but am assured that it will be most flattering.

The day is drawing to a close, and there is a carriage at the door. Nervousness is on the increase. The event not having been looked forward to when I left home, I have no "dress" suit to appear in—nothing but my "navy blue," which will look much out of place on a platform. No matter; the ordeal has to be passed through, and I must gird up my loins to face it.

I am at the "wing" of the Opera House stage, waiting for my "cue," and there is a cheering hum of voices in front. It is an anxious moment when the chairman, ex-Mayor Buckley, rises to announce me. And now I must write in the past tense, as the affair has become historical.

I had on my appearance a reception that at first appalled me. There was a perfect hurricane of voices, and the hand applause came with a crashing sound. My whole system was shaken as if by electricity; and the fear that after all I might be a disappointment made my heart sink within me.

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But when the choir burst forth with—"Shall auld acquaintance be forgot?"—in which the audience joined, another feeling came over me, and confidence followed. Surely I could not be in America, was the dominant impression; this must be a Lancashire Theatre, and all these people before me sons and daughters of old "John of Gaunt." There were many faces that I had seen before—ay, "three thousand miles away;" and the gap of time and distance had been bridged over by a very pleasing structure. At the very first utterance I found I "had them," as professionals say; and I kept my grip of them the rest of the evening. It was the night of all nights during the whole of my career. The audience were not only excited by hearing the old familiar talk, but they looked on me as having brought in my person a gleam from the bright firesides of their native land; and tears and laughter sprang from their fountains at the same moment. It was worth going to America for to have seen, and been the object of, that demonstration.

The night following I had the pleasure of standing before the same faces again, and on the same platform. The enthusiasm of the former occasion repeated itself; and a never-to-be-forgotten experience came to an end. I had some difficulty in getting away when all was over. The hand-shaking I had to go through, and the many farewells that had to be uttered, was an entertainment of quite another kind. I had the satisfaction of hearing, before I left the city, that a handsome sum would be handed over to the funds of the Paterson Orphan Asylum, as the result of the second night's entertainment."

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I have awakened out of a bright dream; and we are treading at midnight the silent streets of New York, on the way to our temporary ocean home, the "City of Berlin," which sails on the morrow. There is not the silence of the streets on that crowded wharf, for the good ship is lading. Wherever all the cargo lying about is to be stowed is a marvel to us; but it is rapidly disappearing. "We sleep on board, to-night, captain." "All right!" We climb the gangway, and are again among familiar scenes. We must have lived there for years, every corner and every face is so mixed up in our memories. Our baggage is bundled into

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our stateroom; and little Johnny Hughes is proud to be our berth-steward. Why, we must belong to the ship's company, we are so heartily greeted. We meet the doctor, and the two Bridges, and "Walter," and that dry "auld" North Briton, "Cam'll," the chief engineer—hands all round. Were it not that we were tired we would have a "high old time of it." But our wanderings are over; and we are "homeward bound." A nine days' rest we feel will be welcome; and the first stretch in our berths is quite refreshing. Notwithstanding there is a noise going on as if the enemy was boarding us, it cannot keep off sleep, nor the dreams that attend it.

"Away; nor let me loiter in my song!"

It is a bright Saturday morning; and there is a large crowd on the wharf. Our Brooklyn friends are there, and we hail them; and somehow a box of cigars is passed to us. Many anxious eyes are strained towards 171 the vessel to catch glimpses of friends, most of whom are leaving home for a tour through Europe.

The gangway is withdrawn and the first throb of a pulsation that seems as if it would never cease lifts us on our uncertain way. What handkerchiefs are waved from wharf and boats; and cheers grow faint as the shore recedes! Our friend Ab was in one of his moods; and as a familiar object disappeared from view he unburdened himself in this strain—

"Thou'rt a big country, an' thou's some big folk. Some would be thowt big ut are no' becose talk conno' mak 'em so. If it could it would have to do. Ther's a good deel o' things about thee ut I like; an' some I dunno' care for. If we'd thy wayter—but that couldno' be, becose one o' thy lakes would swamp us, an' put us cleeen out o' sect. But if we'd thy Niagara it ud ha' to do moore wark than it does. We wouldno' have as many long chimdies as we han; nor as mich reech flyin about. It ud give us a chance o' havin trees as green as thine; an' buildins as cleeen outside. If we'd as many blessins i' wayter, an' lond, an' sun, an' sweet air, as thou con give, we wouldno' be feart o' other folk threshin us i' noather wark nor nowt elze. We wouldno' ax nob'dy to pay duty to us, for t' keep up prices, an'

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help to carry th' gover'ment on. We'd mak it so ut nob'dy could lick us, without protection. Thou'rt a fair lond, Ameriky; grand for a trip like ours; but I deaut if ever thou're intended for white folk to live in. They getten too mich loce skin about their jaws when they'n bin here a year or two for to mak me think thou suits 'em. If it wurno' for 172 so mich new blood bein poured in fro' England, an' Garmany, an' Paddy's land, it wouldno' be mony hundert year afore th' Red Skins wur th' mesthers o'th' job again. But tak thee as thou art, thou'rt a pattern of a new wo'ld; an' some owd uns mit tak lessons fro' thee. Farewell, Yankee Doodle; we're gooin a-seein th' owd pot-lion again!”

Our voyage home partook very much of the character of our voyage out, so far as the sailing and the incidents on board may be taken into account. There was, however, this difference in our fellow-voyagers—we had a greater number of saloon passengers, and considerably fewer in the steerage. But although we were going home the time did not pass over half so pleasantly as when we were going away. Most of our companions were Yankees, of that insufferable type only to be met with in their true character on board ship. Selfish and unsocial, their society was not to be courted; and the manner in which they appropriated the deck for their spoiled partners, to the exclusion and annoyance of everybody beside, was a mean and disgusting exhibition of assumed privilege. There, on deck chairs, lay strong women from morn till night, swathed in shawls and wrappers; their husbands dancing about them always, so as not to be one step behind in their attentions, and by the slightest neglect draw down petticoat wrath. Their meals had to be brought to them; and the manner in which the eatables were disposed of would not have been one of the most welcome sights to a person inclined to sea-sickness. Had these people been unwell they 173 would have had our sympathy. But they were as well as we; and the sea never was rough. We had none such a company going out. We made up quite a happy family—mixed freely and sociably with each other; and created friendships that will not readily be forgotten. Our friend Ab and a jolly Scotch-Yorkshire farmer from the neighbourhood of Rotherham conspired to overthrow these deck-squatters by accidentally tumbling among them; but they did not carry their design into effect.

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Our friend the grower of corn was the life of our party going out, and it was with unfeigned delight that we hailed his presence on board on our return. He was rich in jest and story, and Ab and he “foregathered” oft. He knew how to use an “eish plant” effectively to protect his growing corn: and the anecdotes he told of his prowess in that capacity made the Yankees envy us our fun.

“We wanten oather an *ash plant* or a pair o' clogs here,” remarked Ab, as he took a survey of the crowded deck, from their joint seat on the chain guard. “Nowt like a bit o' timber for makkin folk stond furr. If my owd smoothin iron wur here, hoo'd mak a clearance i' yond cote smartly. There'd be a cat among th' pigeons afore they could shake a wing, an' if they didno' offer to get out o'th' road, feathers would begin a flyin. Nowt like some women for settin others reet.”

Late one evening—I am not sure whether we had then cleared the “banks” of Newfoundland or not—I was sitting upon the upper deck alone, contemplating the sky, which was a marvel of stellar display. The captain 174 was pacing to and fro a few yards from me, evidently on the look-out for some special object, as he knew from information he had received in New York that the sea was not yet clear of icebergs. Seeing me alone he crept under the rope to join me for a short time. We had a pleasant chat together, and the captain, being a Scotchman, recited “Tam o' Shanter,” giving all the pith of the racy Lowland dialect in a manner that I had never heard before. Almost as suddenly as if a door had been opened the temperature fell. The air was quite winterly.

“I shall have to stay on deck to-night,” the captain said; and he got up from his seat and left me. Were we to have a storm, I wondered.

Not feeling over comfortable about the matter, I retired to my birth, where I lay awake for some time; but not noticing any perceptible increase in the motion of the vessel, I suppose confidence asserted her sway, and I dozed over. In the morning I was awakened by a loud knocking at our stateroom door, followed by a vigorous salute from the steward.

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“Mr. Brierley, icebergs in sight!” That was all. I sprang out of my berth with unwonted alacrity, for I occupied the top shelf, and managed this time without the assistance of my “elevator,” which was my portmanteau set on one end. My “bunk mate” I found was already abroad. Half dressed I rushed on deck, and from thence saw the floating mountains—four of them—a few miles distant on our larboard bow. We had sailed eighty miles out of our course to avoid them. In the farther distance they had the dark blue tint of our 175 own land mountains, but as we neared them they changed one by one into huge rocks of quartz, that threw back the rays of the sun as if from a focussed glass; shifting and brightening up where had been shadow, as the mighty agents of destruction moved over the deep. As we parted company they again wrapped themselves in their mountain blue, and we were not sorry that they had taken their departure so peaceably.

We had yet another sight in store for us ere the day was spent; a pair of whales came frolicking through the “briny,” and spouting jets of water from their “blow-holes” to an immense height. Ab could not see of what use they could be, because he was sure they'd never have any fires to put out.

We made a splendid passage; and although the sea was not exactly what we often hear described as being like a “mill-pond,” the steady purpose of the “City of Berlin” made up for the difference, by taking each wave as a bull would take a dog, and tossing it out of the way. It was our second Sunday as we sailed along the shores of “ould Ireland,” the sight of which made our voices rise in thankfulness when at service, which on this occasion was led by the dean of Chester. Another night on board, and then “Thy shores, fair Albion,” would greet our gladdened eyes, and the welcoming hands of dear ones would be clasped about us.

“It is the morn;” but we are yet far from port, though the “Skerries” are past, and the blue mountains on the Welsh coast are in sight. And what is that speck on our bow? Nearer it comes, and larger it grows. It is the 176 tender coming to meet us. The tide is out, and our vessel cannot pass the bar. What hearts are beating; and how strained eyes are peering

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in the distance, as if to discover some face that was the light of home I Suddenly our friend Ab exclaims—

“Theere hoo is! I knew hoo'd come. Dunno' tak any notice o' my pranks now, for I'm not mysel'. Her face isno' a bit autured. Now hoo's seen me; an' th' sun's shoinin as it never shoined before. Mind out; I'm gooin t' have a jump if they dunno' shape better at comin close. Bang!”

It were fit I draw the curtain here; for there are moments in the lives of men and women that should be consecrated to the sight of the Almighty alone; and these moments were of them. Farewell all of you, fellow-voyagers! If a touch of nature has not made us kin, dangers shared in common have made us of one family.

### **SECOND TRIP.**

#### **CHAPTER I. A LIVELY TIME ON THE ATLANTIC.**

To undertake a journey of many thousands of miles, and start on the first of May, which the poets of old were wont to laud so much, but which is now no more genial than the first of January, is not a circumstance calculated to put a man in the best of spirits, especially when he has to perform that journey alone, and cannot boast the youthful blood of thirty. With the cold and the rain, and the gloom of the day of village queens, garlands, and “bell horses;” the day on which I sailed for New York, heralded by forecasts of immediate storms, inspired me with a doubt as to whether I had acted wisely in selecting that date upon which to commence my journey. But it had been chosen a month before, when fruit trees were white with blossoms, and lanes were bright with the favourite flower of the late Lord Beaconsfield, and everything in nature betokened the early advent of summer. Why, I might have reasoned, after such a promise of a splendid time, should we fall back upon the cold and bluster of March? As well might we have expected the temperature of the dog-days. But we did return to it. N

As I paced the streets of Liverpool, with my wife on my arm, and in company with others, amongst whom was a true and genial friend, once a fellow voyager to the land for which I was now bound, then looked on the bleak ruffled surface of the Mersey, I would not have objected being taken into custody, and subjected to a period of “false imprisonment,” if I could have obtained damages to the amount of thirty-five guineas, and costs. I could not have blamed myself if my trip had been compulsorily deferred. But I had set my fortune—aye, my life upon the cast, and must stand the hazard of the die. There was no backing out of the situation, even if cowardice had prompted such a proceeding: I must go.

Cold blew the wind, and colder beat the rain, as we stepped upon the tender that was to bear us to the Inman Company's steamer, the *City of Berlin*, then lying out about four miles down the river. Inhospitable looked the black sides of the huge ship, with rain pouring down them like tears, and the windows glaring at me with a watery glare, as if they were so many eyes of a monster waiting to get me into its clutches. But when I had inspected my berth, which was the one I occupied four years ago, and renewed my acquaintance with the comfort-suggesting and splendidly furnished saloon, my spirits went up a few degrees; but my heart did not bound. The bustle on deck, where luggage was being knocked about as if to try the strength of the various cases that contained it, and the satisfaction that I had not to part with my wife and friends until we reached 179 Queenstown, instilled a little bravado into my breast, and I defied both wind and rain, and even challenged *mal de mer* to come at once and attack me.

It was a curious if not a saddening sight to see, outside all this lively turmoil, faces peering from behind the “ropes” with something like the interest expressed in them that we occasionally notice in the straining eyes of cattle packed like ripe peas in their husk, in a railway truck, and watching proceedings they cannot comprehend the import of, yet feel a curiosity to know. These faces belonged to emigrants from the north-east—Norwegians, Danes and Swedes; the fair hair of the Scandinavian girls flowing freely when not covered

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with a shawl. Bonnets there were none; and hats were few. I felt concerned as to what their feelings were in a strange land, the people speaking a strange tongue, and yet three thousand miles from their destination in another strange land—and what would they do when they got there. Some of these foreigners were handsome, and many would compare favourably with the average of our English girls; whilst for health and strength, and fitness to be sent out to colonize a wilderness, I have not seen any to come up with them.

The appearance of these people caused me to reason with myself. Here was I, fitted out with the means of every physical comfort that could be desired, with a palace for my home, and fare as good as any hotel could provide, and with friends to greet me when I land; and yet, what a miserable dog I feel. I am afraid I should make a poor traveller for the sake of travelling.

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None of these emigrants appeared to be in the least downcast in even that trying weather; but their faces were bright, as it seemed, with hope; and there was a vein of jollity running through the group that was not apparent among their better-to-do fellow voyagers. There was not much time for my friends to look through the ship; but when my wife saw the cosy berth that had been assigned to her use, she wished, for the first time, that she was going with me the whole of the voyage. Could she have fore-known what I and others had to pass through before we landed at New York, she would have wished she had accepted the invitation to visit Killarney, in preference to running the risk of ever seeing Niagara.

I had a spell of sea-sickness before we reached Queenstown; but a few hours on land, and a drive out into the country, made me believe I was all right again; and in the evening I faced the dinner table, in a way, too, that might have led other diners to think I was going to eat the tablecloth. This was Friday; and it was twenty-four hours, or more, ere I could face that table again. We had a dreadful night. The wind we encountered at Queenstown had on its way lashed the sea into a rebellion of water; and I felt that an early retirement from the deck was safer than remaining; as “breakwaters” were being placed at the doors,

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and "Richard" looked troubled. It was an almost sleepless night with most of us. I was afraid, not of the ship's safety, but of being pitched out of my berth. My window was as if being washed by a two-inch hosepipe. In the 181 darkness my hat flew across the room like a bird of ill omen; and this incident did not add to my equanimity.

The whole of Saturday the sea continued in its rebellious state, and the deck was clear of human life, save of a few emigrants who preferred to huddle in a corner to being downstairs, where the experience must have been of the most sickening kind. Before the effects of the gale were fully developed, although the wind was intensely cold, these hardy sons and daughters of the Fjords were dancing merrily to the music of the concertina, if dancing it could be called that was nothing more than a bobbing up and down and a shaking of dishevelled hair. Possibly they had been used to cold and kindred sorts of weather in their "ain countrie."

The cock of the deck, who could stand anything, and would like to plant a flag at the top of the North Pole, succumbed at last, and it was sometime before we heard of him again; when he did make his appearance the starch had been washed out of him, and his body and spirits were limp. He no longer strutted majestically about the deck and sighed for the North Pole.

My sickness returned to me with ten-fold virulence, and I had to keep to my room the whole of the day, stretched upon the couch, and declining with a shudder every invitation to meals. Most of the following night the sea kept on its mad career, and I was afraid it would never be induced to listen to good counsels. When the morrow came there was a perceptible moderating of the offended Atlantid's fury, but the deck was still deserted, and so were the tables. I had a cub of tea and a bit of 182 dry toast in my room, but it took me all day to get myself into anything like "form." By degrees the drowsiness that brings not sleep left me, and I returned to my stateroom, feeling like one who had been suffering from delirium and was wakening out of it. I was ready again to face the table. From my miserable setting out I began to have a flow of good spirits, and the sea now behaving

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itself, I felt as if land was made for only women and carriages and pug dogs. The elements seemed to know that it was the Sabbath, so put on their Sunday clothes. But we seemed to have forgotten, as we had no service that morning. The should-have-been worshippers preferred bodily comfort to spiritual duty, and were still in their wraps and overcoats, the latter with the “sideboards” up, as if intended for “breakwaters.” Still they lay in a listless state wherever a seat could be made into a couch. The waves, however, had howled and kicked themselves to sleep, like big, naughty children. Our vessel seemed to rest too, and it deserved its repose after receiving the charges and cutting through the ranks of King Neptune's merciless battalions.

It now became a pleasure to look out upon the deep, watching the slabs of green and white marble float past, displaying such patterns as no artificer in real stone could ever hope to imitate, and all so varied that not one could be reproduced in millions of years, and possibly never. These slabs were fringed with sprays of white coral, fitting tablets for such a grave.

We had been three days out before my fellow passengers had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with each 183 other; and it was amusing to see with what an owlish stare they met and spoke. They had had too much to do in looking after themselves, immured in their little prison homes, to devote any time to social intercourse. But now they came out like butterflies in summer, flitting around with friendly greetings that were no less hearty from their having been compulsory reserved. Everybody wanted to know everybody; and although several spoke a foreign language it did not seem to matter; somehow they got at each other. Children danced and rolicked in the sun—when there was any—but even dullness was sunshine compared to what we had been accustomed to, and was welcome, too, so that no one provoked the ire of the autocrat of the deep. Some found new fathers, and for a time preferred them to the old ones; and flirting behind the wheel-house came all at once into season. But the season was a short one, as will be seen a little further on.

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The comparative calm was succeeded by a dense fog on the Monday. It was dangerous for the vessel to go at full speed. So it went on its hands and knees while the curtains were down, and crawled along. As a matter of course, little progress was made during the fall of this semi-night. An old lady who had not yet got over the terror of the gale, on hearing that there was more danger in a fog than in a storm, accosted me with, "Do you think we shall ever land?" "Well," I replied, "if we don't come into collision with another vessel, or an iceberg, the probability is we shall land sometime. At this speed it would be about the end of July. This fog is a sign that there are no more gales ahead, and if it 184 will lift we may have a good time." I am afraid that in my prediction the wish was father to the thought.

"Thank you," said the old lady, and she looked thankful, "I'm getting tired of this kind of work. I was told that this was the best time to cross the Atlantic. Whatever must the worst be like?" and the old girl subsided with a gleam of satisfaction in her face.

It somehow happened that my prediction came true. Tuesday morning was bright and calm. Again the moths that fly about the saloon fluttered up to the deck; and we had "society" until lunch time.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread; We seize the flower—the bloom is shed. Or like the Borealis race, That flit ere we can name the place."

A bright morning, even in England, the sunniest(?) clime in the world, is not to be trusted, especially if it be *very* bright, for then the sun is shining through a thin vapour, like a bright eye glancing through a tear. About mid-day the sun left the watch, and the cold took its place. The saloon moths fluttered on deck until wraps were of little use, then were seen no more in the upper world—poor things! But the hardy bees behind the "ropes" hummed and buzzed as merrily as if they were in a field of flowering clover on a warm sunny day; and this difference confirmed an opinion I have long held that luxuries stand in the way of real pleasures.

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Rain followed, and kept company with the cold. Our newspapers had been read and re-read until their appearance was such that they might have done a year or two's 185 service round a copper kettle, and as every subject for debate had been exhausted it was either saloon or bed; we chose the former. But the sea was getting up again, and no one could stand to sing. We abandoned the idea of a concert when we saw that it was impossible to hold one, and dribbled off to bed, with sore forebodings for the night. Our worst fears were realized. The gale rapidly gathered in strength, and the waves began to play leapfrog in the most defiant and demon-like fashion. I retired to bed early, preferring to be "rocked in the cradle of the deep" under blankets to being knocked about from pillar to pillar in the saloon, notwithstanding its electric lights, its brilliant bouquets of many coloured glasses that were swinging to and fro in an airy dance, and the chairs pirouetting like the automaton figures we sometimes see on the top of a musical box. I slept soundly until a little after six, when my sleep was broken by a strange, and certainly unearthly noise. It came with a bang—went on with a swis-s-s-sh-sh-sh—and was followed by a gurgle, as though the ship had been scuttled. I sprang out of bed,—or rather, I allowed myself to be tumbled out—flung open my stateroom door, when I had a sort of pleasure in seeing the passage converted into a brook that would have delighted my childhood's days. We had shipped an enormous sea. Poor barber! two hours after he had not finished lading and mopping his little shop. "This reminds me," said my next door cabin neighbour, "of what I once heard my father say, a man who goes to sea for pleasure ought to go h—I for pastime." Notwithstanding all this I was ready for breakfast as 186 soon as it was ready for me—quite an unusual thing. But I could not fall 'to Without Daddy Neptune having a "marlock" with me. He tumbled my eggs upon the tablecloth and smashed them, a portion of the yolk flying up my sleeve, nearly reaching my elbow. My tea-cup was turned topsy-turvy (so were others), and my tea-pot was rolling about like a billiard ball, and "cannoning" against my neighbours.

But to me, then, there was fun in all this, as I had got over my constant trouble, my liver doing its work properly, and could have enjoyed anything short of wreck. But the best fun

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I had of this kind was chasing a shirt stud in my state-room, when the ship was rolling its worst. This incident reminds me of a chase after a cockroach my wife and the servant once engaged in. This insect belonged to a breed of racers, and defied pursuit. It was in vain they crashed among fire irons, chair legs, table legs, making raids upon boots, and demolishing cinders, the pest continued to elude the vengeful slipper; so the pursuing party gave up the chase. "Missis," observed the girl, as they were getting back their breath, "I think yo' didn't cop it." It was the same with my stud, I "didn't cop it" until two days after, when it rolled out of its hiding place, and allowed me to pick it up without further chasing. It is provoking enough when a stud rolls under your dressing-table at home; but when you have to go on your knees, and peep under your berth,—the vessel rolling at the time—and see the little fugitive winking at you as far in the distance as it can get, and you wrench a lath from 187 your bed to use as a rake just in time to see something bright roll past you, and take refuge under the couch, it then becomes a question of either fun or profanity. I chose the former, and had a good laugh at the incident. A fellow voyager, to whom I related the circumstance, observed, "Well, you can boast of something that perhaps no other man can: it isn't everybody who can wear an *Atlantic roller* in his shirt front." I dropped my "nose-pincers" in the same manner, and they must have instantly slipped out of sight. But the following morning I saw something glitter on the carpet, and that seemed to be slowly working its way across with a pair of oval arms. The thing turned out to be my glasses.

The gale continued the whole of Wednesday, and there was no getting about from one place to another without great difficulty, and a little risk. I did manage to scramble upstairs to the smoke-room by holding on from pillar to pillar, as a child learns to walk by going from chair to chair. But when I got upstairs I found that things there were no better than they were below. The water was playing at "Johnny Lingo," rushing from one side to the other as the ship rolled; and defying all the efforts of "Richard" and his assistants to get clear of it. An elderly gentleman whom I took to be a Russian, but spoke tolerable English, I had noticed could pace the deck with the ease of one accustomed to the sea.

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This gentleman came splashing into the room to light his cigarette; but he had no sooner stepped on the wet boards than their slipperiness betrayed him. All on a sudden his feet shot out, and he was laid as 188 flat on his back as if he had been tossed for a pancake. The fall gave me a good splashing. It was as good a “back fall” as any wrestler could desire, but the performer was in no way anxious to repeat it. On *wading* round the vessel I found that the sea had carried away the iron door of one of the “quarter ports,” and portions of both chain boxes. It had also whitewashed the funnel right up to the white band with varied and picturesque tracery. As the dreary day was drawing to a welcome close, and the leaden haze fell upon the turbid waters, I overheard an observant Welshman saying in reference to the gale—“It was getting no better very fast. I should wonder if it would get no better all night. Yes.”

### CHAPTER II. NEW YORK.

Although the object of my visit to the United States was to treat of Americans and American Society, it would have been a pity to bid good-bye to my fellow voyagers without saying a word about them, or how the voyage was finished. I may say for the latter that the rest of the passage was in remarkable contrast with the commencement. After the third gale the weather was delightfully fine; but it did not prepare us for the temperature we had to encounter in New York. At the grey dawn it was bitterly cold—we were then passing Sandy Hook; and being afraid that I might miss seeing something of the land we had been looking out for all the previous afternoon, I shelled out of my husk ere the sun had lighted up Staten Island; the fine landscape lying in dreamy shadow that gradually lighted up with a morning smile. And now, while we are waiting to cross the bar let me say something of the family of our temporary home.

The “Saloonists” represented ten nationalities beside “Owdham,”—English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, German, Russian, Norwegian, American, French, and Canadian; and it might be a wonder to many how we got on together. Well, we did get on together, and very well 190 too. All could speak English except the one Frenchman, and he picked up so much

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of our language that he was able to say “good morning,” and “good night,” which effort appeared to be a source of amusement to him. The Russian was the most demonstrative fellow on board. He talked with his hands and his arms; and when he was fast for a word to sufficiently express his meaning, he somehow rolled it out of his eyes in a way that was quite as good as if his tongue had articulated it. The German would have it that he was Bismarck in disguise, at which name the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. The face was not unlike the portraits I have seen of the German Prince, but the latter does not wear a beard, and our Russian friend did.

He was a strange character was this subject of the Czar; and we were a long time in making out what his profession was. But we tumbled to it at last, and were not long after the discovery in drawing him out in his true colours. He was a mesmerist or something of the kind; and he gave us a *seance* which excited our wonder and surprise. Getting one of the table guards, a board about four feet long, and something like three inches broad, he charged it with animal magnetism by rubbing his hands over the surface; then set the board on end, although the ship was rolling at the time, and made it stand erect. Then by a motion of his chest, his arms being spread out, he caused the board to lean, like the Tower of Pisa, for a moment, then it fell into his chest. This we thought a marvellous performance; but the next was more wonderful still. After re-charging the board with 191 electricity, he placed it flat upon the floor, then raised one end several inches, in which position it remained five or six seconds. Had I not witnessed that phenomenon and seen for myself that there could have been no trick, or deception in it, I should have the thing among the category of sea serpents, frogs in coal, and pin-finding. How is it to be accounted, for? Are there more things in earth and heaven than are dreamt of in our philosophy? Verily, there must be.

Dismissing the Russian I come to another character—the Irishman. This fellow was “of infinite jest,” the life and soul of the smoking cabin. Full to the brim with anecdotes, which he had a racy manner of giving. He had travelled over the whole or greatest portions of the southern and western world; and his “yarns” were of his travels. He could sing and dance

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like a professional “comique;” and I suspect, even yet; that he belongs to that fraternity—either the music hall or the theatre. His connection with the American gentleman, in whose company he appears to have done most of his travelling, gave strength to my suspicions; the other being a theatrical manager and part owner of a theatre in New York.

The German was a Norwegian by adoption. He was a very fine fellow, and spoke remarkably good English, having lived in London several years; and married a London lady. He had a fund of traditional stories of Norway, mostly of a superstitious character. One for illustration of what the rest were like. Said he, by way of preface, “we have been told of a certain personage whom we all fear, but do not venerate; who is known by a greater number of names than any other being: I mean the devil. I find that in Norway we give him, for the sake of politeness, a similiar name to what I have heard you give him in your Lancashire—you call him the ‘Old Lad,’ and he is known to us as the ‘Old Gentleman.’ We give him credit for having a much more respectable appearance than you give him. We dispense with the horns, the tail, and the cloven hoof; and invest him with the appearance of a real Norwegian gentleman, wearing broadcloth, and bearing all other outward signs of a man to manners born. In the dense Norwegian forests, of which there are many, he is held in constant terror; and at nightfall, if the wayfarer happens to meet anyone well dressed, especially if his figure be small, he is believed to be the Old Gentleman, and a certain amount of respect is paid to him to get into his good graces.”

“One evening a boy, rather a plucky little fellow, was rambling in the wood, when he picked up a nut that had fallen from one of the trees; but he found it was no good; a grub had eaten the kernel, and left a small hole in the shell. Just as the boy had finished his examination of the nut, and was about to throw it away, he became aware of the presence of a little Old gentleman answering the description of the anti-divine. He became much interested in this new acquaintance, eyed him over, scrutinized his appearance and dress. At length, venturing to address the little old gentleman, the boy said—

“Who are you.?”

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"I am the—" was the reply.

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"Well," said the boy, neither frightened nor abashed, "if you are the old gentleman you could get through this hole into this nut."

Instantly there was nothing seen of the old gentleman but the broad brim of a hat, and that at last disappeared through the hole in the nut. To secure His Majesty in the prison-house the boy plugged up the hole, and went on his way rejoicing that he had got into his possession the source of all mischief. But the old gentleman did not like his confinement, and begged to be set at liberty. The boy engaged to let him go free on certain conditions, to the advantage of the jailor.

"But how must I get you out?" the boy asked to know. "I can't get the plug out of the hole."

"Crack the nut," said th—

The boy placed the nut between his jaws; but sound as were his teeth, he could make no impression on the shell. He tried hammering it with a stone; but, no, the nut would not yield.

"What shall I do?" said the boy. "I can't break the shell; it is too hard."

"Take it to the blacksmith," said the—"he and I are old friends, and shall be better acquainted by and bye."

The boy did so, and the smith examined the nut with a peculiar interest.

"You say you can't crack it," he said.

"No," said the boy, "I've tried it with a stone, but the shell is too hard."

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“Well, I'll try what I can do,” said the smith; and he placed the nut upon the anvil. But in vain he hammered O 194 at it with his small hammer; the shell would not give way. “The devil must be in it,” he exclaimed, after he had worked upon the nut until he sweat; “but if he is I'll find him,” So he took hold of his sledge-hammer, and giving it a swing, let it fall upon the nut with a crushing blow. The effect was startling. A figure shot out of the broken, shell—passed through the roof of the smithy,—and, after assuming the length of the tallest pine, disappeared in a blaze of light. “I thought,” said he, when the effect of the blow he had given had passed away, “The devil must be in it.”

Other stories were told night after night; and I can assure the reader that Lancashire was fairly represented. We had a good time of it when we could sit without being pitched into each other's stomachs. And in the saloon the piano was pretty well punished.

For the greater part of the voyage our Oldham friend lay coiled up like a hedge-hog, and refused to partake of any kind of nourishment except a cup of tea, and a little biscuit. He sighed, for “Tommy Field;” and when he was told we were not yet half-way across, he rolled himself in his armourless coil, and either slept or tried to sleep. But when he got over his *mal-de-mer*, and had begun to find additional employment for his teeth, he entertained the company on an evening with merry discourses on a flute, of which he appeared to be a master. He and I, and a Manchester *Yorkshireman*, were companions the rest of the voyage. In the latter I found a friend after we had landed; and that is something to say of a man who, up to that time, had been 195 comparatively a stranger to me. The rest of my fellow voyagers were dispersed to the winds; and much as we had suffered on our way, it was a matter of regret that we had to part. But the landing,—and then I have done with matters exclusively personal.

From the intense cold of the early morning the barometer began to rise until it got well up the stairs; we could dispense with our overcoats; and about noon we could have felt much

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more comfortable without our body coats. My Yorkshire friend asked me if it was always so hot, to which question I replied—

“This is scarcely average English summer heat; we shall have it about thirty degrees hotter yet.”

He seemed to collapse at this information; and to the amusement of the crowd in Broadway, hoisted his umbrella. But what was his astonishment on going to inspect his room at the Metropolitan Hotel to see in one of the private rooms,—the drawing-room of an itinerating family, a class of people who appear to have no settled home—a large fire, almost stacked up into the chimney. He was staggered.

“If this is winter,” he said, “I shall never summer in America; not good enough.”

But the coldness of the night, in a measure, reconciled him to the variableness of the climate, and he thought for the time that he could stand it. When we had got our “baggage” safely housed, and had secured our rooms, we went to see a little of “the wickedest city in the world.”

And now a word of advice given to me by an English gentleman long resident in New York. It is well to give 196 it here, as it may be of use to some other “greenhorn” visiting the States.

“My young friend,” said he (I am about ten years his senior), “you don't appear to know much about New York; you don't appear to have sufficient caution; like you have seen country people in Manchester, you look about you too much. You don't see a New Yorker doing that. He's always thinking about his business, and fixes his eyes ou the side walks, kinder thinking a patch of it was there. A New Yorker aint like the Yanks. He don't wear a goatee, nor hair on his collar. He just has his head and chin as bare as a pumpkin, and brings out all his hair force on his moustache. Now I guess that plug o' yourn aint the New York fashion; too much Johnny about it. Git a squar' felt, and boots to match,—toes as

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broad as a toomstone; shave off yer not-mach of beard; git a false moustache, more like a broom the better; try to look as though your experience of the world had soured your existence; and you'll pass for a New Yorker.”

“But I don't wish to pass for a New Yorker,” I observed; at which he smiled, and covered the floor with a streak of brown juice.

“That ain't bad of you, stranger,” he replied, with another squirt; “but you hitch yourself too much on to British pride. I'm a Britisher myself, but I've learnt to sink the old country into the Atlantic when I'm on the jaw. It aint well to buck agin the stars and stripes, nor the saasy bird on the top of the flag pole. Sw'ar by the hatchet of Washington, and yo'll get along; but 197 don't go too far. If you hope it may cut off the old lion's tail, the'll git you. They've a kinder respect for the British menagerie at the bottom; and they won't stand to tease the animal. Buck agin him, and you strike lightning out of the buttons of the genuine sons o' the west.”

“Thank you for your caution,” I said.

“Very good, stranger, but I ain't done yet. If you've got a friend along with you don't go out alone. If you do the chances are you'll get your pool scooped out. You haven't to look for sharks; they'll follow you like a ship; and if they hail you, and ask you how you're getting along, and how did you enjoy your trip, they're fishing with their best bait. If you show yourself flattered, and get to think you are somebody, you've got to find out you are a darned fool, if you don't act up to my advice. The sharks have watched you in and out of your hotel. They've got your number when you've given up your key. Then they refer to the book, and find your name to the number; that's the way they git at you; and if you don't give them just the whole of Broadway for their recreation ground, you're a gone foo; it's just a dollar to a hickory nut you git cleared out.”

“But I've a pair of eyes,” I observed.

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“What's the good o' them eyes if you don't know how to use them. When a coon sees the open jaws of a snake, it's bound to jump into its throat; can't help itself no more than being sucked into a whirlpool when you get into the rapids. If you aint got any business in New York, clear out of it smart, and you're safe; git across 198 the ferry; it don't matter where to, so long as there's a splash of water betwixt you and this h—ll; for by—there aint no brimstone hotter. But don't think the Americans have made New York what it is. The sweepings and scourings of all countries under the light of our glourious sun have been dumped here. That is New York's misfortune. I kinder guess the old eagle would give a feather out of its wing if the scamps could be got together and shot, like old chaff beds, into the sea about a couple of leagues east of Sandy Hook. There'd be just about as much rejoicing as there is on the fourth o' July: thar would, stranger.”

I took our friend's advice, and cleared out of New York as soon as I could see my way; and took the Pavonia Ferry to Jersey city; thence by rail to Paterson where I let go my anchor. Here I found an agreeable change. From the iron edged bustle of the metropolis I had dropped into a green and cozy nest, where the shark could inspire no dread. Beneath its shady trees hands. held out to me; and their friendly grasp was reassuring. Had my native Failsworth been the Failsworth I have known it to be, with its roads overhung with trees, I might have imagined I was there, only the green-shuttered white houses would have had to be taken out of the picture, and brick ones put in their places. Here I could listen to my native dialect in its almost pure state, and stumble upon faces that I had missed without knowing to what “bourne” they had gone. I had nightly receptions, of which I was getting tired, and it was a relief to me when the Sabbath came.

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Sabbath! thou art my Ararat of life, Smiling above the deluge of my cares.

I went to church in the morning, and wss highly edified. It is what they call the Reformed Church, much like our congregational. The service was beautiful and the congregation of a character that we do not find too many of in Manchester. All were in their places before

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service commenced. There was no staring round at late comers; nor any comments on that “fright of a bonnet.” Fussiness would have been as much out of place as spittoons; and would have brought down pity, or contempt upon anyone indulging in it. The vocal music, and organ accompaniments, were light and sweet, as if the difference betwixt the breathing of soft harmonies, and the bellowing of spasmodic thunder, was properly recognised. The congregation joined in the first, and closing hymns; the rest were sung by the choir only. When I heard the strains of the “Old Hundredth,” they touched a chord that brought the space of three thousand miles to within a span; and I heard in it the echo of

A voice that has long been hushed,

the sweetest music my ear could have listened to. The ruffled spirit which danger and turmoil had harassed, I felt to calm down, and at last peace fell upon my soul.

The morning was gloriously bright, such as we see none in England; and as the sun sent its streams of gold through windows which were not constructed to keep out the light, the trees outside, with their full 200 leaf ornaments, reflected scintillations of a still brighter effulgence. I felt that we had something to learn from our cousins, if it was only the building of churches. What a contrast, I thought, was this place to the gloom, and the dingy surroundings of St. John's, Miles Platting.

### **CHAPTER III. AMERICAN PROGRESS.**

Four years have wrought a change in American tastes, and made an impression on its institutions. These changes may have not been perceptible to frequent visitors, but they are not the less striking to those whose visits, like angels', are “few and far between.” When General Grant “struck” Manchester (England), and saw the magnificent pavement in front of the Town Hall, he had not an eye for anything besides. The splendid monument of the late Prince Consort—

A piece of marble was to him, And nothing more;

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but the square sets upon which he stood, so neatly fitted to each other, and which made such an even surface, were more to him than the chiselled stone which seemed to breathe the breath of noble life. No doubt his mind was running over things beyond the “silver streak:” New York, the centre of everything American, with its grand Broadway, the pride and scandal of its civilization: the well-dressed lady with the ugly boots; for to such I compared it on my visit four years ago.

The pavement of this noble street is one of the changes I have noticed. Square “sets” have taken the place of 202 the round cobbles of something like half-a-hundred weight; and no man can now lock his foot in crossing, or need be alarmed about the safety of his ankle. Can this change be attributed to the visit of Gen. Grant to England? In the buildings on each hand there has been a transformation as though the Harlequin's wand had exercised its magic power in the pantomime of real life. The “jerry” of a new country is being swept away; and piles of elegant buildings are rising on their foundations. Another eyesore is being removed. The improved class of warehouses and offices have banished the associations of the older tenements. We no longer encounter an array of plaster Indians, “hooking-in” at tobacconists' doors. No longer is *Punch* looking out for his countrymen, to put them on their guard against people who make a living out of sucking the blood of strangers. I claim the hunchbacked humorist to be the English nationality notwithstanding whatever may be said to the contrary. “Depots” on rail *roads* (America has no railways) are disappearing, and the English term “station” is being substituted. America is evidently following in the footsteps of the mother country.

But more striking still is the change that is being felt in the tone of American politics and politicians. By the latter I do not mean the people who “run” governments; but outsiders, whose opinions, as well as their votes, are a power in the Commonwealth—the operative classes. Four years ago these were strong on protection; and even now some of the Republican party,—the Liberals, or Radicals of the States, hold on like grim 203 death to the privilege that enables the labour tinker to compete with, or hold his own

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against, the more practical and finished worker. I could have understood the situation a little better had the Democrats, who in England would march under the blue banner, been the Protectionists instead of the Republicans. But the position being reversed has considerably bothered me. These people have believed that the good trade they were four years ago enjoying was the result of the action of prohibitive duties. In vain did the advocates of free trade endeavour to point out the fallacy of the arguments with which their opponents used to back up their theory. Men who gloried in the names of Bright and Gladstone, clamoured for the principles that in England find their advocates in the leaders of the parliamentary opposition. But business among American manufacturers began to fall off, notwithstanding that the foreign merchant was held back, or was supposed to be, by the high duties imposed on his goods. The American industries have been gradually sinking ever since that time. Wages have fallen, and are still falling; and those of the operative classes who were earning wages that in England would be dignified by the name of salaries, now find it a difficulty to make both ends meet. Strikes have been rife, but with the result they almost invariably have; and what is, or has been, the cause of these changes? The political weathercock, moving gratingly on its work-worn centre, is beginning to point to a quarter hitherto indicated, by its tail, and while this change is going on working people continue to drop out of 204 employment. In one of the mills I have visited two-thirds of the looms are at rest, not in consequence of a strike, but through the depression of trade. A large iron works employs only about a fourth of its usual complement of hands. Is protection the cause of all this? is being asked. The people—I mean the working people—are beginning to think so. A little more grating of the weathercock, and we may hope to see it pointing towards the horizon of Free Trade. Will other countries follow the lead of England?

In a discussion I heard last evening betwixt a Free Trader and a Protectionist, the former a Tory, and the latter a Radical—most incongruous to me—this was the way in which one of the disputants put his case:—"I have got something to sell; so has Mr. Brierley. I am an American citizen, on my own sod. Mr. Brierley is a Britisher, coming all the way from

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a small patch of country, and having to pay his freight. He offers for sale a piece of cloth that would shame mine into fits. But I've got to beat him. You come between us, and say, 'Here, Britisher, it's all very well for you to take our corn free, because you want it; but we aint going to take your manufactures free, because we can manufacture for ourselves?'" "Just my argument," said the other. "It is, is it?" said the Free Trader. "What I have always stood by." "Oh, and the tax is to pay off the war debt, is it?" "Put on for the very purpose." "Glad to hear you say so. Then how was it you went to England last fall, to buy three suits of clothes, and said it paid you to do it, you patriotic old cuss? You 205 merchants can buy goods from the foreigners, and have them invoiced at half the price, that you can evade the payment of half the duty. It is the working man who has to suffer. He has to pay a big price for a pair of pants that a monkey would be ashamed to wear. We've got to pay through the nose for most everything. Only such as you get the benefit of protection."

If this be true it is no wonder that people are beginning to clamour for Free Trade. I enclose a circular I received this morning, which in a measure endorsed what I have stated. The matter will speak for itself. Until to-day I had no idea that such society as the circular represents had an existence:—

### ADDRESS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE.

To the People of Massachusetts:—

More than twenty years ago, to meet the exigencies of the great civil war, Congress imposed a tariff of duties on imports higher than this country had ever before known, and higher than any civilized nation now maintains. The protective features of the war tariff have been kept in force without essential changes up to the present time. The act of last year, framed by the representatives of protected industries, and enacted by Congress for the purpose of evading the demand for tariff reform, has given no relief. So far from materially reducing duties, it has in some cases increased them.

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The tariff has diverted labor and capital from those industries in which they produce the greatest results. In 206 many branches of manufacture we lead the world; in agriculture we have an incomparably rich field. The industries which can be carried on to the best advantage in this country are checked, and are in many cases shut out from foreign markets, in order that others less profitable may be artificially stimulated.

The war tariff, no longer required for purposes of revenue, has laid heavy burdens on the consumers by raising the prices not only of the important articles taxed, but also of a great mass of similar articles which are made at home. The higher prices of the latter give no revenue to the Government. They simply add permanently or temporarily to the profits of the producers. Where these profits have been permanent, as they have been in many cases of monopoly, they merely represent a contribution taken by the Government out of the pockets of one class and put into the pockets of another class. More often the high profits are only temporary. They give an unhealthy stimulus to the industries assisted, and finally result in over-production, stagnation of trade, failures among employers, distress among the employed. They burden consumers, and eventually benefit nobody.

The defenders of our present extravagant system of protection assert that it brings about the general high rate of wages in this country. But it is absurd to suppose that taxes on the necessaries of life and on the instruments of production cause high wages. As a fact, wages are higher in this country in the industries not affected by protection, in agriculture, the mechanic trades, and in the self-supporting manufactures. They are lowest in the 207 protected industries, and wretchedly low in many of these. As consumers, the laboring classes are the chief sufferers from the existing taxes. It is they who bear the heavy burdens on articles of universal consumption.

The high tariff has kept down the international commerce of the country. It is avowedly intended to check imports and obstruct foreign trade. Exports and imports being dependent on each other, in checking the later we necessarily cut down the former. We cannot sell unless we buy. The result of our present policy is seen in the fact that our

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international commerce cannot now compare with that of other nations. For the ten years ending in 1880, the combined imports and exports of England were annually for each inhabitant, 95 dollars; of France, 39 dollars; of Germany, 34 dollars 40c.; of the United States, 22 dollars 80c. The commerce of Germany, with a smaller population than the United States, was, during this decade, almost fifty per cent greater than our own. That of France, also with a smaller population, was nearly forty per cent. greater. Although unable to prevent entirely the growth of our commerce, the tariff has clearly deprived us of the great expansion which more liberal laws would have secured.

Not content with giving protection to the finished products of manufacture, the tariff raises the prices of most of the raw materials upon which manufactures depend. In order to maintain our artificial policy, its supporters are obliged to bring all classes of producers within its scope. Wool-growers and the owners of iron mines are brought within the protective system. Every 208 other industrial nation, whatever its general policy may be, recognizes the expediency of allowing free trade in raw materials. We, however, tax iron ore, pig-iron, lead, copper, wool, coal, lumber, hemp, flax, jute, dye-stuffs, and many other raw materials. Besides raw materials, we tax many finished products which are essential to any success in domestic industry. These taxes fetter the very industries which the protective policy is chiefly intended to benefit. Growing whenever a profit is made at any stage of manufacture, they finally fall on the consumer with increased force. They serve no possible useful purpose, and should be entirely abolished at the earliest practicable moment.

Our duties on imports, arranged not for the purpose of raising revenue, but solely with reference to protection, pour annually into the treasury at least \$100,000,000 more than is needed for any legitimate public purpose. This immense surplus is a temptation to a wasteful and extravagant spending of the public money. It is demoralizing alike to legislators and to those who believe themselves to have any title to Government aid. It should be cut down shortly and sharply. It has been proposed in the interests of protection to reduce the revenue by abolishing the internal taxes on spirits, beer, and tobacco. These

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taxes are recognized and imposed as fit and proper by every civilized Government. They have the advantage of taking nothing from tax payers over and above what they yield to the public treasury. It would be monstrous to abolish or reduce any of these while retaining the protective taxes which affect the 209 necessities of life, impose a useless burden on consumers, and fetter the trade and industry of the country.

The League is not formed for the purpose of abolishing at once all protective duties without giving time for industries which have been artificially stimulated to adjust themselves to new and better conditions. But protection should no longer be maintained at the extravagant point where it now stands. The present extreme tariff, with duties ranging from forty to one hundred per cent. and more, is indefensible, and the sooner it is reduced to a reasonable basis the better. A great reduction of duties, if wisely made, can be borne by the industries which are now protected. The League believes that it is time that the great abuses of our tariff system should be put an end to; the war taxes, after twenty years of profound peace, should be reduced; that the revenue should be brought down to the sum required for the legitimate expenses of the Government; that the profits of individuals at the expenses of the public should be cut off; and that this country should be enabled to take its proper share of the trade and commerce of the world.

The special interests which have combined together for the purpose of resisting any substantial changes in the tariff have succeeded, by perfect organization and constant pressure, in creating a false impression at Washington as to the opinions of the people upon this question. This impression can only be corrected by organized and well-directed action on the part of those who believe that the present policy is unsound, and are willing to enforce their opinions, if need be, at the polls. The League invites all P 210 persons who sympathize with its objects to become members, and to aid actively in the work of local organization. The secretary can be seen at his office, 40, State Street, Room 52, Boston, and letters addressed to him will receive prompt attention.—

By order of the Executive Committee.

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Josiah Quincy, Secretary.

Putting tariffs away as old fashioned things only fit to gather dust in a political lumber-room, let us look at the fresher life of America. "You have grown powerful under tariffs," says my Yankee friend. "We have grown more powerful without them," I reply. "We were bound to be a powerful nation under any circumstances; and so are you. But it is much more pleasant to work with your limbs free than it is when shackled. We have thrown away the irons; and you will follow the example. Then won't the stupid worn-out old country knock the stuffing out of you?" This bit of bunkum so tickled my friend that I believe he was in a mind just then to "club" all protective duties on the head; and clear for a fair race with other countries. The idea that a young man, with energies unimpaired, should seek an advantage over his father, and handicap the old man so as to keep him in the rear, was not flattering to his abilities; and he "squirmed" under the infliction. "You are right, stranger," he admitted, when he had swallowed the pill. "And it reminds me of a young feller who could make holes into the best man of his own age and weight. But he got on to a wiry old gineral old enough to be his dad, and he was bound 211 to lick him. He didn't want to; but the ancient piece of hickory wouldn't have his nay; so they fought—not much. The man that was handicapped with years just got his swing, and young America had to take a mouthful of dust. It git out that the old one was the young one's father; and he was just proud that no one could take him out of his boots only the man that married his mother. If ever America loses the belt and cups, the old country's bound to git them. Let us wash our necks, stranger. If you're not going home with the tourists you'll think better of this country before you leave. But I know you think well of the people,—just some of them, the gold. You'll find the nickel in all countries."

This ended controversial matters, and we got upon pleasanter things, in which I knew I would have no chance of being foremost, and could draw out the Yankee "right through his pants."

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"I read so much about American storms that I would like to see one," I remarked.

"Yaas, through a fifteen inch telescope, I guess, one that you could shove yer head into," he replied. "You wouldn't like to be within fishing distance of it. Why, siree, I have known a cyclone pass over a town of some five hundred inhabitants, and just take every building under the stoop, and cut it like a paper-knife, then carry the shingles right out for miles, and fix 'em thar, like a deserted city, with nothing left in it only an old parrot in its cage; and when the bird got settled, and looked around, it shouted—'Oh, Nurse of Moses, aint this a big move!'"

"What became of the inhabitants!"

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"Not one left alive to make a newspaper paragraph."

"How did you escape?"

"By a near shave. The wind just swept in front of me and took away a button from my vest. I haven't got another fixed in its place, you see. If I'd been another inch to the fore, I guess the tripe business would have flourished."

I had got my friend "on his ear," and I justly expected quite a length of extravagant bounce. To plant the spurs in his flanks I hinted that I would like to see an American blizzard.

"You take a blizzard to be a kinder animal, I guess," he said, with a smile that said he had got me. "You git crocodiles, and 'gators down in Florida; but they aint got any blizzards thar. The blizzard, yer see, is a winged bird; and you just get to feel the flap of them wings, and if you don't lose every ounce of your flesh, and leave your bones for antiquarians to speculate on, I'm a coon of rare parts."

"I was not aware that it was a bird," I confessed.

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“Just what it is, siree. It don't crawl nor swim; but it sweeps around for miles; and by the tree that choked Absalom, nothing's bound to live. It's just a snow that's got to the depth of a corn stack; and a cyclone comes, tosses the whole mass within half a mile of where it came from, till it's like a sea of frozen milk. Then the stars have to look out. If they were to be caught in one of them blizzards, the firmament would be swept as clean of light as Barnum's show would be by the howl of a nor' wester. It would, stranger. For three or four days after 213 the country is dangerous from the showers of cart-wheels, ploughs, and the skeletons of cattle. You aint anything like that in the old country I guess.”

### **CHAPTER IV. AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.**

“Once more upon the waters, yet once more” s (Methinks I have quoted that line before),  
The golden sun is glowing,— A gentle breeze is blowing; And as the vessel dips her prow  
In the brine she's destined ere morn to plough, We feel like jolly sailors all. Very much anon.

I am in New York again, because I cannot avoid it, if I mean to get along anywhere. At 4-30 I board the coasting boat, and take my ticket for Fall River, Mass. What a crowd of people are there, bound for the same port!—and are booking state-rooms and beds as though they had to voyage to Liverpool, so eagerly were they jostling and pushing. I am too late for the former, and must make up my mind to rough it. Nobody strips for this class of berth, they may take off their coat and boots and cram them on a small shelf at the foot,—a shelf something like what I have seen servant girls put blacking brushes on; but trousers are retained for emergencies. A drunken passenger may dispute possession, because he has not booked; and you've got to “best” him, which requires a little pluck. I had no trouble of this kind; 215 but a neighbour had, and the bully got the worst of it. When the morning was fairly awake we found this bravo in his boots, laid flat on the baggage deck floor, with his slouched hat drawn over him for a coverlet, and muttering joint blessings on rats. I took out about four hours' sleep; then drew aside my curtains for a look-out. The darkies were laying the cloths for breakfast, and the barber was airing

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himself in his white morning gown, with as much self-assertion as if the vessel was his own. He was on the look-out for customers, and was impertinent to those who did not want shaving. Twenty-five cents a shave is much better remuneration than newspaper paragraphs get. The wash I had was a delicious one, and very much a surprise for me; and this refreshing ablution, supplemented by a cooling drink, prepared me to face a drizzly morning, the boat being two hours late in consequence of a fog that set in at sunset, and prevailed all night. I saw my friend Salisbury of the *Advance* waiting for me, like a rooster under a shed, where for two hours he had been anathematising old tubs and things in general. I saw his jolly face, a little writhen by disappointment, long before he saw mine, which was not jolly.

Some kinds of details are apt to tire people; and I do not mean to put upon patience. I was welcomed right royally, and made to feel at home whether I would or not. After breakfast, which I had been waiting for some time, we sallied into the city. The road was not strewn with flowers, nor did people dance in front of us, waving garlands, and clanging cymbals. But many an open 216 hand gripped mine, and as often was I asked to take "suthin." These kindly meant invitations had to be declined, otherwise "George" and I would have found ourselves in the hands of the city marshall before the day was properly on its legs. Nothing like self denial and a reasonable respect for ourselves. The day was spent in visiting, and ended as family parties used to end at wakes times. The hands left one of the mills in swarms to meet me; and one enthusiastic Lancashire Irishman made the observation, "Misther Irving had a great reception in New York, but he couldn't shut down a mill." *Shut down* in the Yankee sense, means shut up, as we understand it.

After the first night I was the guest of the Mayor, the Hon. Milton Reed, whom I met in Manchester three years ago. At his residence on the hill, overlooking Bowenville, we spent several quiet evenings, looking out on the Narragansett Bay, and fading with the brief twilight, like flowers, to an early closing. From the elder Reed I gleaned "quite" an amount of information concerning the history of the States, and the characteristics of the people who inhabit them. We were mostly downstairs before the house was astir;

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and old "Christopher North," for Mr. Reed might sit for his portrait, could declaim an hour uninterrupted by anyone who might dispute his word. But I had to leave to be present at one of the institutions of Fall River,—that was a "clambake," a description of which will be found in "Ab-o'th'-Yate in Yankeeland," written four years ago. These outings partake of the character of "Owdham pic-nics," 217 and are enjoyed in a manner that none other than Lancashire people can enjoy them. Twenty-six miles of a drive would tire some people quite out; but our company kept on to the last with surprising freshness. It would be a libel on this happy jorum to say their fresh ness was in consequence of the Sunday Closing Act being in force in America. I don't believe in anything of the kind. They were never tired with talking about the "old country," and some would say they are better off, and happier in the new. But if a song of home was sung, either the singer would break down, or some of the listeners turn their faces towards a corner, as if something interesting was to be seen there. They cannot forget the green lanes of old England.

Those of my countrymen who still conceive of America that its principal features are prairies and forests, with wild men in the background, and striped pants encasing overgrown legs, and blue coats made of fents, with the wearer thereof all juice and goatee occupying the front, had better step over to Massachusetts, and take a look round. I venture to think that before they had been in the city of Fall River long enough to get themselves known to the police, they would have some of their ancient notions knocked out of their heads.

If it were possible for them to be dropped at once into South Main-street, when the gas is lit, and the electric lights give a yellowish tinge to the moon, and the stores are all aglare, like so many brightly illumined grottoes, festooned over with such things as ladies love to gaze upon, and cause their husbands to shake all over with the 218 anticipation of "fair round" bills, they would imagine our Manchester Market Street had been transported thither in a thousand sections,—jointed, puttied, painted and gilded afresh, to make a business street that is not dreary in its aspect, nor too stiff to be on familiar terms with. The shops, or "stores," as they are called, are not the "shanties" we sometimes see in pictures

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as belonging to infant communities in the far west. Their windows do not partake of the character of old-fashioned butchers' shops, unglazed and airy, but would cause even our Lewis to invent something more attractive than saleless shops, and balloons under tether. All the retail business places are central, so placed that would-be customers need not ramble far to find the articles they want. They have not to try Ancoats, Oldham Street, Piccadilly, Market Street, and Deansgate, to be tired into making no purchases, and going home with the resolve that they will try again some other day. I have been in several of these stores, they are not like some we meet with in London, all "dicky." They have good long shirts attached. The first I visited was a repository for everything a house requires in the hardware line, from a tin-tack to a bed-room suite. The newly married need not go to any other place for their furnishing,—into Oldham Street for their mahogany; to the Siberia of Knot Mill for their crockery; and to Tom Hudson's for their ironmongery. They can obtain a great deal more than they are perhaps able to pay for without risking a fight with the shower, or being laid under the necessity of chartering a cab. A short distance will bring them to another store, where "daises" of lace and 219 curtains give the entrance a bazaar-like appearance; and the chances are that however well-lined the pocket, there is a prospect of their coming out centless. Oh, the seductive influences of these charming places! Silks are placed before you as though the wand of the magician had been at work, and these can be bought at prices quite as low as they can in England, because of their being home manufacture. Rolls of carpeting are sent spinning about in such profusion that you tread on beds of flower garden till you begin to imagine you are some prince upon whom the populace are lavishing their tokens of loyal respect and admiration. These goods are of home production. Then the clouds of shirtings that float about you in fine texture, and snowy whiteness! These lead you to exclaim, "Ah, here are the products of Lancashire, not to be beaten anywhere." Then your heart drops into your boots when you are told they were woven in Manchester, New Hampshire. This was my feeling on being shown through one of these establishments, and I could not help putting to myself the question, "Is the mother of this great country to take a back seat?"

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But there is a set-off in our favour against all this. The American “helps” have not been taught, or have not learned, the most economic principles. They know not the value of waste. There would be an exodus out of Garden Street, and Mark Lane, Manchester, if our dealers in “droppings” knew what a “bonanza” could be picked up here. A manufacturer from East Lancashire who was once on a visit here, remarked, on going through a cotton mill, “I would not care to have any profits on 220 goods manufactured if I might have the waste for my share.” But can this condition of things be reckoned upon to last for ever? Surely not. It is, therefore, a characteristic failing on our part to be still content with living in a fool's paradise. We ought to look at things with sober earnestness if we mean to keep our industrial supremacy. Bar-parlour bounce will not serve us in our growing needs. I had forgotten to note what beautiful prints are turned out in New Hampshire. They remind me of the “Calico Garden Party” held some time ago at our Botanical Gardens. The printers here are rapidly approaching the heels of Sunnyside, and I am afraid that in a time their running will be such that we cannot afford to take the “sponge” in the race.

But with all America's progress there is one thing she has yet to learn. England has not been built up on extravagance. If her nobility in past years measured their civilization by their expensive habits, the people generally held to thrift and economy. The British taxpayer groaned at every penny added to the burden he had to bear; and the hustings cry of “Economy with Efficiency,” was the out-come of much objurgation on his part. But he does not complain of expenditure, that, he is willing to allow may be necessary; but by hitching the Board School system on to other state institutions he was given cause for a little soreness that has gradually been healed. After having fought and struggled, and paid for an imperfect education for himself, he did not feel bound to pay for the better training of others quite as able to pay for their own as he in his day was. He 221 has not yet so far overcome this feeling as not to wince when the usual precept for the modest sum of £5,000 is handed into the City Council Chamber, and ordered to be paid. But he has the satisfaction of knowing that this money is not extravagantly spent. Our Board School teachers are not overburdened with salaries. A young girl has to cost her parents,

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perhaps, more than they can afford to pay to get qualified for a position in which she cannot earn as much as can an educated weaver. But in America the “school marm” is a bird of another plumage. After being primarily educated at the public expense, even though her parents may be well-to-do, she is “finished” by the latter; and influence has to do the rest. She is foisted upon the school authorities, and placed in a position that the English “governess” would be afraid could not be maintained. Only fancy a young “marm” who has just laid aside her skipping rope, pocketing annually as much as one thousand dollars for thirty-nine weeks' work; the rest of the year being taken out in holidays. Yet such is the case; and the general expenses of the City of Fall River are on a par. I have before me the city treasurer's report for the 'year 1882, which gives the total expenditure on a city of fifty-two thousand inhabitants at 1,075,059 dollars, which sum has to be raised by direct taxation.

The annual trip to Europe, to spend three months on the continent purely for pleasure, is another item of what the English would regard as extravagance. A tradesman of the retail type thinks nothing of taking his family the “round trip”—Germany, the Rhine, Switzerzland, 222 France, and lastly England; and I have been a witness of the way in which they spend their money. An Englishman in a similiar position would satisfy himself with Blackpool, or Southport; and fancy he had done the thing grandly. The Americans have to guard against this kind of going ahead, or it may be worse for them than another internicine war. Their resources may be inexhaustible, but a pampered appetite may prove to be another “slave” to be emancipated.

On Monday, the 26th, I had the opportunity of noting what the Yankee proper, not the mixed metal, thinks about the “old country.” I had the honour of an invitation to the annual dinner of the “Boston Charitable Society,” an institution supported exclusively by British and Americans. About 140 gentlemen were present; and the affair was of a character that I could not have dreamt of as being connected with the American “socials.” The occasion was the celebration of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's birthday,—our Victoria, not the “darkie” potentate of some island in the South Pacific, but our own good Queen. After

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grace we had our National Anthem sung so heartily that I began to wonder where I was. The speech of the Governor of the State of Massachusetts was another surprise to me; and in a few words I had to say upon being “trumpeted,” I remarked, that instead of being 3,000 miles from home, I had an idea that I ought to order a cab to take me to 94, Saint Oswald's Grove, Queen's Park; the illusion being so complete. But it took another, and more demonstrative form. After the singing of “Auld Lang Syne,” a number of us adjourned 223 to the offices of the *Boston Herald* to see one of the most perfect printing plants in America. The night was still the same day, but the streets were quiet, and the electric lights gave a bright moonlight to the city. As we sallied out from the Quincy Hotel I was reminded of the bands of midnight roysterers that were wont to close the revels of the olden time. But were we in Market Street Lane, or the older Deansgate, that the echoes should be assailed with the loud singing of “The Union Jack of Old England?” No, we were in Boston, where we are told the English are hated. The proceedings of that evening did not confirm such an opinion. Early on in the programme the following poem, composed for the occasion, was read:—

“THE HOPE OF THE FATHERS, THE PRIDE OF THE SONS.”

*Delivered at a Soiree on Her Majesty's Birthday.*

That sober freedom, out of which there springs, Our loyal passion for our temperate kings.

“The Queen! Our Queen! Long may she reign!” Let heart and voice the toast repeat, Who lingers o'er the loyal strain But seems some old-time friend to greet?

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“Long live the Queen?” From their gray sires Our fathers heard the loyal toast, Which we, the children, now repeat,— Our fathers' loyalty our boast.

As one who scales at sun-lit height, Which holds the gloaming on its breast, And lingers in the reddening light Awhile for retrospect and rest; So, from the vantage-ground of years,

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We may recall the scenes long past, And see how old-time loyal hopes  
To full fruition grew at last.

Our fathers in the Maiden Queen Saw promise of the nation's youth; The herald of a nobler  
age Which strives for righteousness and truth; O'er the wide earth Peace reigned serene,  
The cruel scars of war had healed, And Science, Commerce, Art and Law, Unhampered,  
saw a glorious field.

And whose the pen can fitly trace The record of these fifty years? The triumphs liberty  
achieved, Beyond our fathers' hopes and fears. Mercy and Justice met with Law, And  
shaped its course towards the light; Our fathers saw the dawning, we Are nearing to the  
noontide bright.

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Fair Science took the field, and made Steam captive of her potent will; She spanned the  
ocean's farthest bound With triumphs of her subtle skill. She linked each nation's pulsing  
life, And penned each throb of grief or mirth, And gave her sister Commerce power To  
gather tribute from all earth.

Who names our Queen the title gives To Art and Letters' brightest age, Transcending all  
in wealth of lore Of singer, savant, saint or sage. Brightest of all, this age has seized The  
storied wealth of ages past, The wisdom of the centuries fled Is our rich heritage at last.

Yet he who marks the flying years Rich in its victories of Peace, Might fear the sturdier  
manhood gone, Were war's rude discipline to cease. 'Mid Crimean snows, on Indian  
plains, The sons their fathers' deeds repeat, And steel-clad ships bear tars as bold As  
hearts of oak of Nelson's fleet.

O sceptred Isle, set in the silver sea, An empire's throne, between whose jewelled feet The  
current of the teeming world divides, And the tumultuous seas in triumph meet! Q

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Mother of empires! whose brave children bear The regal marks that test their stately birth;  
Reaching out stalwart arms to either pole, To cultivate, subdue, or win the earth!

The centre to the empire's utmost bound Repeats our loyal benison to-day; "Long may she  
reign," our Britain's Mother Queen, Ruling o'er subject hearts with gentle sway. Who with  
white flowers of purity and peace, And stainless life, has garlanded the throne; Linking the  
grace and pomp of stately courts With loftier, purer virtues of the home.

"Long may she reign," and in the tide of years, When comes the time to change the earthly  
crown, When, at the summons of the King of kings, The wearied hand shall lay the sceptre  
down, May God wipe from her eyes the mist of tears A husband, son and daughter hides  
from sight, And lead her gently through the gate of life, To wear a fadeless crown in realms  
of light.

George B. Perry.

### **CHAPTER V. A HUMAN CATTLE MARKET.—A WHIT-MONDAY ON HUDSON RIVER.**

To make the best use of a leisure Saturday afternoon in New York, to which city I returned  
on the 31st, after ten days' absence in Massachusetts—for the city is the footer from which  
we spring to all points of the compass. I took the tram-car to Castle Garden, to see what  
kind of life was going on there. Some emigrant vessel was discharging her human freight  
at the time, most of which was of Scandinavian shipment. There was no mistaking the  
brand. The brick-coloured-pants, the long-sleeved boots upon whose surface Berry's best  
polish never shone, and the fur cap, which affords no protection from the sun's rays, were  
to these people what the shining patent leathers, the gossamer hat, and the smart tweed  
"continuations" are to an Englishman. The crowd was swelled by a number of emigrants  
who must have landed some days before, as these, mostly Germans, were trimmed, as  
we trim horses for sale; the only difference they were not being trotted "around" to show  
their action. I noticed two young women in particular, both likely looking girls, with pleasing

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faces that were round as the full moon, and plump as peaches. Their light auburn hair done up in 228 neatly plaited bands, had nothing to cover it. They were attired alike,— chocolate dresses, and white aprons with ample strings. They formed such a contrast to others of a different nationality that I thought it a wonder they had not been snapped up at once, and introduced to the kitchen, or the dairy of some western farmer. But perhaps they were engaged, and had come to meet friends. Not far from these stood a middle-aged woman, wearing bellows-like jackboots, with heels that had been of the fashionable shape, but were now getting much of the angle described by a cart with one wheel in the ditch. Decency forbids me to say what little regard she had for the delicacies of ordinary life in a civilised country. Whether she had been employed in driving a boat horse, or following a tinker, my limited knowledge of Dutch would not permit me to enquire. The authorities ought to insist upon decency being observed in public places, but they might look to their sanitary arrangements at the same time, for a more repulsive hole than exists in one corner of Castle Garden could not be found in the country of the Hottentots. English eyes would be shocked at the sight, even if they had been on familiar terms with our worst, slums, or remembered Edinbro' in the days of the “forty-twa.”

A study in Castle Garden is not a cheering occupation, unless the student cares more about his own comfort than that of his fellow creatures; for to me it was a most depressing experience. My heart swelled within me when I noticed a little girl, with light wavy hair, and a face that seemed to indicate the thought of maturer years, 229 looking up with enquiring glances to a woman with a younger child in her arms, and who was in conversation with a man whose countenance did not bear the aspect of my ideal of gentleness. I then pictured to myself my own wife, with her darling child now sleeping in her grave, but whom I brought to life in my imagination, being cast here, and I sleeping in the latter's place in the cemetery at Harpurhey; but the picture was too overwhelming for more than a moment's inward contemplation, and I had to turn away.

God, what will become of these? was the question uppermost in my mind. Are they doomed to be the victims of some brute on the constant look-out for prey? or are they to

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be drafted to a country yet in the first stage of civilisation, to satisfy the hunger of “Yellow Jack” or some other form of death-dealing malaria? I shut them out of sight, and went on with my study of the general crowd.

There is more than one phase of even such an assembly as gathers together in Castle Garden. There is the humorous side, and this afforded me no small amusement as I watched its ways. The policemen employed to keep open the way for the emigrants to pass, if they had no fun themselves they were the cause of fun in others. These important officials made use of a common language which they addressed to all nations and peoples; and they seemed to have faith in the possibility that they had collected together all the variety of tongues that had radiated from Babel, and focussed them into one intelligible to everybody. A gaunt young Russian, whose anatomy would require at least seven feet of a coffin, turned down a good-humoured face on being told by one of the boys in blue to “Come out of that, an' git.” What to him was the meaning of the jargon that assailed him? was “come outo thatangit” American? If it was, why did the English speaking race complain of having their jaws dislocated by trying to get a Russian word from among their teeth? “Didn't I tell yez to git!” angrily exclaimed the officer, seeing that the youth looked stolidly on, and did not offer to budge. A push at the shoulder was better understood by the stranger than the mixed English addressed to him; and directly his fur cap was seen moving above the crowd, like the head of the giraffe in Barnum's procession.

What would this young fellow *stoop* to do? He could not make a living by being employed as a bootblack. One of the urchins who “ring” the business would polish a pair of boots before he could get down to his work. The cleaning of street lamps would be more in his way; and his services would be worth more on account of his being able to dispense with a ladder. Possibly he may get on in the city force; have a staff strapped to his wrist; and sometime may have the opportunity of returning the courtesy addressed to him by telling some ignorant fellow countryman to “come out o' that, an' git.”

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On the following day (Sunday) there was quite a scene in the Garden. A little boy, about six years of age, with nothing on his person but his shirt and a pair of clogs, was dancing to the music of a fiddle, which an old man scraped after the manner of a practitioner whose shoulders 231 had blackened many an alehouse corner at a wakes or fair time. It was said the party had newly landed from Mayo, in Ireland; but the boy's dancing, and the way the *collection* was managed, threw a doubt upon the genuineness of the story, and caused others besides myself to think the performance had been got up by some local Barnum.

Whit-Monday!—the day of righteous carnival in Lancashire! I am under way for Albany on one of the loveliest mornings we have yet had even in this sunny clime. There is a slight haze overhead, which acts as a gauze veil to moderate the heat of the sun; and there is just as much breeze on the river as would fly a kite, if it was not too heavily weighted. The thermometer has been rapidly rising since Friday, when it was at 50°, after being at 90° on the Tuesday. On the former day it felt like a taste of winter, and Anglo-Americans walked through the streets with their hands in their pockets, and their shoulders just below their ears. They call the change a “cold snap.” It snapped me no little. On the 30th May we had half-an-inch thick of ice on the pools. There is no appearance of it freezing to-day.

We are passing through a varied landscape. On one hand we have the “palisades,” a deposit of strata something of the form of the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. On the other is a lovely wooded slope, with villas hiding among the trees until they are assured of the good character of the passengers the steamer has on board. Then they peep out with one eye at a time; till at length we behold their smiling faces bright with the tints of 232 morning. But whoever submitted to the planting of an iron foundry in their midst? Vandals everywhere! Here is a fleet of twelve ice-boats,—not such as we have in England to break up the ice on canals, but boats conveying ice from the upper reaches of the Hudson, to cool the drinks, and preserve the fish in New York.

They are towed by a couple of steam tugs, and the fleet has the appearance of being on a war equipment. Ice enters into everything in this country. Nothing can be had

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or done without it. In winter it is used for travelling over, and in summer it is used for travelling under, as all persons have got so much to carry about with them. In eatables, or drinkables, it is all the same. We have it on our bread; on our butter; in our lemon; yes, whisky, if you like. On one of the days of the "cold snap," a friend of mine would have hot water to his whisky, as he felt himself "chilled all through." Even in that mixture the inevitable ice had to take its place. One morning at the hotel I was staying at I had a couple of eggs for breakfast. They had not been boiled to my liking. The white was in a liquid state. I complained; and the next morning the eggs were served on a bed of ice. "What is the meaning of this?" I enquired. "We put them on ice to set them," was the reply. And they were set and no mistake. They were as hard as the kernel of a nut. The first time I tasted iced eggs.

I now see in the distance a fleet of another kind. This consists of twenty-four barges laden with what the natives call "lumber." We would call it "timber." They are formed in a procession of three abreast, and 233 towed by a large tug named the "Belle." Not the only things a *belle* can draw, I thought, when a gentlemen's attentions are at the other end of the rope. And what a time the lumber men are having! They appear to be quite alive to its being a holiday, and are enjoying it in their own way. It requires little effort amidst scenery such as surrounds us. A Whit-Monday like this in the old country would send the "old folks at home" into transports of delight. They would have fits; and our friend Burton's C.P. mixture would have to be in requisition to steady their nerves. Children would walk in the procession with nothing but a covering of muslin. Parsons, instead of quarreling about the colour of gown they should wear, would dispense with clerical millinery altogether. They would be more likely to strip both coat and vest, and use their "mortar-board" caps for drinking out of when they came to a street fountain. Bandsmen would look lovingly at the White Bear, or the Royal; and banner carriers would go on strike. Belle Vue pop would have to be served warm, unless they had a floe of ice to cool it. Even the fireworks would look thirsty; and I fancy if the elephants could get to the Beaver pond, the trowel-tailed animals would have to be "beached."

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The morning hath lifted its thin gauze, and we see the bare blue face of heaven, with "Ab's" old brass button, now turned into gold, blistering its own cheeks in the meridian. The breeze we had with us at the start hath taken to the woods to cool itself, and we have nothing left us but the heat, with no one having the courage to 234 hide the poker. An old darkie predicts that we are going to have it "dammot." I suppose by that he means "very hot," and is too pious to use the term. But the Catskill mountains are yet in their morning gowns of bluish grey, that reminds me of the frieze coat of an Irishman, newly put on for church or fair. The scenery grows lovelier apace, and we seem to be bound for some fairyland, in which to spend the night in elfin revels.

Here sleeps the world for evermore, Save when the fire-flies trim their lights, To dance along the line of shore, And make earth starlit with their flights.

Sweet Ariel swings beneath a bough, 'Round which a wreath of blossom creeps; Her lyre forgot, and silent now, Hangs by the leaflet where she sleeps.

But what sound was that? Oh, the weird men of the mountains at their game of bowls which so fascinated "Rip Van Winkle" that they caused him to sleep the slumber of twenty years; and no wonder he was so charmed. It is a sleepy clime. I feel a drowsiness stealing upon me now. But the sound again! The game must be going briskly. Yet methought I saw a flash. Do these weird men strike fire with their bowling? No, it is something else. In the East a few bales of wool have been let loose, and they are drifting about the sky. Someone is setting fire to them, and the heavens are shaken with the concussion it has caused. There are a few white-chokered gentry on board going "to" holiday. They have treated the rest of the passengers, I thought, 235 rather superciliously; but now that there is another power at work than a church organ they look "kinder" small. Perhaps in their pious sentimentalism, for I cannot make out American religion to mean anything more, they have forgotten the Being they are supposed to worship; and now that He is manifesting Himself in a voice unmistakeable, they are moved to look at their lessons. If their small souls could only appreciate the grandeur of a thunderstorm, they would not

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slink into corners, as if to hide themselves. Now “Heaven's artillery” is at work in real earnest. The flashes come

—“Not from one lone cloud, But every mountain now hath found a tongue.”

We have not a drop of rain with it; and I am informed that “dry thunder” is more dangerous than wet. It may be so. It has cooled the atmosphere, and that is all I care for just now.

While listening to a conversation that was going on among these learned men, I elicited the fact that in some parts of England the people did not talk—they *barked*. The temperature of the weather must have been getting up again, as I felt on a boiling heat, and very much inclined to “bark.” I could not get the thermometer down until I had barked; and I yelped out the observation that I knew of no part of England where the people blew their words through a fog-horn. If some Yankees took snuff they could not speak at all. Perhaps that was the reason why they chewed it. The thunder never changed its method of speaking. It always spoke with full 236 articulation, and never used words that were not in the lexicon of mighty elements. It never glided off with “I ain't,” when it ought to say “I am not.” Nor do the *un* educated people in the country where they bark. “I am much obliged to you for your courtesy, and put a certain value upon your information; but if I am anything besides a Christian, I am an Englishman.”

They pulled their goatees on hearing this, shrugged their square shoulders, and put on the air of a couple of pious unspread eagles.

### **CHAPTER VI. AMERICAN HOSPITALITY.**

The hospitality of the Yankees is unbounded. They cannot do too much for a man when they take to him. It would perhaps be better for the guest if the host knew how to modify his show of welcome. But he does not know it; and you have to take everything he sets before you, or insult him. It would be vain to utter a protest You might as well bid the spread eagle close its wings, and not look so “darned defiant,” as offer to expostulate. If

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you are at dinner you have a dish of clams to begin with, the finest bivalves in the world according to your friend's notions. But if your stomach does not give a "squirm" when your eyes behold the semblance of a small bed-room candle, with the "snuff" bent at the top, you are fit to do roughing work among any tribe of Indians who stop short of cannibalism. These disposed of you have to face bacon and beans, and drink hot tea, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, and the cooking stove at your elbow. If you get through this course you begin to "give out;" and you sigh to be under a tree in Dunham Park, with a tender beef sandwich, and "suthin" grateful to wet your whistle with. But you have not finished yet. There are sweet cakes, dough nuts, green 238 corn, stewed prunes, and the inevitable candy. And if you have not reconciled yourself to drinking alternate draughts of iced water and hot tea, you have got to do it now. Then you have to talk religion; or what amounts to the same thing with some people, your favourite minister. Godliness may enter into some part of the creed; but it is a puzzle to find it out. The "noble art of self-defence" may have its beautiful points; but who is the best "slogger?" is the question most to be considered by the lovers of pugilism. On the same principle I am afraid that the glories of real religion are too often observed by the shadow of the best "devil-mauler." Then you get on politics. What are Blaine's chances? and what do you think of Arthur's last "boom?" You must have an opinion, so take your cue from your host.

Politics enter more into the social life of America than they do in England. Their newspaper literature of the present time is full "right through" of the doings of Republicans and Democrats, on account of the coming election of President. The Republican convention at Chicago has been the theme of every tongue, and ended in bad blood. Next we shall have the Democratic convention, during the sittings of which we are bound to have another deluge of political printers' ink. This excitement will be kept up until November, when the President will be elected. The atmosphere will be resonant with "booms" in the meantime; and we shall have piles of sensational headings, and political slang sufficient to stock a dozen burlesques, and as many pantomimes. What a pity these things should occur in the 239 hottest weather, when thousands of people are away to the cooler North, "doing"

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the Alps and the Rhine; and exploring the lair of the toothless Saxon lion! Why not “get through” with them in winter, when a little warmth is required, unless it is from a fear of the ice crop being damaged by the heat of political controversy, and a good source of income diminished?

I have been reminded of these things by an incident that followed an invitation to supper with a genuine old Englishman in one of the cities “down east.” Mine host and his wife still cherish the prejudices they had brought with them from the “old country,” whilst their daughter, a hot-pressed, gilt-edged, Russian leather copy of the “Yankee gal,” who had never scented the hawthorn, nor cooled her face in May dew, to keep down freckles, did not believe there was anything in England worth their remembering, except it might be their “sparking” days, and she “guessed” that was the secret of her parents' love for their old home. The mother was inconveniently, but not stone deaf; and as deaf people have an awkward way of telling the truth when it ought to have been concealed, this old lady had the misfortune of disarranging the “connection” of the domestic telephone to the utter discomfiture of the daughter. On my visit to this family I was an hour late for “supper,” which in England means “tea,” in Lancashire in particular, “baggin'.” I begged to apologise, and hoped I had not kept them waiting, although I was the only guest.

“Not a moment,” said the daughter; “we didn't expect you until quite this time.”

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That assurance caused me to feel as much at ease as the temperature of the weather would permit. But the mother, putting in her “motty,” had the effect of disturbing this serenity; and I felt as if there was thunder about.

“We'd gan yo' up,” said the honest old dame, who did not believe in telling falsehoods to make things pleasant. “My dowter said Englishmen wur never to be depended on; an' we made it out that yo'd better fish to fry, an wur above comin' to spend a neet wi' poor folk. Wurno' that it, Jennie?”

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The daughter's looks were needles, but she had got to make the best of matters as they stood.

"Mother is kinder deaf," she remarked in an undertone; "and she gets things into her head she thinks she has heard. If you listen to her she'll just lose you. Tea, or coffee?"

Tea I preferred; and the young lady retired.

"I'd give a trifle for a quart o' English cockles," said the old dame, her mouth watering at the thought. "We'n nowt here that tastes like 'em. But yo'n yer folks say that clams are th' best shell fish that con be fund anywheere. They wouldno' say so if they'd as mony dollars i' their pockets as would carry 'em back to owd England. Give a mon a Rhode Island clam, an' a Southport cockle, an' I know which he'd put on th' stove fust. Now I'm straight forrad, an' say what I think."

The daughter here entered with the tea and coffee.

"Wheer's thy feyther?" demanded the mother. I had noticed there was a set chair that no one came to occupy.

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"Gone to see the telegrams from Chicago," was the reply.

"Wheay, what's to do theer? It's not a fire again, is it?"

"No; there's a meeting of Republican delegated to select a man to run for President. Father's a Blaine man."

"He is, is he? He're not a plain mon when he're thy age, let me tell thee. He're better lookin' than thou art, anyway. Thou taks too mich o' thy mother to be pratty." More needle-pointed glances shot across the table.

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“Will you take a cake, Mr. Brierley?” said the daughter, handing me a plate. “They are very nice,—my own making.”

“Are you troubled with your liver?” enquired the elder party, when she saw I was offering to take one.

“I am,” I replied. “That was one cause of bringing me here. But why do you ask?”

“Ay; but I conno' gether fro' that whether yo' want to be made better, or wurr.”

“Better, of course.”

“Ay, I guess yo done. But if yo done want to be better dunno ate those cakes. Butter's as dear here as it is i' England; an' yo conno' get marjorum at fifteen cents a pound as good as butter at thirty-six. But they'n passed a new law for t' prevent marjorum fro' bein' made. Next time yo come we shall happen be able. to offer yo cakes wi' gradely butter in 'em.”

The needles in the daughter's eyes had grown to razors; but a smile of incredulousness prevented them being R 242 shied across the table; and she begged that I would not take any further notice of her mother. I had dismissed the clams, and felt satisfied when they were not pressed upon me! and took the cake, so as not to appear prejudiced.

“Knock th' cat off yor knee,” said the elder dame. “It wants to lake th' milk fro' th' strawberries.”

Cats *are* cats in America; not the puny things we see chasing sparrows in England, or playing with a ball of worsted; but fine, noble animals, that your first impulse suggests being on friendly terms with, or being armed with a “shot-gun.” They rub against your legs without giving the familiar purr; and you begin to suspect that you have a prairie wolf about you, or an Adirondack leopard. This, I had been informed, was a “gentleman” cat, and could “play snakes” with rats. After supper he appeared upon the scene with a

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mouthful of prey that he had not brought from the jungle, nor caught in the cellar; but for the possession of which some butcher's shop had been laid under tribute. It was a loin of mutton chop, that caused his tail to erect itself to beyond the perpendicular. The struggle was a fierce one; but the prey continued to have the best of it.

"Is the cat an old one?" I enquired, thinking the animal's teeth might be getting worse for wear.

"No; but I guess the chop is," mine host replied. "Bob wouldno' ha' gotten that if it had bin fit for a table. That mutton has seen more than one president."

"I have not tasted a tender bit of mutton since I came over;" I remarked.

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"Guess yo' need no' towd me that," said mine host; "it isn't to be got. Sent to the old country. What we have left here's only fit for dryin', an' makin into shingles for chicken hutches. Yo' may get a steak sometimes that doesno' mak' yo'r yor ears wartch wi' chewin'; but yo can never depend on mutton."

But the cat has caused me to jump over a part of my story. Mine host had not yet returned from his news hunting expedition; and in his absence I had a good deal of fencing to do with his deafer half. There was nothing American that pleased her. The love of the mother country was too deeply ingrained in the old woman's system to be removed by anything short of cauterisation. And yet these people had returned to England twice with the intention of settling; but could not rest there. The bright skies they had left beyond the Atlantic shone brighter in their memories when they beheld the cheerless atmosphere, made more dreary by the contrast—of their native land. They sold up a third time, and were here again, as dissatisfied as ever.

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"Yo'n ha' to sweeten yor tae yorsel," said the old woman, seeing that I was twirling my spoon for nothing. "There's very little of owt done for folk i' this country. How dun yo like yor atin where yo'n bin?"

"Not over well," I replied. "Not accustomed to the style, nor the cookin."

"Yo'n had no broth, I guess?"

I shook my head.

"Nor potato pie?"

"No."

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"Nor steak dumplin?"

I had not.

"Nor steak pie?"

"No; but I have had veal pie."

"Then a Lancashire woman made it?" I believe she was from Lancashire.

"No doubt o' that. Wur there a cup i'th' middle?"

"I don't remember!"

"Hoo'd happen be feart o' breakin it, an' havin to buy a new un. Tho' hoo shouldno' ha' bin feart, for cups are made so thick yo can hardly get yor top lip o'er th' rim."

"What is the reason of there being made so thick and clumsy?" I enquired.

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“So that they winno' break,” was the reply. “We han to pay a heavy duty on pots; and if we broke 'em, as sarvants broken 'em i' England, we should be ruinated in a month. Me an' my felly went three mile one Sunday a-lookin at a set o' chancy (china); an' there were others theere beside us. I durst hardly touch it for fear of it tumblin to pieces. Yo dunno' seem to be gettin on with your supper.”

“You don't give the gentleman a chance,” put in the daughter, who had hitherto kept a dignified silence.

I assured my entertainers that I was doing exceedingly well; but my tardiness gave that statement the lie.

“Have yo store teeth that yo'r so slow?” enquired the elder party.

“Mother, you're insulting the gentleman,” said the daughter, with a severe protest in her looks.

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“Nowt 'o'th' sort. He's nobbut like other folk. It isno' th' fashin to wear their own, no moore than it is seein without spectacles. But I'll say nowt no moore;” and the old girl subsided for a time. It was well she did, as her husband made his appearance.

“Oh, yo'n come at last,” said the head of the house, as he brushed into the room. “We'd given up. I said yo'd very likely gone wi' th' mayor, an' yo'rn havin' a good time on't. I think by th' appearance o' things Blaine 'll have th' vote. Well, Jim has done good work in his time, an he deserves to be th' President.”

“I've been told that he's disposed to make trouble with England?” I observed.

“No doubt yo'n bin tow'd that. An' it's as likely yo *will* be tow'd that he'll tak Egypt, an' India, an' Australy; an' he'll ha' th' Prince o' Wales put in a cage, an' shown around, like a guinea

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pig. He'll see that justice is done to Ireland, so that it'll stop emigration, as we're gettin so crowded that one mon has to stond while another sits; an' we shall ha' to send to other countries for corn, an' beef. Jim Blaine 'll cause o that if yo'n tak any notice o' what a sore-yead says.

Not a bad introduction to a tea-table debate, I thought. The old man warmed with his tea; and was at one time down on all Yankees; and at another pitting them against the blarsted British snobs.

“Yo're as slow at yor eatin' as a girl,” remarked mine host, seeing that I was not bolting my food at the speed as he was. Don't yo' like it?”

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“Yes; but I can't get into your ways of eating;” I replied, “You seem to get through your work as if you were doing it by the piece.”

“We can't do with slow work here. We've got to move on quick, or be left behind. In England they'd sit an hour o'er this, they'd relish it so well.”

“They wouldn't sit long over a slice of melting lamb, some new potatoes, three on a fork; and a boiling of champion peas about the size of bullets; and home-brewed to make it come-again-able.” I had the old man there, I found.

“I've a good mind to go back with yo',” he exclaimed, throwing down his spoon as though he meant it for a challenge. “Yo'n reached a corner o' my stomach that has been shut down mony a year. What is life worth, if we mun be roasted, and clemmed, an' worked to deeth here, while the tight little island's brimmin' o'er wi' good things till they hang off th' edges? It would be just about wakes time if I went after th' fourth o' July. That's the time for good doings!”

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It is wonderful to me how the Americans can afford to be as hospitable as they are. It is not because they are earning much just now. Trade is very bad; and the amount of taxes they have to pay would, if transferred to England, not only turn out a Government, but smash the Constitution. No Britisher would stand it in his own country. Here my friend pays as much in various kinds of rates connected with two dwelling houses as his sister in England pays in rent for a tolerable good cottage. He growls when taxes are named; curses the Republic; 247 and wishes they were under the British Government. The country was always being upset with elections. He would have the President chosen for twelve years instead of four, and behead him if he did not do what was right. He would take away the salaries of aldermen and councilmen; and make them pay for their honour, as they do in England. He would—Then he got into a fury; and I whistled the “Star-spangled Banner,” which pumped his patriotic blood into his heart, and he “whipped Johnny Bull like an old coon.”

“There is one thing you ought to be proud of,” I remarked, when my friend's patriotism had cooled a little.

“What is that?” he wished to know.

“You have no great national debt to hold you down.” He drew himself to his full height,—the eagle was on the wing.

“You are right there, my friend,” he said, with pride sufficient for a battalion. “We pay as we go on, we do. Won't owe a cent if we can pay it.”

“The more honourable course,” I observed. “No saddling posterity with debts of your contracting. You will leave to your successors a clean book; so that they can go on developing the resources of the country untrammelled by anything.”

“Here, I say; you git me there. Don't see why we should fight and pay for a lot of Johnnies to come over and pick up the cake. Wouldn't there be some plundering then? Better have

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a debt for ballast to keep us steady going, than roll into another war: I am for posterity paying in advance, I am; then they can fight as 248 they darn please. This is the land of freedom and plenty! I drink to it.”

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said— ‘This is my own, my native land?’”

I could not remember any more of Scott's fine verse, or I might have gone on, if my friend would have permitted me. But he brought me up at once with the exclamation—

“Wha-a-at?”

“I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled.”

“Wha-a-at?”

“Oh, the green lanes of old England!”

“Wha-a-at?”

“Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale,”

“Wha-a-at?”

“Soft up the valley creeps the sound of bells.”

“Here, I say, you git me again. Bells, bells, bells!”

“Where are they?” eagerly enquired the old woman, who had not broken silence for “quite a time.”

“Those evening bells.”

“Ah,” said mine host, with a sigh, “she's in her native valley now, where she still hopes to end her days. Well, if I can sell out she shall.”

## CHAPTER VII. INTERNATIONAL HOLIDAY.—A CURE FOR BAD TRADE.

The weather has been so much like an English summer during the past week (I am writing on the 14th of June), that I have been tempted to remain in the Valley of the Passaic a little longer than I had intended. But when the hot wave comes—I mean the next, as we have had one already,—and the “Skeeters' go humming around,” I shall turn my face towards where the snow lingers longest. Half-a-day's journey will take me quite into another region, where “Hans” lounges at the window with his pipe, and “Grechen” flaps about in an acre of sunshade bonnet. The place I am thinking of still preserves much of its primitive character; but the pleasure-seeker who cannot afford to spend the summer at Long Branch, or Saratoga, and dare not dream of the fashionable European tour, takes the boat, or the rail, and, with his family around him, enjoys a “quiet time” in the “Bettws” of America. And the tourist has found his way thither; and is as odious as he is anywhere. He grumbles about hotel “feed,” and compares it with that of Switzerland, where perhaps he has never been; and looks upon a pretty place as something laid out for his especial pleasure, and ought to be taken away by him when he 250 leaves. Many a pretty place has been spoiled of its quiet beauty by this rover from flower to flower. He has left his mark in the picturesque village I am alluding to in a pretentious hotel that will deprive it for ever of its seclusion. But there are yet some quiet nooks; and the paterfamilias of limited means may thank his poverty that has placed him out of the reach of making a pleasure into a toil, as many people do, than have to go to work to get a rest. I met an acquaintance the other day who seemed in a great hurry, a thing quite unusual with him. “Is there a fire somewhere?” I asked. “No; I'm off for my holidays,” he replied. “Where to?” “Guess I'm going to work; ain't done anything gone seventeen years, so I'm going to have a two-weeks' rest.” (There are no *fortnights* in America.)

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The cool weather is enabling me to study America, and American life, to advantage. Neither can be seen on a hot day, except we find the latter in connection with ice-cream and candy, or taking in breeze and sand at Coney Island. We cannot see much by sitting at an hotel window with cigars and mint-julep; and we can only acquire an idea of vastness by being whirled a thousand miles on a steam "track." We might as well look at the stars at midnight, or send the eye roving over the Atlantic, by which we gather no knowledge of anything but space, as pretend we have seen America by "doing" Niagara, New York, and the "Garden City."\* On the same principle foreigners need not flatter themselves that

\* Why Chicago is called the "Garden City" not even an American can understand. "Food" City would have been more appropriate.

251 they have seen England when they have been inside Westminster Palace; climbed to the top of St. Paul's; rambled over the docks at Liverpool; and taken off their hat to the Mayor in the Manchester Town Hall. There are sights and sights; and it is a labour to see some of them. The grand and majestic, in which we behold more of God's creative power than his love, weary the eye without filling the heart. But when we see human nature in its gentlest and most truthful aspect, it is like a walk among flowers when the morning sun is releasing their fragrance. It is the love of the Creator in its most acceptable manifestations.

It has been my fortune to see the light and shade of human life as represented in America, —the man who would share his "bottom dollar" with a stranger, and the one who would *take him in* in a different sense to that which is meant by the Scriptures. At times I am overjoyed, and at others pained by my discoveries; but remembering a line by the late William Billington,—“Look under th' leaves if you want any nuts,” I have dived into the depths of lowly places to find the oyster that contains the pearl. It is not to be found in the Wall Street of New York, nor among the gay saloons of Saratoga. Some of these experiences may not be of the most delightful kind, if the flutter of gaiety be the charm you seek. But they have their lessons, and if the proper study of mankind is man, I am getting along the form. I am seeing a good deal of him, and may have something more to

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say of his personnel when I am enjoying the retirement of home, than I can think of in the hurly-burly 252 that is going on around me here. Not that I intend taking the advantage of absence to say something distasteful of our Yankee cousins. That would be cowardly. The worst that I may have to say about them shall be done in their presence. But “up to now” I have not gathered as much dirt to throw as would plaster the chimney corner of a throstle's nest; so I ought not to live in fear of knives and “fire-irons.”

Now that we have done with “booms,” and political dynamite, for a time, and there seems to be a prevailing desire to rest a little, and look abroad on the situation, there is a chance of getting at the sober thoughts of men who are not politicians by profession, nor for the sake of plunder;” but who are earnest and sincere in their desire to see the affairs of the States “taking on” a brighter aspect. They think there has been too much “spread-eagleism,” and too little real patriotism in their public men. It has, they think, too much the appearance of coming to the end of things when the principal object of the great and virtuous mind is “scrambling.” If men raise themselves to a proud position, not to befriend their country, but to rob a bank, there is a hopelessness in the prospect that is quite bewildering. Besides, what is the object of the Government in hoarding up such vast revenues, and keeping up taxation? “You bet—(this is the way growlers, or “sore-heads,” argue)—someone's going to have a haul!”

I was listening to a number of these one evening after the blaze of fireworks had exhausted itself; and I could gather from what I heard of their conversation that there 253 was a large amount of disaffected feeling sunk into their minds; and it took ways of manifesting itself that I was not prepared to witness. At the same time these men were loyal to their country, and the Republic; and would raise “Hail, Columbia!” against the enemies of either. But with all the advantages of soil and climate they felt they were not in the position they ought to occupy. There was too much silence in their workshops not to feel alarmed about the future of labour. The cause of this silence, everyone agreed, was the glutted state of the markets. How strange, some people might think, to hear working men reasoning! and manufacturers might reduce wages, as they have done,

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and were doing, until they got, them as low as they were in England fifty years ago, but they would have no better trade. Goods were not wanted. There was no market for them. People would only buy what was required by their necessities, so how could they hope to reduce their stocks? There was only one cure for this state of things, and that applied to all countries besides America.

“But what have we to do with any other country than our own?” was asked.

“That is just where your narrow-mindedness comes in,” said the propagandist. “Don't we as individuals live by each other? I guess we do. So it is with nation. What is good for one is, I believe, good for all. Now, I have heard someone advocate, not a general strike, but a general cessation from work for a given time—say a month. But what good would that be to us if other countries did not follow? They would pour in their 254 goods while we were idle; and that would only be draining the pool to be refilled from some other source. I was in England during the great strike of forty-two. It was found that after a month's rest trade received a new impulse; and had it not been for succeeding failures in crops, a tide of prosperity would have set in. My wages went up nearly twenty per cent. without asking for; and others rose in proportion. But Germany, Belgium, and America, were not in a position then to stock the English market, or the result might have been different. Half a century ago America was at war with itself, and the labour of peace had a rest. Other countries could not supply our markets, because they could not obtain the raw material. When we came out of the war we had empty stores, and we had to fill them. Our wages rose to a fabulous height. We thought we owed that to protection, when it was simply caused by an increased demand for labour. For years after the war mechanics were earning six, seven, and eight dollars a day, and during the war so scarce was the supply of labour that boys of nine and ten years of age could earn two dollars a day by weeding onion beds. Farmers were compelled to pay the amount or spoil their crops. I will not go into the great farming lands of the West for these figures. This dearth of labour was in the East. Then to what do we owe our present depression, and low rate of wages?”

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“Over-stocked markets,” was the general reply.

“That being the conclusion,” said the propagandist, “there can only be one remedy,— an international holiday. Blood-let the markets of the world, and renovate 255 the whole industrial system. Not being a strike for higher wages, I have no doubt that employers would be favourable to the movement. Repeat ‘ *forty-two* ’ on a universal scale, and we shall set ourselves right. Five years ago weavers would have been sent for to their work. A man could have earned his three dollars a day. Now he cannot earn more than one dollar a day; and if he is away from his job one hour there are twenty applications for his loom. That shows a sad state of things, gentlemen.”

The following paragraph, taken from the Paterson *Daily Guardian* of June 17, bears out the statement of our propagandist:

Hundreds of Idle Working People. —Superintendent Fielding says that among the hundreds applying to him for work on the streets are some of the finest mechanics and skilled workmen in the city, and he judges by the facts that come under his notice that the present depression is pinching the working class much harder than at any time during the great panic, for then the silk industry was fairly prosperous, whereas now there is comparatively little to do in that branch. We learn that several silk and other industrial establishments are intending to reduce their working hours to half or three quarter time about July 1st, which will not mend matters. At William Strange & Co.'s mills three-quarter time was adopted yesterday.

And this is in the United States of America, a land that can produce all it requires, and could afford to shut itself out from the rest of the world—a land of inexhaustible resources, and its people starving. This cannot be the result of famine, because famine means scarcity, and there is no scarcity. To what, then, besides the glut of markets can be attributed this great change? What is the cause of a country, as yet wearing its first “pants,” being afflicted with the imbecilities of age? Is it because it has adopted 256 the

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vices of the Old World without copying its virtues? I am afraid the answer would not be received with equanimity. But there are many disarranging elements independent of these. There is a continual flood of immigration that has to be spread over the land; and the immigrants do not all go to the far West. They settle in places already crowded, and bid against the elder colonists in the labour market. Lancashire has had to bear the strain of a similar situation, and which could not raise a question of international moment. From other counties, and from the sister kingdom, flocked immigrants for whom work had to be found, or other means of support. In these instances the idea of protection was sought to be carried out; and when one man seeks an advantage over a neighbour, it is no wonder that nations adopt the same principle. But without discussing the question of free trade, and a free workshop, I am merely giving a statement of things that come under my notice, and the feeling I gather from the perturbations that are troubling the labour world.

The difficulty the American people have had in dealing, with immigration would have swamped an older country; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that while the well-meaning have been doing their best to grapple with these difficulties, the political charlatan should be making his way to power. This snake has coiled itself round every limb of the Union's liberties. Corruption of the most flagrant kind prevails everywhere. Patriotism asserts itself in its distribution of dollars; and plunder is now one of the political virtues. I might have hesitated in 257 making this statement if anyone was disposed to contradict it; but the justice of the impeachment is admitted on all hands. There is no road to power only through reams of dollars. Men hold the reins of government who are outside of it. They "boss" the polling places at an election; and the ballot system is a farce. The party wire-pullers distribute the voting tickets, and insist upon knowing which way the voter votes before he deposits it, and if he refuses to show his ticket, which the law says he can, he is regarded as having voted against his party, and treated accordingly. Those who have been bought do not hesitate.

With good trade, and general well-doing, the American people have seemed to be indifferent to these growing evils; but with depression everywhere, they are disposed to

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take political matters into their own hands. Charlatanism is playing itself out; and if public papers would adopt a more serious tone in discussing the most serious business of a country, it would be a powerful aid towards the political regeneration so much needed. Such light treatment of important matters cannot be necessary. England does not adopt it; and there is life in the-old dog yet. Some of these evils could not exist under a good monarchy. It is not for want of good laws that they exist in the United States; but the administration is weak; and people who are not well disposed, and who could sooner pull down a government than build one up, do as they “darn please,” and set the laws at defiance. Those whose duty it is to administer these laws, and see that they are obeyed, have to think about keeping their S 258 places. If those were secure, and were not at the mercy of a party “boom,” I have no doubt the law would be administered more vigorously; but under the present system there are a good many “dead letters.”

America can never be a monarchy unless conquered. And who is to conquer it? Not all the powers combined, unless it was *sold*. Are there men who would sell their country? I ask patriotic Americans for the reply. There is no pretender to an imaginary throne, unless it be a Red-skin; and I am afraid his blanket would not cover the situation; it would be too scant; and, besides that, too porous to keep out Republican rain. “Hans Chuckenbanger” is too easy-going to make “dot ting vork.” He is among the earliest settlers, but was never born to rule. Give him his pipe, his wife, and his lager bier, and he would have no desire to “boss” the eagle's erie. O'Donovan Rossa would have to fight his own friends for a start, and perhaps be the first victim of that panacea for all ills—dynamite. Uneasy would be the throne with a few packages beneath the seat. But dynamite can only fight on *one* side, is the fool's opinion who advocates its use. It is clear, then, there are no heirs to the crown of Columbia; and the Americans will take care there is not one started. Yet there could be worse rule than that of a good king; but the experiment would be too dangerous to be tried. If the people do allow themselves to be fooled for a time by political tricksters, they have never in the least surrendered their liberties. But they may trifle with them too far. There is

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a spreading sore that might be fatal; that they may cut out the gangrene at 259 once is the hope of one who loves America next to his own country!

But my reverie is disturbed by the sound of bells. This is the land of bells,—not the chimes we were wont to listen to as they stole upon the ear in the quietude of a Sabbath eve,—but bells that clang and jingle as if for no other purpose than to keep the world awake, and people's minds in a mood for indulging in profanity. It is the land for yells, too,—yells that the shrieks of all the doomed struggling with Styx could not reach within an octave. They sometimes seem to lift, my ears out of their place, and I feel for them about my scalp-lock if that is still in being. It is the scream of a railroad engine, and is accompanied by the clang of a bell, large enough to ring in for a square mile of churches. Those accustomed to the infernal noise say they don't hear it, or don't notice it. I wonder how it would go if on the fourth of July an open-air concert was got up, and “Hail Columbia” was chorused by the united voices of a thousand donkeys, It would not astonish their ears more than the railroad “buzzers” astonished mine. But they might get used to it. The clickerty-clack of a loom shop has spoiled many an ear of its notion of music, by obliging the would-be singer to sing down his nose in order to be heard.

And there are bells of another order, but none the less inharmonious—the bells of the Junk dealers. These frequently pass where I am sitting; and they cause the war-whoop to be given out from my lungs. The junk cart is a flat construction such as would be devoted to onions and cockles in the old country. In the middle, 260 on a board, sits the driver; and behind him is a string of supposed to be bells, but which in the more humble concerns, are made up of old meat tins, “Colman's mustard” canisters, and square iron boxes whose original use is a mystery to me. These are strung from side to side on two poles; and strange as it may seem, no one offers to cut the string, or steal the bells. The machine is worked by a string attached to the mule's ear when the animal will stand the work; but when he is in a stupid mood the driver has to pull the string himself. Why they call these people “junk dealers” I do not know, as their only occupation is gathering rags, and other kinds of waste. The bells I hear now are not the junk bells. They are the fire alarms, and

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they are ringing all over the city. A junk dealer's warehouse is on fire. This is the way the incident is described by one of the newspapers.

“ The New Team's First Run. —This morning about 3–15 o'clock an alarm of fire was sent out from box 38, at the corner of River and Montgomery Streets. The fire was in the small barn and storehouse owned by Richard Robins, a junk dealer, at No. 33, Straight Street. The barn and its contents, including a mule and two dogs, was entirely destroyed. The barn adjoined the Eric railroad track on the site of the old oil fire. It is supposed to have caught from a passing locomotive. Cataract Hose was the first to reach the scene of the fire, and did excellent service in saving the three adjoining houses. Steamer No. 1 responds to this box, and this was the first run the new team has had. The horses acted 261 admirably, and responded promptly to every call made upon them. Besides the driver there were two “bunkers” in the house last night. As soon as the alarm struck, the animals began to prance in their stalls, impatient to be loosened. When freed they made a dash for the steamer, and “George,” the most intelligent, placed himself in front of the engine and voluntarily ducked his head for the collar. The other animal, which has been named “Andrew,” is not so intelligent as George, but both are learning their duties very fast. Besides the barn there was also a small woodshed destroyed, and the adjoining house was charred. The loss will amount to about 500 dols., with slight insurance.”

Verily, we are too common-place in our public prints to give events their proper colouring.

### **CHAPTER VIII. ON THE TRAIL OF THE WAR-PATH**

Whoever has been at Greenwich on a summer Sunday afternoon will have seen how crowds of Cockneys of the lower and middle grades of society manage to enjoy themselves. It is enough for them that they have a park to romp and tumble in; a few places where they can imbibe their “half-an'-half” beneath the shelter of trees, in company with wife or sweetheart; and a band to listen to. But they do not make as much of a holiday as the Yankees. They have no large river boats to crowd, nor the water to float them in. If

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they had these, in all likelihood they would not be far behind their Transatlantic brethren in the way of holiday making. But Father Thames would be aghast at the idea of having to bear on his sluggish breast the thousands that may be seen at holiday times floating about on the rivers, creeks, and bays of the land of the West. But the great misfortune of the American people is,—they have no Belle Vue to cater for them. There is no great variety of fare to be had. The inevitable clam, and strawberry short cake; a “schooner” of lager, and a handful of pea-nuts, are as many dainties as can be hoped for; and in these both young and old of both sexes seem to delight. An Englishman, 263 however, should approach this kind of entertainment cautiously if he means to enjoy it. He should not get too near the kitchen when the “chowder” is being cooked, unless the organ of smell has suspended operations for the time. He should not get among the steam of perspiring sea-weed beneath which the American cockle is expiating its sins on the altar of heated stones. If he does there are chances of his appetite losing some of its edge, if not the whole of it. He will not find the odour of roast beef, nor that king of the Lancashire dishes, the potato pie.

I had an experience of this kind a few days ago. Holiday time it was, and just so near that season of the year when the American youth of all ages go wild on nationality, and manifest their patriotism by disposing of as much melted gunpowder as they can get under fire. I was one among others invited to an excursion by boat to a place among the scattered rocks of Narragansett Bay. It was not called “Rocky Point” because it did not merit the name. It had a sterile, iron-bound appearance, with just so much green on the surface of its higher ground as might tempt a sheep to look for pastures somewhere else; and it cannot be wondered at that

“Freshness leaves the land ere Spring is gone,” since it is trodden by thousands of feet before it can be said to have a beard. I was led to expect only a few people taking a quiet outing, as the steamer did not appear to have holding capacity for many more than a hundred. But we had not been “aboard” time enough 264 to light our cigars ere we found we were not to have much elbow-room. The cry was “Still they come,” and “We see them

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on their winding way," a long distance off, and in such numbers that they might have been going to Knott Mill Fair in the olden time, but minus baskets, and screaming mouthfuls of Lancashire Doric. Never did I see such crowding, only on land. We were over on this side, and on that, until it would not have surprised me if we had been "dumped" into the sea. This is getting to be a dangerous venture, I find; and newspapers are complaining of the risks people encounter by overloading. The authorities, they say, will not open their eyes to the danger until a few hundreds have been drowned. When the cable was slipped we had 1,100 passengers on a boat that would not be permitted to cross the Mersey with more than 500. No more of it until would-be excursionists are satisfied that loading cannot go on till everybody has got standing-room, and something by which to hold on to the bulwarks outside. I believe the fault lies with the people, and not the owners of the steamers; they will insist upon boarding.

I had not been in this company long before I was made aware of the presence of a few of my countrywomen, who had not yet forgotten their native tongue, although none of them could be on the sunny side of fifty. They were not very comfortable in their places; and whenever the boat gave a lurch they were sure of being drowned. If they had known, they never would have come, "not for no money." To my thinking, I would prefer to face the Atlantic in "half a gale," rather than venture on that boat 265 again to keep back the crowd. Two of the Lancashire women held on to each other as though they had been converted into life-boats, and were depending on mutual aid for safety. But the more youthful and daring spirits regarded the situation with the indifference of old tars, who had been "lashed to the helm," and had piloted a raft: and if there was anything to be seen on either shore they would crowd on that side of the vessel until the "chainbox" was constantly on the move to balance it.

"Eh, I wish they'd give o'er shiftin so mich," said Betty, or Sally, or whatever the name might be. "It's rockin' now like an ice-boat upo' th' cut. If I mun have a cradle let me have

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one wi' rockers on, then I con but tumble out on th' floor. I dunno' care for summut like a saucer swimmin' in a mug."

"It's runnin' upo' one wheel now," said the other, trying to lean her weight on the raised side of the boat, "Let's get on this side, an' try to balance it; we're fat uns. Dear-a-me! I could welly ha' touched th' wayter then. We shall be o'er yet, an' I've gotten a new shawl on.

By degrees and good management the ship righted, and the two women were as much pacified as they well could be without having their husbands there to lay all the blame upon. They could converse with me without having occasional spasms of irregular breathing; and they gave their experiences of American life, and the American climate as none but Lancashire people could,—I mean with the peculiar form of expression belonging to the county. They grew very confidential; and one of them insisted upon making it known to me who she was.

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"Are yo stoppin' th' wakes o'er?" she enquired, for a beginning.

"Wakes?" I asked in return? "There are no wakes in America."

"I mean Hollinwood Wakes," she went on. "Yo' come fro' there, dunno' yo'?"

"I do, originally," I replied.

"Well, I come fro' Marpo, at back o'th' Navigation. Yo'd know Owd B-II-s, I dar' say."

"I knew him well; he was a friend of my father's. We lived on the canal side at Bradley Bent."

"I thowt I knew yo'. Yo' used to work at Hinchcliffe's factory, didno' yo'?"

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"I did when I was very young."

"An' yo' went to th' Ranters' Schoo' i'th' Gravel-hole, after they'd left Bradley Bent?"

"I attended many years. I met an old schoolmate of mine on Decoration-day. He drove over here twelve miles to see me. We had not seen each other for thirty-five years; old Bill Stott's son, hat dyer. He's living out at Adamsville, Rhode Island, and has a farm."

"I remember him. Well, I'm owd B-ll-s dowter. I'm sure yo'd remember me."

"I do; but it is a long time since I saw you. You were asking me if I was stopping Hollinwood Wakes over."

"Ay, I wur."

"Well, I set out to stay till September if I found I could stand the heat."

"Yo'n summat to go through, then," and the old girl 267 gave me a look that seemed to have been made up of sympathy and commiseration; "Yo'n no idea."

"I had it as hot four years ago as it was during the whole summer," I assured her.

"But wur it i' August?"

"No, June."

"Ay, but try August an' yo'n never want to try another. Yo' might get roasted i' June, but August is a boilin' month; an' yo'n get boilt same as they dun potatoes, clooas."

"I don't much care if I can avoid the mosquitoes."

"Miss Kitties! Han yo' never bin bitten wi' one yet?"

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“I’m not aware that I have.”

“Well, if yo' dunno' remember it yo' ha' no' bin bitten. I know a woman that's bin bitten wi' 'em till hoo's had black een. What dun yo' think o' that? An' they'n go for yo' like gooin for a babby. Yo'r fresh fro' th' owd country, wi' some fat about yo', an' they'n have a bit on't. A dried-up Yankee they dunno' mind. They conno get mich juice out of a piece o' brown leather. But a bit o' fresh English blood,—they'll go for it as far as we used to go for wayter—to th' Underlone well. But that isno' everythin'. I' August there's nowt that's breet but what goes as rusty as if yo'd had it i'th' wesh cellar a week,—keys i' yo'r pocket; needles stuck i' yo'r *bust*,—they're noane fit for nowt. Yo'r keys are like a bunch o' owd nails; an yo'r needles like bits o' straw. Nothin' i'th' shape of a rag leeaves yor skin. It sticks to yo' like birdlime, or a wax plaister. Mony a time do I think about Blackpool when I've a blister here, an' another there; 268 an'my clooas are lapt about me like dumplin rags. As I said, if yo' stoppen here till Hollinwood Wakes is o'er yo'n summat to go through. / wouldno' face th' time if I could help it. Are yo' gooin to this clam bake?”

“I'm going to see it; but I don't think I shall taste. They're not very nice things to look at.”

“Did yo' never taste?”

“Never could bring myself to it.”

“I've tasted mysel, but I conno' say that I tak to 'em. I think that if at th' side of a dish o' clams ther' a gradely English beef-steak puddin' rowlin' on a plate there wouldno' be mony shells oppent. There'd be a difference i'th' smell, too. I thowt at one time I should ha' bin clemmed to deeth. Ther nowt put on a table as it is i' England. No rounds o' beef; no legs o' mutton, done before th' fire, an' smellin' as sweet as a posey. No broth, but chowder, ut no English dog would taste if it had a whoam to go to, or a bone hid somewhere. This cookin' upo' stoves, yo' seen, doesno' bring th' reet flavour out o' mayte, an' I sometimes

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think th' stuff isno' as good as it is o'er i'th' owd country. We dunno' get it as fresh, I'm towd. It's sent to England to see if they'n have it, an' if they winno' it comes back here."

This conversation brought us to the end of our trip, and the women left me. I must confess that I did not feel very comfortable when I reflected upon the information that had been volunteered to me on the subject of American weather in the month of August. I had been on trial a few weeks, and thought the roasting I had undergone during the time was quite sufficient for a 269 season. But when I was told that I had experienced nothing yet only a dry spring-time with cooling breezes, I felt, to use a little of my friend Salisbury's phraseology, as if I was disposed to "come unglued."

"Wait till after the end of July," observed the worthy "Deacon," "that will be the time for the weather to begin to sock it into yo'. I wear nothing then but my pants and shoes, with a shirt made out of moths' wings, and the down of sucking doves."

The flag streaming from the tower on Rocky Point gives the place somewhat of a martial complexion; and it brought to my mind things that I had heard and read of,—wars waged in the neighbourhood when the "red-skin" and the "pale-face" did not spare each other. The flag seemed to fling old memories out of its folds as it "streamed like a thunderstorm," but not "against the wind;" and while the rest of my companions were enjoying their clams, I was reading history as it was presented to me by the stern lines of that rock-bound volume. I had read the land romances of Fenimore Cooper until I had learned to admire some tribes of the "noble savage," as well as to detest others, without suspecting how nearly they were akin to each other in treachery and barbarism. But the scales had fallen from my vision; and the trail of blood was visible over the land. Not far from where I was standing some of the most horrible scenes were enacted,—butcheries inflicted the most hellish that human devilry could invent;—men bound to trees, and feats of archery practised on their bodies;—arms severed by rusty knives, and such barbarities perpetrated upon 270 women by women as cannot be recorded anywhere only in the mind that would gladly believe they were not true.

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But the stars and stripes now dominate the scene where the "snake skin" signalled to battle; and we have the laugh of hearty merriment where once the war-whoop led to death

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How calm the scene where once the war-whoop rung  
And Indian tomahawk was fiercely swung;  
When neither sex nor age was ever spared,  
But all the cruelest of tortures shared,  
Where spreads the sail of many a noble ship,  
The frail canoe once sped with wary dip  
Of paddle that no sound would give to foe  
Lurking unseen to aim the deadly blow.  
In yonder cleft the savage built his fire,  
To cook his spoils or make a funeral pyre.  
But now the hunting grounds are 'neath the wave,  
The shore deserted by both sire and "brave,"  
And 'stead of red-skins, troops of "Uncle Sams"  
Pay weekly visits to devour their clams.

The "bakes" are regulated in their proportions by the number of visitors expected. So are all feasts supposed to be. But how is it ascertained what the number may amount to, that they can be provided for? The dinners have not been previously ordered, and to cook the fish on speculation would be, perchance, to waste them. If the reader has in his youth been horrified by the savage exploits of "Blue Beard," he will remember "Sister Ann's" business on the top of the watch tower, when the cruel husband has got his wife by the hair, with the intention of adding-another head to his "Chamber of horrors." "Dost thou see anything coming?" By a 271 similar system of telegraphy it can be made known along the Sound if there are any visitors on the way, from Fall River, Providence, or other places on the coast. If there is a streak of smoke to be seen in the distance the baking stones are heated, and by the time the steamer is moored along the pier the clams are ready to be served. The eating does not require long to "put it through," as the average visitor would have the contents of the shells dispatched before some people could draw up to the table. It is astonishing to see the number that will sit down at one relay, and the speed at which the race is kept up between the bake and the dining saloon. We have nothing to even remind us of such things in England.

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To-morrow (June 28) I set out with others to “Great Falls” (not Niagara), and the “White Mountains. We are promised a “good time.”

### **CHAPTER IX. “COOLING OFF.”—ARRESTED AS DYNAMITARDS.**

The intense heat of our New England cities had the effect of driving me into the country, where I might expect to find cool air and quiet rest. Incessant travelling in a boiling sun, and in railroad cars that refresh with ice water, and clouds of grit from the engine, had made me feel as though a dip in the Atlantic, with a shark in sight, would be preferable to any further experience on land. The opportunity for a change came upon me like a message from home. I and a friend, a brother “ink-slinger,” were invited by another friend to spend a day or two with him. It was simply to be a neighbourly visit, and not more than 140 miles away. Our only chance being at the end of the week, we set out at five o'clock on Saturday morning, on the 28th June, the first break of our journey being Boston, Mass.

A stroll through the classic city in the early morning, ere the sun had got fairly to work, we took as an augury of how delightful the rest of our “out” would be. We saw a sight there that deserves more than a passing notice. It was a flower mission. We were traversing the poorer districts of the city, in order to make a short cut for the depôt, when we came upon a number of girls, well-dressed and of lady-like manners, with boxes under their arms. These we might have passed without further notice, had not our friend Barker of the *Herald* called our attention to them. Coming to the end of a street these girls made a raid upon it, not as policemen do, but after a manner of their own. Instantly they were surrounded by a crowd of poor ragged waifs to whom a flower was a godsend. The boxes were speedily emptied of the “sweet ministers of peace;” and the bright scene, the happiness diffused around by the presence of these ladies, caused me to feel a choking sensation in my throat. At train time we took the “steam cars” on the Eastern Railroad to “Great Falls,” in New Hampshire, as intimated in our last chapter. We arrived at our destination about midday; but not before the occurrence of an incident that did not promise to be of a very pleasant character. Drawing up at Portsmouth depôt, our car was

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boarded by a couple of officials who demanded to see our baggage. They read over a description of it, and of ourselves, “two black grip-sacks; and one gentleman with red face, and aquiline nose; the other very stout, and partially bald, with jolly face and twinkling eye.” It was decided that we were the persons “wanted,” and were charged with having dynamite in our possession. This had the effect of raising the temperature to a degree that was nearly setting us on fire, and no doubt would have ended seriously had not my friend noticed between a straw hat and a striped “duster” a good-humoured face pulling itself into all manner of shapes. It was the face of the friend we were going to see, and who had come down to Portsmouth to T 274 meet us, and play upon us the joke that his eagerness spoiled.

Our reception at Great Falls was warm in more senses than one. The cordial shake of the hand was right and welcome. But that part of the reception the sun had to do with was blistering. Its face had been newly burnished and arrayed in a mantle of brightest blue, it sent its shafts of heat down upon us with blades red from its scorching fire. It was greatly assisted in its effect by a mirror of sand that was ankle deep, and the absence of as much as a bean pole to cast upon us its meagre shadow. But at a distance from the station the road was overhung with umbrageous trees, beneath which we would have stayed awhile had we not been urged on to our home for the day. Our host was a thoroughly representative Scotchman, but preferred lager to whisky,—well, such of the latter as could be had in a prohibited State. The welcome we received, and the cozy quarters placed at our service, did not provide us with that which we wanted most,—just a breath from the North Pole nicely distributed. If windows were opened wide, and the rooms darkened until we could hardly see each other, it was only the oven with its door opened; the heat was all the same. To add to our means of this kind of comfort it was intimated to us that in all probability the mosquitoes would be “around” in force during the night, and the nets must be kept close.

How were we to pass our time under the circumstances? It was unfit to be out of doors, and quite as unfit to be indoors. There were no public rooms, commodious and airy,

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in which to spend an hour in social conversation, We had nowhere to discuss the merits of "Tattooed Jamie," nor "Black Jack," the republican choice for presidency. People will not keep premises open for such a purpose when there is no chance of being remunerated in some form or other. We could have gone into a billiard room to play had it been any other week-day than Saturday; but the threshold of the Sabbath must be kept clear of anything profane. Well, then what were we to do?

"This way," said a friend, and we submitted ourselves to be led through the burning streets until we reached the river, where we crossed out of New Hampshire into the State of Maine. Some mysterious movements were here observable as we stood at the corner of a low building, over the door of which a rude signboard informed us that the building was the "Post-office." This was the town of Berwick,—not on Tweed, but on the "Newitchiwannah." A kind of freemasonry was going on to which I had not been initiated, but was about to be, I could gather. "Open, Sesame!" and the next moment I found myself in a crowd where drinking was going on with a briskness that we sometimes see at a flower-show, when the day is hot, and the band has ceased to play, and everybody wants to be served at once, and this in the model State of Maine, where no intoxicating liquor is allowed to be distilled, and it is unlawful for railroad companies to carry it. This latter statement must be taken with a grain of salt, as it rests upon about as much authority as the history of "Tom Thumb," or "Jack the Giant-Killer." 276 From what I saw here on Saturday, June 28, I had no hope that I could spend the "fourth of July" of glorious memory, as far from the "madding crowd" as I might desire. But pray never let me again hear Maine held up as an example to drunken England. I have seen in half-an-hour more tippling within the shadow of the police-station than can be witnessed in any similar sized room in Manchester. I could not have believed it had I not seen it. I was asked to look round on Sunday, but I had not the courage to face so much hypocrisy. I had seen enough. The same thing prevails in New Hampshire; and there is an evil attending this sly drinking which can only be guarded against in places where the consumption of ardent spirits is not accounted to be unlawful. Much of the villainous stuff that no one else will drink is sent here, as competition

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is shut out, and drinkers have to take anything they can get, which is so much the sweeter because, like stealing apples, it is prohibited. I do not wonder at people going mad, and committing murder, under such conditions. A murder had been committed just before we reached Great Falls.

The facilities for sly drinking are not to be numbered. Any stranger would wonder why there were so many drug stores in so thinly populated a place. Surely the whole of the inhabitants do not require constant physicking. No, but they want something besides, which the law says they shall not have. "Kerosine" is the staple trade of these establishments; but all that is disposed of is not consumed in lamps.

It was not until the gloaming fell that we could enjoy 277 tolerable comfort, and that was on sufferance. The mosquitoes were preparing for the fourth of July, and did not parade as expected. But the flies are at any time quite as annoying, because they are always on the war path, and hang around scalps with the attentions of an Indian. We were promised a drive for the morrow that would compensate us for all we had suffered, and make up for the disappointment we felt. There was a gloriously breezy bluff, or headland, about ten miles away, where it was always cool, and where we could refresh as we wanted. Then the drive would lead through a splendid country, the scenery of quite an English character, with dense woods to shelter us from the heat, and where bays and inlets threw from their breasts the delicious airs with which only water could temper the influence of the sun. Alas! we were again doomed to disappointment. The drive was certainly such as we might obtain in the English lake district, if heaven's furnaces were in full blast. But who would care to drive from Bowness to Ambleside if Windermere was dry? When we reached Dover we found the tide just about its lowest ebb. The sea had taken up its carpets, and gone out towards the Atlantic, leaving a muddy floor for us to get our breezes and inspiration from. But we drove on to Dover Point, three miles further on, and no one need be surprised at the horse finding the stables without being shown. The equine nature has something of the human about it. But we sought our stable as well. But where was the promised breeze? Gone with the tide, we were informed, and would not return without it.

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But there was a cool 278 cellar that was quite as enjoyable; and there were no red ants, nor flies, nor minute black spiders there to annoy us.

The coolness of the cellar did its share of refreshing for a time; but it was not that which we sought. We took our seats, and sat beneath the trees in front of the hotel; but there was not a stray breath of air to be caught anywhere, not even with a net. We might as well have been fishing for bass in the mud of the river as to feel for a waft any stronger than could be raised by a bee's wing. Lager and ginger-ale had to be the substitute; and every splash of it was as welcome as if it had been Moët's, or Mumm's, with a breeze on the top. The reverend editor of the *Fall River Advance* I will leave to fill in the details.

“One of the prettiest drives we have undertaken is that between Dover and Dover Point. The road is so full of quiet beauty, of bits of English rural pictures, is so well wooded, and the scenery is so soft and varied, that a man must have a cast iron dyspepsia concealed about him if he does not drink in its quiet beauty and be gladdened with its views. It was on this road, on a glorious Sunday morning—with a blue and cloudless sky overhead, and ninety-three in the shade liquidating one's superfluous tissue—that Ben Brierley, Willie Watson, and the religious editor of the *Advance*, went on their way from Great Falls to the Point, to spend a day far from the busy haunts of men, where they could enjoy the cooling breezes, a quiet sea-side haunt, a cozy dinner, and a discussion of the Blaine boom and the beauties of nature.

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“Ben Brierley was reserved and quiet, and so full of the sylvan beauty of the scene that he had to unbutton his vest to allow his satisfaction to expand itself. He wouldn't even smoke. He said it would be a burning shame to draw upon anything harder than his imagination. This was a pretty rough criticism upon the cigars we carried with us—for, speaking within bounds, they didn't need more than a porous plaster to make them draw. Willie Watson was the driver, and was prepared to show his talents as a Jehu, if he hadn't had a mournful, heart-broken, and crossed-in-love sort of horse in the shafts—an animal that

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could and would have gone fast enough if it could have shaken off unpleasant memories and the remembrance of a 3–40 and blighted life. And yet, while Willie was rather nervous about the animal he was driving going to sleep and disturbing the silence of the scene with its snoring, he still plodded along, perfectly content if we were moving, and vigorously protesting that it was a shame to go faster than a walk at a time when the traces were red hot, and the harness saddle was crackling under the intense heat. Besides this, he was acting as our guide, describing the scenery, and wishing he had some tobacco strong enough to blister a set of false teeth with its smoke.

“We had a neat little dinner at the Point, in which everything was clean, good, and comforting, and the pretty waitress was as pleasantly cool as a strawberry ice, Returning home after a pleasant conversazione under the big trees on the lawn, and a determined fight to keep the black ants and earwigs out of the lemonade, we began to 280 experience something of what a hot day means in New Hampshire. The thermometer was doing its best to keep below 96 in the shade, and failing magnificently in the effort. In our carriage the bets were that it was over a hundred and thirty. We had stopped near the top of the hill in the vicinity of the Poor-farm, talking with friend Thurston, late of Fall River, but now of Great Falls, when we heard Ben Brierley murmur—

“‘Say, Watson, drive on a bit. My coat is on fire.’

“And then, mildly remembering that Brierley really was exposed to the full glare of the sun, and that his everlasting black cloth suit was absorbing caloric enough to fry eggs in, Willie started the carriage and created a draught.

“Drip, drip, drip.

“‘What is that dripping which I hear?’ said our representative to Ben.

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“‘Oh, it's only me, melting;’ mournfully replied the suffering poet, ‘and I am not sorry it is so if only there is enough of me left to grease a postal card to send home to th' owd rib. I know she'll be glad to have my remains spread upon paper.’”

Great Falls! the name had a charm that had drawn me thither, because it led me to expect seeing something, not a Niagara, but it might equal Montmorency, or Lorette. I could behold in my imagination its silvery spray envolving in clouds as the water dashed from the neb of the beetling rock, or leaped like the Mohawk from ledge to ledge, and diffused a refreshing coolness around. I had had dreams of having my sore skin suffused with 281 a healing bath, and a quiet lounge beneath the shade of rock or tree, forgetting for the time the inconveniences and toils we had borne to reach this great Elysium. Gods and goddesses of woods and streams,—another disappointment! The Great Falls are nothing more than a weir stretched across the river to form a dam for the large mills which find the inhabitants of the village employment. The reason they call the place Great Falls is to distinguish it from Little Falls, on the same river. But if we were disappointed in these, there was still Dover Point and the White Mountains. The former has been dealt with. It was not the fault of the place that the tide was out. It could not be answerable for the moon's ruling. It was merely the accident of the time. But the Great Falls!—carding, and spinning, weaving and bleaching,—great as are the works that man has constructed there, and they are great, as we saw from passing through them, they are not to compare with the ideal I had formed of the place.

But the train is now due that is to carry us to within a few miles of the Canadian frontier, and our Scotch friend, his wife and two children, are all agog for a delightful outing, only they keep out of the sun as well as they can. We are on the spin again, away, away, for long miles we, go, the line of cars wriggling like a mighty snake; but our faces require our handkerchiefs all the time. When tired and sleepy, and as dusty and as gritty as a smithy floor, we are informed we are at the depôt bearing the name of Wolfbro' Junction. Here we lunched on chicken pie, which was more like an English dish than anything 282 I had

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tasted in the States. Near the station I was introduced to a small wooden shanty where a newspaper is printed and published, the proprietor being the editor and reporter, his young wife compositor and paragraphist. Which of the two was the engine to drive the machine I had not the temerity to enquire. But it was a most compact little place, and appeared to be furnished with everything necessary for working a “news mill” on a small scale. Being Monday, it was, as is usual on a weekly, a slack day, and the whole of the staff were going out, both of them. I was very much interested with this model office, in which everything was kept in such order as only a woman knows how, or has patience to see to. None of the compositors smoked or drank beer.

My readers should have seen the editor, as we found him. He was still in his war paint; and Crusoe could not have been better furnished with arms and ammunition than he was. His waistcoat pocket was crammed with pencils, pens, scissors, gum brush, pipe with tobacco ashes dribbling out of the bowl, a six-inch rule, and things editorial we could not make out. We were kindly received, and we had as much fun out of him as the sun could extract. “All aboard!”

Another long whirl and we are at North Conway, in the very lap of the White Mountain region. “Jumping Jehospat!” exclaims the deacon, as he “dumps” himself upon the platform, “ *Something* with the lid off again!” If it was hot at Great Falls, they must have turned the reflector of a Dutch oven on the face of the Barnum-white-elephant mountains. Seat ourselves anywhere? 283 No, let us walk abroad until our mortal candles are melted to the wick. Hear what the *Advance* man has to say;—

“North Conway was hotter than Hades with the lid off. It fairly toasted itself in a red-hot bed of sand. Not a breath of air was stirring.

“Is this a pleasure resort?” whispered Brierley, suddenly taking his hand from a heated fence rail upon which he had thought to rest, wearily.

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“Upon our assurance that it was so, and that it was one of the prettiest and most romantic spots in the whole mountain range, a spot which, for its command of craggy peaks snow clad hills, embowered vales, winding roads, lovely views, darling little lakes and wondrous echoes, had not its equal for charming attractions, he could only say:

“How soon does the train start for Fall River? How soon can we get out of this oven? Do you think we've money enough in the gang to buy me a cake of ice to sit upon?”

“We took him to see our old friend Pitman, who dosed the sufferer with citrate of magnesia, acid phosphate, ice water and fans, until he really began to see that kindness and desperate remedies were quite equal to the task of making him forget that it was the seventh paper collar he had just wilted in a day that was not even yet above half over. And then we trudged across the great Sahara of red-hot sand which lay between us and the station, and got on board and started for Boston, a long and weary ride, in which we indulged in perspiration and wicked 284 thoughts, and never ceased growling at the heat until we had got our bath at the Massachusetts House, and kindly Charley Baker was telling the pretty waitress to put big lumps of ice in our evening cup of tea.”

We were enticed into a “druggery” and *prescribed* for. The rest—perspiration, and a desire a to pull a cloud over us. Three thousand feet of dry mountains, not at all white, except where a stone crops out of the bush that clothes the flanks of this seemingly interminable range! Wild enough was the scene, which would be a thousand times wilder when draped in the snows of winter. But now—oh for a lager, and a return train!

I need not describe these mountains, even if I could. Everybody has painted such excrescences on the face of nature either on paper or canvas. The same with rivers which, looked upon from a utilitarian point of view, are merely drains to these mountains. But I would not suffer such commonplaceisms to interfere with the soul's appreciation of these wonders. They are mountains and streams to me still,—the same that my boyhood

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worshipped, and gilded my youth with the halo of poesy. But they were not revealed to me with the thermometer at 96 in the shade, and an engine panting and growling near.

### CHAPTER X. THE GARDEN OF AMERICA.

The pilgrimage of burning sand, and blistering sunshine had left my skin parched, and pulse low. I was advised, as a restorative and comforter, to spend a few days at a place I had visited before, where I could have good English fare, cool breezes, and quiet. There was no need of pressing this advice upon me; I “let up” at once, and went. I Was as completely “played out” as an old cab horse that goes down upon its knees, and prays for a consignment to the knackers; and when “mine host” saw me labouring up the slope leading to the hotel, he wondered what had come over me, I looked so wearied. I felt anxious for bed-time to come; and when I was shown to my room, a spacious one, and windowed on two sides, with everything about to make a man happy who has *no other home* , I thanked Dame Fortune for having located me there. I think I have mentioned the place in another chapter,—“ Silver Spring. ”

A night's rest, and a day spent on the verandah, had a wonderful effect upon me, and as day followed day, and meal times came round, I began to feel as if I was growing into a “light weight” giant, fit to tackle the 286 notorious John L. Sullivan. Silver Spring is a paradise; and when we have passed a quiet day there, with no need to use a bootjack, or brush one's coat, and seek at night some little diversion, we can have it in the house. The three grown daughters can sing, play, and recite so as few three sisters can; and those are not their only accomplishments; they can wash, cook, and serve a table quite as well. Besides all this they are something to look at. Bravo, Yorkshire! they hail from that county in blessed Old England! I spent four days in this nest, one of which was the glorious “Fourth of July.” We did, or attempted to do, our share of the celebration; but the rain interfered with our success! The rockets would not go off from having lain in the wet grass; and the Chinese lanterns shed tears. Music, however, made up for our disappointment in fireworks.

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I had picked up so much good at this place that it was with the greatest reluctance I left it; and when handkerchiefs were being waved at my departure, I felt, somehow, as though I was leaving a third home. I had previously unburdened myself of the following:—

### SILVER SPRING.

Thou Silver Spring—sweet Silver Spring! Around my heart fond memories cling  
Of joyous hours I've spent with thee, When far from home—beyond the sea.

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Thou art a nest where weary feet Can halt, and feel a healing sweet; Where cooling  
breezes from the sea Are blent with strains of harmony.

Oh, I could linger here for aye, Forgetting aught the livelong day, Except my home, where  
love and thee— My wife are—mine beyond the sea.

It must be borne in mind that Silver Spring is not Saratoga, we do not meet the “spry” girls, and straw-hatted old mummies, the former looking as though they had been born to waste dollars upon, and the latter having the appearance of disappointed candidates for Madame Tussaud's receptacle for broken up wax. There is nothing so hateful as a supercilious old Yankee. If his neck just behind his ears happens to be baked into a wash-leather brown, with lines describing the pattern of a backspittle, it would not be pleasant to ask him for information. There would be plenty of room to doubt his giving a civil answer. I met with one of these in Warren; but of that hereafter. There were none such to be found at Silver Spring.

But I was committed to the spending of a day at Providence, so took my departure thither. Besides having to meet many acquaintance there,—friendships newly formed—I had been told that if I called at a certain house I should very likely find an old companion, well known in Hollinwood by the name of “Jack Thuston.” 288 I went to the place, but was disappointed. Not being market day he had not come to town, and would be busy on

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his farm. But I met with something worth going for, and without expecting to find it. The landlord, I thought, had so much the appearance of an Englishman that I could not help asking him if he was one. His reply was—

“Guess I aint a Johnny. No, by (something). I'm a Yankee, I am. Guess you're a Johnny Bull?”

I confessed I was.

“Guess we'll make you Britishers take a back seat if Jim Blaine gits in. We'll make you smell mice. None of your darned bunkum. Before another fourth o' July we'll camp fifty thousand men on Wrigley Head Green.\* What think you o' that?”

\* A small hamlet in Failsworth, near Manchester.

Then with a grin, he put out his hand, and exclaimed, “How are you, Ben?”

He was an Englishman, after all, and had lived in Failsworth. I heard an anecdote of him that is worth repeating. Bob Dewhirst,—that is the name he is known by—is a dog fancier, and had entered seven spaniel pups in the dog show at the Centennial Exhibition. Bob had heard of an eccentric American carrying the stars and stripes through England, and an idea struck him that he would do something to emulate, in his own way, the foolish exploits of this “son of a wooden nutmeg.” He would march the distance of 300 miles to Philadelphia, and have receptions on the route. He had a wheelbarrow made on purpose, and so constructed that the seven pups could be seen, after the manner of white mice, or guinea-pigs. He hired a man to walk in front of the conveyance, carrying the American flag; and, thus equipped, the menagerie went on its one wheel, like the triumphal car of a Roman conqueror, amidst the shouts of a crowd of doggies, bar-roomers, and “bummers” in general. Their progress was everything that could be desired until they reached Hartford in Connecticut. How it happened has not yet been explained, and Bob is reticent about giving any information on the subject; but the party, pups and all, found

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themselves under lock and key in a place where hotel prices were not charged. What charged. What kind of trouble had got them into such lodgings has not transpired, but it is supposed that lager could not have done it. Something stronger must have been “around.” This adventure, however, led to the wheelbarrow being sent home, and the journey being finished by rail. I have in my possession a photograph representing the setting out; Bob dressed in a pair of “Lancashire knee breeches,” and in the act of shafting the wheel-barrow, whilst his henchman is waving the standard by his side. The “sitting” is so contrived that three of the pups are visible. Our friend declared that he would not have given up the *carte* to anyone but me.

On the Narragansett, and dividing the distance betwixt New York and Boston, lies the State of Rhode Island, of which Newport is the capital city. It is the oldest of the New England cities; and, it may be said, the prettiest. Sometimes it is called the “Garden of America,” or the “Brighton of the West.” Not having been in Brighton U 290 proper I could not compare the two. I doubt if any part of old England is so richly endowed with sylvan beauty on the one hand, and such a splendid beach on the other. The two features combined give it an attractiveness that draws together a tone of society such as we meet in Buxton, or Matlock Bath, without the invalid element, and the drinkers of spa waters. The drives are magnificent, and almost closed in by trees, that give to them at noonday the coolness of evening. Entering one of these drives, Belle Vue Avenue, we have the breeze from the sea to give it additional freshness; and at a certain hour, the fashionable time, or “high ton,” the line of carriages that crowd the avenue reminds one of Hyde Park, save that there are no coronets on the panels, nor other insignia of the “pomp and circumstance” of Princely presence.

“But who is that gentleman who raised his hat to us?”

“Colonel Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. We have no princes here. Would you mind an introduction to him?”

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I had forgotten there was one of the Bonapartes in America.

This was on a visit I paid to Newport, and happened during a drive along the three mile run of Belle Vue Avenue.

Well, I saw nothing very princely about Jerome, not of a type that I have been schooled to believe belonged to noble blood. He was more like a private gentleman, who, if his face had been fair and fresh, with a little more energy beneath his vest, would have reminded me of my friend Allen Mellor, of Oldham. He was plainly dressed—a “plug” hat, a coat something like mine, “pants” not 291 over long, with continuations of red hose and low shoes. I did not observe any bearings on his carriage. Such is his familiarity that he is only spoken of as “Jerome.”

Belle Vue Avenue would be an ugly looking drive if denuded of its trees. The modern mansions are unsightly, such as no Englishman would put up in his own country. I can only account for this want of taste by attributing it to a desire to be different to other people, like the wealthy gentleman who wore a bad hat, so as to distinguish himself from his neighbours. Some of the older buildings are really fine. They belong to a time when riches alone were not accepted as evidences of good taste and good breeding. America is not the only country in which monstrosities of various kinds are intended to be looked up to.

A spin along the “Ocean Drive” on a hot day is a luxury; and when relieved occasionally by getting down and inspecting some natural curiosity, such as the “Spouting Rocks,” and the “Handing Rocks,” is made doubly enjoyable. Getting *too* near the latter place is the reverse, as I very soon discovered, the canopy of the carriage being covered in a twinkling with young mosquitoes, just emigrating from their birthplace in a swamp close by. We had a lively fight with these pests; and more than one of my friends bore scars. They had heard me say that I had never been bitten, and had driven thither on purpose that I might have something to boast of when I got back to England. Much to their disappointment I

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came out of the meleé scathless, whilst they were engaged in other things than admiring the 292 beauties of nature. The vicinity of the Spouting Rocks was much more pleasant. The phenomenon here to be seen is caused by the sea rushing into a narrow cavern, having an opening about midway something like the blowhole of a spouting whale, only of dimensions that would admit a man's body without fear of his choking it up. The fugitive sea, not being able to find any other outlet, dashes up this natural blowhole, sending up a column of water, sometimes to the height of fifty feet. If anyone is so incautious as to stand near when the tide is a little sportive, and plays "around" kitten like, then makes a spring and dashes up the hole in its wildest strength, a bathing dress would be the most suitable garment to be worn at the time. This can only be witnessed when the tide is well up, and a fresh breeze is blowing inshore.

"Purgatory" is a chasm that takes a little after the "Lover's Leap," in Dovedale, Derbyshire. It has the traditions that attach to all such places, with this variation,—a youth, to show what he would dare, to propitiate the affections of the lady of his choice, leaped across this chasm, and had the satisfaction of learning from her own lips that any fellow who was fool enough to risk his life for no good purpose was not to fool with her, so she "went back on him," as the Yankees phrase it. Anyone must admire the young lady's good sense. Had the lover emulated the deeds of one of America's noblest daughters it would perhaps have had a different effect. On a small island lying under the Fort is the solitary home of Ida Lewis, the Grace Darling of America. I 293 had the privilege, not accorded to everyone, of visiting that lonely nest. My host for the time, Mr. Charles Bickerton, took out a boat one afternoon, and after a visit to the fort we pulled to the rock on which the lighthouse stands.

Miss Lewis was just returning in her boat from the city, and the guardians of her "sea-girt isle," a pair of Newfoundland dogs, were baying "deep mouthed" welcome to their mistress. At first we were forbidden to land, as she had been bored with visitors, but on learning through her brother that I was a stranger from England, the heroine of many a noble rescue waved me a cordial Welcome. One of the dogs was ready to assist me up the slippery rocks, had his services been required. Ida was chatty about many things,

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but never for once did she allude to any of the incidents that had made her name famous throughout the world. She led us into a room in which she keeps her medals; and I felt as if I was in the presence of a being more than human as I gazed upon that precious store, blessed by the grateful offerings of souls whose existence on earth she had been the means of prolonging. I must confess that I was disappointed with the personal appearance of this brave woman. I had pictured her in my mind as a kind of Amazon, with sinews of rare power, and a presence that would overcome a storm. Instead of that I found her to be a slim, wiry figure, of about middle height, and without any indication of being endowed with fins. I know not what the sensation of drowning may be, but a strange feeling came over me as she "tipped me her flipper," and gave my hand something more than a one-fingered grip. I felt, somehow, as if I was being pulled into a boat, previous to being discharged of a freight of sea water, and a cargo of brandy shipped instead.

On our return from the rock my friend recounted to me some of the deeds of daring that had marked the career of this human petrel. One was of her rescuing two soldiers who had been skating on treacherous ice, and had got immersed. When other means of reaching them had failed, Ida dashed upon the ice, equipped with nothing but a clothes-prop, and laying herself down, held out successfully the hand of deliverance, amidst the ringing shouts of the spectators. For this gallant act she was fittingly rewarded.

The ordinary duties of Ida Lewis are to attend to the lamp fixed in the seaward corner of the building, for which she receives 750 dollars a year. A successor would only receive 500. The extra 250 dollars are given as a reward of merit. Poor Ida! She was in deep mourning; and our boatmen knew her by that when most of a mile away. "She is coming yonder," he said, as we were nearing the lighthouse. "She is mourning the death of her sister, who lived with her on the rock;" and I could well understand how one of two such companions would grieve at losing the other.

The greatest curiosity to be seen in Newport is not of natural formation; it is the work of human hands; but when it was built, or for what purpose, history has not a word

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to say. This structure is called the “Old Mill,” from a supposition, nothing more, that it was originally used for grinding purposes by an earlier civilization than Columbus introduced. Here I had best quote the authority of the “Guide to the City of the Sea:”—

“Probably the first striking object for enquiry that will arrest attention is the old stone mill in the centre of Touro Park, near the head of Belle Vue Avenue. It is, most certainly, very old, and as certainly of extremely obscure origin. We dare not tell you much about it, yet there it stands, Sphinx-like, awaiting your cleverest guess. We will not undertake to prove it to be either a Viking's watch-tower, raised 900 years ago, or simply Governor Arnold's old mill, built by the colonists in 1663; and we would not, if we could, clear the pleasant mystery that hangs about its origin. The wall of this ruin is about twenty-four feet high, built very substantially of rough stone, with lime mortar, and has been *harled*, or rough cast, with lime. It is raised on eight pillars, about seven feet high, and from five to six feet apart, a most picturesque object in the landscape, a monument to the taste and skill that fashioned it, whether the head and hand belonged to Norseman or Anglo-Saxon.” Evidently the lime of the mortar used in building this tower was the produce of burnt oyster shells, as bits not properly calcined are to be found mixed with the other material. Said “Old Jemmy,” the coloured confectioner whose stall is near, “a man, Missr Brierley, who could give the his'ry of that yar buildin' need do noffin more. It would be a fortin' for him.” The origin of the round towers of Ireland is not hidden in deeper mystery.

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Through the kindness of my hostess, Mrs. Bickerton, I obtained permission to go through the Episcopal Church, the “Old Trinity,” the oldest, with one exception, in the United States, being built in 1726. In this church the celebrated Bishop Berkeley was wont to preach. On the pastor's returning to England he sent an organ as a present to the church. The piety of the time would only accept the case. The musical portion was transferred to a less puritanical place of worship. Since then the stays of bigotry have been unlaced, and the organ has been restored, but with a new filling. The church was built and endowed by English money, and is the only one in the States the spire of which bears on its apex

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the British crown. It is a condition of the endowment that this crown shall not be removed. But it is an eyesore to some people who have been raised under the Republic. The bell was presented by Queen Anne, but it has been broken up and re-cast so often that it can hardly be called the same. The pews are the square high-backed boxes of a former period, and are taxed by the State, the seat-holder having to pay the tax, in addition to a high rental. There seems to be nothing but speech that is not taxed.

On leaving Newport I was honoured with a public dinner given to me by the citizens, who were mostly Anglo-Americans. We had what they call “a good time.” The following is a report of the proceedings, copied from the Newport *Daily News* of July 12:—

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### THE BRIERLEY RECEPTION.

At the dinner given last evening at the Park House, Fred A. Daniels, in welcoming Mr. Brierley, said:—This gathering of citizens of Newport, Englishmen by birth or descent, come together to-night to give you a right royal and cordial welcome to this, the city of our adoption and choice. It is indeed a proud honour to us to have Lancashire's famous poet, though not personally known to some of us, yet to us all the name of Ben Brierley or “Owd Ab” is as familiar through your excellent writings as though we had known you in person. As I said, it is an honour which we feel to have the pleasure of entertaining you at this board. When it became known that you were about to visit these shores it was felt by some of us that we should be failing in our duty if we did not make an effort endeavouring to get you to visit this, about the prettiest and most English looking spot in America. You see before you, sir, men in whose hearts there is a very warm spot for yourself, and remembering your life's efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes of our Mother Country, who can wonder that it is so? In conclusion, sir, I ask you to accept on behalf of us all, a cordial loving welcome to Newport, Rhode Island. Ladies and Gentlemen, I propose the toast—“Long life, health, and prosperity to our honoured and respected guest, Ben Brierley.”

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Mr. Brierley, in responding, said that, on looking round at the company present, he felt puzzled to know whether he was being entertained at a farewell party at home, on his departure for America, or in America, on his leaving for home. The welcome that evening was so thoroughly English, that it required no effort of the imagination to carry him back a distance of 3,000 miles, and feel that he was on his native heath, and surrounded by his neighbours. It was as though England had been dropped on that great continent and taken root there, as he scarcely could realise that he was among strangers. It afforded him the greatest pleasure to be present in such a company, and he would be proud to convey to his fellow countrymen in that old land they had all sprung from, the expressions of warmheartedness with which he had been received by their brethren in America, not only in Newport, but elsewhere. It would be a time of gratification to him when on his way home, to conjure up in his mind that hundreds of hearts were wishing him God-speed, and a safe landing on the other shore. It would be to him like a passage between two homes, only leaving one to visit the other. It would be a proud thought to him to know that in Newport he had found the “true sort,” and that the friendly hand held out to him was not a mere formality. He had to thank his friend, Mr. Charles Bickerton, and his good lady, for that genial hospitality which made no show, and was the more genuine on that account. He intended leaving for New York on the morrow, but it was not because 298 he was tired of the place, but because he had only a short time to remain in the country, and he wished to be getting a little nearer that home where a pair of bright eyes would be the first to greet him.

“The eyes that shed no tear at the farewell— The heart had dried the fountains.”

### **CHAPTER XI. HOW ENGLISHMEN HAVE RISEN IN AMERICA.**

I have often heard it said, and I think there is a good deal of sound sense in the observation, that if people would do at home what they are compelled to when abroad, they would have no occasion to emigrate; or, that they would succeed as well in their own country as in any other. It is not because America is an Eldorado, where gold may be

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had for the picking up, that men have got on there, or in more appropriate words, “made money.” Hundreds have gone from England to the States, and Canada, with the idea of having an easy life of it, and returning home to spend the remainder of their days on the produce of an industry that would only have the *name* of being work. These have emigrated to find their dreams dispelled, and the result of the disappointment has not been in favour of the country of their adoption. It has been too often said by these people, “If I had only known, I wouldn't have come out to such a place.”

Perhaps the emigrant has been a *gentleman*, accustomed to earn a living at the desk or the counter, and thinks any meaner occupation, or one requiring extra manual labour, to be beneath him. He could not condescend to handle the spade, or carry the hod, and work side by side with the much despised and much misrepresented “nigger.” No, shade of his grandfather Scroggins!—who was butler to my Lord Bobbinhat, his dignity would not stand such a humiliation. A man of his character would be the first to have the “stuffing knocked out of him,” and find in his discomfiture that pedigree and position would not raise a vine, or a “cob” of Indian corn; nor would either be accepted for a week's “run” on the boarding house. He would have to take off his coat, or go home, if he meant to live honestly. He must make up his mind to do anything he can get to do, and never admit that he cannot do it. He may do this with the pleasing assurance that there is no one looking down upon him. He may be a subject of her Majesty, and sometimes be called a “greenhorn,” or a “Johnny,” or a “sparrow;” but these sneers do not reflect in the least degree upon the character of his occupation. He may be a rag-picker, or a junk dealer, but so long as he minds his business. and does not curse the land and the Republic, he need not slink into the shade when on the side-walk for fear of being observed. It is only when he descends to the level of a “bummer” that the eagle gets its claw into him.

Many of the most successful men in America have begun the new life at the foot of the ladder. “Ay, lower than that—i'th' cellar,” remarked a Lancashire friend of mine. In the better sense, nothing was too mean for them to do,—scavenging, sewerage, digging, sweeping, portering, hodding,—anything that had a dollar at the end of it, found a ready

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hand to do it. And as the 301 mind was made up to take what would come, so surely would the hand find something to do. Once on the ladder, with a determination to ascend, he may keep on in the upward course. The misfortunes, or mal-practices of other people, may sometimes interfere with his progress, and he may have to take a “back kick;” but if he has the “stuff” in him he will mount again. If he takes on airs it will be so much the worse for him; and if he intends to succeed by “genteel” means, he must either become a politician, or get into the confidence of some banker. In either case he may have a chance of showing his “smartness,” which is only another term for gilded roguery. But if he means his career to be an honourable one the path lies before him. I have had *millions* of dollars so much rung in my ears of late that, when I begin to talk about *thousands*, I feel small. “Oh, he must be worth his millions,” is a very common observation, and applied to people, too, who, in a few years, without gambling in stocks, or stealing from the public purse, have emerged from the gutter, and raised themselves to a height of fortune as near to the sun as can be reached without the aid of wings. But it has not been done by taking things easily, or waiting, “Micawber” like, for “something to turn up.” It has been done by sheer hard work, which admits of very little rest,—work indulged in as if it was mere pastime, and returned to again and again until the object of so much labour has been accomplished.

I have during my sojourn in the States been made familiar with the lives of some of these self-made men. 302 Where I have not had their history from their own lips, I have had it from those of their immediate acquaintances. I have been spending a week in Philadelphia, which I should take to be the finest “Manchester” in the world. I cannot compare it to London, for the “Quaker city” is not the resort of hereditary nobility, or people who, as the phrase is meant to imply, have “had fathers before them.” It is the home of the princes of industry, who succeed not to titles and fortunes but of their own creating. I passed the warehouse of a firm the other day, the principal of which hails from Lancashire, and commenced his transatlantic life by picking woollen rags at a remuneration of four dollars per week; “but,” as my informant gave it, “he didno' stand at th' end o' Jack

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Lawton's every neet, makin' gam' o' folk as they went past. He're always workin', an saved out o' every little he made.”

This man took a step higher than rag-picking, and with the aid of a little of the simplest kind of machinery he commenced making tying-up thread for grocery stores. With this hung upon his arm, he would tramp a distance as far as from Manchester to Oldham to dispose of his wares. By that dogged perseverance which means winning, he acquired a “team,” or had the temporary use of one. He would attend market, and having sold up, he would return home with a load of vegetables, and “market” those before he finished his day's work. It might be tedious, but at the same time instructive, to trace this man's career from the time he shouldered his bundle on the banks of the Medlock, to becoming the 303 greatest manufacturer on that nobler stream, the Schuylkill. But it will be sufficient for me to say that he and his partner, a brother, are at present the employers of 3,000 “helps,” and that the former has been named for a seat in Congress. Bravo “Owdham!”

Other instances I could name of men who are known to me having risen from nothing to affluence by hard work— *but in a fair field* —and not shirking the labour offered to their hands. Generally speaking, the disappointed have not laid themselves out to make the best of their time and opportunities. The revelations of a noble institution, the “Society of the Sons of St. George,” which has its branches scattered all over the States, show how utterly helpless have been a class of immigrants who came to *seek* , not to *make* , their fortunes in America. They have not struck a “bonanza” at the first stroke of the pick, and without further effort despair of ever finding anything. Their hands have not been accustomed to wield other than a pen, or a pair of scissors, and to raise “segs” on them, so that they could not wear seven-and half gloves, would be a meanness that their pride could not submit to. If they had made up their minds to work at whatever offered itself, and adopted the advice of Horace Greeley when he said, “Young man, go West,” they would not have been under the necessity of begging the means by which to return to England, as is too often the case, and without the cognizance of their friends at home.

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I wish it to be borne in the minds of those people who have been used to read glowing accounts of America, that 304 they have to work hard if only to make a bare living—so hard that if they were put to the same task in England there would be a great cry about white slavery. Some might say, “Well, I wouldn't do it.” To these my advice would be “stay at home.” America will not support *gentlemen*, who prefer “loafing” to working. The rosy representations of what the land will yield may all be true, but it will not do much without labour, and that of the most trying kind. I was a fortnight ago shown over a plot in a neighbouring State that, to contemplate its barren appearance, and feel they would have to subsist upon it, or starve, would have broken some men's hearts, and it was not so very cheap, either, when compared with the prices of farming land in the old country. In a village near is a mill that has been “shut down” since May; and the whole of the inhabitants were, or had been, dependent on working at this mill for a living. Going elsewhere to seek employment in the same trade would have been like selling “Nip,” as it was suffering from depression everywhere. They wisely determined to stay where they were, and make the best of the situation. Some lived on their savings; these were English people, and had not spent their “bottom dollar.” Others, English people too, turned to farming in a small way. The hands that delved the land, and sowed the corn and potatoes on the plot I was shown over, three acres in extent, had been accustomed to work among silk, and were as soft as “my-lady's.” But these hands set to work at once upon the land, and broke a portion of it up. The whole was too much to cultivate the first season. It would have been an insult to a shop-boy 305 in England to offer him a piece of such land for a football field. But now it is smiling with corn and potatoes. The uncultivated portion is devoted to the keeping of poultry, which are calculated to supply the family with eggs and “spring chickens” all the year round. The excess of potatoes over what they would require for their own use, this amateur farmer told me, he could barter in the city for other necessaries; and now he has no fear for the winter. It is not yet five years since this man, so he informed me, sat next to me at an entertainment in Leigh, Lancashire. He has done all this, and built himself

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a house, in the meantime. But it has been a struggle to do it. He did not come to *try* his fortune, but to *make* it.

And now let me call the attention of my readers to the working of a society I have before mentioned, the “Sons of St. George.” I had the privilege of being present at the quarterly meeting of the Philadelphia branch in July; and I gathered from the secretary's report, as well as from the president's address, that which can only be a faint idea of the amount of good they are doing in the way of helping those who cannot help themselves. The society constitutes a self-elected, self-supporting, benevolent board of guardians, established for social intercourse in the first place, and in the second the relief of distressed English immigrants. But Irishmen have submitted themselves to be Saxonized for the time, in order that they might participate in the benefits of this useful institution.

I gathered from the report that a considerable amount of money— *American* money, bear in mind—is annually 306 spent in carrying out the objects of the society. A very distressing case had just been brought before them. An English schoolmaster, the very last man who ought to come out, had been driven from pillar to post in his efforts to obtain a livelihood by “genteel” means. He had been relieved from time to time from the funds of the society, and as a last item of assistance they offered to pay his passage back to England. The man was so overjoyed at the prospect of returning home that it turned his brain, and he committed suicide the week he should have sailed. The action of the president of this society cannot be too greatly commended. By his own efforts, incurring much loss of time, he on one occasion rescued from moral perdition three English girls who had been entrapped for immoral purposes in Castle Garden, New York. Without losing sight of them, means were found at once to send them back to their friends in England. If this be not Christian work, what are *our* “missions” for? Yet I do not know of any assistance being rendered to this society by kindred institutions in England. It may not be a part of our duty to help our own countrymen when in the greatest of all straits; but I regard it as a reflection on the character of the richest nation in the world to leave to the stranger the duty of providing for those who ought to be immediately under our own care. “Sons of St. George,”

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men who have risen from comparative poverty to affluence, yet hold not your wealth with a niggardly hand, you have the most grateful remembrances, and the blessings of one countryman, at least.

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Whatever pleasure may be derived from the study of history as received from books and pictures, the interest is increased tenfold by seeing the objects themselves, or the connecting links when species or races form the subjects of our studies. I have been a very humble, but not the less earnest student in American history as it deals with races, and the development of civilization. From reading the stories of Fenimore Cooper, and other writers of the forest, the lake, and the prairie, I had in my early years become imbued with the love of semi-savage life, and longed for the opportunity of seeing a little of it in reality. But I never dreamt that the chance would present itself. I would never come in contact with the representatives of the “braves” I had read of,—the Pawnees, the Sioux, the Mohicans; and the “palefaces” who hung on the skirts of barbarism, and fought for life on “flood and field.” I had seen civilized descendants of one or other of these races, some with their hands in their trousers pockets, like an “Owdhamer,” but I wanted to see the “war paint.” Accident threw me in company with quite a crowd of these people, who had been drawn from the “Wild West” to show the languid East what it was to be like a gaily-plumaged bird, living, in continual danger of being “brought down.” The Indians were of the Pawnee tribe, and were attired and equipped for the war path. The whites and half-breeds were the “cowboys” of New Mexico, and a dare-devil lot they looked—“ugly customers” to meet and have a quarrel with. At the head of this gang was “Buffalo Bill,” a renowned scout, and hunter of the wild steer of the prairie. He 308 had done good service for the American government when the Indian territories were in a disturbed state, and his name had become a “household word.” A fine looking fellow, his face bearing evidences of the presence of Indian blood, and his long, black, curly hair streaming over his shoulders, and from beneath a hat that might have served for an umbrella,—sitting low in the saddle of

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his “mustang,” he was the beau ideal of a child of the “setting sun,” ready for anything that bristled with danger.

But why was there a crowd of some 20,000 people gathered on the trial ground of Fairmount Park? And what is the meaning of this village of Tents, all astir with busy life? We are in an Indian camp, and the squaws are putting on their holiday attire. Do the Indian women use the distaff, and is the grey-headed old coon who is almost buried in her shawl (thermometer at 98 in the shade) about to spin? No; she is dressing the collection of scalp locks taken in battle, and this grim trophy is to take a prominent part in a forthcoming ceremony. The grand stand is a monster bed of flowers, each so mixed with the petals of another that it is a wonder they could have grown so closely together. Flowers!—they are bonnets, but flowers nevertheless. And what is meant by the prancing to and fro of light-limbed steeds with dusky riders swinging loosely on their backs,—gaily coloured feathers fluttering on their heads, and their black hair flowing freely behind? There is to be a parade of the “wild sons of the west,” and the forces are marshalling for the display. Now there is a loud whoop”, and 309 a cloud of dust in the distance: the cavalcade is on the march. And such a cavalcade! Leading the procession is a *chariot* and six—the passengers of all colours save black and white. There are “braves” of green, and blue, and yellow, and squaws of the same mixture of daubing. I had been led to believe the latter, as a rule, were handsome, and of noble bearing. I had crossed Lake Ontario in the company of one of a tribe of Indians whose personal appearance did not give me a favourable impression of female beauty as it is to be found in odd corners of civilized places. But this delicate looking lady of about 250 pounds avoirdupois might be an exception, probably turned out of the wigwam for her lack of personal attractions. But these others were of her type, and besmeared as they were with paint, their ugliness was considerably enhanced. Following the conveyance were horsemen and horsewomen, the latter a little more prepossessing than the carriage people, being younger. These rode very ladylike, and as ladies ride who are not savages. The juveniles stuck to the saddle with the ease of flies: and there was a

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sense of pride curling from their lips, and shooting from their eyes, that reflected back the plaudits of the assembled thousands.

But the cowboys were the principal objects of admiration,—their “King” like one born to command and be obeyed at all cost of powder and blood. There was nothing ferocious in his looks: they were rather mild than otherwise. There was, however, the firmness of his native rocks in their expression; and although when quietly employed in repairing the lash of his whip he smiled upon those about him, there was lightning in his eyes when he mounted his steed, and the thunder-clouds of black ringlets streamed behind him. He would, no doubt, be seen to better advantage when roving over the “cattle ranches,” and answering the wild whoop of the Indians. But “Buffalo Bill” was the lion of the day, and well he might be, for his shots would have made some of our riflemen feel as though their uniform did not quite fit, and there might be such a thing as their not becoming it. Mounted on his nag, with his short-bore double-barrelled rifle resting on his thigh, he set out at a gallop, and while two glass balls were flung simultaneously up in the air, he took aim and shattered both. This feat was performed with a single bullet from each barrel, and not with the scattering of small shot. How would the breast of a foe have fared?

The “war-dance” was a comparatively tame affair. I expected something very exciting, but it was simply a shuffling of feet as they formed in a ring, their blood supposed to be warmed by the beating of a couple of rude drums, and the recital of the deeds of their fathers; perhaps the heat of the weather had something to do with it. But the climax of the business in the “ring,” which embraced the whole circuit of the race course, was the sham fight betwixt the Indians and the cowboys. An old “diligence” was started, one that we were informed had often been baptised in fire and blood. This rickety old box was drawn by four lithe horses, driven by a veteran courier who had often run the bush when the bullets of the Indians, or the “road agents” (highwaymen) waymen) were flying about him. On the roof sat a grey-bearded, shaggy-maned son of the forest, armed with two formidable dogs of pistols whose bark meant a bite. He was my ideal of the “trapper” in Cooper's novels. No sooner had the stage passed the stand than out of ambush, in a remote corner,

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rushed a troop of Indians, and the rain of bullets began in showers, the veteran on the roof of the coach blazing away finely. But the showers grew into a storm when the cowboys appeared on the scene. The Indians took to flight as swift as the shots that followed them, and left the ranchmen masters of the field. The old cock on the roof of the coach flourished his steel spurs in triumph as the retreating Indians flew into space.

We did not stay to see how prairie “beeves” are caught, though we saw several lassoed, and riders thrown; but we were afraid of a crush at the exit, and left with the plaudits of that vast assembly ringing in our ears, and drove among the quieter haunts of pleasure-seeking Philadelphians.

### **CHAPTER XII. CONCLUDING NOTES.**

It is a pity we cannot add to, or take from, many things that we have done in our lives,—add to the good, and take from the bad. But if we cannot do this we have the privilege of remodeling a story, and chronicling events omitted in the first draught of history. We are in the habit of trusting too much to memory. We think some incidents are so striking that we can never lose sight of them, forgetting that as time wears on events quite noteworthy are apt to push these into the background, whence they recede into oblivion. I have been guilty of this neglect; and many things which at one time were vividly before me, if at all recorded, have to be conjured up from the dreamy distance. It were impossible for me to make amends in this instance for the omissions I have made in former chapters until I revise them for future publication, when I am in hopes that I may place the fugitive notes in their proper places.

But I am still in America, where food for observation is never scanty. I am in the midst of an excitement such as we know nothing about in England,—the election of President of the Republic, that lasts from June to November, during which period the political pot is kept 313 at steaming heat. It may only be simmering in July when many politicians are away *to* Europe. But about the beginning of August the roll of the drum is heard, and

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organising bands parade the streets. These are called “flag-hoistings,” and are nuisances such as would not be permitted in the most lawless part of England. Only fancy large banners that would cover the gable of a 500 dollar house, being strung for months across our best streets, for no other purpose than to display badly executed portraits of selected candidates to stand for the presidency. Here we have Blaine and Logan; farther on we have Cleveland and Hendricks, the four party-sanctioned candidates for president and vice-president. In some respects these may be fit men to “boss” a government; but, if all be true that is said of them, no Englishmen would care to see any of the four near his hen-roost. Each of these has his “record.” We call it “character” in the old country; and things are raked up from their past history, and recorded in public prints, that to whisper in England would mean an action for libel. No unprejudiced man could read these charges, when not contradicted, as they rarely are satisfactorily, without coming to the conclusion that they are four of about the worst scamps in existence. One begins to think we can see villainy in their faces; yet two of them are bound to be prayed for, like our Queen, as though they were the purest hearted men that had yet succeeded to the chair of Washington. If Victoria of England had been subjected to this “muss” previous to ascending the throne, what a draggletail she would have appeared in the eyes of strangers. But one of these men will occupy the position of a potentate, and be honoured as such by foreign courts, notwithstanding that he was called during his candidature by such nicknames as “Tattooed Jim,” or “Black Jack,” by which are designated Blaine and Logan, the republican choice.

Europeans who would visit America should avoid this time, if they wish to obtain a fair estimate of the American character. The best people do not appear on the surface when the political waters are disturbed. Only the adventurous politicians who hope to make something out of the triumph of their candidate fill the public ear, and the columns of the public press. These are clever men for the time, and he who can spread the Eagle's wings the farthest is the greatest patriot. There are whole “ticket” men, and half-ticket men. Some who go the whole “platform,” and others who stand on one plank only, or two planks, so

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that they can turn to the opposite party if their own candidate gets the “bounce.” At this time nothing else is talked about, unless “Slugger” Sullivan is “around;” or a circus “strikes” the scene; or a base ball match is to be played. Amusement before anything serious at all times. But the relief you get by these things is often worse than the pain you have had to endure; and as you come to reflect upon the situation the truth of the saying will force itself upon you—with what little wisdom the world is governed; and you may add—with what little things the world is amused!

It was my fortune one evening to be flung among a 315 lot of politicians of the “booming” type. The company was composed of representatives of both parties, and, to use their own phraseology, they “mauled each other around with swashing vigour.” No one had anything to say of his own candidate except that his hands were less dirty than his opponent's, which I hope, for the sake of a great country, is only the politician's, and not the popular American estimate of public virtue.

“Jim Blaine is the meanest cuss that ever swindled a scripholder,” said a tall fellow who could squirt over a man's head, and hit the spittoon. “Went into Congress without a cent, and hadn't been in longer than it takes a copperhead to spring, aire he gummed the paper to the tune of 15 millions. Is that the coon to trust with the strings of government?”

“I go Blaine,” said a well known democrat, and the announcement created surprise.

“What, you go back on your own man, Dave? What cause?”

“Cause,” was the unsatisfactory reply, “Blaine, yer see, grabbed at the rags, and shoved them inter his pants till they won't hold another dollar. He's clean full, he is. I go Blaine, 'cause his pockets are made honest, if his mind aint. Cleveland, yer see, ain't tasted blood yet. Let him git his teeth under the eagle's feathers, an' if he don't suck like a million Jersey angels, I'm a yaller nigger.”

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"I aint havin' any stock in the Blaine track anyway," said another; "bet on that. I'm a through and through Cleveland man, an' by—we'll tote him in. Don't you 316 forget it. What the hail Columbia has Blaine in him, anyhow, 'cept a scent for the dollars! Been on the trail since the war, then his record got busted. He fite England? He'll mice to old Gladstone like a dead-beat. Promise? He'll promise to be honest if you'll only wait, then won't he go back on himself?"

Not a word to be said as to the measures—only the men. I listened in vain to hear something of what the people of America wanted besides a man at the head of affairs who was the least dishonest, as though rectitude in public men was regarded as impossible, and was quite a settled question. However honestly disposed a man might be, he is looked down upon by politicians if he does not feather his nest when he has the opportunity. This is *American* opinion—not *mine*. And whatever company you go into, if not among politicians who have their eyes fixed upon the *bureau*, and disliked by the true American on that account, you hear the same sentiments. "Reps" or "dems," no matter which party, they have the knife into the breast of the "dollar patriot." The dealing out of emoluments is a sore point with those who expect none. Every man who is lifted into power, if only a policeman, is expected to do something for his friends. They "own up" that jobbery is the chief and proper aim of statesmanship; and a man in position is bound to do something for his party, or they will "go back" on him. I am here reminded of a circumstance that occurred when I was a member of the Manchester City Council. A woman wanted a situation as cleaner in the Town Hall, and made persistent applications to me to 317 get her on." It was in vain I tried to assure her that there were a large number of applicants for a similar situation, and their names were entered in a book, and would be taken by rotation when one was wanted. I had no power whatever to overrule that arrangement, even if I thought it right to do so. "I voted for you," she said. "But," I rejoined, "I cannot obtain work for all who voted for me." "Then what were you put in for?" This woman must have had some knowledge of American politics.

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“Appropriation” is a word much used among politicians of the dollar type. It means money voted for state purposes,—say, the improvement of coasts, roads, harbours,—building schools and other institutions. A politician, who may be a barber or a shoemaker, but who has been big on the “great country” at election time, has a scheme of some kind which, if adopted, would save the government an enormous outlay that would be inevitable in the future. He, by some means that people profess to understand, gets the appointment; and all he does for it, so the Americans say, is nothing. He pockets the dollars, and the scheme is lost sight of. But the end of the politician has been attained. The barber, or cobbler, is moving towards Congress, where he hopes to be able to “appropriate” for his friends. He has been “smart.” This is the political condition of America as gathered from American sources; but not from people who are likely to be consulted by a commission of inquiry, or by petted visitors from the old country.

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Now for the social life of America as *not* seen in a run through the country. As I may be expected to say, it is varied,—more so perhaps than in England. If you hear a person say “that’s Yankee,” you may depend upon it he knows little of the Yankee character. He has probably taken his standard from those who visit Europe; or has gathered his knowledge from disappointed emigrants who have returned home. You meet Americans you would take to be Englishmen, if it were not for the peculiar accent in their speech. There is neither extravagance nor bluster in their manner; and if you come to talk to them they will “own up” that their system of government is rotten. They have a good constitution—no better anywhere,—good laws, but bad administration, because in the hands of men who are entirely unfitted for the work. They don’t talk dollars, nor “spread-eagleism.” You can hear common sense, and that is something to say of any people. Their predictions of the future of their country generally are gloomy. They know that corruption is eating into its vitals. They are in love with the English mode of living, so much as they know of it. I could make their eyes sparkle when I spoke of English homes—of their firesides, and their thorough domesticity: of their method of cooking as compared with what I had seen

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in America. To show that all American women are not the hateful playthings of indulgent husbands, and that they value other things than jewellery, and “just heavenly bonnets,” I may mention a lady who did all her own housework—washed, cooked, baked, and made quite a “good time” of her domestic life. Yet this woman 319 was a thorough Yankee—had never visited England, nor been taught its ways. She rather took the steam out of me one dinner time, by placing upon the table a “gradely” Lancashire potato-pie. “Great snakes?” as “Uncle Sam” would say, what a surprise! and this, too, in the most aristocratic city in New England. I might have gone elsewhere and been sickened with conversation that turned upon nothing but carats, gloves, Long Branch, and general tomfoolery. But harder times than the war times are telling upon the latter phase of American life; and no doubt good will come of it. The loose members of society will have to be dealt with. Adventurers cannot much longer gamble with other people's money, and handle millions like a handful of cents,—then fail; as if it was nothing to ruin thousands of people. The purse-strings will have to be drawn; and the “marm” who holds it a disgrace to soil her fingers with work, notwithstanding that her husband is in difficulties, will have to take lessons in household duty, and bare her elbows to something besides the mirror.

If we may judge by appearances, the Americans are a devoutly religious people. They may, as we think, show more attention to their earthly guides than they do to the Great Master Himself, but they are, in the observance of the rites of worship, in advance of us. Their Sabbaths are more decorous than ours, and there is nothing in their secular life on that day that is out of harmony with this display of piety. The sound of “dollars” may sometimes jar upon the ears, and it may be vaunted how much Beecher and Talmage get for their ministrations, but this 320 only by the way. I am sure that it cannot be otherwise than a pleasure of the most exalted kind to go out from the cities, and see the country people trooping to church. Miles and miles they come from their farm homes, mounted on horses that work at the plough and cart, with here and there a “buggy” to give a little “tone” to the cavalcade. Stalls are built around the church for the accommodation of these “teams,” and where they do not exist the animals are hitched to trees, or to stones

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with rings provided. It would strike a stranger that a horsefair was on hand, and these were early arrivals. I have been told that the people ride in pairs, the farmer and his wife, but I have not seen any such mountings. We do not meet with crowds of young men, unwashed, and with short pipes in their mouths, strolling in the country, attended by kennels of dogs, and indulging in language unfit for any kind of society except their own. America is not disgraced by this curse of the English Sabbath.

The late war continues to be occasionally a subject of conversation; and it is a pretty general opinion that the object of the struggle was more for the advancement of a party purpose than any consideration for the slave. Whether it was so or not, I will leave to the Americans themselves. But all agree that it was an unnecessary war, and ought never to have been fought. But as it is getting to be a matter of history, it is looked upon in a less important light; and so many yarns have been spun about deeds of battle, and so many impossible things given as facts, that younger Americans are beginning to think the whole affair was nothing more than a grim 321 joke. A captain (I never came across a private) was telling me the other day some amusing anecdotes of the war, and amongst them was the following,—

“I was once out with a skirmishing party of federals,” said he, “and we came upon the vidette of the enemy. We had some sharp work with those Johnnies, and when I could see both of us were getting tired, and it was on the cards that we would prefer a good time to wasting powder and blood, I called out to the captain of the rebs: ‘Say, Captain, would you mind having an hour's rest?’ ‘Right, Yank,’ said the captain, ‘down with yer irons.’ So we ceased firing. ‘Say, Captain,’ I called, as we got squatted, ‘got any backer?’ ‘Yaas, Yank. Got any rum?’ ‘Yaas, Johnnie.’ “Exchange?” ‘Hoist yer handkycher.’ A man was told off from each line, and they hung out their body linen—not so clean, you bet. One carried the backer, the other the rum. They met half way and did the exchange as neat as you'd done it in a store. Nothin' wrong in it, I guess. We drank and smoked and had a good time while it lasted. Then the captain of the rebs sang out: ‘Guess the hour's up, Yank. Look out; h

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—'I's comin'!' We began the fire again,—popping a man off with his pipe in his mouth as if nothing was. But it didn't look the thing to knock a comrade over.”

### HOMEWARD BOUND.

And now there is nothing for it but to say farewell! I am on the steamer *City of Montreal*, not a sea greyhound, but a safe and steady boat. Not being one of the marine mashers, we have no collar and glove company, but a Y 322 quiet jolly party that make up a family at once. The morning is cold and dreary,—a similiar day to the one on which I left Liverpool. But we creep in the smoke saloon and are a cozy, genial, few. Only three Englishmen, the rest Yankees. But all English in sentiment, if not in nationality. The time goes pleasantly on, and we care not for the weather. Surely this is not an American August. If so, how will it be in England? But the room is warmed by the yarns of the New Jersey farmer, and the brogue of a genuine son of North Erin. Oh, the happy time betwixt nine and eleven each night, when joke and anecdote went freely round,—the Irish “gintleman” singing a characteristic song, reminding me of my friend Laycock's “Bowton's Yard,” but descriptive of a street in New York. Anent a “Mrs. Dooley,” the song says—

She claims to be a Yankee, But all the neighbours know That she came from county Connaught, When she moved to Gossip Row.

The weather, if not stormy, continued in a sad mood till the shores of Columbia receded from our sight. Then it was that I penned my “Farewell to America,” which will be found in its proper place, at the end. Gloomy and cold nearly all the way. But land is sighted, and joy abounds. The weather is now gloriously fine; the breeze is balmy, and the sun is behaving itself as if it knew it was on its trial by a Yankee jury. The coast of Ireland is a delightful panorama, and the eyes that never saw it before admire its beauty. “Paddy's Candle” (Fastenet lighthouse) is past, and greener grows the land till “it is 323 just lovely, aint it?” But we are to be sundered. The family is broken into at Queenstown, and we are getting our farewells over; and now mine to America—

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### FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

Farewell, land of “booms,” “tickets,” “platforms,” and “vetoes,” Of lightning bugs, whistling fogs, snakes and mosquitoes, Land of fried oysters, of clam-bakes, and chowder, And the rowdy's best arguments—bullets and powder; Land of all races, all colors, and mixings, Of candy and peanuts, of notions and fixings, Where prohibitive laws do not stop folks from drinking, But old Bourbon and rye can be had for the winking. Where a man who robs banks is held up as a “smart one;” But let him take bread that will just keep life's cart on, He'll get it quite hot from the judge who ne'er justice meant, And sent up for weeks to the home of the penitent. Land of “road agents,” of pedlars and “drummers,” Of confidence tricksters, “bushwhackers,” and “bummers,” Where political knaves fatten out of the taxes, And how they get hold of them no man e'er “axes.” If I tell thee thy faults 'tis because that I love thee,— Oh, land of the free! while the bird soars above thee, That swoops on thy foes like thy blizzards and cyclones, 'Twixt thee and old England may bygones be bygones! Do what has been done by thy mother before thee, Deeds blazoned in history, ballad, and story: 324 Drive out the vile rascals that plunder thy coffers, And cease to be jeered at by railers and scoffers. Take the bull by the horns,—not the “John” of that “aire” name; And throw down the beast that has trod on thy fair fame; 'Twill have to be done either sooner or later,— So here's to the doing of 't my “darlin' young crayter!” “So long!”\*

\* *So long.* The American term for “good bye!”

THE END.

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