Transatlantic sketches in the West Indies, South America, Canada, and the United States. By Greville John Chester...

TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES.

TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES IN THE WEST INDIES, SOUTH AMERICA, CANADA, AND THE UNITED STATES.

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TO MY OLDEST FRIEND, CHARLES S. PALMER, M.A.,

IN GRATEFUL TOKEN OF HIS TRUE AND FORBEARING FRIENDSHIP FROM SCHOOL-DAYS TO THE PRESENT TIME, These Sketches ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

October , 1869.

PREFACE.

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The writer has called this book “Transatlantic *Sketches* ,” to indicate his sense of the slightness of the work he has undertaken.

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The more one travels the more does one become conscious of the incompleteness of the knowledge gained in anything short of long-continued residence in a country. The writer in his *Sketches* has *aimed* at truth and accuracy; how far he has attained to these it is not for him to judge. For his account of Barbados alone he claims the merit of a photograph—a plain, true, ugly likeness of an ugly subject.

The extreme fewness of reliable books of travel in the West Indies, and even in the greater part of the United States—a country full to overflowing of interest and instruction—will, it is hoped, excuse the appearance of this unpretending volume.

In speaking of the United States and its people, the writer has been compelled to use the incorrect viii terms “ *America* ” and “ *the Americans.* ” It is characteristic of the inhabitants of the parts comprised within the Union, that they arrogate to themselves the name which belongs to the whole Continent.

In detailing anything likely to give an unfavourable impression of the Great Republic of the West, the words of native Americans have as often as possible been quoted, in order to avoid the appearance even of prejudice, where no prejudice was felt. Where faults or failings are exposed, they have been exposed with the full conviction that they are the faults and failings of brothers, in whose well-being every member of the old English stock has a deep and living interest.

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TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I. *ST. THOMAS.*

Islet of Sombrero—St. Thomas—Effects of the Hurricane.

Leaving Southampton on the 16th of October, 1867, we had a fair run across the Atlantic in the good steamship “ *Douro* ,” and met with even fewer incidents than usual to dispel the monotony of the voyage. We grumbled at some dirty weather in the Channel; we saw the Azores afar off by the lurid light of a stormy sunset; we watched a few schools of porpoises or dolphins, and, when we reached warmer latitudes, rejoiced over the flights of beautiful flying-fish; we got up two amateur concerts; we ate, we drank, we slept; and, notwithstanding the singularly agreeable company of passengers and officers, we—most of us at least—voted the voyage a bore. At length, early one morning, we sighted the Islet of Sombrero. Of course, as the first scrap of land, with the exception 2 of the distant Azores, which had met our eyes since we lost sight of the dear old Needles, and, above all, as the first fragment of the *New World* , Sombrero was a welcome sight. But a nearer view showed it to be an object of little interest,—a mere shelf of rock of small size, scarce lifting itself up above the ocean. It boasts of no vegetation, and its only aboriginal inhabitants are a race of black lizards and a few seabirds; but a valuable kind of lime is procured from some quarries, worked, or intended to be worked, by a passenger on board

the “ *Douro.* ” The resemblance of this skerry to a hat, *Sombrero* , is hard to discover, seeing that it presents a perfectly *flat* outline.

Shortly after passing Sombrero, the Isle of St. Martin appeared in the distance on the left, and the afternoon found us steaming under the Virgen Gorda Islands, whose volcanic peaks, green-sloped and tufted with forests, presented a lovely picture to eyes wearied with the barren waste of waters and the prospect of the “mournful and misty Atlantic.” Watching the flying-fish as I reclined upon the bowsprit, I noticed a curious black inky appearance of the water, to which I called the attention of an officer, who, however, was unable to account for it. Shortly afterwards, behind a rock, the wreck of a steamer was descried, which some of the officers imagined they recognized,—only too truly as the event proved.

The sky was blue, a soft warm breeze was blowing, and the sun shone brightly, as, about 4 P.M. on Wednesday, Oct. 30, the “ *Douro* ” turned into the long-wished-for harbour of St. Thomas. In a moment all on board perceived that some terrible 3 catastrophe had occurred, for the smooth blue harbour and its green shores were a scene of the most frightful desolation and destruction. The town, whose houses line the end of a deep bay, and rise up the steep sides of three conical hills, in a fashion which carried my mind—alas! not my body also—back to the Greek Isle of Syra, seemed to be half overthrown. Upon the surrounding hills, mansions appeared unroofed, well nigh destroyed, or altogether ruined, with in some instances, the timbers and stones of which they had been constructed stretching away from them in long lines of wreck. But worse than all was the appearance of the harbour itself. It was simply crowded with wrecks of ships, of which some had been hurled together in undistinguishable masses of cordage, timbers, and masts. Some ships were sunk in groups, some one above another; some were cast high up on shore, some were bottom upwards. Others, which still floated, had lost all their masts and rigging. To the left lay a dismasted Spanish war-steamer; to the right a large French steamer, with its funnel blown clean out of it, and hanging down over the side. The first shore-boat was slow in coming alongside; but on its arrival we learned that the cause of all this ruin was

a fearful hurricane which had taken place the previous day. Had it not been for the rough weather over which we had grumbled in the Channel, the “ *Douro* ” would have arrived a day sooner, and would probably have been added to the long list of losses which had befallen the Royal Mail and other steamship companies.

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As soon as possible after coming to anchor I prepared to go ashore, but had great difficulty in persuading a companion to accompany me. The West Indians on board seemed, and rightly, to regard St. Thomas as, at the best of times, a very hotbed of pestilence; but I thought that two or three hours' exercise upon *terra firma* after the voyage would be far better in a sanitary point of view than sitting on board amidst floating corpses. Winding about amongst the *débris* of ships, we approached the shore, when, observing the roof of some great edifice lying near the landing-place, I inquired whence it could have come from, as I saw no building near which it could have fitted. The boatmen then showed me some roofless barracks, and told me that the roof in question had been torn off, whirled clean over the Castle, and then flung down on the rocks by the seaside. St. Thomas was the first Danish possession I had ever entered, but, with the exception of some somewhat seedy-looking soldiers in shabby blue uniforms, with red facings, I saw nothing characteristic of that gallant little country. Everywhere resounded the Negro, Yankee, and soft drawling West Indian varieties of the English tongue. Danish was “nowhere.”

The scene on shore that evening and next morning was certainly astonishing enough. All that the power of wind could do had, it seemed, been done. An avenue of tall cocoa-nut palms before an unchurchlike Lutheran church was destroyed, the huge and beautiful fronds, being either rent off, or torn into ribbons, hung down in long weepers. Whole 5 streets were blocked up with every kind of furniture, mingled with great stones, fragments of ships, timbers, and branches of trees. The top of one huge barricade was surmounted by half a piano, and a merchant's counting-house displayed a great hole, through which a ship's bowsprit had been driven—much to the discomfiture of the clerk inside—by the great tidal wave which had accompanied the cyclone. In places by the sea-shore huge

fires were burning, and beside these, dead bodies were being landed, nailed up in rude chests, and carried off for burial. A local Roman Catholic clergyman, amid the general paralysis, worked gallantly under the burning sun recovering bodies in the harbour. He manned a boat with some of his *black sheep* , went out with crucifix and holy water, and disputed with the sharks for the possession of the corpses. The air of St. Thomas, as may be supposed, infected with the taint of dead bodies floating in the harbour, or concealed under the ruins, was anything but pleasant or healthy. In fact, St. Thomas is, under any circumstances, little better than a pest-house, and is seldom free from yellow fever. And yet, in spite of this, and in spite of continual losses of officers and men, the R. M. S. S. Company have persisted year after year in maintaining it as the great packet-station of the West Indies. Such is British obstinacy! Why the Americans should have wished to buy such a hole is a mystery, except it were with the view of annoying England.

The shops were all open upon the day following the hurricane, but no business seemed stirring. Men were trying to clear the stores of accumulated rubbish, 6 or opening passages up to their doors. Groups of mourners and gossipers lined the streets. The most extraordinary stories of accidents and escapes were told. One man had been blown into the harbour together with the room in which he was sitting and drowned. Another was blown into the sea, half drowned, and then blown out again upon dry land and saved. The harbour-master was drowned, gallantly attempting to save life, and the captain of the Spanish war-steamer plied backwards and forwards, picking up the drowning, until the ship's masts went by the board, and swept him and a large proportion of the crew over-board. Guns were overthrown in the fort, and one, it was asserted, was carried bodily across the harbour. There may have been exaggeration in some of these stories, but a more destructive hurricane to life and property has seldom or never occurred. And yet this one took place when what is called the “Hurricane Season” was over. Altogether, some twenty ships seem to have been lost, sunk, or dashed on shore. The Liverpool steamer, which had just come in, went down; but, as one of her crew expressed it, “Every soul was saved, sir, including the pigs!”

CHAPTER II. *DOMINICA.*

St. Eustacius—St. Kitts—Basseterre—Anglican Church—Roseau—Anglican Church in Dominica—Scenery—Tropical Forests—Mud Springs—Carib Indians—Upheaved Coral Reefs—Character of West Indian Scenery.

We left St. Thomas's late at night in the *Tyne* , which had escaped the hurricane, with the loss of boats, rigging, and foremast, and early next morning sighted the Danish island of St. Croix, and that of St. Martin, which belongs partly to the French and partly to the Dutch —a ridiculous instance of making two bites at one very small cherry. We then steered straight for Saba, whose lofty volcanic cone, truncated at the top, with St. Eustacius, another extinct volcano, behind it, presents a magnificent appearance. Saba rises in immensely steep slopes from the water's edge, and is green and beautifully fertile. This islet belongs to the Dutch, and contains about 1,500 people, mostly belonging to the Anglican Church. The inhabitants bear a good character for industry. They are visited annually by the English Bishop of Antigua, but so great is the difficulty of landing, that his lordship has never effected it without a ducking. There is no resident clergyman, but the Dutch Governor holds 8 some sort of commission from the Anglican Bishop to read the Scriptures, conduct public prayer, and bury the dead. A queer kind of compact exists between the Bishop and the Methodist preachers of St. Eustacius, by which the former binds himself not to visit that island, if the latter keep clear of Saba—a provision rather cruel to the St. Eustacians!

The solitary Swedish possession, the Isle of St. Bart, next appeared in the far distance; and the scenery as we approached St. Kitts, and saw the cloud-capped volcanic mountain of Nevis behind, became continually more and more beautiful. St. Kitts looks very pretty from the sea. A zone of rich cultivation runs round the island, sloping gradually upwards to a zone of forests, overtopped by the offsets and central peak of the volcanic Mount Misery. We reached St. Kitts a little before sunset, and, going ashore, I had time to explore the

ruins of Basseterre, the capital and only town, which had lately been destroyed by fire. Here stood the one fine Anglican church of all the West Indian Islands. The shell alone is left, but this is enough to show that it had been a really noble and striking edifice, solemn, massive, well adapted to the climate, and thoroughly church-like in appearance. The architect was Mr. Christian. It is built of a dark reddish-brown stone, with a massive tower, nave, aisles, and chancel. The bells, stained glass, lectern, and, indeed, all the internal fittings, except a pavement of Minton's tiles, had fallen a prey to. the flames. Almost the only houses which escaped the conflagration were those cut off from the rest by a pretty public garden, where 9 a fountain plashing amidst bowers of sweet roses presented an unexpected, and certainly an un-English and un-Colonial, bit of civilization. St. Kitts, or St. Christopher, has its name from its great discoverer, Columbus. The inhabitants, with true West Indian grandiloquence, call themselves “Kittiphonians,” though “Kittens” might the better suit their insignificance!

Re-embarking at night, I woke next morning off English Harbour in Antigua, just in time to see the Bishop and his amiable family going ashore; his lordship being then on his way back from the Anglican Synod at Lambeth. Antigua is less fertile and less beautiful than most of the other Lesser Antilles, consisting chiefly of dry, rounded hills, of no great elevation. The capital, St. John's, I did not see, as it lies on the opposite side of the island. It boasts of a cathedral church, which, to judge from a picture, must strongly resemble a third-rate town-hall. Antigua is remarkable for one production only, its pineapples, which, especially the black variety, are delicious in the extreme. Leaving Antigua, we steamed away amidst multitudinous flights of silver-glancing flying-fish, and large schools of dolphins, and passing full in sight of lofty Nevis and cloud-capped Montserrat, whose outline, however, cannot for a moment compare with its majestic namesake in Spain, we crossed a beautiful sound, and coasted along the western shores of the French island of Guadaloupe. Here, again, the eyes are regaled with lovely pictures of mountain peaks, green and feathered with forests, with rich cultivation 10 below, and little villages, embosomed in groves of cocoa-palms, starting up from the coral-strewn strand.

Quarantine regulations prevented my landing upon this occasion on this lovely island, where the steamer merely stopped to land the mails. It was near 11 P.M. when I reached my destination. This was Roseau, the capital of Dominica, or *Sunday* Island, so called by Columbus because he discovered it on the Lord's day. I landed on a rotten quay, half ruined by a great ocean wave coincident with the recent hurricane at St. Thomas's. A rumour of that catastrophe had already reached Dominica by a sailing-craft, and the quay was thronged by crowds of negroes and creoles, all open-eared to hear the news. I was detained nearly half-an-hour giving an account of the scene of destruction I had witnessed; and it was past midnight when I found myself ensconced in bed in a house of entertainment kept by an old black widow, who proved a kind-hearted and obliging person. The house was built of wood, and was not particularly weather-tight, as I found to my cost during a tremendous shower of tropical rain which fell shortly before daybreak, The following morning, however, was fine; and a blazing sun and blue sky set off to advantage the marvellously rich vegetation in which Roseau lies embosomed, and by which, indeed, it is partly overwhelmed. The town, or rather city, for it is the seat of a Roman Catholic bishopric, presents a curious picture of soft and gentle decay. The island being, in a financial point of view, well nigh ruined, trade has almost entirely deserted the capital. The houses, which are most of them 11 mere wooden *shanties* , raised a little way from the ground upon stone piles, are either falling or fallen into decay, and the sites of many are overgrown with trees and brushwood. The city was originally well laid out, with straight streets crossing each other at right angles, but, with one or two exceptions, they are now covered with grass, which is kept cropped beautifully short by sheep or goats, which pasture before their owners' doors. At intervals, majestic sandbox and other trees raise their gnarled trunks from the footways. A few general stores and merchants' offices upon the quay, and in one adjacent street, seem to engross all the business of the place: all else, saving only a noisy Methodist meeting-house, is as quiet as Venice. Saving only two venerable gigs, there are no wheeled carriages in the island. A soft melancholy seems to pervade the whole place.

The very voices of the people struck me as being “low and sweet,” and they have nothing of that whining drawl which is so trying in Barbados. The inhabitants, whether creoles or negroes, generally speak a French patois, and the half-castes of both sexes are comely in person and graceful in manner. There are very few unmixed English either in Roseau or elsewhere in Dominica. It is sad that the young men, white and mulatto, are without any kind of rational amusement. There are no public amusements of any kind, and very rarely any in private. The rector, seeing the harm of this, procured a supply of bats and balls, and set the young men to play cricket on the Savannah. They came a few times, and then gave it up. Then some one speculated in a billiard-table. 12 This, the usual resource of loafers, changed hands five or six times, and now remains unused and useless. The rector also obtained a supply of amusing books for a lending library, but, though they mainly belonged to the class of light literature, no one would borrow them. There are no sportsmen, no botanists, no naturalists, no artists, and the result is a very low state of morality. But crime is rare; and the convicts who are seen at work in the public streets are almost all poor fellows, whose laziness has caused them to shirk the statutable labour upon the tracks which do duty as roads. The politeness both of black and coloured people is remarkable, and entirely without that half-insolent, half-servile air, which afterwards struck me as so offensive at Bridgetown.

The Anglican Church is a deplorable building, but placed in an exquisite situation, shaded by cabbage-palms and overlooking the sea. Hard by, on the edge of the low cliff, is an old fort and a kind of meadow overshadowed by fine trees, and only wanting a few seats to make a very paradise for a tired wayfarer. But Dominica is an English island, and therefore there are no seats. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is small and unobtrusive, but has an air of homeliness and well-usedness which is pleasant, although barricaded seats display the ill-working of that bane of the West Indies, the pewrent system. Just between these two churches the Methodists have stuck their abortion of a meeting-house, and the yells of these mouthy sectarians disturb the more reverent services upon either side. The Anglican rector of Dominica is the only English 13 priest in the island. His school was

attended by many children of Roman Catholic parents, but not long since a newly-arrived Romish clergyman drew them out by the powerful counter-attraction of a band of music, and only a small proportion ever returned. It is instructive to an Englishman, who waxes so indignant at the Romish custom of selling the sacraments, to discover that the baptismal fees payable “according to law,” though not according to Gospel, in the Anglican Church, amounts to no less a sum than eight shillings and fivepence, whereof seven shillings and threepence are decreed to the rector, and the rest goes to Mr. Yankey, the black sexton. The dues of the Romish clergy for the same sacrament amount to three shillings and sevenpence. This abominable custom of trafficking in the sacraments exists also in some of the other islands, as also it exists in St. George's, Hanover Square, and in “evangelical” speculations like that of Dean Boyd at Cheltenham.

The market at Roseau, to turn to more legitimate traffic, is but poorly supplied with fish by reason of the great paucity of boats and fishermen, but fruit is brought in in great variety and abundance. The cookery at my boarding-house was very tolerable, and perhaps better than what could be had at a house of similar pretensions in England: the principal difference being, that instead of Susan's hair, one found Quasheba's wool in the dishes.

The situation of the city of Roseau is lovely in the extreme. It occupies the seaward portion of a little triangular plain, the delta of a small river. 14 At one end of the town is a pretty savannah abutting on the public cemetery, and surrounded by dilapidated shanties; at the other end is the river, which, rushing down from a beautiful mountain valley behind, finds its way to the sea between the mahogany legs of numerous negress washerwomen, and over the bodies of squads of happy little blackamoors who lie soaking in the clear sweet water, with their black noses sticking out like so many little sucking hippopotami. A mile up this river I found a most delectable bathing-place, where one can get a header into deep water from a rock, and be carried down by the swift, clear current to a bank of sand below. Half a mile behind the town the hills begin to rise, and swell upwards into lovely peaked mountains, clothed with dense forests to their very summits. Following the river up from the plain, the scenery is of exquisite beauty. The road, constructed of old by the French,

but now well-nigh overgrown, keeps alongside and above the stream, which dashes below over a thousand rounded boulders torn from the hills above. At first a few cabins appear, peeping forth from amidst dense thickets of bananas, orange-trees, plantains, and the beautiful dark glossy green cocoa-tree, whose young leaves assume almost the colour of flames. But signs of human habitation soon disappear, and the glorious vegetation of tropical forests clothe the mountains upon either side the river. Nothing can be more exquisitely graceful than the huge tufts of bamboos, which shoot up eighty and ninety feet into the air, their golden-tinted stems gleaming out through the light green sprays of 15 foliage, unless perhaps it be the tree ferns darting up their straight trunks fifty feet, and then showering out great feathery tufts of palm-like fronds. Ferns indeed are everywhere, and of every form; some standing out stiffly from the ground, some climbing trees like ivy, some ornamenting the loftiest giants of the forest with their graceful branches, some again waving upon the rocks. Conspicuous amongst the smaller varieties are the beautiful gold and silver kinds so well known in English hot-houses.

Halfway up the Roseau valley, upon the mountain side, are some curious springs of hot water and mud. Some of the former burst out of apertures in the bank of the river. They are intermittent, but a shower of stones which dams up one spring will cause a great snorting and grumbling, and then convulsive jets of boiling water will burst from another. This shows that they are all connected together subterraneously. The mud-springs, which are in fact miniature mud-geysers, are in the bed of a small lateral rill, but at a higher elevation. A cloud of white steam ascends from the whole group, and hanging upon the side of the forest-clad mountain presents a very beautiful appearance. The path above these springs winds up to the watershed, and descending on the other side, after a momentary view of the sea on the side opposite to Roseau, a forest is entered of such density that little vegetation will grow on the ground between the trees, though many of the latter are loaded with epiphytes and trailers. The silence here is impressive, unbroken by note of bird or chirp of insect. These mountains are the 16 home of the Agouti, and are infested by snakes, some of which are of large size. Recent measurements have

shown the height of some of the Dominican mountains to exceed 6,000 feet. The island possesses an extraordinary variety of beautiful and valuable woods. Canoes are still constructed out of the towering gommier (*Bursera gommifera*), and the gum of the same tree is used as incense.

It was matter for regret that the shortness of my stay prevented a visit to the Charaib or Carib Indians, who still inhabit a portion of Dominica. It is a remarkable if not a unique circumstance that the number of these people has considerably increased within the last few years. They do not mix with the other inhabitants, and only rarely come to the town. Nominally, at least, they are Roman Catholics, and for some years had a Roman clergyman living amongst them. When this gentleman left the island all knowledge of the habits of these interesting people seems to have died out. Neither the rector, nor an intelligent and scientific Scotch physician who has buried himself alive in Dominica, nor any of the merchants with whom I conversed, had ever visited them, nor were they able to give any information on the subject, save that they were a singularly quiet and inoffensive race. One kind of article only of their manufacture fell under my notice, strong and beautiful baskets, viz., of dyed wickerwork, ornamented in good taste, and made with the utmost skill. Of all the Antilles these aborigines exist only in Dominica and St. Vincent. In the latter island they diminish in number, as is usual when barbarous tribes come in 17 contact with the vices and civilization of the white man.

Dominica is mainly formed of materials of volcanic origin, but in places there are rocks upheaved to a great height above the sea, entirely composed of coral. A very remarkable upheaved reef of this description, little if at all less in perpendicular height than 200 feet, may be seen on the coast some two or three miles from Roseau. There are indications that this process of upheaval continues to the present day. While there are apparently very few *species* of humming-birds in Dominica the number of individuals is very great. They particularly abound in the gardens about Roseau. Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of these tiny green and gold creatures, as they flash along in the sunshine, or poise themselves while they extract the nectar from the fragrant and innermost recesses

of flowers scarcely less brilliant than themselves. I had previously been ignorant that these birds do really *hum* , having imagined that they obtained their name from their flying from flower to flower for honey like bees. The noise is made by the extremely rapid motion of their wings as they poise themselves in the air.

Altogether Dominica presents a rare combination of picturesque beauty. Lofty mountains, green forests, dashing streams, a blue sea, overhanging rocks, blazing flowers, coral-strewn strands, all seem to do their utmost to charm the senses. But yet, as poor Chatterton said,— 2

“Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.”

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After all, there is something cloying and mawkish in the scenery of countries, howsoever beautiful they be, which have no history. It is saddening to reflect that no great ancient races inhabited these lovely Isles, that no great man ever lived, and laboured, and worked, and fought, and died, and left a name for posterity to honour and to cherish as a “household word;” that no time-honoured tower or world-famed temple, or pilgrim-haunted shrine ever stood on yonder cape—in short, that the past is all a blank. In the loveliest and most paradisaical scenes in the West Indies the mind of the traveller sweeps back with sensations of sadness and longings undefined to the shores and headlands of Italy, and Greece, and Asia Minor, and Syria—coasts that once “echoed with the world's debate;” and scenes far less lovely, such as the white steeps of Dover, or the sand-hills of Lindisfarn or Perranzabuloe, acquire a far more exceeding interest, and exercise a far greater fascination over the mind, because they are viewed by the sunset lights of the times of old.

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CHAPTER III. *MARTINIQUE.*

Hairless Dogs—Town of St. Pierre—The College—Serpents—Botanical Gardens—Port de France—Negress Servant-galism—Canal de Gueydon—French Colonization—Prize-giving at the College—Proficiency of the Mulatto Students—Island of St. Lucia—Castries—The Morne—Arrival at Barbados—Inhospitality.

Not wishing to wait for the mail-steamer, I engaged a passage in a small schooner, and arranged that I should be dropped at the French Island of Martinique. After waiting three days beyond the appointed time, I was summoned about four o'clock to go on board immediately, but, after all, the black captain did not weigh anchor till eleven o'clock at night. I slept in a “dog-box” on deck, as the heat rendered it impossible to go below, and should have had comfortable quarters enough had it not rained occasionally in torrents, which caused a small, hairy, black pig, and a perfectly hairless black dog, to rush in upon me from time to time in order to enjoy the warmth and shelter of my sleeping-place. I saw afterwards in Martinique many other specimens of these curious dogs. They are of a kind of terrier breed, and have not a single hair upon their bodies, their black skins being perfectly smooth. They are awfully ugly, but they seem to have the same feelings and ideas as other dogs. At day-break, 20 instead of being, as I had hoped, off Martinique, we were not half across the narrow channel which separates the two islands, and in which a nasty swell was rolling.

The wind kept shifting all day, and we were sometimes becalmed; so at length I betook myself to one of the boats along with the captain and two of the crew, and about five arrived at St. Pierre, the commercial capital and largest town in Martinique. Had I come by the steamer I should not have been allowed to land at all, as all communication was cut off from St. Thomas, as an infected port. Abolished in France, the passport system still flourishes in Martinique, and before dinner I was compelled to deposit the passport I had obtained from the governor of Dominica at the bureau of the police. I found tolerably comfortable quarters at the Hôtel des Bains, but the cuisine was far from good. The *spécialité* was *palmice* , the centre of the top of a kind of cabbage-palm, an excellent

dish, which in colour and flavour somewhat resembles seakale. St. Pierre is a pretty and pleasant town, thoroughly French in character. It stands on a strip of land between the sea, and lofty, and, in some places, almost precipitous, hills, and it partly ascends the lower slopes of the latter. There is a pretty little promenade shaded by tamarind-trees close to the sea, and another higher up is shaded by fine mangroves. There is no regular harbour, but the bay affords a tolerably safe anchorage. The trade is considerable. The streets are well laid out and contain fairly good shops. There is generally an air of quiet respectability and homeliness about the whole place which is very pleasing. A small theatre is occasionally open, and 21 the young men have an excellent amateur musical society.

Water is abundant, streams of it conducted from the mountains running rapidly through every street, and occasionally jetting up in fountains. At one end of the town a swift torrent finds its way to the sea. Above, in a lofty and beautiful situation, stands the College, where a large number of the boys and young men of Martinique and Guadaloupe receive their education. This institution appears to be in excellent order and flourishing condition. It contains a small museum, a pleasant garden, and a splendid swimming, bath, which the pupils appeared to enjoy amazingly. One of the professors told me that of the students who go thence to France to complete their education, the young men of colour almost always carry off the first prizes. This, he said, did not excite the smallest feelings of jealousy amongst the French and French-creole students. This statement, indeed, is merely indicative of the general state of feeling in Martinique, where the inhabitants, white and coloured, live together with much more of apparent Christian brotherhood than is the case in the English colonies.

Following the torrent already named upwards from the sea, there is a pretty piece of ground, grass-grown, and shaded by fine trees, called the *Savane* , which, with some walks upon the hill-slopes above the town, form delightful promenades for the inhabitants. Unluckily, the number of venomous serpents only permits one to walk there before nightfall. The inequality of the distribution of these poisonous reptiles in the West Indies is

curious and difficult to 22 account for. While they swarm both in Martinique and St. Lucia, they are altogether unknown in the neighbouring islands of Guadaloupe and St. Vincent, and the single snake of Barbados is not venomous.

Beyond the *Savane* is what is called the Botanical Garden. It is, in truth, a beautiful rocky gorge, down which a torrent rushes over stones half-hidden by long trailers falling from the cliffs above. At the head of the gorge is a pretty waterfall. The steep sides of the ravine are overgrown with the trees of the original forest, and amongst them have been planted others, as well from Asia and Africa as from the other islands, and South America. The collection of tropical plants is thus a very rich one, and the shade of the overhanging rocks, and the moisture from the stream, combine to make the vegetation rank and luxuriant. Walks are cut, and seats placed in every direction, but the place was generally a solitude.

The view from the signal-station on the lofty hill above St. Pierre is rich and beautiful beyond description, and the scenery altogether justifies the title which the French have applied to Martinique of the “Queen of the Antilles.” A small steamer plies between St. Pierre, the commercial capital, and Port de France, the military capital and seat of Government, and performs the voyage in about a couple of hours. The coast all the way is very pretty, the eye sweeping over snug shingle-roofed villages, peeping out from dense groves of cocoa-nut palms, to the lofty “Pitons” or sugar-loaf mountain peaks above. The rocks in places form precipices, which exhibit their volcanic origin.

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Port de France is situated in a wide and deep bay, extending far into the land, and forming a magnificent anchorage. The harbour, in fact, is unrivalled in the Antilles. It is astonishing that England should have restored Martinique to France, seeing that it lies immediately between Dominica and St. Lucia, islands of less value, which she retained. It would be invaluable in time of peace as a packetstation, and in time of war as a rendezvous for the Queen's ships. The great fort presents a very imposing aspect from the sea, but, with the present calibre of artillery, would probably not be near so formidable as an entrenched

earth-work citadel upon a lofty hill about a mile inland. The streets of the town are laid out at right angles to each other, and are clean and well watered with runnels upon either side, but they have somewhat of a deserted look.

At one end of the town is the *Savane* , which is to Port de France what the Champs Elysées are to Paris, or the Esbeykeyeh to Cairo. It is a large and beautiful public promenade, shaded by grand trees, open to the sea in two directions, and commanding a lovely view inland of the forest-clad peaks of the “Pitons.” In the centre stands a fair white marble statue of unhappy Josephine, a native of Martinique. She is represented looking across the lovely bay to her quiet birthplace amongst the green cane-fields, and holds in her hand a medallion of her base betrayer, Napoleon le Grand. Twice a week the Savane is enlivened by a military band, when a good opportunity is afforded of seeing some of the Martinican belles, who certainly sustain their reputation for uncommon beauty. Round 24 the *Savane* stand the residences of the Governor and the General, together with the various public offices. Near the military harbour are some magnificent *sablier* or sand-box trees of surprising height and girth. Hard by is a new and splendid dry dock, large enough to contain vessels of the first-class; and vessels of the Royal Navy and Royal Mail Steam Company are sometimes compelled to avail themselves of its advantages to clean and refit. The harbour generally displays one or two French war-steamers, and some of the packets of the line which plies between St. Nazaire and Cayenne. The officers of a ship of war messed at my hotel, and were waited on by a little coloured *moose* in his pretty sailor uniform, a neat-handed woolly Ganymede. I never knew wool look more becoming, but, *certes* , these young, swarthy slips of the Pre-adamite world (if such they be) are often mighty good-looking. From 7 to 8 A. M., negro servant-galism reigns supreme in the streets, for between those hours, and no doubt by official “ordonnance,” these dark damsels proceed in long lines to the sea-side, bent on the useful, if little elegant purpose of emptying slops. All negresses have an innate tendency to carry everything upon their heads, from a sack of charcoal to a jam-pot, a bunch of three lemons, or a square of yellow soap, and these young persons were no exceptions to the rule. With

deftly-balanced vessels they stop for sweet converse at the street-corners, or skim along the promenades; and one light-hearted girl I beheld, who, returning with lightened load, discoursed sweet music as she went, by beating her empty utensil 25 with its cover to the tune of some ancestral African melody.

At the end of the town opposite to the *Savane* a river joins the sea, and immediately beyond a magnificent fountain of water dashes down the staircased side of a precipitous hill-bank. The stream is brought by a subterraneous aqueduct from the mountains, and rushing forth in great volume from a semi-cupola, tumbles in a succession of waterfalls to the river. This fine work resembles in no small degree the fountain of S. Paolo on the Janiculum at Rome. It is called the “Canal de Gueydon,” having been constructed in 1856 by a Governor-General of that name. The view from the top is lovely, commanding the whole town, the harbour, the bay, Fort St. Louis, and the opposite mountains. Notwithstanding the presence of a small garrison and its being the seat of Government, there is little life stirring in Port de France, but it is a pleasant, civilized little place, and the whole island is apparently far better governed than any of those belonging to the English. The modified King, Lords, and Commons system of our own colonies often becomes a mere farce, as witness Barbados, where the prejudices between class and class, and colour and colour, are deeply seated, and where society is convulsed, friendships sundered, and all kinds of evil passions engendered over some such awful question as whether a bridge should be a few inches higher or a few inches lower. At all events the semi-French mulattos differ widely from those with an English cross in Barbados, and the comparison is 26 certainly not flattering to ourselves. I have seen no statistics on the subject, but from what I heard I do not imagine that in the West Indies the Roman Church has produced a more exalted state of morals than the Anglican, but the manners of the French creoles and mulattos are entirely without the air of conceited familiarity and half-servile, half-insolent self-assertion which is common in Bimshire. Having traversed Algeria from Oran to Bône, and from the sea to the Sahra, and seen the miserable failure, so far as French *colonists* are concerned, of that noble country, I had fallen into the common

English opinion that the French cannot colonize; here, however, in Martinique, I saw reason to change my opinion.

I made some pleasant excursions from Port de France into the mountains amidst most exquisite scenery. On one occasion I found hanging on a tree a huge yellow serpent which must have been full ten or eleven feet in length. As there was no mark of injury upon the body, which was very fat, it was hard to surmise the cause of death. It was curious that it should have retained its hold firmly round the branch upon which it was coiled after life was extinct. The labouring population seems to be fairly well off and comfortable in Martinique: at all events the beggary prevalent in the English islands, and especially in Barbados, is unknown. Vagrancy is prohibited by law. A certain number of Chinese and Indian coolies are employed. The former seem contented, well-dressed, and well-off. The landlord of the Hôtel Thoulouse at Port de France is one of the fattest men in the world, and 27 is an excellent cook. His hotel is comfortable, and the charges far from high.

On my return to St. Pierre I was present at the annual examination or rather prize-giving at the College. The proceedings were conducted with considerable ceremony. The Governor-General had come down from Port de France with a war-steamer and the band of the Marines, in order to be present, and the vicar-general of the diocese, and all the notabilities of the island, were there also. There was an immense amount of speechifying by the said vicar-general and notabilities, and an oration from his Excellency, and recitations on the part of the lads, and then the prize-giving commenced. This was a pretty and characteristically French proceeding. The two first prizes were given by the Governor in person. The rest were presented by any one in the assembled company whom the successful candidate might choose. Some students chose a father, mother, brother, or sister, others a more distant relation, others a college professor, others again, who ought to have had a prize for good taste, chose some fair young lady of their acquaintance. One of the professors, taking a wreath of some West Indian substitute for laurel, led his pupil to the person nominated, who placed the wreath upon his brow, at the same time kissing him upon both cheeks amidst the applause of the assembly.

One handsome mulatto lad carried off a prize upon almost every subject. At intervals during the proceedings the students discoursed some pleasant music, both vocal and instrumental. Nothing could be better ordered than the whole affair, which attracted 28
a large concourse of people and excited great interest. I think it cannot be doubted that the *éclat* of such public distributions of prizes to the flower of the youth of Martinique and Guadaloupe must be highly beneficial and productive of a healthy spirit of emulation, and the admixture in the proceedings of the elements of Church, State, and the Domestic Circle, must tend to elevate the minds of the young men. Why such public seminaries should not be established in the English Antilles it is hard to say.

After a very agreeable visit to Martinique, I proceeded to Barbados, touching *en route* at St. Lucia, an English island, with which I had afterwards several other opportunities of making acquaintance. On this occasion I had only time to view the capital, Castries, which is prettily, if not very healthily, situated at the end of a bay, which, once entered, affords an excellent and safe anchorage for ships. The town is pretty; but as dull and stagnant as its own ditches. The people generally speak a French patois. The “French” or rather Roman church stands in a shady square, which boasts of a fountain and walks shaded by fine trees. The paltry edifice belonging to the Anglicans stands on a little knoll, which rises from a swamp outside the town. Venomous serpents are so numerous as to preclude the idea of evening services. To minister to the handful of semi-Presbyterianized Anglicans, one of the ablest and best-informed Churchmen in the diocese has been appointed, as to a penal settlement. This is one of the penalties of being “high” without being “dry” in a West Indian diocese! Upon the “Morne,” a mountain high 29 above the town of Castries, is a deserted barrack and the residence of the administrator of the Government. The view from this elevated spot is exquisite in the extreme, and the prospect along the coast reminded me of many scenes in the Riviera between Nice and Genoa. Far off across the flashing strait gleam the distant mountains of Martinique. Behind, all is mountains, with deep valleys between. Peak rises behind peak, and each is fringed to the very summit by the greenest of green forests. The worst of looking at views in St. Lucia is that, in your ardour for the

picturesque, you are likely enough to sit down on a snake. Fatal accidents are of continual occurrence. The snakes even enter the precincts of the town, and yet no reward is offered for their destruction.

From St. Lucia it is but a night's voyage to Barbados, which lies far to the leeward of the other islands. Arriving about 3 A.M. in Carlisle Bay, I landed in company with a young gentleman in very delicate health. The friend to whose house I was bound had desired me, should I arrive at night, to go to Hoad's Albion Hotel, to which “house of entertainment” I accordingly repaired with my companion. As there were no beds to spare, we begged leave to sit in the sitting-room till daybreak. This was refused. We then entreated to be permitted to sit on our luggage, which the boatmen had thrown down in the passage. This also was refused with great incivility by the landlord in person, and we were finally driven out into the darkness. This was my first specimen of Barbadian hospitality,—not a pleasant one indeed, but ominous of the future.

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CHAPTER IV. *BARBADOS.*

Bridgetown—Streets—The Cathedral—Fontabelle—Worthing—Spike's Town—Austin's Town.

Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados, occupies the flat shore of a slight indentation in the coast, which is dignified by the name of Carlisle Bay. Seen from the anchorage, with the “villa-built residences” of Fontabelle on the left, and the barracks and trees of the barrack-yard on the right, and with a background of cane-fields sloping backwards to the highest part of the island, the view, though utterly untropical, is not otherwise than pretty. But any favourable illusion is immediately dispelled upon landing. I have been at Suez, I have been at Southport, and I have been at Bognor; but a town so detestable in all ways as Bridgetown I have never beheld. Built upon no particular plan, its dirty lanes are continually blocked with sugar-drays and other vehicles. The narrow pavements are occupied by

herds of insolent beggars, white and coloured; and impudent negro women, with trays on their heads, covered with picklebottles and plantains, shove the passengers into the heaps of mud which lie sweltering in the burning sun. There is not a decent street or a passable building in 31 the town. A pretty drinking-fountain, indeed, was sent out from England, and erected in an open space, but for some reason known to the “powers that be” alone, it is always dry. In another open space, defiled by heaps of rubbish and two or three squalid hovels, stands a statue of Nelson, painted with exquisite taste of a bright pea-green colour! This space is called Trafalgar Square; and it is an article of the Barbadian creed that it rivals “the finest site in Europe.” At this point a little muddy creek runs up into the land, and in wet weather receives a driblet of fresh water from the upper country. The upper part of the creek, near the Rectory and the General's residence, forms an unwholesome little swamp, overgrown with dwarf mangroves, and emitting an indescribable stench when, at low tide, it is exposed to the rays of the tropical sun. Two hundred years ago Ligon complained of this creek, that it “vented out so loathsome a savour as cannot but breed ill blood;” and it will probably be two hundred years more before the modern Bims will bestir themselves to abate the nuisance. The chapterless cathedral and parish church of St. Michael stands in this neighbourhood. It is a big ugly pew-rented church, without any architectural features whatsoever. There is no cathedral service, but the old “parson and clerk duet” of the last century still prevails. What little singing there is, is “done” by a few quavery “ladies and gentlemen of the congregation,” stuck up in a west gallery, for flirtation and observation. The daughter churches—here called chapels—are, with one exception (St. Leonard's), even more hideous 32 than their particularly plain mother. The creek already named is crossed by a bridge, which may possibly be finished in the course of a century or two. It is the successor of the original wooden bridge from which the city derived its name, the more picturesque name of St. Michael's being now applied only to the parish. Below the bridge, narrow quays extend as far as the sea. Here lighters are being continually filled with sugar and rum for conveyance to the ships, which are compelled to lie at anchor in the roadstead.

The Bridgetown stores—it is high treason to call them shops—may be described as being with few exceptions indifferent, or positively bad. Everything is enormously dear. English groceries are cheaper and better in the Greek shops at Cairo, and I have bought pale ale under the Roman Triumphal Arch at Tarabulûs Garb—Tripoli in Barbary—for less money than it costs in Barbados. When I have remonstrated about the high prices, the invariable answer has been, that the storekeepers have so many bad accounts that they are obliged to charge high prices. But it is rather hard that those who *do* pay their debts should have to pay for those who *don't.* Books are so exorbitantly dear that I found it less expensive to have them sent to me by post direct from England. The “Albion Hotel,” where I met with the hospitable reception already recorded, is the only one deserving of the name; the rest are miserable boarding-houses. There is a kind of restaurant attached to the “Ice House,” where a meal may be obtained, but the cooking is execrable, and the charges 33 high. The “Ice House” is an institution which generally figures largely in all West Indian reminiscences. It is a large airy room devoted to the sale of cool, if not cooling, drinks. It is the great lounging and loafing place of the island. The proprietor is an American who has also an excellent grocery-store below. Government House is situated on a slight eminence about half a mile from town, near the house of the Bishop. It has a good garden, but is otherwise in no ways remarkable. The barracks, situated near the sea, are built at either end of a large meadow surrounded by trees, called the Savannah. They are well-built and airy, but the site is not healthy, and the troops, during an alarm of impending yellow fever, are moved up to Gun Hill in St. George's parish, where a camp is pitched at the height of 728 feet above the sea. The suburb of Fontabelle at the west end of Bridgetown contains some pretty residences with tolerable gardens abounding in land-crabs, and musquitos of remarkable power, venom, and persistence, as well as in vegetable productions. It is bounded by a small stream, called “Indian River” by the first settlers; an indication that the aborigines were not then extinct. In this neighbourhood the ancient Carib shell implements are particularly abundant, and testify, there as elsewhere, to a long-continued, and not, as is commonly supposed, to an only occasional residence on the part of those who used them. Bridgetown is now, after long and bitter opposition, excellently supplied with water

brought in pipes by a company from two places on the east coast in the parish of St. John's. There is a fair 3 34 market. The best fruit, however, comes from the other islands.

Half a mile beyond the barracks is a small seaside place called Worthing, and beyond that again is Hastings. At the former place a few benches have been placed by an Englishman upon a low cliff close to the sea, and at both a few houses are let to those who want sea-bathing. A good house here will let for from fifty to eighty dollars a month. The sea road in this direction is the favourite evening drive for the pale languid ladies and jaded merchants of the town. It is in fact the only tolerable drive; all else being dust and glare. People never think of going for a ride or drive into the country, and an excursion of some ten miles is looked on as quite a journey. Most of the carriages and horses come from America; the light, but uneasily entered and turned buggies, being the favourite vehicles. Twice a week a military band plays on the Savannah near the barracks, and twice a year the absurdity of races is perpetrated on the same spot, for the benefit of a would-be-sporting man of colour, and to the great injury of the mass of the inhabitants. The running horses are garrison hacks, or American animals bought on speculation. Races in Barbados are about as much suited to the climate and population as bull-fights would be in Siberia.

Bridgetown is a large and populous place, but it is not a healthy residence; the burning heat, the glare, and the southern aspect being all against it. If it were possessed by the French or Spanish, trees would be planted for shade in the open spaces and 35 chief thoroughfares; but, as it is, the Barbadian motto, “ *Let ill alone* ,” prevails, and is likely to prevail, for the next century at least.

The Bridgetown merchants possess some wealthy men amongst their number, and they have the credit of absorbing a very large number of island estates, through the extravagant habits of the planters, to whom they advance goods or money on the security of land. Even without this they ought to be rich, considering the exorbitant price charged for almost everything. It is singular that there is neither a decent jeweller's nor a pastrycook's shop

in all Bridgetown: green-grocery articles must be sought on the heads of perambulatory negresses.

The only town besides the capital is Spike's Town, a small place with some trade upon the southern coast. There is no harbour, but vessels lie off-shore, and the cargo is brought out in lighters. Spike's Town boasts of some fine fast-sailing boats, and is notorious for the wickedness of its inhabitants.

Austin's Town is no town at all, but a village situated in a rather pretty part of the coast. It is characteristically named, as Ligon testifies, “not after any saint, but after a wilde, mad, drunken fellow, whose lewd and extravagant carriage made him infamous in the iland.”* A little beyond Austin's is a fine specimen of a raised beach, and the rocks are undermined by the ocean to an extraordinary depth.

* *True and Exact History of the Iland of Barbados*, by Richard Ligon, Gent. London, 1657.

CHAPTER V. *BARBADOS.*

Description of the Island—Geology—Coralline Rocks—Gullies—Cole's Cave—Scotland District—St. John's Church—Ferdinando Paloeologus—Codrington College—Aboriginal Antiquities—Coast Scenery—Shells—Fish—Reptiles—Birds—Insects—Plants—Fruits—Climate—Diseases—Hurricanes.

It is hard to give a readable description of a place which in great measure is physically so tame and uninteresting as is Barbados, but the attempt shall nevertheless be made.

The island, which is twenty-one miles long by fourteen in breadth at the widest point, resembles in shape a shoulder of mutton, the thin end being towards the north. It is divided into eleven parishes, most of which are again divided ecclesiastically into chapelry districts. The geological structure of the island is curious, and deserves a closer

investigation than it has received. Unlike the rest of the Antilles, it presents no traces of igneous origin or volcanic formation. At least three-fourths of the island—all, *i.e.* except the so-called “Scotland district”—is formed of reefs of coral rock, which rise in successive terraces from the south and west towards the east and north, the former being evidently those which were the last upheaved. Upon these terraces of coral lies a deposit 37 of brown or black soil, the remains of the forests, which, before its settlement and cultivation, everywhere covered the island. This soil is of great richness, and notwithstanding the destructive practice of burning the trash of the sugar-canes year after year, seems still of exuberant fertility. Latterly, however, guano has been used to a considerable extent, and without artificial stimulus the soil can scarcely be expected to hold out for many years longer. The expanses of ground lying upon the successive rock-terraces are of a plain or gently undulating character, and present to view wide tracts of undivided cane-fields, and yam and sweet-potato grounds, dotted here and there with the wooden shanties of the labourers, and the estate-houses and mills of the planters, with their tall chimneys, and groups of three or four cabbage-palms. But for these last the beholder might almost fancy himself in Lincolnshire: nothing can be uglier or more prosaic. There are no hedges or other divisions between the cane-fields; and, except the few around the estate-houses, scarcely a tree is to be seen. From these plains rise the grey terraces of coral rock, which bound the prospect in that direction, and which often form steep precipices, at the foot of which the waves of the ocean probably beat in the successive ages of their upheaval. These rocks abound with fossil corals, astraeas, madrepores, and shells, which decrease in the perfection of their preservation in proportion to their age, and I have no doubt possess a smaller and smaller percentage of recent species in proportion to the elevation at which they occur. In the rocks last upheaved, near the shore, the fossil coral can scarcely 38 be distinguished from the recent, and the shells retain their colour and pearly enamel. In certain raised beaches on the leeward coast, consisting of pieces of rounded limestone and coral, Sir R. H. Schomburghk states that he was informed Indian hatchets had been found—a fact which, if established, would bring the period of progressive upheaval within historical times. I believe that there are indications that the process is

continued to the present day on the leeward side, where the water is generally shallow to some distance from the shore. It should be remarked that a considerable portion of the coast of Barbados is fringed with reefs of living coral, which will probably, in course of ages, themselves be lifted up above the waters of the ocean, and so add another tract of land to the island of the future.

The rocks in the higher districts afford a beautifully white building-stone, which, soft and easily sawed in the quarry, hardens upon exposure to the air. Little use, however, is made of it except in the rough; wood and plaster, or at best unhewn stone, being the favourite materials for the construction of houses. The upper plains and the rock terraces which bound them are intersected and divided by numerous deep ravines, locally termed “gullies,” which, starting from the upper country, descend into the regions below. The lofty sides of these gullies, which are winding and sinuous in their course, are steep and often precipitous, and pierced occasionally with caverns, from the roofs of which depend stalactites formed by the percolation of water charged with lime from the surface. The great size of many of these stalactites is an 39 index of the vast number of ages which have elapsed since the formation of the rocks in which they occur, insignificant, in a geological point of view, as that antiquity is. The finest of these caverns is known as Cole's Cave, and is situated in a deep gully in the parish of St. Thomas. In one of its branches there is a tolerably copious stream of clear water, the alleged source of Indian River, near Bridgetown; another branch is full of innumerable stalactites. But the most curious feature is the roof, which is occasionally, for a long distance together, studded with regularly formed circular indentations, drilled into the rock to a distance of from three to five feet. These holes resemble those formed by eddies in the rock-beds of certain streams, but it is difficult to imagine the cause of their formation in the place they occupy. Occurring, as they do, in vast numbers, they assume the appearance of an architectural ornament. Their innermost recess is commonly rounded or conical, and in two or three instances a kind of pipe-hole runs out of sight upwards.

The gullies form the most striking and peculiar feature in Barbadian scenery, their jagged and creviced sides affording harbourage for trees, bushes, trailers, and creeping plants, which have been exterminated from the cultivated lands. They are often of great length, and their depth and steepness will frequently compel a horseman to make a long *détour* in order to avoid them. Some of the gullies also afford a refuge for the racoons and monkeys, which advancing cultivation and rewards for their extirpation have now rendered extremely rare. Besides the gullies there exist 40 in places in the flat surface of the land upon the top of the rocks curious circular indentations, sometimes occupied by stagnant ponds of water. These, I take it, were formed by the action of the waves when the reefs had reached high-water mark ages untold ago. The small Isle of Anegada is said to present a similar phenomenon, though on a larger scale. Speaking in round numbers, the height reached by the highest summits of the coral formation may be stated as something above 1,100 feet, which height is reached by a series of six step-like terraces with flat spaces between. Wrapped round and enclosed as with a semicircular wall of rock by this line of eminences, lie the hills, valleys, hillocks, and small plains of the “Scotland district,” or district “below the cliff.” This is the only picturesque part of Barbados, and though less like Scotland than Monmouth is like Macedon, it does in some slight degree resemble the hill-country of more civilized Sienna, in the shape of its hills and valleys of whitish marls and clays. The coralline formation is entirely absent from this part of the island, its place being supplied by earthy marl locally termed chalk. Mount Hillaby, the highest point in the island (1147 feet above the sea), lies just within he marl formation; and, whatever may be its base or innermost composition, it displays this substance alone to the eye. The top of this hill commands a beautiful although not altogether panoramic view. The whole of the Scotland country lies below; its white hills and water-worn valleys trending downwards to the sea, whose shores are varied here and there with sand-hills, bound together by enormous 41 purple-flowering sea convolvuli, and tufted with prickly cactuses. The marls of Scotland abound with countless myriads of the fossil cases of the animalcules known as Polycystina, of which no less than fifty-four different species have been found on the top of Mount Hillaby alone. The strata of some of the hills below, especially at “Chalky Mount”

near the sea, are curiously convoluted, and resemble those of the Drift on the coast of Norfolk and elsewhere on the Eastern coast of England. The abrupt walls of coralline rock which form the enclosing boundary of the clays and marls, with their huge fallen fragments overgrown with trailers and brushwood, present pictures of scenery which bears a very striking resemblance to that of the Undercliff in the Isle of Wight. The disrupted rocks were probably detached by the same convulsion of nature which burst open the gullies. In portions of the Scotland country and its continuation there are beds of bituminous shale which exhales a most offensive smell, and petroleum has been obtained in considerable quantities. In Turner's Hall Wood, almost the sole remnant of original forest which has been spared by man, and which lies on the shoulder of Mount Hillaby, there is a small hole in the bed of what after rain is a streamlet, from which a gas escapes, which ignites when a candle is applied to it, and burns a considerable time. The Barbadians make a great fuss upon this local lion, which, after all, is a very little one.

The Church and Rectory of St. John's parish stand upon the edge of a lofty cliff, and command a lovely view of the under-country beneath and the sea 42 beyond. A “pulpit rock” like that at Bonchurch projects from the churchyard. Connected with this burial-ground is the only bit of poetry or interesting history of which the meagre annals of Barbados can boast. There lie the remains of Ferdinando Paloeologus, son of Theodoro Palaeologus, “of Pesaro in Italy, descended from ye Imperiall lyne of ye last Christian Emperors of Greece.”* His mother was one of the family of Balls of Hadleigh in Suffolk, which family was connected with Barbados. Schomburghk states the curious fact alluded to by Dean Stanley in his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey* , that during the War of Independence the provisional Greek Government wrote to the English authorities of Barbados to ask whether any male descendant of the Palaeologi was still in existence, and requesting that in that case he should be provided with the means of returning to Greece at their expense. This application was, however, made in vain, for Ferdinando died in 1678 without issue, and seems to have been the last of the Palaeologi. When the vault was opened in 1831, the head was found “lying to the West, the feet pointing towards

the East, according to Greek custom,"† and this, or a reluctance to mingle the ashes of the descendants of the Imperial occupiers of the Byzantine throne with the servile dust of Bimshire, led to the body being surrounded with quicklime.

* Epitaph at Llandulph, Cornwall, where Theodore lies interred. "Ferdinando's eldest brother Theodore was buried in St. Andrew's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, 1644." *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 326. *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1843, Part II. p. 28. Dean Stanley remarks, "It is said a member of the family is still living."

† *Schomburghk*, p. 231

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A little south of St. John's Church, but below the cliff, stands, in a beautiful situation, the College founded in 1714, under the will of General Christopher Codrington, Governor of the Windward Islands, Fellow of All Souls, and donor of the magnificent library of that ancient and hospitable house. The college buildings are plain enough, but the influence of Oxford and of the training of All Souls is apparent at every turn, and to this day Codrington College is the one gentlemanlike place in Barbados. There is a fine, airy hall, a desolate and dilapidated but withal collegiate-looking chapel, a library, and a noble residence for the principal, who with the assistant tutor form the college staff, and educate eight students per year. Hard by rise some delicious springs of fresh water, which supply a fine swimming-bath, and form a small lake or rather pond, overhung by fine cabbage-palms. The College, with a kind of Grammar School on the hill above, is supported by the neighbouring estates, which yield the handsome income of about 2,400 *l.* per annum, of which the trustees are the committee of the S. P. G. It is a thousand pities that this fine foundation should be in such a miserably depressed condition, and that such large funds should be expended on the instruction of less than half a score of students per annum. A portion ought clearly to be given to the master of the Grammar School, an extremely able Englishman, formerly of Rossall and Cheltenham, who, spite of Barbadian jealousy and prejudice, is doing real educational work, and who receives in return for his services not

one single farthing of stipend, but merely 44 the use of the school-house rent-free. The under-masters are paid out of the head-master's own pocket.

In the neighbourhood of the College are found an immense number of the ancient Carib or Indian weapons, or rather implements, which occur also in almost every other part of the island. Less notice than they deserve has been taken of these interesting objects, which are not only curious in themselves as relics of a bygone race, but are useful for comparison with remains of the same class found in England and other countries. Barbados affording no hard stone, the ancient inhabitants availed themselves of the hard, massive shells of a species of conch which is abundant in the neighbouring seas, and from these and others formed their implements for daily use. Stone implements are of extremely rare occurrence. One given me by Mr. W. A. Culpeper was found in a grave with a human skeleton, which had apparently been interred in a sitting posture. The dark green stone of which some are formed is believed to come from the Oronoco, but I have been unable to find any foundation for this idea. The commonest shell implements are a kind of hatchet, formed with great skill out of solid shell, of which the natural curve is taken advantage of in order to make a rest for the right hand. With the exception of these curved handles many of the implements resemble the so-called “celts” of the stone period so common in English collections. The hatchets, if such they be, are very carefully finished, and have their cutting edge at the larger end. It may be conjectured that one use of these instruments may have been to cut out the charred portions of the heart 45 of a tree intended for a canoe. Their number is surprising. Near St. Luke's Chapel, at the centre of the island, I one day found seven specimens on the surface of the soil in a small gully in less than ten minutes. In St. James's parish several cart-loads were discovered at one time and carried away to macadamize a road. Associated with the hatchets are found objects about the same size, upon the under-side of which are several bars in relief, formed by the natural risings of the lip of the shell. I was disposed at first to consider that these curious objects might have been hones, but as I have only seen one out of many at all worn down, I am compelled to relinquish that idea as untenable. In shape they somewhat resemble some

of the clay flesh-rubbers used in baths and made at Siout in Egypt. I have met with a few other objects of the same date. One is a circular disc of shell, grooved at the back, which I found near Codrington College; another is a small head, somewhat resembling that of a turtle, and made of shell, discovered with a number of hatchets near the sea in St. James's parish. At Consett Point I found, along with other instruments, a large disc of fine unburnt clay. Humboldt mentions that some of the Caribs of South America allay their hunger by eating clay, and it is possible that this disc may have been prepared for that purpose. Fragments of a curious thick sun-burnt and lightly-burnt brown or reddish pottery, closely resembling the ware of the ancient Britons and the rude ware of the pagan Saxons, are found along with the implements, and large pottery idols even have been discovered. The heads of two of these in my own possession are ugly and monstrous, 46 and represent evil rather than good divinities. These Indian remains are found so universally and in such large numbers as to put the existence of a large stationary population beyond a doubt. The shell implements are not found in any of the other islands.*

* A detailed notice of these antiquities, and of some curious artificial niched caverns in St. Michael's parish, which I excavated before leaving Barbados, will be found in a forthcoming number of the *Journal of the Royal Archæological Institute.* I have given a large series to the Christy Collection of the British Museum, where they may be seen by the curious.

Some of the coast-scenery of Barbados is decidedly pretty. Sometimes a white shell-strewn semi-circle of sand, with a spit of land hard by, crowned by a few feathery cocoa-nut palms, will delight the wayfarer's eyes. The eastern side, which faces the main ocean, is far the boldest; but the coral rocks, undermined and worn into a thousand caves and fissures by the tremendous swell of the Atlantic, nowhere rise into sublimity. The water is everywhere of exquisite clearness, and where the curling waves and a long line of surf show that a coral reef lies off the shore, the bottom between the two is generally formed of

a fine white sand made up of comminuted atoms of coral, and over this the colour of the sea is of the most brilliant and lovely green.

Shells are numerous and pretty: among them is found the beautiful *Ianthina communis* , which is sometimes swept across the Atlantic and stranded on the coasts of Clare and Kerry. The land-shells are not of great interest, excepting one enormous snail, which lays eggs of a white colour as large as 47 those of a starling. A beautiful little pink shell, snail included, appears when the egg is hatched, and the animal immediately protrudes his horns, and begins to seek for food. This snail was introduced by the late Rev. Mr. Parkinson, but has now spread all over the island. Its teeth and cutting apparatus form a beautiful object under the microscope. Some very curious little freshwater shells of a brown colour, with large spines, are found in the ditches on the leeward side.

Seaweeds are far less beautiful than they are in Europe. The great sea-fan is common; many kinds of gorgonias and sponges abound, and, of course, beautiful coral is to be picked up everywhere.

Crustaceans are numerous both in species and individuals. The sea cray-fishes are by no means equal to the English lobster, but some of the crabs are good. The so-called “land-crabs” become a perfect nuisance in gardens situated near the seashore. Fed on meal for a short time, they are wholesome eating, and make excellent soup.

Fish are found rather than caught in vast numbers round the shores of Barbados. Far too little attention has been paid to the subject of fisheries, which, with a little encouragement, might afford occupation to a large number of persons. The favourite fish of all are the flying-fish, which in the season are hawked about all over the island, and are much esteemed by the inhabitants. As an article of food I consider them much overrated. As a general rule, while nothing can surpass the radiant beauty of many varieties, the fish are by no means so good for 48 food as those of cooler seas. The Baracuta is firm and rich, but rather resembles meat than fish. A very delicious variety known as the “Grass fish”

somewhat resembles a smelt; it is caught on the east coast, but seldom finds its way to the market at Bridgetown. Different varieties of the *Chætodon* , known as “school-mistresses,” “nincompoops,” and “striped angels,” are of pre-eminent beauty and the most brilliant tints, and are withal good eating.

Turtles are found occasionally, and the market is tolerably well supplied. Land lizards are common, and some are of great beauty. The green variety is easily tamed, and when the accustomed call or whistle is heard they will flock in numbers to receive sugar or sweet biscuit, feeding even from the hand or mouth of their benefactor. These creatures are attracted by music, and may be approached and caught by any one who will continue whistling a tune. Cats catch and eat lizards in considerable numbers, and their leanness is commonly ascribed by the creoles to this diet. It is a fundamental article of belief with the Barbadians that their cats have longer tails than any others. Fortunately the only snake, a brown one, now rarely seen, is harmless. A hideous and disgusting toad (*Bufo agua*) erroneously called the Crapaud, swarms over the whole country. It is not indigenous, but was introduced from Demerara by a gentleman still living, who thought he was introducing the edible frog! No means were taken to punish the enlightened individual who occasioned this horrible nuisance, or to compel him to abate it.

Five land mammals only are indigenous in Barbados: 49 of these the monkey and the racoon* are rarely met with, and are confined to the undercliff of the Scotland district, and to a few gullies; the others are a field-mouse, and two kinds of bats. Grampuses, however, and porpoises, or dolphins, are common in the surrounding seas, and are caught in considerable numbers, especially on the leeward coast. I had one day the good fortune to see a huge grampus attacked by two enemies, probably threshers, off Consett Point. The vast creature flung himself repeatedly clean out of the water, in his endeavours to escape.

* It is stated that this racoon is of a distinct species, a fact which ought to be clearly ascertained.

It is singular that two hundred years ago camels were imported into Barbados and used as beasts of burden. The moistness of the climate was probably unfavourable to their breeding, and they have been long extinct. The discovery of the bones of these huge animals will be a puzzle for future geologists.

Of birds there are but few species. Of these, the humming-birds are the most beautiful. Two kinds are enumerated, *Trochilus cristatus* and *Lampornis mango;* but there is probably at least two others. A Dutch gentleman, M. Wilderboer, residing in Barbados, states that he has collected specimens of *five* species, which he has sent to the collection of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. These exquisite little creatures especially affect gardens, and are very little afraid of the proximity of man. Amongst themselves they are remarkably quarrelsome, and sometimes they will even “mob” a blackbird. One kind makes its tiny nest, in which its two white pea-like 4 50 eggs are deposited, of some soft silk or cotton, and then dots it over with little spots of green, as if on purpose for ornament. One of the commonest birds is the blackbird (*Quisqualus crassirostris*), which in colour resembles the English blackbird, though with a more *prononcé* tail, and bright yellow eyes. In character he is like the jackdaw, being a sensible, perky fellow, of a lively, garrulous, and inquisitive disposition. On Shrove Tuesday the people have a cruel custom of fitting spurs upon these birds, and then setting them to fight, which they do with all the gallantry of well-trained game-cocks. The yellow-breast (*Certhiola flaveola*) is a pretty little bird, which frequents and builds in gardens. The nest looks like a mere wisp at a distance, but on a closer inspection proves to be made with considerable art, if not with an instinctive intention to deceive, the entrance being below and carefully concealed. A species of plover, known as the blackbreasts (*Charadrius virginicus*), arriving from the West, passes over or through Barbados about August 25; the females, called the whitebreasts, arriving after their lords have departed.

The poverty of the Barbadian Fauna in many departments is disagreeably compensated by the multitudes of noxious insects, in which the plagues of Egypt, or worse, are

reproduced. The houses all swarm with enormous cockroaches. Tarantulas, chigos ticks, gallinippers, scorpions, and, worse than all, centipedes, or “forty-legs,”conspire to render life a burden. The effects of the bite of the latter insect—as I know from experience—are curious, producing fever and a peculiar nervous sensation, apprehension, 51 and agitation of mind. No article of food is safe from the depredations of ants, which pervade everything indoors and out. The inhabitants seem scarcely conscious of the existence of these pests, which excite loathing in the mind of a European. One happy circumstance is that one species of ant feeds upon another.

The botany of Barbados is less interesting than that of the other islands, and the great area of cultivated land confines the most interesting plants to the gullies and to the undercliff in the parishes of SS. John and Peter. The stately cabbage-palm, so often found near the estate-houses, is the most striking tree; but it is not indigenous, having been introduced from Jamaica in 1756. A thin grey column rises to a vast height, surmounted by a green fleshy capital, from which springs a graceful tuft of huge feathery fronds. Just below the point of junction between pillar and capital, a number of green pegs stick out, which in time throw out feathery bunches of yellowish-white flower, which, when young and tender, are esteemed by some persons when prepared as a pickle. The “cabbage,” or central part of the green top, is seldom eaten in Barbados, as its excision would entail the destruction of an entire tree; but it is a favourite dish in the other islands. In taste it resembles sea-kale. Of the non-indigenous cocoa-nut palm, the groves which formerly adorned the coasts have almost entirely disappeared, in consequence of the ravages of a minute insect belonging to the genus *Aleyrodes.* The mackaw or grou-grou palm is curious; but it is now confined to the remoter gullies, which produce 52 also the beautiful fan-palm. The tree from which Barbados derives its name is generally believed to be the *Ficus laurifolia* or bearded fig, a most singular-looking tree, from whose branches beards of matted roots depend. Some of these, reaching the ground, take root, and form massive supports, while others, embracing the parent-trunk and branches, cover them with a twisted network, which gradually hardens into solid wood. The “evergreen tree” (*Ficus*

nitida), which, though not indigenous, is very common in Barbados, has a similar property, resembling in this respect its congener the famous banyan-tree of the East Indies. Very little fine timber has escaped destruction. In fact, a Barbadian planter hates a tree as a bull does a red rag, or a Murphyite a Roman bull, though with more reason.

Perhaps the finest tree in the island is the enormous silk-cotton (*Eriodendron Ceiba*) in St. Philip's churchyard, which vies in grandeur with the hugest oaks of Bagot's Park or Beau Manor. Its immense spread of branches is indeed amazing. The silk-cotton is in all respects a magnificent tree, with shining fingered leaves resembling those of the horse-chestnut. It bears pendent green pouches, which opening when ripe, and turning inside out, display a light brown silk of the most exquisite texture and softness, and wrapped together in the closest possible compass—a very miracle of good packing. The trunk is slightly thorny, of a fine brown colour, and shoots up to a great height before the expansion of the branches. At the height of a few feet narrow buttresses stand out from the parent stems, and 53 gradually decrease into sinuous roots, which run along the ground, like chains of hills running out from a central mountain mass. The silk is used for stuffing pillows, but does not exist in sufficient quantities to form an article of commerce. Of the smaller plants the most interesting are epiphytes, orchids or air-plants, of which one kind bears a white feathery flower, with a delicious smell. A convolvulus with dark green leaves and bright yellow flowers is curious, and might perhaps be introduced into England. The sea-convolvulus, which binds together the sand-hills, recalls the convolvulus so common on the Norfolk coast and on the “Denes” at Yarmouth, but its long shoots will often extend themselves ten or fifteen feet. It is interesting to observe how a littoral vegetation seems to repeat itself in different parts of the world. Some of the liliaceous plants which adorn the gullies, and especially a delicate snow-white and a large red lily with a yellow eye, are very beautiful, and rival those of the Cape. The absence of mountains, and its comparative dryness during a part of the year, deprive Barbados of the extraordinary number of cryptogamous plants or ferns which are found in the rest of the West Indies. The whole number of native ferns may be set down as less than a score.

Excepting yams, sweet potatoes, eddows and pumpkins, vegetables are few and poor. Of cultivated fruits the best are the shaddock and the grape-fruit, of which the latter may be described as something between an orange and a lemon, but much larger than either. The oranges are green, sweet and insipid, 54 and every way inferior to those of the Levant. Most of the other fruits, excepting, of course, the familiar banana, I consider superlatively nasty: perhaps the best is the *sapadilla.* The hog-plum *would* be edible if there were anything in it to eat. It consists of an immense stone within a soft rind; the little juice that there is tastes like the recollection of strawberries and cream, the cream predominating, with the addition of a little senna. English names, such as goose-berry, plum, and cherry have been applied apparently at haphazard to fruits which have nothing in common with those bearing the same names in England. With still greater folly the Barbadian folk call their island “Little England,” which reminds one of the Mr. Buggins who assumed the name of Norfolk Howard.

On the whole, I have no doubt that Barbados is one of the healthiest places of residence in the West Indies. It is drier, windier, and has little or no malaria. But it cannot be called a good residence for an invalid. There is a burning sun, and the dust and glare are insufferable, notwithstanding that there is a shower of rain almost every day during a large portion of the year. Except in Bridgetown, which is the unhealthiest place in the island, provisions are difficult to obtain, and good or clean women servants are scarcely to be had at all.

The climate is excessively exhausting, though, perhaps, more so to the Creoles than to Europeans *on their first arrival.* I have no doubt that the great thing for an Englishman to do is to live well and to persist in doing that which the climate indisposes him to do,—take plenty of active exercise. This prevents 55 the stagnation of mind and blood which is inherent in the natives. Flannel should always be worn next the skin. Fruit—and especially shaddocks, limes, and oranges—should be eaten freely, and the hot peppers so much in vogue seem to give a useful stimulus to the constitution. Sudden emotions of the

mind, such as grief, or anger, have a far more powerful effect upon the system than in England. Febrile affections and attacks of ague are common, but may often be avoided by attention to diet and exercise, or averted by the timely use of quinine. Sea-bathing does not seem to have the bracing effect upon the system that it has in cooler climes. Yellow fever occasionally visits Barbados, the dirty town of Bridgetown especially. At such times the troops are moved and placed under canvas at Gun Hill near the centre of the island. The most abnormal, as well as the most disgusting, diseases are leprosy and a kind of elephantiasis. The latter disease, known also as “Barbados leg,” is common. One of the legs generally swells up to a gigantic size, and cracks in places, while the other has a tendency to shrivel up. I have little doubt that one great cause of the prevalence of leprosy is the difficulty of obtaining water for washing during great part of the year. There is a lazar-house near Bridgetown appropriated to the reception of lepers, and there are commonly from sixty to a hundred inmates. This filthy disease afflicts gentle as well as simple, whites as well as blacks, and leprous ladies may even be met with in society.
I have no means of ascertaining the fact, but blindness appears to me to be unusually common. This I should ascribe 56 to the want of shade, and to the glare of the white coral roads. Though colds, sore throats, and influenza are very common, consumption is rarely met with. I believe the *higher* parts of Barbados would be a good residence for a person in the earlier stages of pulmonary disease, provided he had personal friends around him, some engrossing pursuit to compensate for the utter want of intellectual society, and ample means to enable him to obtain the necessaries of life. But, after all, he might live for less money in civilized Italy, or in the glorious climate and amidst the marvels of Upper Egypt, where the dry sweet air of the desert, and a population which, if not book-learned, is instinct with natural sagacity and mental life, are alike antagonistic to the sense of sadness and depression which is so much felt in the West Indies. During the wet season, which, beginning in June, extends indefinitely onwards, almost everything which has not been destroyed by the previous parching drought, is destroyed by damp, and if anything is left by the damp and drought, it is devoured by insects. The ants will prepare a skeleton of a fat toad in a manner worthy of the College of Surgeons in a few hours,

and the destruction of books by cockroaches is positively heartrending. The effects of climate are curiously exemplified in the case of the sheep, which entirely loses its wool (as if hopeless of emulating the negroes), and is covered instead with short bay or yellow hair, which is completely black at the muzzle and under the belly. I have even seen *tortoiseshell* sheep. To do them justice, these lanky creatures afford excellent mutton. Europeans, on their first arrival, are generally afflicted 57 by prickly heat, or by a kindred but still more disagreeable affection. Lumps and blotches appear on the limbs accompanied by the most violent irritation, and these, when scratched, turn into blisters, full of a pale yellow acrid matter. If any one desires to know the sensation of prickly heat, he may do so by attending implicitly to the following directions:—Being first covered with chilblains, get yourself stung all over the body by alternate musquitos, and stinging red ants: rub in a little cayenne pepper: get a friend to whip you with nettles; and lastly, roll for an hour or two upon several dozen of the best Whitechapel needles with the points upwards. This receipt is infallible. H. N. Coleridge remarks what a trial it is for a well-disposed young man to converse with ladies when in the usual state of profuse perspiration, but the trial would be greater were not the dear creatures themselves perpetually in the condition so graphically described by Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs and Lady Blarney.

There is no doubt that the climate of Barbados has been sensibly affected by the wholesale destruction of trees, and at the present time it depends for its supply of rain upon the clouds which are collected on the damp mountains of the other islands. An easterly wind blows almost continuously throughout the year, and without this the climate would be almost intolerable. About once in every fifty years Barbados is visited by a hurricane, and the inhabitants make it a boast (and truly, for once,) that *their* hurricanes are more destructive than those of other people. Many of the houses are built with “hurricane cellars;” insurances are 58 raised during the hurricane season, and a form of deprecation is used in the churches. But seeing that they purify the air, destroy sugar-ants, and frighten people living in sin into getting married, hurricanes are by no means unmixed evils, and I would never consent to pray against them. The hurricanes always

occur during the autumnal months; the latest on record in the West Indies being, it seems, that of October 29th, which I so narrowly escaped at St. Thomas.

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CHAPTER VI. *BARBADOS.*

The Black Population—Settlement of the Island—White Slaves—Treatment of Negro Slaves—Prosecution of the Rev. W. M. Harte—Labour Question—Negro Shanties—Dress—Children—Disposition—Sobriety—Sensuality—Cruel Treatment of the Poor—Negroes in Church—Need of Division of the Services—Education—Lord Metcalfe on the Anabaptist Sect—African Names—Amusements—Marriages—Obeah.

It is generally believed that when Barbados was visited in 1605 by the captain and crew of the *Olive Blossom* , there were none of the aboriginal inhabitants residing in the island. This, however, does not seem to be satisfactorily proved: indeed, Hughes, in his *Natural History of Barbados* , quotes certain then existing traditions which seem to show the exact contrary; and the circumstance that the discoverers named the little stream north of Bridgetown “Indian River,” and that at least two places were named “Indian Pond,” points also to a different conclusion. The aborigines were, however, at that time probably but few in number; though the immense quantity of their works of art which are from time to time discovered prove that they must previously have existed in vast numbers. The fertility of the soil, and the absence of grand natural features, early made Barbados 60 a tempting field for the greed and enterprise of English colonists. African slaves must have been very early imported to cultivate the land; for an insurrection occurred amongst them as early as 1649, which being put down, no less than eighteen of the principal insurgents were executed. During the Commonwealth, the stock of slaves was largely increased by the arrival of poor *Irishmen* , sold into slavery to the Barbadian proprietors by that distinguished lover of *freedom* , Oliver Cromwell. “A number of persons,” also, “apprehended on account of the Salisbury rising of Penruddock and Grove, were sold to Barbados for 1,550 lbs. of sugar each, more or less, according to their working faculties.”

Many of these stated, in their memorial to Parliament, that they had been imprisoned without trial and without inculpation in the Salisbury plot. They arrived in Barbados on May 7, 1656, and were sold as the goods and chattels of Martin Noel, Major Thomas Alderne, and Captain Henry Hatsell. “Among these unfortunate men were divines, officers, and gentlemen, who were employed in menial work, grinding at the mills, attending at the furnaces, and digging in that scorching island, being bought and sold from one planter to the other, or attached like horses or beasts for the debt of their masters, being whipped at the whipping-post as rogues, and sleeping in sties worse than hogs in England.”* Such was freedom in the eleventh year of England's liberty!

* *England's Slavery, or Barbados Merchandise.* London: printed in the eleventh year of England's liberty, 1659. Quoted by Schomburghk, p. 284.

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Ligon tells an amusing story àpropos of the subject of the excellence of the hogs in 1657, which illustrates the estimation in which the unhappy white slaves were held. He says, “A planter in the iland came to his neighbour, and said to him, ‘Neighbour, I heare you have lately bought good store of servants out of the last ship that came from England, and I heare withall that you want provisions. I have greate want of a woman servant, and shall be glad to make an exchange; if you will let me have some of your woman's flesh, you shall have some of my hogg's flesh.’ So the price was set—a groat a pound for the hogg's flesh, and sixpence for the woman's flesh. The scales were set up; and the planter had a maide that was extreme fat, lasie, and good for nothing. Her name was Honor. The man brought a great fat sowe, and put it on one scale, and Honor was put in the other; but when he saw how much his maide outwayed his sowe, he broke off the bargain, and would not go on.” Ligon says it was common to sell their servants for commodities.*

* Ligon, p. 59.

In 1753 the number of negro slaves had increased to 69,000, and in 1829 to no less than 82,902, the whites in the latter year being only 14,959, and the free coloured persons 5,146. The exact number of the black inhabitants at the present time is unknown, but the increase is enormous. In 1844, taking the whole area of the island and its population, 7348 individuals were found upon each square mile. The rapid and immense increase of the slave population may seem surprising, but for some time at least 62 before emancipation, though that period is still spoken of by the negroes as “Barbarity Times,” it does not appear that the slaves of Barbados underwent *much* physical suffering. It *paid* the masters to give them plenty to eat, just as it *pays* the owner to keep his horse in good condition. But every kind of moral degradation was heaped upon the unfortunate creatures by their proprietors, to whose lust and caprices they were ever exposed. They were not allowed to marry, and the utmost jealousy was exhibited when attempts were made to instruct them in Christian principles and to extend to them Christian privileges. For this purpose missionaries were despatched from England, and in 1808 the then Bishop of London recommended the clergy of the West Indies to establish Sunday schools for the instruction of the negro children. This system was adopted by the rector of St. Joseph's parish, a clergyman of the name of Harte, upon Sunday, July 24, 1808. Up to that time the negro population had been regarded by the clergy as *extra-parochial!* Something, indeed, had been attempted by the Moravian Brethren, but in 1791 the number of baptized negroes under their superintendence amounted to only forty-seven.

In 1827 the Rev. W. M. Harte, then rector of St. Lucy's parish, was made the subject of a bitter persecution on the part of the white inhabitants on account of his zeal for the spiritual improvement of the slaves. Although his conduct met with the entire approval of his bishop, Dr. Coleridge, charges were brought against him at the Court of Grand Sessions, and the white jury found him guilty of misdemeanor. Upon 63 this Mr. Harte appealed to the King, and by him was unconditionally pardoned. This act of humanity and justice led to violent recriminations between the Barbados House of Assembly and the Secretary for the Colonies, which ended in the former getting a severe rap over the knuckles from the

authorities at home. From this time, it seems, Christian education made some progress amongst the slaves. Meanwhile Clarkson, Wilberforce, Stephen, Henry Brougham, Macaulay, T. Fowell-Buxton, and others were pursuing those noble and disinterested labours in England, which resulted in the Emancipation Act, which decreed that from August 1, 1834, slavery should be abolished in the dominions of the British Crown. That there were humane and far-seeing men, like Sir R. Bowcher Clarke, the present Chief Justice of Barbados, in the West Indies who advocated and approved of emancipation, is indeed true, but there is no doubt that the measure was passed in the teeth of the wishes of the mass of the planters. The *animus* of the class is well exemplified by the fact that the infamous law which fixed the fine for murdering a slave at 15 *l.* currency was not amended until 1805, and “then the Act was so carelessly worded as to render a conviction for the murder of a slave a matter of the greatest difficulty,”* and the murderer could only be convicted upon the evidence of one or more *white* persons. It was not until 1831 that an Act passed the Legislature which admitted a slave's evidence in any court in the island.

* *Schomburghk.*

Taking the West Indies generally, it is undeniable that the just and righteous act of emancipation 64 was by no means an unmixed advantage to the negroes. In those islands where the rich virgin soil is watered by perennial streams descending from the mountains, and where there exists almost unlimited room for squatters, habits of great idleness were speedily engendered amongst the lately-freed slaves. A man, who being constitutionally lazy to begin with, having no high aims, and little ambition, finding himself moreover able to support life by merely scratching up the ground for a crop of yams or plantains, had no inducement to labour. He therefore lay in the sun, and ate and snoozed and strummed a banjo, and begot a large family of little blackamoors, and became more and more degraded and unfit for the rights of citizenship. But this evil was little felt in Barbados, where there is no bush or virgin soil to fall back upon, where almost every inch of available soil is under cultivation, and where the demand for labour is consequently great. In fact, at the present day, the black labouring class are not otherwise than an industrious set of

people. They do not work with the persistency of English labourers, but still they work, and work cheerfully after their fashion. Experience has convinced me that when a Barbadian planter complains of the idleness of the negroes, the real truth is that he himself will not give a fair price for labour. Where this is done labour can always be had, and it is no discredit to a man to refuse to work at starvation prices. The women work as constantly in the cane-fields as the men, to the great neglect of their children, and the great increase of immorality.

Ploughs are still comparatively little used; spades, 65 scythes, and sickles are unknown, the old-fashioned hoe and knife being still the universal implements. The usual wages for an able-bodied adult labourer is from one shilling to one shilling and threepence a day, but they seldom work more than five days a week. The women receive about fourpence or fivepence less. In the crop-season, however, much higher wages are expected and obtained.

The wooden shanties of the labouring population are a disgrace to the proprietors upon whose estates they are knocked up. They are invariably of but one story, and commonly consist only of a single room, which is divided into two compartments, of which the outer one is termed the “hall.” The inner compartment, which is divided from the outer by a wooden partition, less high than the roof, is generally nearly filled up by an enormous bedstead, often a four-poster. In'these houses may commonly be found three and even four generations, with the addition not infrequently of lodgers. Decency and cleanliness are of course almost impossible in these wretched dwellings, and they generally swarm with vermin. Water for cooking is fetched by the women in large red pots from stagnant ponds, often at a long distance, and though the water in the dry season becomes scarce and extremely filthy and unwholesome, dripstones, which may be purchased for a few shillings, are scarcely ever used. This, added to their insufficiently cooked food, makes the children pot-bellied, and exposes them to much suffering from worms. I do not believe that the people are *wilfully* uncleanly in their persons. They are passionately fond 5 66 of bathing, and their indulgence in washing is only limited by the want of water. Glass is

never used for windows, and the rain is kept out by wooden shutters. These last are kept closed at night and during the slightest ailment, so that the atmosphere within is stifling in the extreme. This abhorrence of fresh air is probably one cause of the great prevalence of colds and rheumatism. Most of the cottagers keep fowls, a pig or two, and a goat. Some of the more thriving keep a cow and others add turkeys, which cost little or nothing, as they are fed at their neighbours' expense.

Attached to each shanty there is usually a small provision-ground, in which are grown canes, plantains, yams, sweet potatoes, bananas, eddows, guinea-corn, manioc or cassava, ocres, and other vegetables. The cassava flour, unless properly prepared, is extremely poisonous, and deaths from this cause are of frequent occurrence. There is, moreover, a bastard species of cassava, which is not easily distinguished from the true, and which is often the cause of accidents. Eddows, which are white roots, like small Jerusalem artichokes, are accounted very wholesome and nourishing, but to a European taste they are very mawkish, whether plain or made into soup. Bananas are numerous and very good, a small garden sort, called “figs,” being the best. Some cottagers cultivate ginger, red-peppers, and the medicinal aloes. The children of the poorer people run about up to the age of ten or more, almost and often altogether naked, or a single shirt or strip of sackcloth alternates with nothing at all. The older women wear a singularly graceful and becoming white head-dress; 67 the girls more commonly a gay striped handkerchief, disposed, *more Africano* , turban-wise. On great occasions, such as weddings, the women come out in snow-white muslin dresses, trimmed in really exquisite taste with blue, pink, or sea-green braid or ribbons. As the abomination of stays is not in use, the good figures of the young women are shown to great advantage in their artistically-made frocks. The negro girl seems to be born a *modiste.* The head, especially in the case of the little girls, is divided into a number of parterres, from the centre of each of which depends a little plait of frizzly black wool. Generally speaking, the negro women dress in excellent taste, and herein present an agreeable contrast to the draggled and tawdry wives and daughters of the artisans and small tradesmen in the great towns of England. Very little jewellery is

made or worn in Barbados, though it is extensively used in the French and Frenchified islands. When at work both men and women go barefoot, and the naked legs of the women look like the legs of mahogany tables peeping out from underneath a dirty table-cloth. Many of the men are tall, well-made fellows, with by no means uncomely faces and excellent teeth. Their worst point is the legs, which by no means come up to the Belgravian flunkey standard in the matter of calves. The people are of very various shades of colour, from jet black downwards. The handsomest colour is the black, with a kind of undertinge of rich copper red. Many of the girls are really pretty, with excellent figures, teeth, and eyes, and an innocently playful expression of countenance very pleasant to behold. Standing in 68 repose they are statuesque and graceful enough, but, except when dancing, they are clumsy in their movements. The indelibility of national characteristics is curiously exemplified by the women continuing after so many generations to carry vases and the like with bent arm upon their open but retorted hand. But, in general, every burden, whether great or small, is placed upon the head; and the weights carried upon the head by some of the women almost vie with the loads of the Armenian porters of Stamboul. The children are often extremely pretty and intelligent-looking; and the little bright-eyed black babies are every way superior in looks, vivacity, and temper, to the flabby dabby European variety. The opinion of many African travellers that negro children are more intelligent than white children, and that black adults are less intelligent than whites, is, I am convinced, in the main, a strictly correct one. White children, as a rule, cannot successfully compete with the little negroes in the schools of Barbados, nor do they seem so desirous to learn. But I should be inclined to put the period of the stagnation of intellect later than others have done, as late, *i. e.* as seventeen or eighteen years of age. Certainly the old negroes are often densely stupid, and in no people is the truth of the proverb, “there's no fool like an old fool,” more apparent than amongst the blacks. As a rule, the *rising generation* of Barbadian negroes speak English with greater precision and purity of *accent* than the whites, whose abominable whining drawl has already been mentioned. When pleased, and wishing to please, the manners of the younger negroes are 69 decidedly agreeable. They are natural and self-pos-sessed, and altogether free

from the awkwardness which an Englishman feels when in the presence of his “betters.” But they are obstinate and pig-headed, and know how to be insolent. Deep down in their characters there is a strong undercurrent of savagery and revenge. To say that until recently they were *slaves* , is to say that they are utterly, indifferent to truth, and that they have no moral feeling in the matter of petty thefts. Though, however, an Englishman may chronicle these characteristics of his black brother, it does not become him to abuse him for them, seeing that lying and dishonesty are the natural offspring of slavery. The catechismal distinction between “picking” and “stealing” is much appreciated in Barbados; many negroes who would not “ *steal* ” outright, will “ *pick* ” to any extent. During the crop-season the labourers wax fat, and shine from their continual sucking of the sugar-canes, which are extremely wholesome and nutritious. Little urchins, too, whose parents have not a single inch of cane in cultivation, come to school day after day with a big cane for their midday lunch. The people seem to have a kind of idea that there is no harm in stealing *food* for either man or beast.

It is commonly said that the negroes are ungrateful; but it is said, I suspect, by persons not remarkable for kindliness, or justice, or consideration for the feelings of others,—in a word, by those who are not *gentlemen* in feelings, and who are, consequently, undeserving of gratitude. Certainly there are many instances of faithful and attached servants, 70 and I have myself experienced very many little marks of attention, presents of eggs, fruit, and the like from negroes towards whom I had endeavoured to act with justice. When about to leave the island, I had such a quantity of gifts of garden produce brought me that I could easily have stocked a large greengrocer's shop. I gratefully record the faithful services of a negro boy, named Richard Goddard, with whom, during a year's service, I had never to find fault for either word or deed. But the negroes are fickle, and easily take offence, especially if their dignity is wounded. Sometimes they will imagine a cause of offence, become estranged from their benefactors, at times even for years, and then return again as friendly as ever, and as if nothing had happened. That they are revengeful there is no doubt. An unkind master or unjust manager will be likely enough in Barbados (although

not, I understand, in the other islands) to find his cane-piece, and even his dwelling-house, in flames. And to gratify their spite, the negroes will even fire each other's houses. I knew a case in which two diabolical attempts were made to destroy a negress, who was lying asleep with her four children with her. In the second instance, kerosine oil had been poured over the roof-shingles to ensure a conflagration, and the woman was only saved from a horrible death by her being awakened by the crackling of the flames. This love of revenge finds vent likewise in the fondness which negroes have for litigation, in the number of false and frivolous charges which are made and supported by the most awful perjury, and in the numerous cases which are taken 71 from the magistrates up to the Court of Appeal. Cheap law is by no means beneficial to the Barbadian community. If the cost of appeal was raised to, say a couple of dollars, and the expense thrown upon the party losing the case, the people in most cases would rest satisfied with the first decision.

The negroes are extremely foul-mouthed, and the women especially are wont to break the third commandment with a good intention, as members of many sects do in England, by interlarding their conversation with continual invocations of the Holy Name. Quarrels are frequent, and the women will often stand abusing one another at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and often, when in closer quarters, they stand *back to back.* The noise they make on these occasions is deafening. With the exception, perhaps, of Bridgetown, notwithstanding the prevalence of low rum-shops, and the temptation thrown in the people's way by some of the gentry taking out retail licences, the negroes are decidedly a sober race. A drunken man is a far commoner sight in a Yorkshire or Somersetshire village than in Barbados. If it be true, as Burton asserts,* that “Africans, like the lower Asiatics, never drink to excess; a glass or two is a thing unknown to them,” this sobriety is extremely creditable, as displaying a moral triumph over an innate tendency. The hard drinkers in Barbados are the white people.

* *Mission to Gelele, King of Dahamey*, ii. 192.

But the great overwhelming and preponderating sin of the island is the sin of sensuality. That this sin should be gross and universal cannot, indeed, be 72 wondered at, seeing that marriage was permitted to but very few in slave times, and that planters, managers of estates, and book-keepers at the present day habitually set the example of promiscuous immorality. Purity of life is not likely to be very common in a country wherein a young labourer may see a white “gentleman,” with a family of bastard children, elected year after year as one of the committee of management of a district chapel by the *élite* of the “respectable,” *i.e.* the pew-hiring, population. There does not seem to be the least public opinion against impurity in a woman. A girl with an illegitimate child does not lose caste, either amongst her own people or amongst the “respectable” whites, in whose houses she will gain a situation as a domestic servant without the smallest objection being made on the part of the ladies of the family. Although murder is a crime of very rare occurrence, yet the infant mortality amongst the labouring class is so suspiciously great that an official investigation is much needed, although extremely unlikely to be made.

Carelessness of young infants, fondness for and over-indulgence of children, not unmixed with fitful harshness and brutal cruelty,—these, and a shocking disregard of aged and infirm parents, are all characteristic points in the Barbadian negro character. Against them must be set the frequent adoption of an orphan by people living in the deepest poverty. A stringent bastardy law and an improved system of poor relief are both imperatively needed, but, with such a House of Assembly as the present, are little likely to be passed in this generation.

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The saddest fact, perhaps, in connection with the labouring classes is the miserable condition of the aged poor. “A labourer,” says the late Rev. Edward Pinder, in an admirable pamphlet entitled *Meliora* , “may be struck down with sickness for weeks or for months without the possibility of earning one cent for his support; his rent, nevertheless, is demanded with the same scrupulous regularity; no relief from the estate is granted him;

not a visit of mercy paid him. So with the aged. They may work on an estate till grey hairs bespeak their years; their strength may at last become utterly unavailable for any physical exertion; and yet, what is the prospect that awaits them? In England our unions, at least, afford a shelter from starvation. *There is no such asylum or last home here.* With the exception of some precarious and irregular aid occasionally afforded in extreme cases by the parish, no provision whatever is made for them." And again Mr. Pinder says, in words which ought to burn like fire into the hard hearts of the selfish Barbadian proprietors, "I have seen repeatedly children wasting away from starvation, when sickness has prevented their parents from earning subsistence for them by their daily labour. *I have known instances where old labourers, who have worked all their lives on one estate or another, have at last ended their days without food, shelter, or clothing, in some out-building of our properties, either in the stock-house or in the stock-hole.* "* And this is *Christian*

* *Letters on the Labouring Populalion of Barbados.* By Meliora, 1858. Preface.

74 *Barbados;* these the tender mercies of the white proprietary body towards those through whose labours they raise annually their rich hogsheads of sugar and their abundant rivers of rum! The truth is, a shameful and inhuman parsimony is practised in this respect. The legislature *permits* but does not *insist* upon a portion of the parochial rates being expended in poor relief. The consequence of this is, that some parishes grant no relief at all; while others give a miserable pittance to a most limited and insufficient number of favoured objects. In the rich parish of St. George the sum paid by the parish to an indigent *white* , and therefore favoured, widow, *for the board, lodging, clothing, washing, and education of three presumtive orphans, is three shillings a month, or threepence a head per week;* and for this wretched pittance they have to walk several miles, and are often detained for hours at the vestry before payment is made. And these miserable, sallow, stunted children have no other means of subsistence whatsoever. Such, I repeat, are the tender mercies of the Barbadian rich towards the Barbadian poor! Such the acts of the sons of the enslavers towards the sons of the enslaved!

With all their faults, for many of which, indeed, they are not responsible, the negroes, if not a godly, are assuredly a religious, people. They thoroughly enjoy public worship, and, in the rare instances when they are encouraged to do so, take part heartily in it. It tells well, too, for the negro, that he has a genuine respect for the clergy, for it shows that, notwithstanding the truckling of the latter to the richer classes, and their addiction to distinctions of persons 75 in public worship, he knows who are in the main his best friends, and who those are who have done, and are doing, at least, *something* to bridge over that almost infinitely great gulf that is fixed between rich and poor, and between colour and colour. The negro has an excellent ear for music, and is passionately fond of it. Notwithstanding this, there is not a choral service in the island, a piece of most culpable folly on the part of the clergy, who would do well in this matter to follow the example of their more energetic brethren in St. Vincent, where the hearty choral services are much appreciated by the people. It is most inspiriting to hear the negroes sing in church; they go at it with such a zest, setting herein a good example to the gaping, silent whites. Everything I have seen in the West Indies confirms my previous opinion that it is absurd, irrational, and injurious, if, indeed, it be not positively wrong, to cram our “incomparable liturgy,” in its entirety, down the throats of a negro and creole population. As well insist by legislative enactments upon cramming the inhabitants of the tropics with hunks of beef, heavy plumpudding, hot mulled ale, or whale's blubber! What the negro wants are short, spirited services, with short plain sermons, and plenty of music, in churches of a certain decorous grandeur, befitting the worship of Almighty God. But what the negro is given instead of these are a series of services, huddled together *more Anglicano* , into *one* , of great length and baldness, and conducted in the most slovenly manner in a hideous pewed-up edifice, looking like a second-rate English conventicle. And then we Anglicans with 76 sweet self-complacency, as we watch the Pope quenching the relics of a Gallican liturgy, altering the Ambrosian ritual at Milan, or dictating “conformity” to a community of oriental Christians, cry out against Papal bigotry, and thank God that we, in

the unapproachable perfection of our Anglican formulae, are not as other men are, or even as his Holiness.

The elder negroes appear to have very hazy ideas upon religious matters, and especially about a future state. Their combined obstinacy and inveterate stupidity in all matters which do not bear on the *present* time, renders their religious instruction no easy matter. A high legal functionary in Barbados meeting in his garden an old labouring negress who had been instructed and approved for a confirmation to be held the following day, the following dialogue ensued:—

“Well, old lady, so you've got your ticket to be confirmed, have you?”

“Ees, mas'r.”

“Well, now, I should like you to tell me if you know what confirmation is?”

“Ees, mas'r; *it just one step short of damnation!* ”

At the present time education is making considerable progress amongst the black and coloured people, notwithstanding the smallness of the public grants for educational purposes. Unfortunately neither Church nor State has provided a Training College for school-masters, who are consequently, as a rule, scarcely up to the mark. The thirst for education is certainly great and increasingly so. The rising generation 77 evince a praiseworthy ambition to inform and better themselves and to raise themselves in the world. And many are doing so, spite of the ungenerous discouragement which they meet with from the whites, who jeer at progress which is made without their good-will, and which they would prevent if they could. On the whole, I believe the Barbadian negroes to be at present by no means a disloyal race. They hold strong views as to the personal authority of the Queen. The disloyalty which culminated in the rebellion in Jamaica was the result of the teaching of the dissenting sects in that colony, and especially of the Anabaptists. Should the Church in Barbados fail to wake up, and should dissent increase, a like result

may be expected in Barbados at no distant day. A vapouring Methodist preacher did what he could some time since to stir up strife in Barbados; but meeting with less pecuniary support than he expected, he departed to some more congenial locality. This man is the author of a semi-treasonable book on the Jamaica Revolt, which is much read throughout the West Indies. The first copy I saw was in the hands of a poor lunatic sailor in Demerara, who had just returned from the asylum, in which he was confined in consequence of his having been driven mad at a Revival meeting. I was happy to hear that this gentleman's “little games” had been rewarded in Antigua by his being tarred and feathered.

The weighty words of Lord Metcalfe's despatch to the Secretary of State are additionally true in the present degraded state of the sects in the West Indies. “I am bound by my duty,” said he, “to 78 inform your Lordship that in my opinion the worst evil which hangs with a menacing aspect over the destinies of this island (Jamaica), is the influence exercised with baneful effects by the majority of Baptist missionaries. It is the worst because it is the most irremediable. Other evils and difficulties may yield to time, which may also diminish the influence of the Baptist missionaries, or produce successors of a more Christian character, but long after their influence has ceased its pernicious effect on the disposition of the people will remain. I entirely renounce the opinion that I at one time entertained that they have done more good than harm. The good which they have done would have been done without them. The evil is exclusively their own.” Time has shown that these were indeed prophetic words. The principal Wesleyan preacher at present in Barbados has the reputation of being a pious and peace-loving man, but signs are not wanting that this sect also is leaving religion in order to take to politics. Thus the blustering Revivalist who holds the Methodists of St. Vincent in the hollow of his hand, has taken of late to bully the Governor, and to memorialize the Colonial Office on matters connected with the religious discipline of the English Church; and a gentleman of Demerara tells me that he himself heard a Wesleyan preacher, in a meeting-house at Georgetown, call upon his excited negro audience *to resist by force of arms* the dismissal by the Privy Council of Chief Justice Beaumont, and to give three cheers for that departing functionary.

It is a marked peculiarity of the negroes that 79 except in the mechanical movements of music and dancing they have not the slightest idea of time and scarcely any of number. Constantly they have not the faintest idea of their own age, or of that of their children. Their only epochs are “Freedom,” “Cholera” and “Dust.” Thus a man told me he “was eight years old at Dust, but didn't know how old he was now.” By Dust he meant the extraordinary fall of volcanic particles and ashes, which lasted during an entire day of darkness at the time of the frightful eruption of the Souffriere in St. Vincent, May 1, 1812. The negroes share with the “Bims” in their love of fine language and “tall-talk.” They have also an extravagant fondness for fine names, such as Adriana, Elvira, Moletta, Sativa. I knew a man who insisted on having his child christened “Monumon,” and another who grumbled because his clergyman demurred at naming his infant “Ether.” Many titles such as Queen, Prince, King, Captain, &c., are also used as proper names. The ancient African names still linger, such as Auco, Quacco, Mingo, Quow, Ambo, Wambo, Quamin, Quamina, Quasheba, Jubba, Bimba, Coubah, Crobah, Miah, Phibba, and Mimba.* Very quaint

* P. H. Gosse, in a work on the natural history of Jamaica, states that these “names indicate the day of the week on which the individual was born:

MALE. FEMALE. Sunday Quashe, (Cooashe) Quasheba, (Cooa-sheba). Monday Cudjo, (Coojo) Juba, (Coo-jo-ba). Tuesday Cubena (Coobena) Benaba, (Coo-bena.ba). Wednesday Quacco, (Cooa-co) Cooba, (Cooa-co-ba). Thursday Quao, (Cooa-o) Abba, (Coo-a-ba). Friday Cuffee, (Coofee) Feeba, (Cao-fee-ba). Saturday Quamin, (Cooamin) Mimba, (Coo-mim-ha).

“‘Ba,’ being a mark of the feminine gender, ‘Coo,’ or ‘Qua,’ less exclusively of the masculine.”

The knowledge of this has died out in Barbados, and the names are applied indiscriminately. As the word “mimba” means “palm wine” on the Gaboon River in Western

Africa, it is possible that the slaves in the first instance gave that name to Saturday, as on that evening a week of toil was concluded, and they had more time for refreshment.

80 combinations are found in the parochial register books, as *e.g.* , “Gift and Miniky,” “Quamin and Kitty,” “Wonder Wallcott and Leah Bispham,” “York and Madam,” “Quow and Mercy.” One young lady's name I found given as “Sucky Venus,” but I afterwards discovered that this was a Cambridge M.A.'s manner of spelling the more ordinary “Sukey.”

The labouring classes in Barbados are badly off for amusements. Tops and marbles seem almost the only sports of the school-children, but when encouraged they take kindly to cricket. But it is hard to find places to play in, and parochial cricket clubs are either above or below the notice of the local clergy. Thus dancing is almost the only amusement, and the people dance well and gracefully. The low dancingrooms, which may be opened by any profligate vagabond, are the disgrace and curse of the island; but “ *Let ill alone* ” is the motto in this as in other matters, and the local legislature is little likely to interfere. Sometimes a cottager in want of money will give a tea, charging a shilling entrance, and the entertainment lasts till sunrise next morning. These teas lead to a great deal of immorality, and the evil is rather increased than lessened by the vociferous singing of the most sacred hymns throughout the whole night. Marriages—rare events—are occasions of great festivity. 81 Several weeks beforehand the betrothed issue cards of invitation, of which the following (names only excepted) is a verbatim specimen. It is printed on mauve-tinted paper:—

“HYMENEAL”

“Mr. Quacco B. Pitt and Miss Quasheba Bispum's complements are respectfully offered, and will be happy of your company at St.—'s Chapel, on Thursday, 24th, at II o'clock A.M., to participate in the celebration of their nuptuals. An early answer will oblige.”

The parties in this instance were a young cobbler and a washer-girl. However near the house is to the church, it is a point of honour to drive. Generally not less than five or six carriages are employed, a foolish and often ruinous expense. The dresses are most elaborate, and, as already specified, in very good taste. The Legislature have deprived the clergy of their marriage fees; but, on the day following the wedding, the officiating priest is waited on by a smiling black bridesmaid in white muslin and blue ribbons, with a large tray on her head covered with a white cloth, which being removed, displays a miniature wedding-cake and two or three sponge biscuits much befrosted with sugar. After the wedding the company return to the house of the bride, where a lunch is provided, and the evening generally closes with a dance. The display and consequent expense upon these occasions is a great obstacle to marriage; but in this matter the poor folks only ape the rich.

A kind of harvest-home generally takes place at the end of the crop-gathering upon each estate. A cart laden with the last canes is drawn by mules decorated with ribbons, and attended by a crowd of 6 82 labourers; the principal women being attired in white muslin. The mill and other estate buildings are gay with coloured kerchiefs which do duty as flags. Some ancient negro is put forward to make a speech to the planter, which he often does with considerable humour and address. Then the planter replies, and a glass of “falernum”—a beverage compounded of rum, lime-juice, and syrup—is handed round to each. Then dancing begins, and is carried on to a late hour to the sound of fiddles and a tambourine. Sometimes the proceedings are varied by the introduction of a “trash man,” a figure, *i.e.* stuffed with cane trash and tied upon the back of a mule, which, being finally let loose, gallops about with his incongruous burden, to the great delight of the spectators.

I regret that I have been able to acquire but little reliable information about the Obeah superstition, but I have no doubt it is still widely prevalent, though the people are heartily ashamed of that to which they have habitual recourse. Few districts are without its Obeah doctor; but the “new lights,” the Mr. Humes, the Professor Holloways, the Dr. Cummings

of the craft, are certain privates of a West Indian regiment, lately arrived from Africa with a knowledge of the latest doctrinal quackeries. I heard of a respectable young woman who had been so terrified with threats of obeah by a fellow-servant that, seeing a black soldier accidentally taking his place beside her in church, she straightway went out of her mind, and continues a maniac to this day. I heard also of an estate manager who, missing some property, buried some of the same article in the earth at night as a 83 threat. By this disgraceful pandering to a vile superstition he recovered his property; for the thief, fearing his own speedy death and burial, restored the stolen goods to the place whence he had taken them. Not long since a person near Bridgetown found a neat little coffin placed at his door, which, being opened, was discovered to contain the body of a skinned cat, a hint which filled him with the liveliest apprehensions.

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CHAPTER VII. *BARBADOS*

The White Inhabitants—Physical Characteristics—Langauge—Conceit—Amusements —Newspaper Press—Militia Bill—Form of Government—Creole Ladies—Fear of the Negroes—Agriculture—Houses of the Planters—Religion—Poor Whites—Decadence of the White Race.

The white population of Barbados is far more exclusively of English descent than that of any other West Indian colony, the number of non-English whites being extremely small. As a community widely differing from its parent stock, the white inhabitants or “dominant class” of Barbados deserve a more than passing notice. It is certainly remarkable that so wide a divergence, not only in character but in physical appearance, should have taken place in such a short time as has elapsed since the settlement of the island, less than three centuries ago; a divergence far more wide (though less creditable and satisfactory to the mother-country,) than that presented by the inhabitants of the United States.

While a French Creole of Martinique is unmistakeably a Frenchman still, both in manner and appearance, the Barbadian Creole or Bim has little of the Englishman about him, with the exception of 85 his exaggerated participation in one national vice of which more will be said hereafter.

In person the typical “Bim” is small, ill-knit, and mean-looking. Unaccustomed to any kind of athletic exercise his muscular developement is imperfect. The face is commonly longer and the hair thinner and straighter than in England. In figure he is either thin, or disposed to podginess, the “golden mean” being rare. H. N. Coleridge, in his amusing *Letters from the West Indies* , has celebrated the “freckled, ditchwater faces” of the inhabitants. The description is apt, but it scarcely conveys an adequate idea of the colour, which is thick and corpse-yellow, as well as being abundantly bespattered with freckles. And yet so careful are the *men* of their “complexions,” that they may be constantly seen going about with their faces concealed by white linen masks. This habit is but one out of many instances of the general effeminacy. But worse, far worse than the colour, both of men and women, is their voice and accent. Well may Coleridge enumerate among the pains of the West Indies, “the yawny-drawny way in which men converse.” The soft, whining drawl is simply intolerable. Resemble the worst Northern States woman's accent it may in some degree, but it has not a grain of its vigour. A man tells you, “if you can *speer* it to send a *Beerer* with a bottle of *Bare* ,” and the clergyman excruciates you by praying in church, “Speer us, good Lord.” The English pronunciation of A and E is in most words transposed. Barbados has a considerable number of provincialisms of dialect. Some of these, as the 86 constant use of “Mistress” for “Mrs.,” are interesting as archaisms, or words in use in the early days of the colony, and which have never died out of use. Others are Yankeeisms or vulgarisms; others, again, such as the expression “turning cuffums,” *i.e.* summersets, from cuffums, a species of fish, seem to be of local origin.* A general love

* The following are a few words in use in Barbados:—

Attorney.—The original meaning of this word, which has died out in England, is preserved in Barbados, where it denotes the agent of an absentee proprietor; one who takes his turn or place.

Bearer.—Invariably used for “messenger”—pronounced “Beerer.”

Bim, Bimshire.—I have nowhere been able to obtain a satisfactory account of these names for the Creole white inhabitants and Island of Barbados. The Rev. N. Greenidge, himself a “Bim,” in an amusing letter in the *Agricultural Reporter*, dated April 25, 1868, gives the following explanation: “I am aware that we Barbadians have borne the character of being no dabs at geography. A legend tells how our island got its soubriquet of ‘Bimshire,’ and we of ‘Bims,’ by some old planter enumerating the counties of England as follows: —‘Wiltshire, Hampshire, Berkshire, *Bimshire!*’”

Bit.—Fivepence.

Box.—Used invariably to denote a coffin.

Care.—To take care of, *e. g.* “The pigeons were taken to the yard of the mosque and *cared.*”—Hon. N. Foderingham in *West Indian*, Oct. 20, 1868. *To care* a horse.

Carry.—To conduct, guide, take. “Go and *carry* that horse to be shod.”

Chapelry-House.—Pompously used for a parsonage.

Cotem.—A cotemporary. A Yankee vulgarism.

Creature.—A poor woman. “I'se the *creature* that came to beg yesterday.”

Creole.—Anything living, born in the West Indies, is called a “ *Creole,” e. g.* “The *Creole* Handicap open to all horses born in the colony.”

Cuffum.—A fish; hence, " *to turn cuffums*," is to topple head over heels; to throw a summerset.

Drogher.—Here and elsewhere in the West Indies, a large country boat for the *draught* or conveyance of merchandise.

Editorial.—A leading article: Yankee.

Galluses.—A pair of braces.

Hall.—The outer room of a cottage, or negro shanty.

How dee?—Used for How do you do?

Hunter.—A carriage whip.

Mistress.—This pleasant-sounding archaism is used for the more modern Mrs.

Points.—The denuded sails of a windmill.

Rent out.—To let.

Reverend.—A clergyman.

Set.—A large quantity; *e.g.* "Theer has been a good *set* of rain to-day."

Side.—The portion of the island in which a person dwells, is called by him "this side."

Sliders.—A pair of drawers.

Slip.—A pew, or chief seat in the synagogue.

Sociat.—To associate with, *e. g.* "I doesn't sociat with he now."

Stelling.—A wharf.

Suck.—A dry well.

Taich.—An iron boiler.

Tell.—To say, " *Tell* him, good-night."

Too.—Very, *e. g.* "It's *too* nice."

Trouble.—To interfere with.

Whenever the A sound is used in England before R, the E sound is used in Barbados, and vice versâ. *Ex.*—"I *hare* you can get your *heer* cut *hare.*" "They that *beer* the *bare* stood still." " *Hare* and *theer.*"

87 of "tall talk" is observable; thus a Bridgetown merchant will advertise that he has on sale a fresh stock of "Pigs' *countenances.* " The vulgar Yankee way of spelling, in such words as "honor," "favor," "labor," is almost universal. Small officials delight to be addressed by their titles, such as Provost-Marshal, Prothonotary, and the like. A clergyman is always a "Reverend," and in conversation even between the clergy themselves you hear, "Yes, Reverend," and "No, Reverend," continually repeated *ad nauseam.* Letters, even from *ladies* , will 88 begin, "Dear Reverend," while the black gen'lman who waits is requested to "order the Reverend's buggy." Conversation is also interlarded *ad nauseam* with "Sir," which is lugged in on every possible occasion.

The first and last characteristic, however, of the Barbadian whites, which strikes a stranger, is their overweening and overwhelming conceit. Englishmen, in this respect, are indeed bad enough, and they make themselves sufficiently offensive and ridiculous upon the continent of Europe by their ignorant self-satisfaction, and complacent conviction that everything non-English must needs be wrong. And what Englishmen, backed by the real grandeur and power of England, are to foreigners, that, Barbadians, backed by their

insular insignificance, are to Englishmen and all the world besides. Thus as a man is popularly supposed to be humbled by the contemplation of an ape, so an Englishman may learn humility by the contemplation of a Bim, and may learn how contemptible his national foible really is. The fundamental and rooted belief, the one deep-seated article of faith, of every born Bim is that Barbados and the Barbadians are superior to the whole world, to the other West Indian Islands, and, above all, to England and its inhabitants. The stranger, on arriving, is immediately catechized as to how he likes Barbados, and if he does not at once give the most unqualified and enthusiastic opinion in its favour, he is speedily made to feel that he has “put his foot in it.” But woe to him who does not make a stand at once! In that case he will have no peace until he has assented 89 to an almost infinite series of minor propositions. He must affirm that the scenery is lovely, that the capital is unrivalled, that the fruits are unequalled, that the Church is progressive, that the architecture is perfection, that the cats have longer tails than they have elsewhere, and, above all, that England ought to keep a large white military force at Bridgetown, without demanding a penny from the local Legislature, and so on *ad infinitum.* “I suppose, sir,” said the pompous attendant at the Public Library at Bridgetown to a young gentleman fresh from London,—“I suppose, sir, you never saw such a collection of books in all your life, sir?” This collection consists of two small rooms full of volumes, ill-arranged, worse managed, distributed with gross partiality, and miserably deficient in every branch of literature! One amusing result of Barbados' conceit is that a Barbadian can never see a joke. So absorbed is he in the conviction of his own indefeasible perfection, that it is impossible for him to believe that any one should venture to “chaff” him.

With this most unpleasant and ultra-English conceit is found a very un-English parsimony and meanness. This is shown by the meanness and beggarly fittings of the various churches; in the absence of a single good public building; in the fewness of charitable institutions, and the smallness of the sums raised for charitable objects; in the cruel neglect of the aged and sick poor; in the starvation-standard of poor-relief where any is administered at all; and in the constant whining of the planters over their alleged

poverty. That Barbadians were hospitable in past 90 times I have no reason to doubt, though writing in 1708 Oldmixon speaks of it as already a thing of the past; that they are hospitable now, spite of the exceptional kindness of a few excellent friends, I positively deny. An Englishman landing from a steamer in the roads for a night on shore, or staying for a week in Bridgetown, might, had he a letter of introduction, be invited to dinner by a merchant, and get a good dinner too; but an Englishman residing some months in the island, howsoever well introduced, would, so far as hospitality is concerned, be sure to have “hard times” of it, unless he would condescend to un-Anglicize himself, and subscribe to the Bimshire perfectional formulas. It is more than probable, too, that what few attentions he did receive would be from those who were born and educated in England, and so somewhat freed from the Barbadian jealousy of “foreigners.” What hospitality there is is chiefly exercised amongst those who have some *official* position to maintain. As to amusements, there is no theatre in Bridgetown. Balls are rare. There are occasional picnics, but these are conducted in a very cut and dried manner; the guests hiring a house for the occasion, and dining stuffed-up in one of the rooms. The looser men have also “marooning”-parties. These are symposia, or drinking-bouts, and chiefly take place in the plover season. The men sit in a house drinking, occasionally run out to have a shot, and then return to the bottle. Out of the plover season these marooning-parties are mere debauches. Lately a Philharmonic Society has been started in Bridgetown, and if intestine 91 squabbles and jealousy permit its continuance, it is likely to do much good, especially amongst the much-to-be-pitied young men employed in offices and stores, who have no rational or innocent amusements open to them.

The low, immoral “Dignities” are nominally the amusement of the negro population, but they are really supported by merchants and other wealthy whites. It is the common remark of those who know the place best that it is almost certain moral ruin to a young man to get a situation in Bridgetown. Listless, loafing, and effeminate, the mass of young men have not sufficient moral or physical energy to bestir themselves; their elders and “betters” are careless of their moral welfare; the clergy are passive, and for the rest, “ *Let ill alone.* ”

A notice, howsoever brief, of the social state of Barbados would be incomplete without some allusion to the public press. There are four newspapers published in Bridgetown, which in bad printing, bad spelling, and worse grammar have a strong family likeness. They are respectively the *West Indian* , the *Globe* , the *Times* , and the *Agricultural Reporter.* Of these the first, which is “semi-official,” is at least respectable, or at least *would* be so, were it not that it inserts articles with interesting *headings* , but which invariably end with a eulogism on the quackeries of “Professor” Holloway. Each number of the *West Indian* is illustrated in charming taste with a picture of a large bottle of sugar-coated pills! The second, hitherto insignificant, has changed hands, and having lately been under the superintendence of the Inspector 92 of Schools, will, it may be hoped, improve in English grammar. The third is Radical, and especially the “organ” of the black and coloured population; and the last, the *Agricultural Reporter* , which is the property of one clergyman, who is the editor, and which was until lately sub-edited by another, is notorious only for its extreme scurrility, and for personalities of the lowest and rowdiest Yankee type. At times, these papers, as especially the *Reporter* and the *Globe* , assail each other in language which may be equalled, but certainly could not be excelled, by Messrs. Slurk and Pott of the *Eatonswill Independent* and *Gazette.* It is a pity that, along with an Americanized press (minus the talent), the correlative American institution of the “ *cowhide* ” has not been introduced into Bimshire. That it has *not* been introduced is an affecting proof of the servile docility of the inhabitants!

The total want of interest in literature, art, and science which prevails amongst the well-to-do classes is exemplified by the fact that for years past there has been only a single book society in the island, that this society, now broken up, numbered less than a score of members, and that some of these were Englishmen. The destruction of the rest of the universe would interest the true Bim only as that catastrophe would affect the price of sugar! Sugar is the great topic of conversation; sugar the great image to which the devotions of the Bims are paid. Sugar, indeed, could absorb the interests of all classes, were it not that two other momentous questions are found contemporaneously to convulse

society, to break off friendships, and 93 to sow disunion broadcast. The first of these relates to the height of a bridge at Bridgetown, whether it should be, or should have been, a foot higher or a foot lower than it is, or. was, or ought to have been, and whether any one but a born Bim shall be permitted to lay his hands upon and finish the present structure; and the second has to do with the local militia.

This latter question involves a dispute with the Home Government. The Barbadians and their Legislature want the island to be exempted from the expense of providing a local militia for the defence of the island, and while, with characteristic illiberality, they refuse to pay a farthing towards the maintenance of the imperial troops, they demand, with equally characteristic impudence, that a large military force should be constantly stationed in the island at the expense of British tax-payers. To this the Home Government seems at length to incline to demur. Why, when the comparatively indigent Island of St. Vincent contributes 3,000 *l.* or 4,000 *l.* a year towards the support of the troops, besides repairing the barracks at Fort Charlotte at considerable cost, and receives in return only a single company, Barbados should pay nothing, and yet be made the station for two or three regiments, besides artillery, is hard to conjecture, and has, at least, the appearance of gross unfairness. At all events, the difficulties connected with the Militia Bill go to show the utter absurdity of planting the “Queen, Lords, and Commons” system on a little scrap of rock like Barbados, and of supposing that a system which has grown up through centuries 94 of hard preparatory struggles in an old country, must of necessity be equally suitable when pitchforked across the Atlantic into a new one, whose whole population is not equal to that of a third-rate English town. The folly of this is only exceeded by that of cramming the “incomparable Liturgy” of the English Church, with all its paraphernalia, joined services, and bumbledom, down the throats of people who differ the most widely in moral and physical character, habits, wants, and feelings. People are always forgetting in State affairs that men must be governed before they can learn to govern themselves, and in religious matters, that intercommunion can perfectly well subsist without uniformity of ritual.

Ladies, on the whole, must have a bad time of it in Barbados. Perhaps unavoidably, they are very ill educated. They read very little. There is but little society, and desirable young men are scarce. As a rule they are poor housekeepers, and seem generally to let household affairs pretty well take their chance. They are very indolent. They frequently neglect to dress in the morning, and they go to bed in the afternoon, to rise pale and languid for a short evening drive. For the use they make of them, these turtle-doves (as is fabled of birds of Paradise) might as well be without legs at all, for they never walk. They have few accomplishments, and few rational objects of interest. They do not garden, they do not draw, they do not visit the sick or poor. The study of botany or conchology, which is a solace to many lone ladies in England, would be quite beneath the notice of a Bimshire belle; and as to the work of a sister-of-mercy, 95 heavens forbid that they should be guilty of anything so self-denying and so un-Protestant!

One predominating characteristic of the white people is their abject fear of the negroes. Whether, on the principle that “conscience makes cowards of us all,” this feeling be only the natural offspring of past tyranny and present scant or unwillingly-rendered justice, or has any more solid foundation, I am unable to say. But exist it does. One is continually being told that if the English troops were to be withdrawn, the black West Indian regiments would immediately fraternize with the creole negroes, and that a great massacre of whites would ensue. If such an event were ever to take place, I believe the fault would lie at the door of such men as the morbid persecutors of Governor Eyre, or, as I have explained elsewhere, it would be owing to a more widespread predominance of the principles of religious dissent. But for the present, I believe, such fears are illusory, though very generally felt. The whites dread, also, and with more reason, the private revenge of the negroes. They, therefore, seldom dismiss a dishonest servant and send him about his business, but they approach the subject with all manner of subterfuges and apologies, such as that they are going to reduce their establishments, or the like—apologies which the negroes fully understand and despise. On the other hand, the want of consideration for the feelings of their servants, which is exhibited by their white masters and mistresses, is

painful in the extreme to witness. Silly jokes on the personal appearance or characteristics of the negroes are constantly made in the presence of black 96 people, with no more delicacy than would be used if they were so many cattle. I have even seen allusions to the peculiar smell of the negroes made in the public newspapers, by writers who were probably unaware that the white people themselves exhale an odour, the result of long residence in a tropical climate, by no means agreeable to Europeans.* This kind of conduct, shameful towards any people, is additionally blameworthy towards those who are so remarkably sensitive as are the negroes in any matter respecting their personal importance.

* Thus, Capt. R. F. Burton, speaking of the Arabs settled in Uniamwezi, says, “They are unanimous in quoting a curious effect of climate, which they attribute to a corruption of ‘the humours and juices of the body.’ Men who, after a lengthened sojourn in these regions, return to Oman, throw away the surplus provisions brought from the African coast, burn their clothes and bedding, and for the first two or three months eschew society, a peculiar effluvium rendering them, it is said, offensive to the olfactories of their compatriots.”—*Lake Regions of Central Africa*, ii. 14.

Slow and stationary as the Bims are in most matters, and averse as they are to improvements in Church and State, they deserve considerable credit as agriculturists. Steam has been very generally introduced into the sugar-works, and every year witnesses the demolition of some of the old-fashioned wind-mills. It is, however, strange, that the labourers should be permitted to cling to their old knives in preference to scythes for the cutting of grass. Dr. Davy found by experiment that an Irish labourer, with three strokes of his scythe (he made thirty-eight in the minute), cut “the same quantity of guinea-grass that a negro did with his knife in five minutes, 97 denoting that the work done with the one was sixty-three times as much as with the other. Another day the same mower with his scythe cut in three hours as much grass as the negro cut working the whole day.”* It is strange that spades have not superseded the old clumsy hoes. It is matter for regret also that agricultural zeal has not been tempered by some small spice of good taste. As it is,

the island has been rendered as hideous as the almost total destruction of trees can make it; gardening has been neglected till the art is well nigh lost; and the glaring coral roads aggravate, and perhaps occasion, the eye diseases and blindness, to which the people appear to be peculiarly liable. What a red rag is to a bull, or a “ritualist” to a pure-minded Protestant of the Murphy or Whalley type, that a tree is to a Barbadian planter. Shade, health, comfort, beauty—all must give way to the almighty sugar-cane.

* The West Indies before and since Slave Emancipation, 1854, p. 135.

The better class of residences near the town struck me always as being very pleasant. They are built low, from fear of hurricanes, but the rooms are often large and airy, and surrounded by latticed galleries, to catch the wind. The jalousies and lattices, which Arab taste would carve into a thousand varied elegancies, are unfortunately invariably of the stale, horizontal-bar pattern, so dear to the souls of Brighton lodging-house keepers. The worst of all these houses is that privacy is impossible. The partition-walls being all perforated, whatever is said in one room is heard in the next, and you can keep up a conversation 7 98 with a friend three rooms off. The country estate-houses are constructed on the same model, but have a scaly, unpainted, neglected look, of which the inhabitants are entirely unconscious, but which is far from being agreeable to an English eye. Instead of looking into a garden, they commonly look straight into the mill-yard, from which the sickly smell of boiling sugar and decaying trash enters every room in the house, and the chaste conversation of the negroes is borne to the ears of the young ladies of the family.

Living in Barbados is expensive and only moderately good. Mutton is fair, but beef is atrocious. Except on state occasions, puddings are seldom eaten. Butter is rarely eatable, and the bread is almost invariably sour. The standing dish, both with rich and poor, is salt cod from Newfoundland, an excellent and nutritious dish, when cooked with an egg-sauce with a dash of lime-juice and red pepper.

Religion amongst the wealthier people is considered eminently “ *respectable* ,”—so long, that is, as it is free from earnestness, self-denial, ritualism, or decency. The planters usually attend church once a week, and sit out the bald, prolonged services in their hired pews or “slips,” as they call them, with true Protestant patience. The young planters are a sight to see during the prayers: each with a neatly-folded pocket-handkerchief on the ledge before him, upon which, first closing his eyes, he deposits his freckled forehead, as he lounges at ease. Audible responding or singing is deemed vulgar, or only fit for the clerk and the niggers. The immortality of the black population is, I believe, now generally admitted by 99 the whites, or rather whitey-browns; but a young gentleman, —scion of a strict evangelical house, son of a high Government official, an ex-student of Codrington College, and himself holding a situation of some importance,—whom I met at the Governor's table shortly after my arrival, expressed, and evidently felt, great astonishment and disgust, when I propounded the view that in God's sight a black man's soul was as valuable as his own, and asked me “whether I seriously believed what I said?” I do not think this young person ever forgave me when I answered in the affirmative. The fact is,—though they are ashamed to avow it openly,—there still exists a strong feeling in favour of slavery amongst the planters, and especially amongst the planters' wives, and there is still a strong disposition to grudge the negroes their civil, educational, and religious privileges. This detestable feeling of exclusiveness, sad to say, is in some degree fostered by the clergy, who are all wedded to the pew-rent system, and who are the very humble servants of what they call the “respectable” people, *i.e.* the well-to-do, who can hire pews. One consequence of this unworthy obsequiousness is the low estimation in which the clergy are held by the whites.

It is commonly supposed that the white people in Barbados belong to the wealthier classes alone. This, however, is very far from being the case. The very poorest and most miserable people in the whole island are whites; and a more helpless, hopeless race cannot well be conceived. Physically and intellectually alike, they are wretched beings. Puffed up, like their richer 100 compatriots, with overweening conceit, they hold

themselves as something immeasurably superior to the industrious blacks around them, whose inferiors, in almost every point of view, they really are. The shameless beggary of these people is only equalled by their ingratitude. They are commonly too idle to dig, and to beg they are not ashamed. They will whine in the most abject way for a cent, insult you if they don't get it; while if they do, they look upon it as a tribute due to their colour, and to their position as members of the dominant race. They are the worst educated people in the community. To the sensuality of the negroes they add none of the negroes' good qualities, and are particularly lacking in that cheerfulness and joviality which are characteristic of the African race. Work is the detestation, the *summum malum* of these creatures. Day after day an able-bodied man will be seen dawdling along the roads, holding an emaciated cow by its tether-rope. These degraded beings, who live in wooden shanties like the blacks, are particularly numerous along the sea-coast, and in the parishes of Christchurch, St. John, and St. Joseph. In some parishes the vestries maintain free schools of a low order, within whose sacred precincts the sons of black and coloured fellow-citizens are not allowed to enter, and of the miserable, starvation pittances which are eked out by reluctant vestrymen it is believed that the poor whites get the lion's share. Many of these people are descended from ancient and honourable families, and have been reduced, by habits of extravagance and profligacy, to their present degraded state. At present (like their 101 richer white brethren) they are neither prolific nor long-lived, and it may be safely predicted that they will gradually become extinct. Whether this will be the case with *all* the whites of Barbados and the other West Indian Islands is an interesting question. My own impression, considering the climate and their unquestioned decadence in intellectual and physical power, is that, as a *white* race, they are doomed. And I think they feel this themselves, and are conscious that they are a waning race.

That the mulattos are the rising, and the whites the falling race, cannot, I believe, be doubted. It is amongst the former that life, and energy, and muscular strength, and personal beauty, and cleverness—uncultivated, indeed, at present, and often misdirected—are, at all events in the first generation, to be sought for and found. Nor can I see why

this should be a matter for regret to any. On the one hand, there are the blacks, utterly unfit for self-government, and industrious only by compulsion, or under exceptional circumstances, as in Barbados; on the other, there are the whites, dwindling away under an unfavourable climate, and sunk or sinking into sloth and effeminacy. Who can mourn that out of these two unsuitable elements of population, a third should, if it be possible,*

* Some investigators deny this possibility. Dr. R. Knox says, “I do not believe that any mulatto race can be maintained beyond the third or fourth generation by *mulattos merely:* they must intermarry with the pure races or perish.”— *The Races of Men*, London, 1850. See also a Treatise *On the Phenomena of Hibridity in the Genus Homo*, by Dr. P. Broca. Translation by C. C. Blake. London, Longman and Co., 1864. It is stated that hybrids between the negro and Latin races are more fertile than those between negroes and persons of Teutonic or Scandinavian origin.

102 be developed, which, under Divine Providence, may, in “the good time coming,” restore prosperity and happiness to the beautiful but now fallen Antilles? There is, it is true, an alternative, viz., that the West Indies may hereafter fall into the greedy hands of the United States. But the future of the United States is itself a problem, which time can alone unravel, and though Northern energy might arrest decay for a time, it may be questioned whether it could itself resist those enervating influences of climate which have sufficed so widely to alter English character and English physique for the worse. At present the mulattos of Barbados have not, as in Martinique and even in Jamaica, found their way up into white “society.” But the disadvantage of this does not lie on the side of the excluded alone, and the severance of the two classes is to be deplored on social and moral, as well as on physical grounds.

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CHAPTER VIII. *BARBADOS.*

The Church and Religion in Barbados—Bishop Coleridge—Laxity—Horrible Immorality —Testimony of Rev. E. Pinder—Baneful. Effects of the Appropriated Pew System—

Erastianism—Codrington College—Fabric of the Churches—The Clergy—Church Services —Absence of Church Work—Question of giving up the West Indian Colonies.

To come from England to Barbados is, as regards all matters ecclesiastical, like exchanging the boisterous but fresh and healthful air of the open sea, for the mephitic vapours of a little stagnant puddle. If, in the former, there be life, convulsive, maybe, at times, but at all events life real and vigorous, there is in the latter a sleep so closely resembling death as to be scarcely perceptible from it. It is true that the circumstances of the Barbadian Church have for some time past been exceptionally unfortunate, the Bishop having, from ill health, been long resident in England, and the Rural Dean, from advanced age, being unfitted for all active work. But the sleep ecclesiastical is of long continuance, and has its origin in the originally vast size of the diocese, which embraced the whole of the British West Indies (except Jamaica), as well as British Guiana; in the sins of the times 104 of slavery, and in the rooted aversion to improvement and progress, which is a leading characteristic of the Barbadian mind. “ *Let ill alone* ,” might be the motto of the Church as well as of the State in Bimshire.

It may be admitted that Barbados has been fortunate in its bishops. The first, Bishop Coleridge, was a man of commanding mind, noble presence, and generous disposition, and he succeeded before his retirement in reducing a state of complete anarchy to something like order. But the size of his diocese, as then constituted, was so vast and unwieldy that many abuses crept in at the first onset, and many necessary details were, perhaps unavoidably, overlooked. Thus, in deference to the Pharisaic pride and anti-Christian exclusiveness of the white proprietors, the pew-rent system, which has since borne such a terrible crop of evils, was fastened down on the island by the enactment of the little pettifogging local legislature, and the capital mistake was made of founding no Cathedral body in the mother Church of the diocese.

Bishop Coleridge's successor was likewise a gentleman, a scholar, and a prelate of holy and blameless life, but by the beginning of his episcopate the evils engendered by the

pew-rent system, and the *dolce far niente* habits of clergy and laity alike, had become too inveterate and too ingrained to be easily dissipated by one of such a gentle character as the second Bishop of Barbados. In fact it may be questioned whether, in a land where learning is despised and refinement unknown, the estimable qualities of these 105 prelates were not themselves an obstacle to their success. Where the crook of the shepherd failed to guide to good, a rod of iron might have been wielded with advantage, and stern discipline might have effected that improvement in the clergy which mild persuasion failed to secure.

Be that, however, as it may, the English Church has little reason to pride herself upon her lax and lazy daughter in Barbados. She had there a fair field before her. When the island was first occupied there were few heathen aborigines, and since that time she has had pretty much her own way. A few pious Moravians, of innocent life and small influence, and a now increasing number of ignorant Methodists, who, on their first arrival, were unpopular even to persecution, probably because they were *then* , in their *unabimatized* state, full of zeal and enthusiasm, are all the sects the Church has had to contend with, and yet her success has been so small, that the world itself can scarcely show a more immoral place than Barbados. The worst is, that the parish registers show year by year (the cholera year being alone excepted,) a steady increase in the number of illegitimate births. The statistical account of the Diocese of Barbados, at the close of the year 1865, “Collected from Diocesan Returns and other authentic sources,” and “published by authority,” gives the following statement, which speaks for itself:—“ *Baptisms.* —Of the 5,541 children baptized, 3,232 were illegitimate!” It is believed that things are in a still worse state now, and the above return probably gives a smaller number of bastards than the true one, on account of 106 its being the almost invariable custom of people who live together unmarried, to represent themselves as man and wife, a fraud which is not invariably detected by the clergy.

Barbadian immorality, moreover, has this disgusting peculiarity, that the illicit offspring born to a woman are rarely the children of one or even of two fathers. Marriages are rare,

and adultery amongst married persons extremely common. Nor is this immorality by any means confined to the *black* population. The number of mulattos of every shade of colour plainly testify to the equal guilt of the whites. And this shocking profligacy is regarded quite as a matter of course. A clergyman denouncing it in plain Bible terms from the pulpit would be accused of indelicacy, and made the subject of anything but complimentary remark. Ladies have no scruples about engaging servants who have bastard children, and even choose these sable vestals as their own and their daughters' attendants. The managers and overseers of estates too throughout the West Indies, especially when Scotchmen, give direct encouragement to the profligate habits of the people, and the planters still further foster the prevalent immorality by their entire indifference to the size of the shanties which are knocked up upon their estates.

But a Barbadian shall describe the hideous state of morals. I copy the following account from an admirable pamphlet published in 1858 by the late Rev. Edward Pinder under the signature of " *Meliora* ," premising only that bad as things were *then* , they are far worse *now.* "I have examined," he says, "the 107 condition of one negro-yard myself, and we may take it as a fair sample of the rest, though I should begin by saying that the estate was decidedly above the average, where there was a resident attorney as anxious for the moral elevation of the people as he was for the material improvement of the property. For several years he had been striving to instil habits of order and industry and Christian decency amongst them, and yet so deeply had the moral ulcer eaten into the vitals of their society, so little aforetime had been done for their improvement, that such scars as the following still existed on the surface of it. The negro-yard consisted of some sixty-four huts or cottages, containing a population of about three hundred; but who could credit the amount of ignorance and sin prevailing in that little nest of human beings? There were no less than one hundred and fifty children too young for work, of whom thirty-seven only were at school. This, however, was not the worst feature of society which revealed itself to me. In these few houses I found seven-and-thirty illegitimate children alive (*a multitude had been buried*), twenty young females with illicit offspring, and eight of them living in

open sin with unmarried men. *Other* instances of husbands being faithless to their wives, of poor girls deserted, of young females with three or four infants by different fathers ere they had reached the age of twenty, I forbear to mention—but they were there. So likewise nothing but a personal inspection could give any faithful picture of the squalor of their houses, of the crowded state of their dwellings, of 108 the utter absence of all utensils of cleanliness and comfort."*

* *Letters on the Labouring Population of Barbados.* By Meliora. Bell and Daldy, 1858. Letter VII.

This picture is black enough, but I am sadly convinced that a true picture painted *now* would be painted in colours far blacker still. Truer *now* than when they were written ten years ago are the righteously indignant words which the same author spoke ten years ago, and spoke in vain:—"What a reproach to us that hardly one of our young females reach *the years of puberty* without being brought to shame and, degradation! What a reproach to us that the youth to whom we look to form the strength and marrow of our land should mainly be the offspring of sin and of iniquity!"

And now the damning fact must be mentioned that with this festering mass of social crime in its midst, and with church accommodation utterly inadequate to the wants of the population, the pew-system is everywhere rampant in Barbados, and *that* with the additional aggravation of pew-rents. The seats in all the churches and chapels in the island† are let annually by the parochial vestries and chapel committees under an act of the legislature, and those who have hired the best seats one year are always permitted to keep them for the next, and thus a monopoly of the best seats is kept in the hands of a single class. Pews are let to non-parishioners,

† The sole exceptions are Boscobelle Chapel, built upon the estate by an absentee *English* proprietor, and the Chapel of the Codrington Estates, belonging to the S. P. G.

109 and thus the parochial system is crippled or broken down; the clergy neglecting their own flocks in order to visit the wandering sheep of other pastors. Of course, the best seats in the best situated positions are those which in local phrase are “rented out,” in order that the Pharisees may be enabled to “pray apart,” but the poor are permitted to hear the “free Gospel” from wretched galleries and from the worst holes and corners in the churches.

Meanwhile the buyers of God's Word and Sacraments are secured in the safe possession of *their* portions of what, by a misnomer, are styled the “Houses of *God* ,” even when not present, by a legislative enactment which punishes trespassers into those accursed enclosures with a fine of 15 *l.* , or imprisonment in default of payment. Seats pertaining to persons in arrears of rent are not unfrequently *barricaded* by the authorities, and the space is thus lost to the already too small buildings. In an instance known to the writer, where a chapel committee had run into debt, they calmly confiscated fifty-four of the few free seats belonging to the poor, and let them out for hire. The matter was *officially represented* to the ecclesiastical authorities, but no notice was taken and the injustice remains.

As another consequence of this vile system the rubric which enjoins that “chancels shall remain as they have done in times past,” is invariably broken, and the singers are stuck up in the west gallery above and behind the congregation they ought to be leading. Too good a market is made of the chancel seats to admit of any propriety in the arrangements 110 of Divine Worship! English Church law professedly prevails in Barbados, but many anomalous practices exist. The churchwardens, for instance, in the *parishes* are not sworn ecclesiastical officers as in England, but simply civil officials; while in the *chapelry districts* the executive body is an irresponsible chapel committee, selected by the renters of pews. The qualifications of these committeemen are solely that they rent seats themselves. They need not be parishioners, they need not be communicants, they need not be of moral character. Pew-renting is held to cover a multitude of sins, and even to hide a large family of bastard children! In practice, it may be confessed, these gentlemen admirably fulfil the functions they are elected to discharge; they perpetuate the pew-system, they hinder all improvement, and by holding their meetings for letting the seats at a time when the poor

are at work, they effectually keep the choice of seats in the hands of their own class and their own colour.

The pew-system being, *teste* Dean Boyd of Exeter, the pet device of the modern Evangelical party, so called, it might be supposed that the clergy of Bimshire were mostly of that persuasion. This, however, is not the case. While some, it is true, are very low, very slow, and very Calvinistic, there is amongst them an admixture of the moderately high and very dry. Both parties, however, are agreed in their hatred of “novelties” which date from primitive times, in their destestation of change even for the better, and in their devotion to the legislature. Which dispenses the loaves and fishes, which are cked out 111 to them with custom-house officers and policemen upon the second day of each month.

Barbados, indeed, if a *Purgatorio* in other respects, is a very *Paradiso* as regards Erastianism. There the votaries of Church “Establishments” may see their principles carried out in their entirety. To great extent in their own, and entirely in the august eyes of the “Council” and “House of Assembly,” the clergy are “Government officers,” and so expected to do the Government's work. To prevent any mistake in this matter, it is arranged that, when the clergyman receives his monthly dole of dollars, he has to sign a receipt in a column headed “signature of *officer* ,” and he has to take his turn with policemen and gaugers, in a small fusty office, served by more than doubtfully uncivil officials. “Well, Reverend, so you're come for your *carn* , are you?” said a clerk, in my hearing, to an old white-haired clergyman, who had come to draw his hardly-earned stipend, and who, moreover, had to wait twenty minutes before he got it! Complaints were actually made against one clergyman by the Governor's despatches and in the minutes of the Foreign Office, because he had made use of the newspaper press to express his views on certain semi-political questions, which, like a storm in a teacup, were agitating the island. It was to the honour of the Bishop that, although he disapproved of the politics of the clergyman in question, he yet took his side in the dispute, vindicated the claims of

the priesthood to the rights of citizenship, and protested against their being placed in such a state of degrading bondage.

It is instructive to note that the local legislature 112 has rewarded the general subserviency of the clergy by prohibiting all burial fees, and, in the teeth of the Act of Uniformity, has altered a rubric in the Prayer Book, by taking away fees at marriages. It is true that an inadequate compensation was made to the existing rectors, who gave up their own rights, and those of their successors, with the amiable docility of house lambs; but, if marriage was an institution more generally observed, the regulation would fall heavily upon the poor clergy of the district chapelries. The Barbadian clergy, again, are compelled by the State to furnish copies of all registers, without payment for their trouble, habituation to the practices of slavery having probably convinced the legislative body that the labourer is *not* worthy of his hire.

Annually, at the beginning of the hurricane season, a proclamation is issued, appointing August 27th, or some neighbouring day, to be observed as a “day of general thanksgiving for the blessings of the harvest, together with humble and earnest supplication for the continuance of the Divine favour for the ensuing season, and for protection from pestilence, and storm, and all other calamities which our sins have deserved.” Now, a feast day is a good thing, and a fast day is a good thing, but this jumbling of the two into one spoils both, and creates a medley highly confounding to the mind of any Churchman except a Barbadian. A “Form of Prayer and Thanksgiving” is appointed for use “by authority,” but by what authority it is not stated. The form is chiefly remarkable as seeming to exclude the celebration of the Eucharist.

Most of the clergy are educated at the Codrington 113 College, an institution which might be of the greatest possible benefit to the entire West Indies, but which, after boasting of two such admirable men for principals as the late venerable Canon Pinder of Wells and the Rev. R. Rawle, has now (November, 1868) sunk almost into annihilation. At the present time, though the college estates produce upwards of 2,000l. a year, there are

but six students in residence. The Codrington College élèves are held in little repute as clergymen. It is not, perhaps, the fault of the college that the students should turn out as narrowminded as their compatriots; but it might have been hoped that some of the Bimshire conceit would be worked out of them in the course of their education. The reverse of this, however, is notoriously the case. *Ex uno disce mutos.* A newly-ordained student having been on a visit to England, a dignitary of the church, oil his return, expressed a hope that he had profited by his visit by seeing the vigorous work of the Church as carried on in some of the great English towns. The young gentleman, like a true Bim as he was, answered that “he felt he was so much better qualified to impart information upon those subjects to the English clergy than they were to give it, that he had not troubled himself to make any inquiries.” Codrington College having almost entirely sunk into the position of a narrow seminary for the island clergy, it is a pity that church music and church architecture, of both of which Barbadians are profoundly ignorant, are not introduced as subjects for instruction. At present they are altogether tabooed.

As it is, the hideousness of all the ecclesiastical 8 114 buildings in Barbados is only equalled by their absurd inappropriateness to the exigencies of the climate. Notwithstanding the existence in the island of a beautiful white coralline limestone, soft and easily worked in the quarry, but afterwards hardening on exposure to the air, no use whatsoever is made of it either for interior wall-surface or for sculpture. The latter indeed (as involving the lighting of the lamp of self-sacrifice), as indeed any other “thing of beauty” in the sanctuary whatsoever, would be prudently deemed “popish” by the chapel committees, vestries, and white people generally. The outside walls are therefore built of rubble covered with plaster; and carpenters' gothic, churchwardens' whitewash, and compo reach their highest development inside. The churches, in fact, have all a strong family likeness to each other and to the meeting-houses of the local Methodists. In a baking climate like that of Barbados—an island moreover exposed to devastating hurricanes—one would naturally expect two things to be *sine quâ nons* in the construction of churches, immensely thick walls, viz., with *numerous narrow* apertures to exclude

light and admit air, and the least possible amount of extraneous work outside, in order that the least possible amount of surface should be exposed to the action of the winds. The Barbadian churches, on the contrary, invariably have thin walls, with huge clumsy windows, with wooden tracery or no tracery at all, which keep the congregation in a perfect blaze of light, while the beggarly sum of money which is devoted to ornament is wasted upon preposterous battlements and buttresses, as if 115 for the very purpose of courting the extremest violence of a tornado. Add to this towers with round warming-pan windows, built to contain a single ting-tang.

My own belief is that some of the ancient Coptic churches, which always afford a deliciously cool retreat from the burning skies of Egypt, would form the most suitable models of construction. These have massive walls, low domed roofs, apses, and small but numerous apertures for ventilation.

Even decent ritual arrangements are unknown, and many of the chapels want bells and other necessary appliances of Divine Worship. Though the negroes are passionately fond of music, there is not a choral service in the island, nor a single choir properly dressed, trained, and located. Where greater pretensions exist than usual, the young (white) ladies and young (white) gentlemen of the congregation are perched up in a western gallery (in one instance—St. Leonard's—on a platform in the south aisle!), and display that usual amount of winking, s mirking, and flirting which is incident to “mixed choirs.”

The clergy, if *rectors* , have little weight with the white people; next to none, if they are only curates. It is the worldly position, not the *office* , which gives them the place in society which they occupy. With a truly Christian spirit of forgiveness, they reward the contempt in which they are held by an intense spirit of subserviency to the most ignorant white prejudices, and they are, with two exceptions, ardent supporters of the pew-rent system. An *English* clergyman is regarded with great jealousy by his Bimshire 116 brethren, especially if he be not prepared to swear that the “ *Let ill alone* ” system is the best in the world. There is no doubt that the clergy, *quâ* clergy, are much more respected by the black

than by the white people; and while the planters actually contemn a black clergyman, howsoever exemplary in character and respectable in attainments, the negroes feel themselves slighted when they have a shepherd of their own colour. But of these last there is but one in Barbados. A certain sum which might be spent in providing additional clergy, goes to pay a few illiterate Scripture readers. Some of these men hold public services. To a printed question, addressed to them by the Bishop, and asking what character of service was used, one of them answered, “The Nicene Creed, and the Service for the Visitation of the Sick!” Amongst themselves the clergy have little social intercourse, and, as a body, they are unaccustomed and averse to united action.

The Bishop's and Archdeacon's salaries have hitherto been paid out of the Consolidated Fund, but this payment will cease on the death or resignation of the present occupants. The eleven rectors have a salary of 300 *l.* each from the local legislature, and, besides, possess good houses, and in some instances valuable glebes. The curates of the chapelry districts have each 200 *l.* a year from the legislature, and some few a house into the bargain—too small a maintenance, when the great expense of living, the density of the population, and the absolute necessity of keeping a horse, are taken into consideration. Notwithstanding the vast size and population of their 117 parishes, the rectors, unless absolutely incapacitated from work, never think it needful to keep a personal curate. With a very few exceptions, the services of the Church are conducted in the dull and dismal mode prevalent in England at the beginning of the present century. The old-fashioned parish clerk who pompously mouths his part in a duet with the parson is still in his glory in Barbados, and may perhaps be seen in his fullest development in the Cathedral Church of St. Michael. Little or no interest is taken in church music; the white people never respond. It is not the custom to baptize on Sundays. By the exertions of the present Bishop the weekly offertory has been introduced into most of the churches, and is well appreciated by the negroes; but the whites show their contempt and dislike of that apostolic custom by sitting during the offering of alms; but this they do also even during the recitation of the *Gloria in Excelsis* , and in the Cathedral, during the Commandments. The whole sum

offered to God in the offertory in Barbados is less than the sum spent upon hiring seats, and so, *more Romano, buying* the Word and Sacraments.

The offertory alms are generally doled out week by week to the same set of “pensioners”—persons oftentimes notorious for their idleness and imposture. In certain parishes the vestries oppose the devotion of the alms to any other pious objects whatsoever, on the avowed grounds that the rates for poor relief would thereby be raised! *The alms of the poor are thus paid into the pockets of the rich; —*but the clergy obey their masters. A so-called “Church Society” 118 exists in name, but it is inoperative. Professing to be in connection with the S. P. C. K., the island is often for weeks together without a supply of Bibles and Prayer Books, and then a lot are imported, bound up with “Tate and Brady,” a version not in use in the island. There are no sisterhoods, and no associations for parochial church work, no meetings of choirs, no penitentiaries, no nursing sisters, no system of district visiting.

The Barbadian ladies scarcely ever even *think* of visiting the sick and poor on their husbands' estates. “It's Too hot,” they say; and then they would see “ *such* unpleasant sights.” And yet in the French islands, Sœurs de Charité—delicately nurtured ladies—may be seen continually going about visiting the sick and poor! Above all, in the profligate city of Bridgetown, the clergy have done absolutely nothing to promote the establishment of an institute for the education and rational entertainment of the young men employed in the various stores and offices. An effort made in December, 1867, by the Archdeacon, was promptly knocked on the head by the apathy of the native clergy and “better class” of laymen. Idleness and profligacy therefore reign supreme, and the most horrible scandals are enacted. “ *Let ill alone.* ” Not long since some young men in Bridgetown procured the sham marriage of a young lady to an officer of a West Indian regiment. It is said that the mate of a vessel officiated, and that a surplice was procured from the Cathedral. But there is no public opinion, and no steps were taken to bring the instigators and abettors of this atrocious deed to justice. *“Let ill alone!”*

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The above is a dark picture of the state of the Church and of religion in Barbados. But the painter *must* use dark colours if he essays to paint a dark sky; and the writer is sadly convinced that the picture he has drawn is a true one, though, if anything, *under* rather than *over* -coloured with dark tints. During a wearisome residence of some ten months in Barbados he cannot call to mind a single instance of hearing a noble, a liberal, or a devotional sentiment expressed by any one outside a single excellent family. Never has he known any born Barbadian to ascend beyond the dead level of a dull mediocrity. Yet rays of light appear in the far horizon, which in time may widen and extend. There *are* young men in Bridgetown who are tired of the husks of swine and the garbage of impurity, and who long after better things. The appointment of a humble and a holy man as Coadjutor Bishop is an augury for good, and the recent disendowment, so far as imperial funds are concerned, will, it may be hoped, by checking Erastianism, stir up some spiritual life amidst the dry bones of dead “respectability,” easy “Establishmentarianism,” and selfish indifference.

As to the political question involved in the connection between this and the other West Indian Islands with the mother-country, Englishmen will do well to ask themselves, *Cui bono* is that connection preserved? Utterly opposed as I am to the idea of England giving up such trophies of national power and glory as the invincible Rock of Gibraltar, I cannot help believing that we should do well to get rid of the West Indies, if a purchaser could be found. To 120 England they are more expense than profit, a source of weakness rather than a source of strength, a shame rather than a credit. Petty inter-insular jealousies and hatreds, and the difference between Settled and “Crown” Colonies, compel, or rather seem to compel, their government as units and not as a whole, while the attachment of each to the mother-land rather resembles that of the horsefly to the horse, than that of the daughter to the mother, and this is especially true of Barbados. It is the attachment of self-interest.

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CHAPTER IX. *BRITISH GUIANA.*

George Town, Demerara—Scenery—St. George's Church—Double Establishment—Population—Coolies—Opium Dens—Treatment of Chinese—Arawaak Indians—Alligators—The “Four-eyes”—Scarlet Ibises—Berbice—New Amsterdam—Agriculture.

From Barbados it is a voyage of less than three days to George Town, the capital of the united provinces of Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, known conjointly as British Guiana.

At least seventy miles from the coast of South America I noticed a change in the colour of the water, caused by the mud brought down by the “great river Oronoco,” of which Robinson Crusoe and poor Friday used to discourse, and by the Pomeroon, Essequibo, Demerara, and other rivers. As the water became tinged with mud, the flights of flying-fish, so pleasant to watch upon a wearisome voyage, no longer gladdened the sight. The steamer was unluckily late in arriving at the light-ship, and we had to lie to all night, rocking upon the muddy waves, some ten miles off the harbour, the numerous mud-banks rendering it unsafe to approach the harbour during the darkness. The first sight of the South American Continent is, at this point, far from impressive, being simply a long 122 line of wood rising above muddy water. When I woke next morning, we were lying in the harbour, and as I looked through my cabin window, I could almost have fancied I was lying off dear old Lynn in Norfolk, so muddy was the harbour, and so flat the coast. The harbour of George Town is formed by the mouth of the Demerara River, and the city lies along its bank as far as a low point of land which juts out into the sea, and is defended by a rotten fort. The opposite point is lined by mangrove and other trees, which extend far into the muddy water, and form a malarious and frightful swamp. The eye ranges a long way up the wide, muddy river, whose banks are lined with swamps and jungle, of which the branches dip into the water, and above which, here and there, peers up the tall chimney of the works on some sugar plantation, highly suggestive of Marshland or the fens of Cambridgeshire. One lands at George Town upon a small wooden pier, the river

and sea frontage being unfortunately cut up in a right British fashion into private wharves, no public right of way existing along the banks; a capital defect in an otherwise well-laid-out town. Debouching from a narrow lane, the new comer finds himself in a broadish street of great length, lined with the stores and offices of the various merchants. This street, with one or two windings, extends as far as the fort already named, and gives access to a kind of promenade on the sea-wall beyond, growing, as it advances, gradually meaner and meaner. In the other direction it ends in a kind of swamp, abounding in rushes, and lit at night by fireflies. In the midst of this swamp stand the public buildings, 123 one of the ugliest and meanest piles in the British Empire. Beyond this is a suburb named Charlestown.

Under a blazing baking sun I made my way to “Beckwith's Hotel,” where cleanliness and tolerably good food may be had, but, unfortunately, it was full, and I had to betake myself to a boarding-house, kept by a lady of Scotch extraction, where I was lodged infamously, charged extortionately, and very nearly starved to death. I tried another hotel afterwards, kept by a “lady of colour,” who was at least civil and free from the vulgar cant of my former landlady; but here again the food, though plentiful, was by no means alluring. Hunks of beefsteak, half raw, and just killed, do pall on the appetite, after daily repetition, both at breakfast and dinner. This bad feeding is a really serious evil in Demerara. If the one expensive, but tolerable, hotel is full, the stranger runs into great danger of perishing by slow starvation. Food is only served at the other hotels and boarding-houses at certain fixed hours, and cannot be obtained at any other. It is true that there is an “Ice House,” where a slender lunch may be had, but liquors only are served in the evening; and at a place kept by one Cahuac, a bit of tough mutton or decomposed beef may be had at an exorbitant price: but here the attendants cannot even compound a sherry cobbler, which deficiency, in such a climate, is nothing less than a gastronomic enormity.

So far, however, as general cleanliness, progress, convenience, and even a kind of beauty are concerned, the change from Bridgetown to George Town is a change from barbarism to civilization. The streets are 124 wide and well laid out, and generally run in straight

lines. Excepting Water Street, which is the Strand of George Town, and which is full of stores, the streets, which are of great length, have straight canals running through the midst; these being relics of the old Dutch dominion. The canals are sometimes lined with oleanders, and are always bordered by strips of grass. Next, upon either side, come the two carriage ways, then other strips of grass, and then the houses, which stand single, and commonly have beautiful gardens around and between them. In the midst of the town is an open space, called the Parade Ground, where the Demeraran youth disport themselves at cricket, and hard by is a small but pretty botanical garden.

The Cathedral Church of St. George is an ugly building, but it stands in a good situation. Happily it is in bad repair. The ecclesiastical gem of the place, and indeed of all our West Indian and South American possessions, is the new Church of St. George. Since, at George Town, all is mud, stone could only be had at vast expense, and a stone building, moreover, would probably sink by its own weight into the morass. A church, therefore, was constructed of iron and wood in England, and, considering its materials, it is a great success. It is spacious, it looks like a church, and its services are frequent and thoroughly efficient. There is an excellent surpliced choir of boys and men, white and coloured, and all things are done decently and in order. After the slovenliness and dreariness of the services of the Church in Barbados, these were indeed 125 a refreshing change. The only pity is, that this fine church is not free and open to all.

Ecclesiastical matters are in a somewhat anomalous state in British Guiana; *two* establishments, the English Church and the Scottish Presbyterian body, being both endowed by the State. There were formerly, as still to a less degree, a vast number of Scotchmen men in the colony, and the question *what* should be the established religion in each parish was settled by the plurality of votes of the inhabitants. Thus one parish has one religion established in it and its neighbour another. Spite of this discouragement (if such it be) the tenets of the English Church are said to be gaining ground yearly.

The population of George Town is interesting from its extremely mixed character. Besides the Anglo-and Scoto-Demeraran inhabitants, there are, first of all, a very large number of immigrants from Madeira, who are commonly known as Portuguese. These seem to be a very industrious race, and, like the lower class of Greeks in Egypt and Asia Minor, seem to have almost a monopoly of the small liquor and provision shops. These people are short, dark-haired, and sallow-complexioned. The men and women are not commonly well-favoured, but the children are often extremely pretty. They have brought with them their national instrument of music, the guitar, whose lively tones enliven the streets at night.

Next to these are the coolies, both East Indian and Chinese, who have been imported in great numbers. I had never before, save at Suez, come 126 across the former race of Asiatics. Dark, often black, with flashing eyes, long hair, lithe active forms, and wearing often only a single waistcloth, they form a curious feature in Demeraran street scenery. The women are well, often handsomely dressed, with a profusion of gold and silver rings and bangles, ornaments of coins strung together, and sometimes with a jewelled pin stuck in the side of the nose. Some of the young men and girls are strikingly handsome; but the attenuated forms and calfless legs of the ancients are remarkable. These Indian coolies are extremely economical in their habits, and deposit large sums of money in the Savings Bank, and generally return home after a few years. In 1865 the ship “ *Clarence* ” conveyed back to India no less than 464 coolies, who carried with them savings to the amount of 53,969 dollars.

No people can be less like the East Indians than the Chinamen. Of these last most wear their national dress, but some affect white trousers, blue jackets, and straw hats. They are pleasant fellows enough to talk to, from their cheerfulness, *bonhomie* , and self-possession; and it is hard to realize that they are the rascals they are represented to be by their masters. At one end of George Town there is quite a Chinese quarter. Wishing to purchase one or two of the beautiful green jade earrings worn by the women, I one day made an excursion for that purpose. Having rejected an inferior specimen, for which an

exorbitant sum was demanded, I was going away, when a young man came up and told me a friend of his had a splendid pair of jade-stone armlets. These were produced, 127 sewn down to a bit of wood, covered with purple silk. Nothing could have been lovelier than their colour, and I was about to buy them, when my suspicions were aroused by the smallness of the sum asked. I accordingly insisted on their being detached; which being done, I held them up to the light, and detected, by the occurrence of a few tiny air-bubbles, that they were made of glass. Although forgeries, they were well worthy of a place in the South Kensington Museum, as exquisite specimens of imitative art.

At the house of an elderly Chinaman of better class I afterwards saw a very curious armlet of real jade: the ends were carved like dragons' heads, and it was doubtless of considerable antiquity. It was used as a charm for certain diseases, and in London or Paris might have fetched half the two hundred dollars demanded for it. I went next to see an opium-smokers' den. It was a horrid sight. The smokers were nearly naked, and lay upon a slightly slanted wooden framework or dais, like the soldiers' sleeping-place in a guard-room, each with a brick under his head. The thick, black, sticky lumps of opium were doled out to each smoker in a shell, and each of the votaries, after whorling the substance round and round upon a little iron instrument, and after applying it frequently to the flame of a lamp, in order to bring it to the proper consistency, wired it into a machine which did duty as a pipe, and commenced smoking. Most of the men's eyes were fixed, or had the vacant look of those of a dancing derveesh towards the end of his gyrations: none of the faces evinced the slightest pleasure. It is to the disgrace of the Legislature 128 that opium and bang are openly advertised, and sold by licence in the shops. The habit of opium-smoking is said to be largely on the increase, and the East Indians are beginning to prefer it to their national bang. The Chinese are in great request as labourers, and, being possessed of greater powers of endurance, can do heavier work than the natives of India. Compared with these last, they save but little money, being fond of a substantial and plentiful diet, and having little care for the future. I have reason to fear that the coolies, and especially

the Chinese, are treated with great severity. During my stay in Demerara a local paper contained the following notice, which I insert as a specimen of many others:—

“On Thursday last two Chinamen at Mahaica, who had been convicted for stealing growing plantains, received *thirty-nine lashes each with the cat-o'-nine-tails* , at the expiry of their term of imprisonment for one month.”

It is difficult to believe that a larcenous Scotchman would have received forty stripes, save one; but in a country where *equal* justice is professed, it is hard to see why the sauce for the goose should not also be sauce for the gander.

There are a considerable number of Chinese women in the colony, and their new-born babies are the most primevally old-fashioned-looking little articles imaginable. I saw one Chinaman who had taken a negress to wife. The offspring of this union, I suspect, would rival in ugliness that very common, but most uncomely cross-brat, the child of a red-haired Scotchman and a woolly-headed black woman. But the Chinese coolies are by no means the quaintest 129 fellow-subjects one meets with in the streets of George Town. From time to time parties of the aboriginal South American Indians, chiefly of the Arawaak and Accawai tribes, come down to the city in their canoes and corials. These people go almost naked. They are a short, stout, thickset race, of a yellowish colour, with largish heads, long straight black hair, dark eyes, flattish faces, and small hands and feet. They have a singularly gentle expression of countenance, and are said to be of a mild, cheerful, and friendly disposition. They carry bows and arrows, and bring with them, for sale, rare birds, weapons, pottery painted with some taste, and wonderfully strong hammocks, made, with the utmost skill, of elastic grass. The excellent and genial Bishop of Guiana, Dr. Austin, who has spent months in the forests amongst these poor people, has a very high opinion of them, and has, by the missions he has organized and directed, made great progress in their conversion to Christianity.

The Anglo-Demeraran population enjoy a well-merited reputation for hospitality, and in point of civilization are far ahead of the stagnant people of the West Indies. Like their predecessors, the old Dutch settlers, they have had great obstacles to contend with, and have battled bravely with them, and in the main successfully. The waters of the sea and rivers are only kept out by a great expenditure of labour. Quite recently a long strip of coast just beyond the Fort, at George Town, has been swept away. The breach is being repaired mainly by convict labour, the convicts being mostly coolies,—Hindoos, and Chinamen, undergoing punishment for 9 130 not fulfilling their appointed tasks. The warders were truculent-looking negroes, and the convicts looked miserably thin and ill. The mangrove and courida trees along the coast-line, as has been already remarked, extend far out into the waters of the muddy sea; the roots which support the mangrove-trees forming a retreat for numerous crabs and other marine creatures. The “Calling Crab” (*Cancer vel Gelasimus vocans*), is a very queer and amusing creature. One of his fore-claws is vastly larger than the other, and he advances over the mud, triumphantly waving his big claw in the air, and apparently beckoning to some friend to come and join him in the sport of mud-larking. Farther inland the ground is often lower than high-water mark, and the soil, which is a rich mud, is of the most exuberant fertility. All the dense vegetation which a burning sun and unlimited water can produce upon the rich alluvium of ancient rivers is produced in British Guiana. The estates and cane-fields are divided by ditches, and drained by almost stagnant canals, which everywhere abound with alligators. These monsters lay their eggs in nests in pieces of bush and waste land, and, during the breeding season, are vicious, and will attack intruders. Their boldness is surprising. Returning from Berbice I made my way down through a dense jungle to the edge of a tidal river, known as Mahaica Creek, when an alligator rose to the surface within a few yards of me. I immediately threw a hard fruit which I had gathered in the jungle at the animal with all my force, and hit him full in the eye. Down he went with a great splash, and I 131 thought I had seen the last of him, but he rose again a few yards higher up, and lay upon the top of the water slowly moving his tail. At another, named Abary Creek, I stood on a bridge and pelted at one for some minutes, as he lay upon the mud. The brute took

no notice at first, but at last sprung up, lashing his tail over his back, and then flounced down into the river. A large land-lizard, called the *Salempenta* , or *Salipanta* , is likewise common, and is said to destroy fowls.

The creeks and brackish water generally abound with a curious fish, locally called the “Four-eyes.” At low tide it comes out upon the mud to feed, and, when alarmed, returns with great speed, moving its flat belly over the surface with vigorous muscular efforts. When in the water it frequently swims along the top with its prominent eyes protruding above it. It gains its name from its apparently possessing four eyes. In reality, however, it has only two; the pupils looking both upwards and towards each other; a slight film dividing the upper and sideways portion of each pupil.

As might be expected the mud-swamps and damp savannahs near the coast are the resort of innumerable birds. Of these the most magnificent are the scarlet ibises, which occur in vast flocks. These birds are entirely of a blazing scarlet colour, with the exception of the tips of the larger wing-feathers, which are of a metallic blue-black. In splendour they are second only to the flamingos, which haunt the Lagoon of Tunis and other places on the northern coast of Africa, and which are also found in Guiana. Other 132 elegant birds are the white and blueish gawling, a small species of heron or egret, and the particoloured spur-wing. The land birds of Guiana are very numerous, and of almost all colours. The Arawaak Indians make pretty head-dresses of their brilliant feathers, and occasionally bring down the rarer species for sale. The number of birds which continually iterate the same cry is striking to a stranger. Of these the *kiskadi* , a brown and yellow bird, which frequents gardens, is, perhaps, the most prominent. He is a lively, active fellow, and continually repeats his cry of kis-ka-di, kis-ka-di, from which he obtains his name. This, however, is commonly said to be corrupted from the French *qu'est ce que dit.*

After remaining a short time at George Town, I started by a small steamer for New Amsterdam, the capital of the province of Berbice. The distance is about sixty miles, and the voyage was monotonous enough, nothing occurring to break the line of dense forest,

which extends all the way along the coast. About 4 P. M. we entered the Berbice river, and a village on the left was pointed out as the capital. A more wretched place can scarcely be conceived. Two streets of detached houses, with a few stores, run parallel to the river and to each other; a gaunt-looking court-house rises from the mud at one end, an ugly church, and two or three meeting-houses, are dotted about at intervals;—and that is all. Night and day, a heavy stillness broods over everything, and if you are lucky enough to meet an occasional foot-passenger, he looks half asleep. A mile off in a swamp, and partly surrounded by bush, is a military 133 lunatic asylum. Whether the unhappy inmates or the voluntary citizens of New Amsterdam are the madder of the two, may well admit of question. Behind the town is a mud-wall, like a “drove” in the Isle of Ely, then a long draining-canal, containing alligators, and then sugar-estates intermixed with bush. All is dull and damp and swelteringly hot; the wonder being that every one is not always down with fever. The only good thing in the place is the hotel.

I returned by land in a rickety government vehicle for carrying the mails, in which I had taken my place before leaving George Town. This conveyance started from the other side of the river, which is crossed by a steam-ferry. I passed over with the inspector of police, who was going to see a Chinese coolie flogged. The only other passenger was a cadaverous Portuguese, going to superintend a rum and provision shop, one of two or three which he had in as many remote situations. The perseverance and industry of these money-seeking people are very great, and carry them into places where no one else could be induced to settle for purposes of trade. The driver was a portly little roundabout negro, on excellent terms with himself and all the world. The road all the way to “Musquito Hall,” where there is a railway to George Town, is extremely bad, and sometimes for miles a mere grass-grown track. It lies for the most part amidst abandoned sugar-estates, now again overgrown with dense jungle. To these succeed one or two estates in cultivation, dense steamy woods, muddy creeks, and wide savannahs roamed over by vast 134 herds of half-wild cattle. In one place there is a village of African immigrants, with the shanties shaded by great trees; in another, a desolate barrack lifts itself out of a swamp which

threatens to engulph it. Gorgeous flowers and still more gorgeous birds enliven a country which would otherwise be unredeemably detestable; and the discordant cries of parrots, the rustle of a lizard, or the splash of an alligator break the heavy silence of the woods. The railway from “Musquito Hall” to George Town is constructed through a miserable swampy country, below the level of the sea, to see which I mounted up upon the seats on the top of the cars. For *miles* we passed through dense clouds of musquitos and sand-flies, which literally filled my beard and hair.

The sugar-cane seems to grow in even greater luxuriance than in Barbados; but while in the latter it is always planted in a hole to catch all the moisture that falls, it is in British Guiana planted on the top of a ridge, for the purpose of avoiding it. Cultivation is not so neat as in Barbados, where every inch of land is precious; but the houses of the planters and general appointments of the estate-buildings struck me as having a far more cheerful and cared-for aspect. The Demerarans are evidently a go-ahead and flourishing community; and though many estates have been abandoned, the colony is again advancing in material progress. It is remarkable that *Dutch* and not English law is still in the ascendant.

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CHAPTER X. *TRINIDAD.*

The Bocas—Port of Spain—The Botanical Gardens—Schismatical Conduct of the Anglican Church—St. Joseph's—Island of Grenada—St. George's.

I Took passage from George Town, Demerara, to Trinidad in the well-appointed French steamer which plies, in connection with the mail-packets from St. Nazaire, between Martinique and Cayenne or French Guiana. The ship rolled heavily in the muddy waves charged with the mud brought down by the great Oronoco; but the second day we sighted the green hills of Tobago, the reputed Island of Robinson Crusoe, and arrived betimes next morning at Port of Spain, after passing the beautiful rock-impeded channel between

Trinidad and the mainland of South America—the “Spanish Main” of old buccaneering times, and the Venezuela of to-day. This channel is known as the Bocas, or Bocas de Dracone, the corresponding channel at the other end of the island being the Bocas de Serpente. Furious currents run between the lofty islets of the Bocas, but within, in the Gulf of Paria, the green water is commonly as smooth as glass. The Bocas are four in number, and are named respectively the Boca Grande next the South American shore, the Boca 136 de Navios, the Boca de Huevos, and the Boca de Monas next the coast of Trinidad. It is plain that at some remote period a range of hills now broken up into islets stretched across from Trinidad to the mainland of Paria, which rises into the magnificent mountain mass of the Cordilleras. The same must have been the case at the Bocas de Serpente, at the other end of the Gulf, which then must have been in reality, what it resembles at present, a vast lake.

The capital of Trinidad, the largest West Indian Island, after Jamaica, which belongs to England, is Port of Spain. It is a beautifully-situated city, lying on a small plain of alluvial soil between forest-clad mountains and the Gulf, which, with the vast mountain masses of misnamed Venezuela beyond, it overlooks. Wide quays extend along the seaside, and the streets are all planned at right angles to each other. The principal street is a really grand one. It is of great width, and a wide strip of grass, shaded by cabbage-palms and other flowering and forest trees, passes down its centre. In the midst is a plashing fountain; at one end is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, at the other end the sea. Along half the length of this noble street the houses are arcaded, as in an Italian town. Gravely walking about, and almost disputing the right-of-way with the passers-by, are a number of huge, black, vulture-like crows, with bare heads and necks. These birds, in consideration of their use as scavengers, are protected from injury by legislative enactment. At a short distance from this street, which is in truth a noble *Alameda* of the Spanish type, is a spacious square laid out with grass, 137 refreshed by another fountain, and shaded by fine trees. Hard by are the Government offices. On one side of the square is the Anglican Church, a large oblong building, with a wide-spanning and somewhat grand roof of dark timbers, which

is popularly believed to rival that of Westminster Hall. Many of the streets have rills of water running through them. Behind the city is an extremely beautiful park, dotted with fine timber and grazed by herds of cattle, and adjoining it, but extending up some of the lower spurs of the mountains, a magnificent Botanical Garden. I have seldom seen a more beautiful place. Admirably kept, chiefly by Chinese coolie gardeners, and abounding with rare trees and plants, there is nothing formal in its plan. Nature in her loveliest forms is only assisted by art. The collection of palms is very good and varied; the most exquisite, perhaps, of all being a native of Trinidad, a plant whose enormous fronds spring out of the ground to a height of perhaps thirty feet. The nutmeg-trees with their shining leaves and apricot-coloured fruit, which when ripe bursts and displays the rich brown nut covered with scarlet mace, are also very fine. This garden is the resort of numberless humming-birds, which rifle the flowers immediately above one's head as one sits on a trellice-covered seat. The view from the hill above, with the tranquil park and city simmering in the heat and slumbering at its base, the placid blue-green Gulf, and the purple Cordilleras beyond, is one to remember for a lifetime, and to carry away imprinted on the mind as a solace amidst future troubles which none can take away.

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The inhabitants of Port of Spain, who are chiefly of French extraction, with a strong dash of Spanish blood, are well-favoured, and struck me withal as being remarkably gentle, polite, and courteous. The quiet, clean, gentlemanlike air of the whole city is a great contrast to the rowdy blackguardism of Bridgetown, where no lady can walk in the streets without likelihood of being insulted by insolent beggars. The marked contrast of manners in general in Trinidad, as compared with Barbados, arises, perhaps, in part from the fact that Trinidad is a “Crown colony,” and consequently uncursed by the absurdity of a little peddling House of Assembly, full of vulgar and illiterate nobodies. Trinidad is *governed* , and seems to be governed well; whereas, in Barbados, government, even under the ablest and most conscientious of governors, is hampered by the factious opposition of those who have their own selfish and petty ends to serve.

Port of Spain is the seat of a Roman Catholic archbishopric, and the present occupant, a Dominican, is said to have worked a remarkable reformation in the profligate habits of his flock. He receives a small salary from the State, which he applies to pious purposes. Trinidad is nominally in the Anglican diocese of Barbados, and the English clergy, instead of looking on themselves as chaplains of Anglican congregations, claim jurisdiction as the parish priests of the different parishes. There is even some talk—witness the manifesto of the Bishop of Barbados in the *Colonial Church Chronicle* —of appointing an Anglican Bishop of Trinidad. The English Church, in fact, is doing, and for a long time has done, exactly 139 what the Pope is doing, and did in England, when he parcelled out the country amongst his schismatical Bishops. Protestants, however, never can, or never will see the inconsistency of blowing hot and cold with the same breath; doing themselves what (and justly) they condemn in others.

At evensong, in the English “Parish Church,” I witnessed a characteristic piece of transplanted Bumbledom. The area of the building is filled up with rented pews, which contained on an average less than two persons apiece. The miserable seats placed in the centre of the aisle were full, and the poor people who would fain have worshipped Him Who is no respecter of persons, were, with myself, forced out into the tower, and even outside the door. Having a decent black coat on my back, I was, of course, insulted by the solicitations of an official, and the offer of a seat in a pew, which, being unwilling to incur an obligation to the “ *owner* ” of that portion of “ *God's* ” house, I declined. What wonder that the ignorant, beholding the perpetration of such antiscriptural injustice, should join in the clamour for the extinction of Archdeacons and other dignitaries of the Church?

The Roman Catholic Cathedral is a biggish building with a fineish roof, and its situation is good, and that is all that can be said. The barracks are situated about a mile from the town: the situation is low, close, and unhealthy, but they are approached by a magnificent avenue of, if my memory serves me right, a species of acacia, of which the trunks are beautifully draped with moss and ferns. One great charm 140 of Trinidad is that, baking

hot though it be, there is never any want of shade. Plains and mountains alike abound with fine trees—the latter indeed are still covered with primæval forests. During my visit the splendid *Bois Immortelle* was in full flower, lighting up the dark green forests with its cressets of flame; few more splendid trees exist, but, like many other deciduous trees in the tropics, its flowers come into bloom before it has put forth the new leaves.

The environs of Port of Spain are delightful, but it is too hot to walk far by day, and it is difficult to hire a tolerable horse. I did hire an intolerably bad one on two or three occasions, and on the last, as the newspapers have it, “escaped with severe contusions,” my animal having fallen down, as if shot, over a dog which ran between its legs. One pleasant ride is to St. Joseph's, now a village, but formerly, it is said, the old Spanish capital. The scenery in the gorge of the torrent behind the village is lovely. The beautiful cocoa-tree, so common in Dominica, is cultivated here in profusion. The stream itself is clear as crystal, and was vocal with frogs and washerwomen. These last were washing their clothes without soap, using instead the leaves of the *Sapindus saponaria* , which speedily makes a fine lather. The language of the country people is a very unfrenchified French patois. Little steam seems to be employed on the sugar-estates of Trinidad, and I was disappointed in the cultivation, which is by no means so neat as that of Barbados or St. Vincent. A considerable number of East Indian coolies have been imported at the public expense.

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I felt that I could grow *fond* of Trinidad, a sensation I had never till then felt anywhere in the West Indies, which, to be enjoyed, ought to be seen before, and not after the glorious classic shores of the Mediterranean.

On leaving Trinidad for St. Lucia and Barbados, I spent a day at St. George's, the capital of Grenada. The steamer coaled there, an operation which was performed by a set of big, barbarous, black amazons, horrible to look at and worse to listen to. Such big negresses I never saw before. The town is a miserable, tumble-down, sleepy place on a pretty

harbour. Vast tracts of country appear to be abandoned, and are returning to a forest state. Before many years are past and gone it may be conjectured that Grenada will again be a beautiful wilderness.

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CHAPTER XI. *ST. VINCENT.*

The Pitons of St. Lucia—Kingstown—The Clergy—Calliaquá—Coral—Marriaquá Valley—Sculptured Rocks of the Yamboo and Layou Valleys—Colonarie—Charlotte Parish—The Carib Country—Ascent of the Souffriere—Ancient Crater—Form of Government.

I Started from Barbados on August 17, expecting to arrive the following day at St. Vincent, but, by the non-arrival of the English mails, we were kept waiting six days in the harbour of Castries, in St. Lucia. This delay enabled me to go ashore daily, in that sleepy little village-capital, and to enjoy some charming rides amidst the neighbouring mountains. The nights were beautifully calm, and the air was illuminated by two species of “candle-flies,” one of which was of great size and brilliancy. At night the negro sailors sang hymns with great fervour, if with little reverence. One day three of them commenced an instrumental concert with a banjo, tambourine, and concertina. The latter, giving forth its sound in a most uncertain and fitful manner, at length put its owner out of all patience. Drawing his knife, he cut it open with a vigorous stroke, when a perfect deluge of cockroaches fell out upon the deck. Amidst the chaff of his mates, the face of “the enraged musician” was a sight to see. The intercolonial 143 mail-packets are mostly manned by negro sailors, many of them strong athletic fellows, but by no means over-fond of hard work. It being at length determined to start without the English mails, we weighed anchor on the morning of the 24th, and coasting along as far as the small town of Souffriere, which is beautifully situated in a deep inlet at one extremity of the island, I had a splendid view of the celebrated “Pitons,” which are, perhaps without any exception, the most striking natural objects in the whole of the West Indies.

These two mountain masses, which are called respectively the *Gros* and *Petit Piton* , though there is a difference of but thirty feet between them, are two enormous cones of rock rising abruptly from the deep sea to the height, it is said, of more than 2,500 feet. The Gros Piton is covered with wood, and has been ascended, while the Petit Piton displays more of bare rock, and is reputed to be impracticable for the foot of man. In four hours after leaving the Pitons, we had crossed the strait, and were steaming along the leeward coast of St. Vincent, under the noble forms of the Souffriere, Grand Bonhomme, and other volcanic peaks of the great central chain of Morne Garou. At length rounding the lofty headland, which is crowned by Fort Charlotte, we found ourselves in the Bay of Kingstown, the capital town, and I was able to go ashore.

Kingstown consists mainly of two parallel streets, and a kind of esplanade, which faces the sea, and boasts of a little wooden jetty. To the right is the headland already mentioned, beautifully wooded, and crowned by the fort and barracks; to the left, Sion 144 Hill, another green headland of almost equal height, and beyond the varied outline of the Island of Bequia, the nearest of the Grenadines. Behind, green cane-fields and provision grounds, dotted with estate-houses, labourers' dwellings, and fine trees, extend upwards to a semicircle of mountains, of which the highest is known as Mount St. Andrew's. Like all the other mountains of St. Vincent, except the Souffriere, these are clothed to the summit with dense forests. In the midst of Kingstown is a market-place, shaded by fine bread-fruit and mango trees, and overlooked by the court-house and seat of the Legislature. A little further on is the parish church, which resembles a tea-chest with a pepper-pot attached, and opposite the church an enormous Methodist meeting-house, also like a tea-chest, but without a pepper-pot. The seats in the “church” are annually put up to auction, “according to law,” in the court-house, and sold to the highest bidders! This disgraceful transaction used to take place in the church itself.

About a quarter of a mile from the town are the remains of a fine botanical garden. This is now a mere wilderness of magnificent nutmeg, clove, and other choice trees, for the

grant by which it was supported has been withdrawn, and the garden itself abandoned to ruin. The town contains between 5,000 and 6,000 inhabitants, amongst whom are a considerable number of immigrants from Madeira. There is no book-shop, but two newspapers are published every week. I noticed a couple of schooners in course of building under some silk-cotton trees upon the beach, 145 and the bay is enlivened by a constant succession of droghers and other small craft, from the windward coast and the nearest of the Grenadines.

The first and last distinguishing quality of the inhabitants, as compared with the Bims, which struck me, was their unbounded hospitality. During the whole of my stay in the island I was continually accepting or refusing invitations, being provided with riding-horses, and being passed on from one hospitable house to another. The clergy are a completely different race of beings to those of Barbados. The low, slow, and dry varieties which prevail in Barbados are replaced by high Churchmen of extraordinary diligence and devotion to their sacred calling. Daily services, and often two daily services, with three, and even four, on Sundays, are the rule in St. Vincent, while visitation of the sick and poor is carried on over miles and miles of wild mountains and coast-land. Yet the clergy are few in number, poorly paid, obstructed by the local Government, bullied by the Methodists, and seldom cheered by the visit of a Bishop.

Three miles from Kingstown is the beautifully-situated village of Calliaqua, formerly a place of greater importance than it is at present. It stands upon a small pellucid bay, bounded on the right by the island-rock on which stand the ruins of Fort Duvernette. This volcanic rock is of a beautiful purplish-red colour, and is ascended by some 250 steps. The summit commands an exquisite view of mountain, sea, and islands. The entrance to the Bay of Calliaqua is obstructed by coral reefs, parts of which are dry at very low tides. The coral is being 10. 146 continually brought ashore, for the purpose of being burnt into lime, and fetches about ten shillings per boat-load. A heavy boat is anchored above the reef, and the masses of growing coral are detached and brought up by long iron instruments. The fresh coral is of a tawny yellow colour, and comes up slimy and smelling abominably. Sponges,

corallines, and magnificent sea-fans grow in immense profusion, and present a beautiful spectacle as one peers down through the pellucid water to the surface of the reef.

A few miles' ride over the hills from Calliaqua brings one to the Marriaqu Valley. This is a vast basin, varied with ridges, and interpenetrated by deep ravines. Lofty peaked mountains rise on its landward side, and to the seaward the Yamboo river escapes through a romantic defile. The whole valley, which is of circular shape, may possibly, at some remote epoch, have been the crater of a vast volcano. The Yamboo Valley, which extends between the Marriaqua Valley and the sea, is of singular beauty. A clear rushing river dashes down over rounded boulders of volcanic rock, between tufts of white-arrowed roseau reeds and green pastures, which are again hemmed in by walls of perpendicular rock, sometimes bare and sometimes draped with lianas, or hidden by dense woods of grou-grou palms and other trees. In the midst of the pass stands a mysterious sculptured stone of great but unknown antiquity, the presumed work of the aboriginal Charaib inhabitants of the island. The stone is a boulder of volcanic formation, and of a purple-red colour. It is inscribed with four heads, with strange head-dresses, one of which 147 is mitre-shaped. Below one head is a trident-shaped instrument or symbol. I afterwards saw in the Layou Valley, on the leeward coast, a stone sculptured in a similar style of art, and I heard of another in the Island of Grenada. The Layou stone, which is of the same geological character, has its base planted in the bed of a torrent, and the carvings are incised upon the sloping face which turns towards the stream. The principal subject is a human head within a triangle, with a most singular oval ornament on either side. These ovals severally present a kind of St. Andrew's Cross, with a circle below, the centres of the circles, like the eyes of the face, rising in relief from the edge of the incision, in a manner like that observable in certain ancient Egyptian sculptures. To the left of the face, in the triangle, and a little below it, is a circular head; and again below that another head with a circular ornament of the same size with it upon each side. At the top of the stone is another subject, unfortunately much corroded by time: it apparently represents a face, surrounded with triangular and semicircular band-ornaments.

These monuments of a forgotten religion and a doomed race deserve an amount of attention which they have not received, and should be carefully drawn for comparison with the sculptured monuments of the South American Continent. They may possibly be found to be older than any of the existing Carib races. In the negro village near Layou, I obtained several fine specimens of the stone chisels and other implements, which are found in large numbers in St. Vincent, and are known to the labouring population 148 as “thunderbolts.” A curious superstition about these objects is, that they come up to the surface once in seven years to see the sun, and that when found, unless carefully locked up, they will go underground again.

Descending from the sculptured stone of Yamboo to “Argyle,” an estate belonging to the Prince de Polignac, I was taken the following day by his hospitable attorney, Mr. D. Cowie, to that gentleman's own estate of Colonarie, ten miles further on the windward coast. The road runs along all the way near the sea, sometimes cut in the face of lofty bluffs formed of imperfectly hardened travertine, sometimes dipping down into deep valleys through which mountain-streams find their way to the sea; now crossing short cattle-cropt pastures which are quite a feature of the island, and now running on a level with the sea-beach, and separated only from the black, micaceous, volcanic sand and roaring surf by a natural screen of sea-grape trees, with their broad crimson-veined leaves and bunches of purplish fruit, and of the so-called almonds.

The estate-house of Colonarie stands high between the sea and the mountain, of both of which it commands a noble view. It is seldom inhabited. My toilette next morning was considerably accelerated by the swarms of Jack-Spaniard wasps, which had no less than thirteen pendent nests on the roof of my bedroom alone, as well as innumerable others in the verandas which surround the house. Next day I went on to George Town, the capital of the so-called “Carib country,” and of Charlotte Parish. It is a 149 largish village of wooden houses situated on the strand, upon which beats the heaviest surf I ever beheld. Here, in a churchyard bounded by the sea-beach, I found a church, wherein were celebrated

the heartiest services I ever attended in the West Indies. A little beyond George Town is a local lion, the Rabacau, or “Dry River.” This is simply a *Fiumara* , such as may be seen between Messina and Taormina. The bed of a river, with its enclosing ravine, was choked with volcanic dust and stones at the last eruption of the adjacent volcano, and the river, except when swollen by rains, now finds its way through, and under rather than over the debris. The broad lands granted to the Carib aborigines were considered to be forfeited upon their rebellion in 1795–1796, and these people were then compelled to retire to the extreme northern corner of the island. At the present time they are but few in number, and have almost entirely forsaken their ancient habits. They live like the negroes in houses, and a Carib belle may even be seen in a crinoline. Few of the original colour now exist; the greater nuniber being called “Black Caribs.” These last are of mixed race. A ship laden with African slaves was wrecked on the coast of Bequia, and the cargo, intermarrying with the aborigines of St. Vincent, became the parents of a race of half-breeds, who in physical characteristics are rather African than American.

The Caribs all profess Christianity, bring their children to be baptized, and attend a service held by Mr. Frederick, the energetic rector of Charlotte Parish upon their borders at Owia. The spiritual and educational 150 wants of this interesting and gentle race of people are utterly neglected by the Government, but the rector has begun a church for their accommodation, and only wants funds to complete it.

After three days of most intense heat at George Town I went up to “Lot Fourteen,” the singularly-named but beautiful residence of a Dr. Cumming, who had kindly arranged to conduct me to the top of the Souffriere mountain upon the following day. This Souffriere, which forms a portion of the chain of Mount Garou, is a volcano, which burst forth as lately as 1812. It was during this eruption that the showers of dust, expelled from the newly-formed crater, darkened the sun, and not only fell inches deep in Barbados, 70 miles to *windward* , but also upon ships at sea 300 miles to windward of Barbados itself. Ascending from “Lot Fourteen,” looking back from time to time upon the magnificent outline of St. Lucia, with the Gros and Petit Piton, we soon left the cultivated land, and found ourselves

in a network of deep ravines, covered everywhere with the densest forests. The path at times is little more than a hand's-breadth wide, with a precipitous descent upon either hand. The enormous trees are often covered to their topmost branches with wild pines, orchids, and ferns, of which one kind runs up like ivy. In places the roots descend in festoons, and uphold plants growing in the air forty or fifty feet below the branches to which they are attached. Young plants of ferns are actually seen germinating upon the face of the leaves of the wild tanier and other broad-leaved plants.

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The air of these vast woods is suffocating, and the silence awful. Once only during the ascent was it broken by the cry of the rare St. Vincent parrot; but coming down, towards sunset, the ear was regaled with the plaintive cooings of the Ramier pigeon, and with the clear, reed-like notes of the Solitaire. Some 800 feet below the summit the woods cease, and are succeeded by a short vegetation, consisting chiefly of ferns and a scarlet-blossoming plant, whose leaves resemble those of the pine-apple. The top of the Souffriere is perforated by two craters. The older one of these is about a mile and a half in circumference, and it is fringed with wood to the surface of the nearly circular lake which occupies its depression. Those who have seen the Alban lake near Rome will have an adequate idea of its general appearance. Prior to the last eruption a small island-cone rose in the centre of the water, which, like most deep chasms which have never been scientifically examined, is reputed to be unfathomable. The water, which cannot be less than 300 feet below the edge of the crater, is of a dark stagnant green. It is supposed by some to vary in height. The new crater, which was formed at the terrible eruption of 1812, is situated to the north and close to the old one, from which it is, in fact, divided at the top by a mere razor-like wall of rock; more truly a “one man's path,” than that on the top of Sleeve League in Donegal. The sides of the new crater are abruptly precipitous, and only a small pool of water occupies a portion of its bottom. The great eruption took place in 1812, but, so lately as 1821, steam issued from its 152 crevices, and eggs might be cooked when placed in the sides.

The appearance of the two craters, which together exhibit the precise shape of the figure 8, is very striking; but the grandest feature of the Souffriere is a wall of huge black rocks to the north of the new crater, rounded without, but precipitous within, which is evidently the segment of the circling sides of a far more ancient crater, of such vast dimensions that it must have enclosed within its bounds the whole of the summit of the present mountain, and a great space in addition. This wall of rock is to the Souffriere what Sommo is to Vesuvius. The view from the Souffriere is of great extent and beauty. The windward and leeward coasts of St. Vincent are both visible immediately below, while the central peaks of the island, green with forests, rise one behind another to the south. Beyond, again, the islets and rocks of the Grenadines stud the blue sea, and the mountains of Grenada upon the far horizon bound the prospect.

The negroes of St. Vincent seem comfortably off, and have attained to a pitch of refinement unknown in Barbados. Their cottages are prettily embosomed in fruit-trees, and vegetables and even flowers are cultivated in their gardens. A white table-cloth covers the table at dinner, and there is a goodly display of crockery and glass. Coolies have been imported in considerable numbers. It is disgraceful that the Government has done *nothing* whatsoever for the spiritual benefit of these poor people, by whose labours the colony has been so much enriched.

Agriculture in St. Vincent is pursued with great 153 diligence and success, though irrigation is not employed to the extent it ought to be and might be, considering the abundant supply of water. The staple crops are sugar-canes and arrowroot. The latter, with its bright green leaves and pretty flowers, occupies large tracts of ground on the windward coast. Cocoa is grown, but to no great extent, and a small quantity of nutmegs is exported. As nutmegs of good quality sell for Is. 10 *d.* per pound, and as the trees will grow among rocks where scarcely any other kind of crop would succeed, it is a pity that more are not planted, and this the more so as few trees are more beautiful.

A reform has recently taken place in the Government of St. Vincent. The absurd two-chamber system becoming intolerable, a change was made in the constitution, and the two chambers have been merged into one. This already appears to be too large and unwieldy as regards numbers, and before long it will probably become desirable to eliminate the elective element altogether.

The unequal and unfair method of dealing with different colonies at present pursued by the Home Government is illustrated by late events. St. Vincent, which has recently put the barracks in repair at the expense of some 5,000 *l.* , and which contributes 3,000 *l.* a year towards the expense of the imperial troops, is favoured with the presence of a single company only, while Barbados, which refuses to pay a single cent, has the advantage of the constant residence of from two to three regiments, besides the staff, artillery, engineers, and military labourers.

CHAPTER XII. *GUADALOUPE.*

Basseterre—Grandeterre—Polnte-a-Pitre—Scenery.

Purgatorio al Paradiso. The change from the prosaic ugliness, incivility, and outer barbarism of Bridgetown, Barbados, to the romantic beauty, civility, and civilization of the French island of Guadaloupe is indeed immense. The very moment one lands at Basseterre, the seat of Government, it is plain that one is not in an English island, for one finds oneself at once—as also at St. Pierre, in Martinique—in a beautiful promenade of shady tamarind-trees, with seats placed for the refreshment of wayfarers. The streets are all neatly paved, with rills of water at the sides; and not a beggar is to be seen, vagrancy being prohibited by law, and each person being compelled to support himself, or work for his livelihood. Basseterre is beautifully situated on the lowest seaward slope of the Souffriere, a noble volcanic mountain, which, the two Pitons of St. Lucia being alone excepted, I take to be the finest mountain in the West Indies. Its base lies in the deep

sea, from which ascends a zone of exquisite cultivation; then succeeds a tract of forest-land, from which the several summits of the mountain ascend; the principal cone, which contains 155 the crater, being covered with but little herbage, and being walled at its summit by huge masses of rock. The height I should suppose to be more than 5,000 feet. Basseterre is a small city, but it is well laid out. A torrent rushes down through its midst, and to the south-west there is a magnificent ravine, crossed by a bridge of a single arch, under which a rushing river finds its way to the sea. A mile and a half in the contrary direction there is another and still more beautiful ravine, and the river which forms it roars down over huge masses of black volcanic rock, and presents the most delicious pools for bathing. The blessing and luxury of such streams can be appreciated by those only who have visited the tropics. The various Government offices are arranged so as to face a large square of grass, which is bordered by fine cabbage-palms and mango-trees, and which commands a magnificent view, both of the mountains and of the sea. Beyond are the barracks of the Marines and a dismantled fort.

The Cathedral is a small and unpretending, but solemn, pleasing, and cool building. It is apsidal, and its low round arches are formed of the volcanic stone of the country. The frequent earthquakes by which the island is visited preclude the possibility of the erection of a lofty tower, but advantage is taken of higher ground immediately above the church, so that the low tower, which is surmounted by a shingled spire, appears to be of considerable elevation. This expedient, so suited to the peculiar necessities of the place, is worthy of great admiration. Hard by is a large seminary conducted by the Frères Chrètiens, 156 and the Palace of the Bishop, with a pretty garden and trellised vines in front.

The colony of Guadaloupe may more properly be said to consist of two islands: Guadaloupe Proper, which has a backbone of high mountains culminating in the Souffriere, being divided from a low and gently undulating portion named Grandeterre, by an expanse of marshes and a narrow channel, called the Riviere Salee. The commercial capital, Pointe-a-Pitre, lies in Grandeterre, in a deep and almost landlocked bay on the windward coast. A small steamer plies two or three times a week between Basseterre

and La Pointe. As it keeps close alongshore the whole way, a beautiful view is obtained of the coast, which presents a succession of small bays leading up to deep ravines, which severally conduct torrents and rivers to the sea, from the forest-clad peaks which rise above. The steamer touches at Ste. Rose and one or two other villages, and a fine view is obtained of the Island of Montserrat and the huge Rock of Redonda. Passing at length a headland with two or three outstanding sentinel rocks, which forms the seaward extremity of the central mountain mass, the shore becomes flat and low, and mangrove woods extend into the sea, though, at times, the canes are seen on the very brink of low alluvial banks of red soil. The water becomes shallower and shallower, low mangrove-covered islands appear, and, at times, a single tree rears its head from the waves at the distance of even two or three miles from land. At length the Rivière Salée, a narrow channel, is entered, and passes for about six miles through the densely wooded swamps, which are vocal 157 with frogs and tufted with a large fern, with rich ferruginous-coloured fructification. Small sheds are erected on the seaward front of this swamp, which form a shelter for sportsmen, who resort thither in September in order to shoot the plovers and other running birds of passage on their arrival. The channel is at times so narrow that one can almost jump ashore upon either side; but at length, after passing a ferry upon a finely-constructed high-road, a sudden turn displays the town of Pointe-a-Pitre, with its roadstead, hospital, barracks and church, backed by low wooded eminences. Pointe-a-Pitre is a place of very considerable trade, and has all the air of a lively and flourishing place, which is the more remarkable as the place was almost entirely overthrown, and that with the most terrific loss of life, by the great earthquake of 1843. Abutting upon the quay there is a fine promenade lined with seats and overhung with majestic sandbox or sablier trees. The shops are numerous and good, and there is an excellent market. This last is well supplied with carrots, turnips, asparagus, and other European vegetables; and during my whole stay in Guadaloupe I feasted on a delicious mountain raspberry, in taste and colour much resembling an Alpine strawberry.

The streets of Pointe-à-Pitre are clean and well laid out, and not a beggar is to be seen. All classes are distinguished by quietness, politeness, and propricty, and one meets with a refreshing civility in the shops. The French negroes are distinguished from those of Barbados by their women wearing a large quantity of jewelry, of which many objects wrought 158 in mock-pearls resemble those of the peasantry in parts of Italy. In the country estates a considerable number of Madras coolies have been introduced.

There is a very fair hotel at La Pointe, and the cuisine is excellent. Altogether, there is far more of European comfort, refinement, and civilization in the French than in the English Islands, and an educated Englishman would feel far more *at home* either in Martinique or Guadaloupe than in Barbados. The harbour at Pointe-à-Pitre is remarkably safe, and during the hurricane season it is the station of a small French ship of war. One day I again threaded the narrow passage of the Rivière Salée in a small steamer, which plies once a week, to Port Louis, a village near the northern extremity of Grandeterre. It is situated on a sandy beach, and commands a noble view of the central chain of Guadaloupe.

I returned to Basseterre by a diligence, which starts from a village called Le Petit Bourg, about six miles from Pointe-à-Pitre, and on the opposite side of the harbour. This diligence is a vehicle of a kind which seems to be peculiar to the French Empire, in that it looks as if it was the first of the kind ever constructed. It is a kind of oblong tank with a cover like a carrier's cart, and leather curtains at the sides. As the top was full of holes, and the bottom had none, and it rained for the first portion of the journey, as it only can rain in the tropics, the passengers were obliged to keep their feet upon the seats. The water, however, never rose very high, for it fell out through some small holes behind when it reached a certain height; and so we went splashing and crashing on, 159 looking like an antediluvian watercart, drawn by four mules of great, if uncertain, antiquity. The road runs the whole way along the windward side of the island, and generally keeps near the sea, until at length it ascends, and crossing the shoulder of a mountain near the hot baths of Dolé, descends upon Basseterre The scenery is very lovely, especially in that portion of

the road which hangs over the channel between Guadaloupe and the picturesque *Iles des Saintes* , with the lofty mountains of Dominica beyond. We stopped to breakfast half-way, at the flourishing village of Cabcstcrre, which is situated on the sea-coast, and looks towards the low island of Marie-galante. A considerable amount of cocoa is cultivated in this district, and the dark-green *old* leaves of this shrub and flaming crimson *new* ones are of most beautiful appearance.

The negro population are respectably dressed, and seem comfortable. Most of the cottages have pretty little gardens, with a few flowers and flowering trees in them, as well as vegetables and fruits. The people seem to live to a great extent upon the naturalized bread-fruit, whose woolliness and slightly mouldy taste are generally disagreeable to a stranger. Dole is a village beautifully situated upon a mountain side. It is resorted to for its mineral springs of hot sulphureous water, which are accounted of great efficacy in rheumatic complaints. The red colour of the soil adds much to the picturesqueness of a great part of Guadaloupe, and some of the roads cut deep in the red rock call to mind the lanes of Devonshire. The soil, however, is not red sandstone, old or new, 160 but hardened ashes of volcanic origin. A large portion of the island is strewn with huge black erupted boulders, and these present a singular appearance when seen on beaches of yellow sand. Both here and in St. Vincent it is curious to remark how beaches of yellow and of black, shining, micaceous sand are interspersed and alternated with each other, a phenomenon which is apparently produced by the varying weight of the differently composed atoms of which each kind of sand is composed.

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CHAPTER XIII. *VENEZUELA.*

La Guayra—The Club—City of Caracas—Cathedral—Soldiers—Politics of Venezuela—La Silla—Puerto Cavello—Colon.

I Left Barbados at the end of November, bound for the Spanish Main. The first land sighted was the small group of islets known as the Testigos, and sunset of the same day found us off the lofty mountainous Island of Margarita. Margarita looks like two islands rather than one, the central part being a narrow isthmus of sand scarcely rising above the sea-level, and connecting two unequal portions, in one of which rises the Cerro de Copei, 3,240 feet in height, and in the other the Cerro del Macanas, 4,480 feet. At length we sighted Cape Codera, and nearing the mainland, ran along a noble sweep of coast with grand forest-clad mountains stretching down to the sea, interspersed here and there by a tiny plain, rich with sugar-canes, maize, and groves of feathery cocoa-palms. A break in the clouds at a vast height suddenly displayed the giant forms of the Pico de Negautar and La Silla de Caracas, and the cloudwreaths clearing off, the whole of those vast mountain masses was displayed to view, rising respectively no less than 9,480 and 8,500 feet above the sea. Soon the forts and white houses of La Guayra appeared at II 162 the base of the mountain, and ere long a war-steamer was descried, engaged, apparently, in bombarding the town and receiving the fire of the forts. A nearer approach showed that idea to be erroneous, for the ships at anchor before the town all displayed the Venezuelan standard hoisted half-mast high in token of some public calamity. It turned out that General Monagas, President Elect of the Republic, had just died, and was that day being buried in Caracas, and minute guns were being fired in celebration of the event.

The view from the sea of La Guayra, the port of entry to the Venezuelan capital, is of singular loveliness. Above rises the huge mass of La Silla, with its twin summits, resembling in form, as its name indicates, the double-peaked Spanish saddle; the upper slopes clothed with forests, the middle dotted With rare haciendas peeping out from their plantations of coffee; the lower slopes, of great steepness, formed of red torrent-seamed earth, overgrown with sparse brushwood and vast candelabra-like cactuses, and ending abruptly on the beach. The town, which is defended by a wall and by two or three forts, extends up the side of the mountain, and up a ravine, which runs up obliquely from the sea. To the left is a new sea-wall, with a fine esplanade leading to the village of Macuto;

and to the right the populous village of Mayquetia, with dense groves of huge cocoa-palms, and Cape Blanco beyond. La Guayra can boast of no regular harbour: the ships lie in an exposed roadstead, and landing is extremely difficult on account of the tremendous surf which almost constantly breaks upon the shore.

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We had scarcely dropped anchor, when the custom-house officers, the ship's agent, and a meek-looking gentleman dressed in black with red velvet slippers, came on board; the last, as I found on introduction, being a general of the Venezuelan army. These gentlemen were kind enough to convey me on shore in their boat, but we were more than half-an-hour dodging about before a favourable opportunity enabled us to pass through the surf, when a number of men rushed into the sea and dragged the boat into shallow water, whence I was carried on shore pick-a-back. Goods are landed under an excellently constructcd covered shed, and a tramway conveys them thence to the custom-house. The streets of La Guayra are clean and well kept, and there are numerous fountains. A recently planted Alameda has already begun to supply the shade which is so much needed, for La Guayra enjoys the reputation of being one of the hottest places in the world. I found tolerable accommodation in the “Posada Neptuno,” of which the padrone is an Italian from the neighbourhood of Genoa. Hard by is an excellent club. the “Club Union Guarena,” to which strangers are liberally introduced. There are refreshment and billiard-rooms, a considerable library, and a readingroom well supplied with English and other European newspapers. It speaks well for the energy of the mercantile community of La Guayra, that they should establish and support so excellent an institution.

From La Guayra there is a mule-track leading direct over the mountain to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, and a road, traversed twice daily by a kind 164 of diligence, has been constructed by a longer route of some twenty miles. Leaving La Guayra at four in the morning, I commenced the ascent in the brightest moonlight I ever saw. It was easy to read the smallest small print. The sky was exquisitely clear when day broke, and revealed the full beauties of the scenery, and the great billowy mountains, green with forest,

rolling down to the blue billows of the sea. Every now and then we passed long trains of carts drawn by mules, and convoys of mules and asses laded with coffee or cocoa, and conducted by picturesque red-brown men and boys wrapped in blue and scarlet ponchos. The road passes round the corner of a mountain at the height of at least 5,ooo feet and then descends rapidly upon the other side of the range. Another ascent conducts into the magnificent valley, or rather elevated plain, of Chicao; upon which, at the base of the steep slopes of La Silla, lies the city of Caracas, at a height of 2,880 feet above the sea. Though the sun here is hot, the air is clear and fresh and the climate generally delightful.

The lower slopes of La Silla, upon this side, have been cleared of their covering of forest, and, except in the gullies, are covered with rough grass, and display, here and there, the red micaceous clay of which they are externally composed. The *vega* , or plain, is of great length, and is partly cultivated and partly grass-grown, and strewn with the grey ruins of huge convents, overthrown by the earthquake of 1812. A sufficiency, though not an abundance, of water is conveyed into the city, and partially irrigates the plain. One end of the city is dominated by a rounded red 165 hill, crowned by a white Calvary Church. The city itself almost exactly resembles a fine Spanish city cut off at the first story, a few only of the public buildings cropping out into an apologetic and tentative second story. The houses are covered with plaster of dazzling whiteness, and are roofed with broad red tiles, made on the spot. The centre of the city is occupied by a handsome square, now being adorned with fountains. Upon one side stand the Cathedral and Archbishop's Palace, and opposite to them the Palace of Government. The Cathedral has five aisles, but is remarkable only for its extreme cleanness; in some of the side-chapels, however, there are rich gilded retablos of pure Spanish style. In one of these chapels repose the remains of the Liberator, General Bolivar. His white marble monument is inscribed:—

SIMONIS BOLIVAR CINERES GRATA ATQUE MEMOR PATRIA HIC CONDIT, HONORAT AN. MDCCCLII.

In one of the side-aisles there is a good picture of the Resurrection, and there is also a small good picture in the *sacristia.*

The enormous territory of Venezuela is divided into but four dioceses—the archdiocese of Caracas, and the suffragan sees of Coro, Merida, and Trujillo. The clergy are paid, and paid poorly, by the State, which has appropriated the Church lands.

The number of Government officials at Caracas appeared to be enormous, and there is a considerable garrison. Nothing can be more abjectly wretched 166 than the appearance of the ill-armed, worse-drilled, and villanously-clothed soldiers of the Republican army. The uniform of the privates is the cheapest and the nastiest in the world, consisting only of filthy, ragged, once-white linen trousers and jacket, a kind of canvas sandals or open shoes, and dark blue caps. Generals and colonels abound. A youngish gentleman, attended by a handsome boy, was pointed out to me as a general, the boy being a captain and aide-de-camp. The army is wretchedly paid. A handsome lad, a lieutenant of infantry, who guided me about La Guayra, hinted that an honorarium of half a dollar would be very acceptable. Nominally there is no conscription, but when more soldiers are wanted a lot of boys are dragged from their homes, and compelled to serve. Such is Republican liberty! The private houses and churches of Caracas, as also those of Porto Cavello, bear terrible marks, in their shot-riven and ball-pierced walls, to the severity of the struggle which took place at the last Revolution, five months before my visit, when General Falcon was driven from his position of President by the partisans of General Jose Taddeo Monagas. Cannonballs are still seen lying about on the ground, and, in one street in the suburbs, I found a rude grave and black cross, which marks the burial-place of “El Coronel Roque Silva,” who was killed in the fight, and buried on the spot. The Venezuelan Government is nominally Republican, but the existing President generally aims at and obtains almost absolute power, which is exercised with tyranny, until a revolution drives him from office. The disastrous effects 167 of this state of things upon commerce and agriculture may be easily imagined.

Many of the houses and walls of the suburbs are built of *tapia* , in the regular Moresco style of Spain, and all occasional banding-course of thin red tiles witnesses to the influence of ancient Roman art exercised through Spain in the New World. In one place, too, over a door, I saw the mystic Eye, which, handed down from Egypt and Phoenicia, is in such universal use in the south of Europe as a charm against evil. The streets of Caracas are well paved, and kept very clean, and all garbage is removed from the suburbs by the vultures, which haunt them in great numbers, and which are never disturbed. The shops are numerous and good. Private houses are large and airy, with the wide entrance-passage and central court of Spain. Many of the older houses are adorned with beautiful old *asulejo* tiles of white, blue, and yellow. The windows also, as in Spain, are protected by great bow-shaped gratings of iron, at which, as in Cadiz or Seville, the ladies sit and gossip, and talk to their admirers.

I have scarcely ever seen a handsomer or nobler-looking race of people than those of Caracas. The women are very strikingly beautiful, and their beauty is set off to advantage by the graceful folds of the black-lace mantilla. Coming from Barbados, with its emasculated race of parboiled degenerates, it was a treat once more to see men who looked like *men* ,—noble, active fellows, with eyes like hawks', who know how to use their limbs, and walk, and ride, and fight; and fair ladies who know how to walk and move 168 with grace and propriety, and who have complexions, and magnificent hair and eyes. Above all, it was a treat once more to meet with a universal and noble courtesy. The coloured portion of the population also are commonly a handsome race, of a rich red or red-brown colour. Negroes being few in number, the hybrids are mostly of Indian descent, and pure Indians are occasionally seen. The market of Caracas is well supplied with excellent vegetables. Beef and fowls are very good, but mutton is scarcely ever to be had. There seem to be very few articles in common use of native manufacture. A rude pottery, however, is made, of a certain quaintness and elegance of form. Gas is used in the stores and public buildings, coal being brought up in carts at great expense from La Guayra. The trees about Caracas are commonly laden with a curious parasite which trails

down to the length of some yards; in colour it resembles the grey lichen which grows on trees in England. A large quantity of coffee is grown in the neighbourhood, and exported. For amusements the people have a theatre, a Plaza de Toros, and two clubs, and the merry notes of the guitar are heard in every street.

Having hired an excellent little mule, I started alone to return to La Guayra by the direct route over the mountains, trusting to my animal to take the right path. The ascent from Caracas is very steep, but the view each moment becomes more and more splendid, as, looking across the plain, chain after chain of mountains comes into view, the one behind the other. The plain of Chicao, with its various windings, lies like a map below, with the red-roofed 169 city sleeping in its midst; and the conjecture of Humboldt that the whole valley is an ancient crater is seen to be a probable one, When I reached the summit I was overtaken by a traveller, with whom I speedily fraternized. He was a young colonel of an infantry regiment, twenty-four years of age, and a native of Porto Rico. Dressed in white trousers, black-velvet slippers with silvered spurs, an undress military coat and gold-laced kepi, tall, dark, with flashing eyes and short-cut dark curls, he was the very beau-ideal of a caballero, a gentleman and a soldier. The descent to La Guayra from our elevation of some 5,600 feet was almost entirely through forests, which, after a time, were interspersed with coffee-plantations, clearings, and haciendas. The coffee-shrubs are invariably planted under the shade of trees, whose lower branches are kept trimmed to admit the circulation of air, while the outspreading upper branches form a canopy against the burning rays of the sun.

Flowers, birds, and butterflies were alike numerous and splendid. Different zones of elevation seemed to be inhabited by particular species of the latter, one of which, barred with alternate stripes of gold and rich brown velvet, is of peculiar beauty. As on the occasion of my ascent, I was astonished by the number of singing-birds, and by the beauty of their songs. Lizards were extremely numerous, and I saw one large snake. Some of the forest-trees are of vast height, and laden with bright flowering epiphytes. The view of the town, forts, and roadstead of La Guayra, with Cape Blanco and the line of mountains

on the left, is of extreme beauty. On arriving at La Guayra, 170 I simply dismounted from my little mule in the Alameda, when the clever little animal trotted off by herself to her accustomed stable.

It is but a night's voyage from La Guayra to Puerto Cavello in the province of Carabobo. The greater part of the intermediate coast is lined by low cayos and islets, but lofty mountains run along at the distance of a few miles from the shore. Puerto Cavello, which is a town of some 8,000 inhabitants, is built on a low spit of sand in the neighbourhood of pestilential marshes, which, with a burning sun, render the place very unhealthy. It is, however, a place of considerable trade, and the harbour is good and safe. I rode inland to see the beautiful valley near the village of San Esteban, which is a summer resort of the merchants of Puerto Cavello. The scenery is very charming, and a purling stream keeps the whole valley full of the most exuberant vegetation. Notwithstanding the bad government, travelling in the interior of Venezuela is said to be safe, and arms are carried rather from habit than for use. The demeanour of the people of all ranks and colours is singularly courteous.

Two days' stay was more than enough to enable me to explore every corner of Puerto Cavello, and I was glad to resume the voyage to Colon. I had been at Bognor, I had been at Suez, and I had been at Bridgetown, Barbados, and I thought I had seen the three vilest towns in the world. But I was mistaken: Colon, or Aspinwall, as the Americans call it, beats them all in hopeless ugliness and unredeemed blackguardism. Colon is situated under a blazing sun 171 upon the swampy shore of the Isthmus of Panama. It is itself a swamp, with a few wharves upon its outer edge, and with a few shanties and tottering brick buildings sinking into the mud upon which they are placed. The principal row of houses looks out upon the Panama Railway, and in two places only is there anything which can be called a street. Pools of stagnant water are interspersed among the houses. There is no drainage; dead dogs, broken bottles, and every kind of filth are thrown into the roadways, and lie festering upon the mud of which the latter are composed. The population is made up of the scum and dregs of other countries. Murders and every kind

of crime are of constant occurrence, and the Government of New Granada is either afraid or unwilling to interfere. The night before my arrival three or four people and soldiers were killed in a row, and I met the polished mahogany coffin of a murdered man coming down the street on the head of a trotting and merrily-singing negro. Yellow fever, Chagres fever, smallpox, and cholera alternate, and sometimes all four are rampant at once.

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CHAPTER XIV. *KINGSTON TO HAVANA.*

Harbour of Kingston, Jamaica—Santiago de Cuba—Gibara—Bahia de Nuevitas—San Fernando—Arrival at Havana.

As the Spanish steamer " *Barcelona* " steamed slowly out of Kingston Harbour I had time once more to admire its almost matchless beauties—the noble range of green mountains, the rich plain, the brownroofed city half embowered in trees, and the blue land-locked lagoon with Port Royal at its entrance, and the ships of war each with the white English ensign stretched out upon the breeze.* The following afternoon saw us steaming apparently with the intention

* The writer does not think it needful to devote a chapter to Jamaica, as his visit was but a short one, and as, since the rebellion, so much has been written upon the subject. That the island is the most interesting and beautiful, as well as the most important of the British West Indian possessions, the writer has no doubt. The Creole white people appeared to him to be a well-looking and singularly courteous, well-mannered, and civilized race. A good deal of unrelieved distress appears to exist. There is no copper currency, and the smallest coin in circulation is the silver threepenny-piece. The shopkeepers succeeded in persuading the ignorant negroes to refuse copper, and the Executive caved in. The Church seems well-nigh dead. It is significant that the only church in Kingston where the smallest pains are taken to render the services attractive is branded as “Ritualistic.” The disestablishment of the Church will probably result in its awakening. The mulattos are very

good-looking, and have soft voices and agreeable manners. These people would always side with the whites.

173 of running straight into the midst of a long line of low rocks which lined the coast of Cuba, and behind which a long range of hills and mountains swelled up in the interior. A nearer approach, however, disclosed a narrow passage guarded by an old yellow-ruddled Moresco-looking fort, upon which the red and yellow flag of Spain was flying. After several windings amidst low scrub-covered hills, interpenetrated by little creeks of blue water, the passage widens out into a lagoon, at the upper end of which appears the city of Santiago de Cuba, now the second city, but formerly the capital of the island. A large Spanish frigate and two or three gun-boats lay off the town, and the latter were discharging troops and field-guns; but with this exception there was no stir whatsoever. The city looked like a city of the dead, scarce a person appeared on the shore, and all commerce was suspended. The reason of this was that the city was closely invested by the insurgents, who had advanced within about a mile of the gates. Although I carried a Spanish passport, for which I had paid eight shillings to the Spanish consul at Kingston, I was not allowed to go ashore; and although we remained four-and-twenty hours, the efforts of the English Vice-Consul in my behalf were not crowned with success.

Seen from the anchorage, the city of Santiago, or *Cuba* , as it is invariably called by the natives, presents a very handsome appearance. It is built on the slopes of a low hill, which runs back from the sea, the summit being occupied by the Cathedral and a huge raspberry-jam-coloured barracks. The environs are 174 clad with wood, amidst which appear haciendas and plots of cultivated ground, while above green hills rise, until they attain the elevation of mountains.

The day after leaving Santiago, we arrived early in the morning at Gibara. Here the captain, acting evidently under official instructions, opposed my going ashore, whereupon I told him he must use force to prevent me, on which he gave in, and politely took me ashore in his own boat. Gibara is a small town of some two thousand inhabitants, upon

a pretty bay. The opposite shores are well wooded, and beyond are some finely-shaped craggy hills, of which the shape of one resembles that of the Salisbury Crags. The church of Gibara stands in the midst of a small square; it is a debased building, painted bright yellow, picked out with white, with doors and domes of a bright red.

The hill-slopes behind the town, as well as the town itself, were all divested of trees, which had been cut down to form a hastily-constructed fortification around the town. Two extemporized forts crowned the slopes, mounting two or three guns, and flying the Spanish flag. Every street, moreover, was blocked by carefully-made barricades, pierced for musketry. All trade was suspended, the shops were shut, and the streets were full of soldiers and involuntary volunteers, the latter distinguished by a red cockade. A corvette, the “ *Blasco de Garay* ,” lay in the bay, and, the previous day, had sent thirty shots into a house tenanted by some of the insurgent party. The rebels now lay in force in the woody country behind the town, to the number, it was believed, of 2,000 men, 175 and an immediate attack upon the place was apprehended.

Our next stopping-place was the town of San Fernando de Nuevitas. Turning in from the sea we entered a sort of broad river between perfectly flat but rocky shores, densely covered with scrubby forest. In front appeared low escar-looking hills, which, rising above the trees in the evening haze, looked like the rounded hills which rise from the Bog of Allen. These hills turned out to be islands in a great lagoon or salt-water lake, into which the channel opens out.

As we threaded the shallows of this great expanse, which is called the “Bahia de Nuevitas,” the sun set red and lurid, and then “at one stride came the dark,” out of which, ere we cast anchor, glimmered the distant lights of San Fernando. Sunrise next morning displayed the great Bahia de Nuevitas to perfection. There is nothing tropical about the scenery, and were it not for the heat and its great size, I could almost have fancied myself on one of the “Broads” of my dear native county of Norfolk. As we rowed ashore, a distance of a mile, upon the unruffled surface of the lake, the sun leaped above the

horizon, and tinged the waters with every tint of gold and orange and pale blue, while its golden track was flecked here and there by the passage across it of great brown pelicans, or by the rising of some huge creature of the porpoise tribe. The town of San Fernando de Nuevitas is a wretched place. The streets are all unpaved, and full of baked yellow mud, which in wet weather must be impassable. The houses are all of one story, with lofty iron-barred 176 windows of true Spanish appearance. The people struck me as singularly handsome and noble-looking. The permanence of the Spanish type is remarkable. The Englishman degenerates into the ignoble Bim or changes into the drawn-out Yankee, but the Spaniard of Venezuela or Cuba is as true a Spaniard in appearance as is the Spaniard of Burgos or Toledo.

Nuevitas derives its importance from the fact of its being the port of the considerable inland town of Puerto Principe. We took on board a few wounded Spanish soldiers and several prisoners. Some of the latter were arrested on suspicion only, and had that morning been torn away from their families, and hurried on board without even a change of clothes. A young American lady was not even allowed by the Spanish commander to have a pair of shoes which she had ordered of a shoemaker in Puerto Principe. From Nuevitas the miserable " *Barcelona* " pursued her leisurely way along the flat coast of Cuba, which, upon the northern side, is everywhere lined with low cayos, so low as to be scarcely raised above the water. Unluckily we made the entrance of the Port of Havana after sunset, and were consequently compelled to cruise backwards and forwards in a rolling swell until the next morning. At daybreak the city was in sight, white as Algiers, and with the noble castle and lighthouse of El Morro (the Rock) guarding the entrance of the harbour. To one used to the lonely West Indian seas the throng of ships was a welcome sight, while the stately palaces and mansions, and the numerous church towers, recalled at once a Spanish city of the first class.

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An hour and a half elapsed before I was allowed to land, when, notwithstanding my Spanish passport, I was charged two dollars for permission to go ashore, and then a

further sum for permission to remain. On leaving I had to pay two or three dollars for permission to depart. It is thus that Spanish officials wring money out of strangers for the oppression of the native Cubans.

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CHAPTER XV. *HAVANA.*

Description of the City—The Cathedral—Tomb of Columbus—The University—Spanish Misrule—The Liberal Press—Tirco Vasquez.

The City of Havana, or Habana, as it is usually spelt by the inhabitants, is situated upon the western side of a magnificent harbour, which separates it from the forts of El Morro and Cavaña, and from the suburb of Regla, which is to Havana what Birkenhead is to Liverpool, or Gosport to Portsmouth. The harbour has a narrow entrance completely dominated by the guns of El Morro and of a fort upon the western or city side, but it rapidly widens out, and affords a splendid land-locked anchorage for ships of the largest burden. From some points of view it somewhat reminds one of the great harbour at Malta. The quays are spacious, and extend a long distance; but the amount of commerce is so great that numbers of ships have to lie out in the harbour and discharge into lighters. The city rises gently from the edge of the harbour to the ridge of a low hill, which was formerly crowned by bastioned fortifications. These, however, have either been removed, or are in course of removal, and a splendid boulevard has been formed upon their site, and outside this a new city has sprung up almost as large as the old one.

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The Cathedral in the lower town is a building of quaint debased architecture, but for the New World looks venerable. Inside, its size redeems it from ugliness, and its thick walls and small windows render it delightfully cool. The Coro is in the eastern limb, and does not extend westward, as is usual in Spain. The church is memorable as the resting-place of the great Columbus. He was buried near the high altar, and in the wall hard by there is a

bust and epitaph, apparently reproduced from an older one. The insciption under the bust runs thus:—

IO RESTOS E YMAGEN DEL GRANDE MIL SIGLOS DVRAD GVARDALOS EN LA YRNA YEN LA REMEMBRANZA DE NVESTRA NACION.

The other churches, save a handsome new one in course of construction, merit no attention, but some of the best have been desecrated and turned into warehouses. The clergy are universally accused of gross ignorance, and they are held in great contempt. Religion has done little or nothing to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, whom the priesthood have allowed to grow up without instruction in even the rudiments of the Christian faith. There are but two Bishoprics in the island, which is nearly as large as all England—the Metropolitan see of Santiago de Cuba, and the Provincial see of Havana. The clergy are poor, and paid by the State. Near the harbour is a pretty square, from whose centre rises a white marble statue of Don Ferdinand the Catholic; around are parterres of sweet flowers, some beautiful feathery cabbage-palms, and rows of bearded figs. This Plaza is overlooked by the Palace of the Captain-General. 180 A military band plays here every evening. The streets of the older part of the city are narrow, as they ought to be in a hot climate, but confusion is prevented by a regulation by which wheeled carriages are compelled to go up some streets and down others. All the streets are clean, well lighted with gas, and lined with handsome shops. The houses are all built in the old Spanish style, with lofty iron-grated windows, at which the women sit in the afternoon, and the patios, passages, and window-sills are lined with handsome *azulejo* tiles, which, with their bright-coloured Moresco patterns, are still imported largely from Spain. The roofs are flat, and people may be seen in the evening walking upon them and catching the sea-breeze, as in an eastern city. The houses are painted white or yellow, and are sometimes picked out with other bright colours. Altogether Havana has all the appearance of a rich and civilized southern European capital. The cafés are excellent, and wine, beer, and confectionery are sold in them, as well as coffee. At night they are crowded.

The cleanliness, cheerfulness, and attention of the waiters are worthy of all praise. The “Louvre” café, near the Theatre Tacon, is equal to any of the best in Paris or Naples.

The boulevard at the top of the town called the “Parque,” might be a bit of the Champs Elysées. It is beautifully laid out with parterres, statues, and seats, and is crowded in the evening when the band plays. Here the beautiful Cuban ladies come in their volantes in evening dress. The central ornament of this Parque was a statue of Queen Isabella, but early on the morning of my arrival, it was 181 removed by order of General Dulce, lest it should excite “re-actionist” sentiments. The inscription originally ran: “ *La Lealtad Española a Isabella Segunda;* ” but the three last words were chiselled off, so Spanish loyalty remained without an object.

The University of Havana is established in a suppressed Dominican convent. The professors' classrooms are convenient, and the building contains a small ill-arranged museum. At my first visit one of the rooms was turned into a *chapelle ardente* , and therein lay in state, in his academical dress, the body of a dead professor. The students are a fine, gentlemanlike set of young men. Almost to a man they are zealous *Cubans* , and devoted heart and soul to the cause of the insurrection. Finding I had been at Gibara and Nuevitas, I was compelled over and over again to recount what I had seen, and what I said was immediately translated by one or two of the number to a ring of some one hundred and fifty exultant and vociferating students.

One day during my stay, the newly-appointed rector was first hooted and then barred out. This, indeed, was but a reflection of the general political excitement which prevailed in Havana. Wishing all success and prosperity to Spain proper, all I saw and heard compelled me, at the same time, to have a thorough sympathy with the native Cubans, and to hope that they may be successful in achieving their independence.

There is no doubt that Cuba has been both oppressed and insulted by the mother-country. Yearly she has been forced to pay an enormous revenue to Spain, and in

return has seen her sons 182 scrupulously excluded from any share in the Government, or any participation in civil employment. Even when Cuba was nominally admitted to the rank of a Spanish Province, a restricted franchise alone was given to the creole inhabitants. The captain-generals and other high officials come out, not to administer equal justice, but to support a system of gross favouritism; they come to make money and they make it. The material wants of the Island, such, for instance, as roads and bridges, are grossly neglected: and education is discouraged as well by the ignorant clergy as by the Spanish officials. The insurrection had long been planned; it burst forth before the time intended, partly from local events, and partly from the snapping of the remaining ties of loyalty, consequent upon the Revolution in Spain. Once begun, the insurrection at once assumed formidable dimensions, and enlisted the sympathies of the noblest, richest, and most enlightened, as well as of the most ignorant Cubans. One of its chief leaders is a nobleman of ancient lineage and great wealth; another, Carlo Immanuel Cespide, a most distinguished lawyer. By the middle of February, 1869, almost the whole of the inland districts of the island was in the hands of the insurrectionists, the Spanish Government only holding Havana and the other maritime towns.

The liberal measures which were promulgated, upon his arrival in January, by General Dulce, came too late, and only had effect in fanning the flame of insurrection. The press, for example, was declared free; and for the first month scarcely a day elapsed which was not marked by the appearance of a new 183 journal, all of which were devoted to the cause of liberty, and, howsoever ephemeral, were the means of fomenting the general discontent. *La Verdad, El Machete, La Colobra, La Franca, La Ideal Liberal, La Cotorra, Amigo del Pueblo, El Estudiente Republican, Las Bijaritas* , and *La Pica-Pica* , are but some of the newspapers which were brought out in the first and last month of a free press in Havana. Talking to me, and that often in the public promenades and cafés, the young Cubans never in the slightest degree concealed their sentiments, but, on the contrary. seemed to delight in expressing them without reserve. Night after night, also, young ladies

might be seen walking in the Parque with the tricoloured revolutionary ribbons streaming down amidst their beautiful black hair.

The extreme arrogance and imprudence of the Spanish soldiers and volunteers had great effect in exacerbating the liberals of Havana. A proto-martyr was wanted, and a Spanish officer was obliging enough to supply one by running a young Cuban gentleman, named Tirco Vasquez, through the body, after attempting to push him off the pavement into the street. The funeral of the murdered youth, as handsome and noble-looking a young man as could well be found, was, of course, made the occasion of a political demonstration. The volunteer corps, composed of the flower of the *Spanish* youth in Havana, certainly present a fine and soldierlike appearance in their neat uniforms of lilac and red, with Panama hats. But their arrogance knew no bounds. Unoffending citizens and unprotected ladies were shot down in the 184 theatres, cafés, and streets, and deputations went from time to time to the Captain-General, demanding the execution of the rebel prisoners, without trial. One American citizen was murdered in the street, and the “Great Republic” made scarcely a sign of its intention to resent the outrage.

The original policy of the heads of the insurgent party seems to have been to establish an independent Republic, with religious toleration, and the gradual manumission of the slaves. The plan was that all infants thereafter to be born should be free, and that the utmost facilities should be given to enable the adults to free themselves. This seems to be a wise and humane scheme, and far better for the slaves themselves than a sudden and violent change, which would deprive a vast population of the means of subsistence. Whether the Cuban rebellion be successful or not, this self-denying and Christian policy of its leaders should never be forgotten, and should win for them the sympathy and respect of all lovers of freedom throughout the world. Should the Americans, taking advantage of the troubled state of the island, annex or purchase Cuba, and so bring the Cuban creoles under the yoke of the United States, it would be one of the basest acts in all history. It is for *freedom* and for *independence* that the Cubans have fought so bravely, and have made such vast sacrifices, and not to fall under a foreign power. “If we cannot bear the

yoke of the Spaniards, who, after all, are our own flesh and blood," said a Cuban patriot, "is it likely we can bear to fall under the yoke of those who differ from us in religion, in blood, and in every mode of feeling?"

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CHAPTER XVI. *HAVANA*

Environs of the City—Characteristics of the Creole Inhabitants—Lottery—Volantes.

The environs of Havana can in no sense be described as picturesque. The principal roads leading out of the city are bordered by trees, but these are at present too young to be very ornamental. The principal road leads out to a strong fort, the Castillo del Principe, which crowns a low hill, at whose base are the summer villa of the Capitan-General and the Botanical Gardens. Here is a fine collection of palms, and an avenue of cabbage-palms of singular beauty. The smooth stems and outspreading feathery capitals of these noble trees form a solemn aisle, which instantly reminded me of the great hall of the Temple of Karnac, to which, if the term may be so applied, it bears a strong *architectural* resemblance. Some two miles from Havana is the suburb of Cerro, whose long dazzlingly white lines of one-storied Doric-pillared houses are the residences of some of the chief merchants of the city. Cerro and other suburban resorts are reached by well-appointed cars, drawn by horses upon tramways in the American fashion.

There is scarcely anything in the neighbourhood 186 of the city, except an occasional palm, to remind one of the tropics. The low rounded hills and ridges are chiefly under cultivation, and the country has a parched-up appearance far from pleasing. Matangas, the third city of the island, is reached by two lines of railroad, and the railway-system is being extended to other parts of the island. Crossing the harbour and the ridge between the fortresses of El Morro and Cavaña a lonely seashore is reached, which is partly lined by an ancient raised reef of coral rock. Upon this beach a profusion of beautiful sea-fans, corals, corallines, and sponges can be found, and the scrubby ground above abounds

with a very pretty land-shell. Fish of extraordinary brilliancy of colour abound, and the fish-market, with its counters of bright *azulejo* tiles, is one of the most attractive sights of the city.

The Creole people of Havana, both men and women, are singularly handsome. The latter dress with great taste, and it is common to see their magnificent black hair streaming down far below the waist. The weak point in both sexes is their teeth, which, as in the Southern United States, are seldom good. In manner, to the noble courtesy of Spain the people add something of Italian grace, and tenderness. The number of bookshops testifies to the existence of a considerable taste for literature. The Cuban gentlemen, indeed, are well educated, and an extraordinary number can speak English.

Gay, versatile, polite, and fond of society, the Cubans are extremely temperate. During a month's residence in Havana the only drunken men I saw were Englishmen and Americans. For amusements 187 there is the superb Tacon Theatre, which claims to be the finest in the New World, and two others of smaller pretensions. Music is much studied. There are two *Plazas de Toros* , but these are not frequented by the Creole Cubans, bull-fighting being looked on as a *Spanish* , and consequently as a barbarous, diversion. After the bull-fights of Spain those of Havana are but poor and small affairs, though the bulls themselves are fine and ferocious. Ponce is the great *Torero* of Havana. The poorer classes are much addicted to cock-fighting. After all, *the* all-engrossing amusement of the Cubans is the monthly lottery, by means of which the Government demoralizes the whole population, and nets, it is said, 100,000 dols. per month. In this shameful traffic the “Catholic” Spaniards rival the Government of the Holy Father at Rome. The numbers are divided into twenty parts, one of which costs a dollar.

That the slaves of Cuba are in the main well treated by their owners there is no reason to doubt. Their value is so great that there it would not pay to maltreat or neglect them. And so, like prize sheep or fatting hogs, they are well and abundantly fed. It is said, however, that on some plantations they are overtasked, but this I believe to be the exception and

not the rule. Education, secular or religious, and mental culture they have none; and in consequence, it would be hard, out of the Southern United States, to find a more degraded and repulsive-looking set of people. They scarcely appear to belong to the same race with the cheerful and often good-looking negroes of the rising generation of the 188 British West Indies; who testify by their very appearance to the success of emancipation. It seems curious in this century, and amidst the civilization of a capital, to read in the daily papers the advertisements relating to the sale and exchange of slaves. One person offers to give his coachman in exchange for a good washerwoman. Many slave-women are advertised as being respectively " *sana," "robusta," "de buena presentia,* " and " *de muy buena moralidad.* " Under the head of "Lost," slaves are described by their marks, and immediately following come the advertisements relating to "Animales," viz. lost mules and dogs. It is delightful to think that slavery is doomed in Cuba, and that if the rebellion is successful it will be extirpated within a few years.

Of course the main manufacture at Havana is that of cigars and cigarillos. The best tobacco is that grown in winter when the climate is drier than it is in summer. Cigarillos are consumed in vast quantities: in one manufactory the visitor puts his name down in a book on entering, and, on his departure, is presented with a packet neatly done up in a case, with his name printed upon it in gold letters. Some of the cigarette cases are prettily got up, with coloured pictures on the outside, or photographic portraits of favourite actresses.

During my stay in Havana the city was constantly enlivened by the arrival and departure of regular troops, and the parading and drilling of the volunteers; and the streets were constantly resounding with the spirited strains of the " *Inno del Riego* ," which seems to have been adopted as the national air of Spain. 189 Another pretty sight was the strings of horses and superb mules which every day are led down by black slaves to be washed in the sea, near the mouth of the harbour. A string of thirty or forty of these animals are sometimes taken into deep water by a single slave seated on the foremost horse, and

made to swim about for a considerable time, the blue waves often breaking over their backs.

The most uncommon feature in a street view in Havana, is the peculiar carriage called a Volante, so clear to the ladies of Cuba. It is a long black conveyance, something like half a gondola on wheels. A single horse is attached at a long distance from the carriage, and this horse is led by a gaily liveried negro, who rides another horse a little ahead. A single volante in motion is thus quite a little procession in itself. The negro postilion wears an enormous pair of jackboots, with silver spurs, and his coat has an edging decorated with the embroidered armorial bearings of his master, executed in the same way as the similar ornaments of the servants of the Roman Cardinals. Living I found to be rather expensive, but good. I did not find the slightest difficulty in obtaining a bedroom to myself. One peculiarity I noticed was, that at table the wing-feathers of tiny birds were placed in wine-glasses to serve as toothpicks.

Notwithstanding the rapid changes of temperature I have no doubt that the climate of Havana in the winter season is very healthy. It is, in fact, a favourite winter residence for New Yorkers who have delicate chests. Although, at times, the north wind is severe, 190 the air is always delightfully dry. Ordinarily the ladies drive and sit out at night in low evening dresses, and with heads uncovered, or simply veiled with a mantilla. For brightness and cheerfulness Havana stands alone in the West Indies, and presents a wonderful contrast when compared with the dingy and filthy cities on the neighbouring shores of the United States. I left it with regret on the 23rd of January, in the magnificent steamship “ *Saxonia* ,” of the Hamburg and New Orleans line. I had the greatest difficulty in getting my traps on board, as cabs were scarcely to be had in consequence of the fighting which was going on that day between the troops and people. The last I saw of Cuba was the lurid glare of some great fire, near the western extremity of the island—no inapt type of the fiery passions engendered in the breasts of the people by the oppression of their Spanish masters, and now bursting forth in insurrection and civil war.

CHAPTER XVII. *NEW ORLEANS.*

“Portuguese Men-of-war”—Mouth of the Mississippi—Northern Officers—Position of New Orleans—Streets and Architecture—Episcopal Churches—Jesuit Church—Reticence of the People—The Levees—The Legislature of Louisiana—Negro Supremacy.

It was with no small emotion that On the afternoon of January 26, I beheld the long, low line of mud which I knew must appertain to the great Republic, which is at once the greatest, and (with all her faults) the noblest of the daughters of dear old England. But surely no country, not even mysterious and historic Egypt, reveals itself to the traveller's eyes in a less impressive way than that wherein the United States first showed itself to the eyes of the passengers of the superb “ *Saxonia* ,” Hamburg and New Orleans Packet. For two days after leaving Havana, we had sailed over the dark purple waters of the Gulf of Mexico, amidst multitudinous fleets of myriads of “Portuguese men-of-war,” which scudded before the wind, each with its purple tresses plunged in the sea and its windbag of pink and purple set before the wind, until they passed away in the glory of iridescence. But the third day, these beautiful creatures were seen no more; the water became turbid and muddy; floating timber was spread 192 around in every direction, and everything showed that we were nearing the mouth of the great Mississippi, “the Father of Waters.” Having taken a pilot on board, we reached the bar about an hour before sunset. It is a horrible place enough. The turbid stream rushes with great violence through a narrow and shallow channel between low mud-banks, some of which are bristled over with a salt and stunted brushwood. Often large ships are unable to pass up for days together.

A mile or two from the bar is Pilotville, a wretched village of wooden houses stranded upon the mud. As we ascended, swampy woods appeared on either side the turbid, timber-encumbered stream, and here and there a wrecked Federal or Confederate steamer was pointed out, still lying stranded upon the mud, in ghastly memorial of the cruel strife that so lately has devastated “the sunny south.” We lay to during part of the night, but at dawn

were in motion and in sight of New Orleans. At 7 A.M. we were at anchor against a wharf. It was eleven o'clock, however, before any one was allowed to land, the custom-house officers not putting in an appearance till near that hour. Such uncivil brutes as these men proved themselves, I never saw in any country. They deliberately threw linen out upon the wet decks, and vented alternate volleys of saliva and bad language. “ *Northerners, you bet* ,” was the comment of an indignant New Orleans gentleman who watched their proceedings. And Northerners they were; employés, not of the State of Louisiana, but of the United States.

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Landing at length I got into a rickety buggy, and was charged two dollars and a half for the conveyance of myself, two small bags, and a portmanteau, to my hotel, a distance of about a mile and a quarter. Appealing to a policeman in a wideawake, who was sucking a straw, as he leaned against the hotel wall, that functionary ejaculated, “Reckon driver knows, I don't,” and then re-applied himself to his straw. Appealing to the hotel clerk, I was told it was very cheap. I finally paid a dollar and a half. All this I afterwards found was highly characteristic of the country and people. After Havana, with its bright sun, and clean streets, and cheerful promenades, New Orleans seemed a dingy and dreary place enough. The sky was leaden, a blackish fog hung over the city and river, and the whole place reeked with damp and smelt of mud.

Many weeks' residence did little towards modifying this, my first unfavourable impression of “the Crescent City.” In fact, New Orleans, although a large, is very far from being a fine city. Built on a bend of the Mississippi (hence its name “the *Crescent* City”), at the distance of about 130 miles from the bar, New Orleans has long since overflowed the bend, and now stretches for some five miles along the banks of the river, which forms its northern boundary. The river itself is considerably higher than the town, and is only kept out by banks, here termed *Levees.* As it is, a considerable quantity of water percolates through the banks, and runs in filthy green open gutters through the streets, and so into the festering swamp which lies between the city and Lake Ponchartrain, three miles 13

194 distant. After the prevalence of certain winds this lake has a disagreeable way of backing up and inundating the city, and in time of flood there is danger of the Mississippi forming a breach and pouring down into it.

The city, therefore, is continually in danger, by being between two waters, which is perhaps a degree worse than being between two fires. It is built upon mud, and, for I don't know how many swampy leagues, there is nothing but mud—mud black and deep, mud without the admixture of even the tiniest stones or smallest fragment of gravel. Only a few of the central streets of the city are paved, the rest are simply deep quagmires, with or without a central railroad track, as the case may be. The mud in these streets is such that I constantly saw carts and waggons abandoned, although drawn by powerful horses and mules; and I and the other passengers had, one day, to turn out of a street omnibus, and entirely unload a wood-dray, which had become hopelessly embogged in front of us. The gutters have steep perpendicular sides, and are crossed at street corners by small bridges, consisting of single stones, and allowing two persons at the most to cross at a time.

I had previously supposed that Tunis was the muddiest city in the universe, but Tunis can no more compete with New Orleans in the matter of mire than it can with Cairo in point of beauty. Speaking generally, New Orleans bears a strong resemblance to some of the worst parts of Liverpool near the docks. The street architecture is deplorably mean; but, to speak correctly, and excepting only the old French buildings 195 in Jackson Square, *architecture* has scarcely been introduced at all. The unfinished Custom-House is a deplorable building. It is built of a sad grey granite, has some fluted columns with heavy Egyptian capitals, and all its windows are stuffed up with timber. It is intended to erect another story, but before that is put on, the basement will probably have sunk down into the mud. Inside, however, there is a handsome (unfinished) hall.

The principal street is Canal Street, which runs in a straight line from the levee far out into the swamps behind, and may be said to divide the city into two pretty equal parts. This

street begins mean enough, picks up a little near the Custom-House, becomes tolerably handsome near the statue of Henry Clay, drops off below Christ Church, degenerates rapidly at Rampart Street, and becomes more and more beggarly, until it runs out into a foul, malarious swamp, and ends appropriately enough at a knot of cemeteries of Christians and Jews. The cemeteries, or “rests,” are full of tasteless whited sepulchres and cypresses, amongst which the members of the different firemen's companies have common tombs. Beyond again, across a canal connecting with the lake, is the Metairie Racecourse and another. Here many fine horses are kept and trained, but the Magnolia Race-course, near Mobile, is preferred. The course is composed of hardened mud. A few days after my arrival there was a tremendous rain, when a great part of the city was inundated, many car-routes rendered impassable, and numbers of houses filled with water. 1 saw a baker delivering bread all down a street in a boat.

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The prettiest spot in New Orleans is Jackson Square, so called from a bronze equestrian statue of General Jackson, which, defended by an apple-green railing, rampages in the midst. When the Northerners took New Orleans they, with exquisite taste, cut twice upon the granite pedestal of this statue,—àpropos to nothing that was said or done by General Jackson—“ *The Union must and shall be preserved.* ” Overlooking this square, which is laid out as a garden with formal parterres and seats, is the French Cathedral of St. Louis and two Court-Houses, built in the old French style. These three buildings have a certain old-world picturesqueness of their own, and, considering where they are, look quite venerable. At all events, they put to shame the flimsy buildings of iron and compo, which is the present fashion. The Cathedral, which has three blue-slated spires, was occupied as head-quarters during the siege in the late war. Inside it has nothing but its size to recommend it. It is crowded on Sundays, and mariners of almost all nations may be seen amongst the worshippers.

The other churches and meeting-houses in the city merit no attention, save perhaps the German Catholic Church of St. Mary, which has a picturesque bell-tower. The Episcopal

Churches are very plutocratic and proper, with snug lounging pews and carpeted floors. Poor folks are evidently not “expected to attend.” There is no attempt at “ritual.” The bare, uncovered altars on “non-Communion” Sundays disgusted me not a little. There is but one “free and open” Church, that of the Annunciation. There was another, which, under 197 a son of Bishop Hopkins, was a great success. A gentleman of the low and slow school succeeding as Rector, the old order was changed, and the new comer characteristically reverted to pew-rents, and the sale of the Word and Sacraments. Perhaps the most impudent architectural sham in the city is the pretentious new Church of the Jesuits, built almost entirely of iron, coloured to represent stone. It is filled, as usual, with lock-up iron pews. People who, justly mourning over the desecration of our own Cathedrals into concert-rooms, go on to imagine that such scandals are unknown in the Roman Church, will do well to ponder the following advertisement, which appeared in the *New Orleans Times* of March 6, 1869:—

“NOTICE.

“The Pew-holders Of The Jesuits' Church are respectfully informed that they can have the privilege of retaining their PEWS for the Concert to be given on the 19th instant, by applying to the Sexton of the Church before WEDNESDAY, the 10th inst.; after that date the Committee of Arrangements will dispose of them.

“Tickets for the Concert 2 dols. each.

“Single Pews estimated four seats.

“Double Pews estimated eight seats.”

There are several handsome synagogues; in that of the Portuguese Jews the chief Rabbi is a magnificent fellow, with the beard and manner of a prophet. It was a fine sight to see him stand with outstretched arms and enunciate the grand old benediction of the chosen people.

One of the things which at first astonished me most was the extreme reticence of the people. For the first twenty-one breakfasts, twenty-one dinners, 198 twenty-one teas of my visit, I was addressed by no one. At length, however, one evening in the public room, a gentleman suddenly turned round and broke silence, by asking, “whether I bore a wooden leg?” On my replying in the negative, he told me that *he* had a wooden leg, and “thought that probably I had one too,” and then relapsed into silence. This question, strange as it seemed at first, only bore witness to the melancholy prevalence of wooden legs throughout the Southern States, a consequence of the terrible struggle in which almost every able-bodied man and youth took a gallant part. On another occasion, in a street-car, a gentleman, who had been turning his pockets inside out, with the manner of a man only one step removed from desperation, suddenly exclaimed, “ *Say* , got any plugging tobacco?” I was sorry I could not accommodate him. If, however, you break the ice by speaking first, you find the person addressed, after the first start of surprise, very frank and communicative. The small amount of conversation in a crowded dinner-room is perfectly amazing. Now and then you hear a “Wa'al, Colonel!” or a “How is your health, Gen'ral?” but, as a rule, a deep and heavy silence prevails, and people eat on, as if their lives depended upon the amount they could stow away within a given period. The general gravity, too, is amazing. Men wear, an air as if some heavy misfortune was brooding over them, and a hearty laugh is of the rarest possible occurrence. Americans are not without a kind of dry wit, but it is *very* dry, and generally strongly tinged with blasphemy. In fact, for horrible oaths and for cold, calculating blasphemy, 199 I do not believe the “God-fearing” American people, as English authors term them, have their equals on the face of the earth. And to the Celto-Popish taste for profane oaths they add the Anglo-Puritan *penchant* for swindling and roguery.

A “smart” man, one of the national idols, is commonly a swindler. A type of these “ *smart* ” men is one Colonel Ames, owner of the Crescent City Museum, who, while she was absent from New Orleans, advertised daily, as upon exhibition, a two-headed negro girl, who “spoke with both heads at the same time.” “Editorials” in the principal New Orleans

newspaper, during this accomplished young lady's absence, repeatedly expressed the delight the editor had felt the previous day in contemplating her. Every one to whom I pointed out the slight discrepancy declared it to be all right, as the editor was well paid for inserting what he knew to be a lie. So Barnum relates, in his amusing autobiography, that when he advertised a wild buffalo hunt, and then drove a few wretched calves out before the vast audience which had assembled, the latter, finding themselves “sold,” cheered him vociferously. He was a “smart” man, and, therefore, worthy of public honour.

The finest sight in New Orleans is the levees, or banks of the Mississippi, and especially that part of them where the great river-steamers lie, in very truth “like leviathans afloat.” These floating towns, which sometimes rise five stories from the water, resemble, in some degree, ancient mediæval pictures of Noah's ark. The lowest story, which is nearly level with the 200 water, is open at the sides, and is filled with cattle, wood for the engines, and merchandise of all sorts, amongst which works the naked machinery. Above are huge saloons, bar-rooms, barbers' shops, and ranges of cabins or “state-rooms,” all of which look out upon galleries which run round the vessel on each side. The boats are steered from a kind of tower in the centre, and each one has two vast chimneys, one on either side the cabin, and two smaller chimneys for the steam. Travelling for long distances is cheap. For instance, thirty dollars only is charged for the passage, including board, from New Orleans to St. Louis, a distance of more than a thousand miles, and as the voyage lasts more than a week, the sum paid is less than that which is charged for boarding for the same time at an hotel.

From the levees streets run in tolerably straight lines as far as the swamps inland, and bear the same name throughout; the transverse streets parallel with the river changing their names at Canal Street. Since the war, when the State buildings were destroyed, the Legislature has forsaken the small town of Baton Rouge, the State Capital of the province of Louisiana, and now meets in New Orleans. The Legislative Body sits in the ground story of a gutted bank, and the Senate in a room which is only approachable through the “strangers' gallery” of the former. The Legislature of Louisiana is, indeed, a sad and

a humiliating spectacle. About half of the members are negroes, and negroes of such a low and degraded type that it would be hard, after long research, to find their like in any island of the British or French West Indies. Themselves formerly plantation slaves, they now 201 make laws for, and rule over, their former masters and the whole of the white community. Each member of this precious Legislature is paid at the rate of 9 dols. or 10 dols. a day; and it is universally asserted that, in addition to this, they make large sums by taking bribes for passing this or that job through the House. Every member has appropriated to him a desk and a spittoon. The latter is a most needful utensil, seeing that every member is perpetually either chewing or smoking. One gentleman I observed “calculating his distance” and cleverly ejecting his superfluous tobacco-juice into the spittoon of his honourable friend on the left. But, generally speaking, the floor is the favourite spot for this operation, and its filthiness is consequently indescribable. The principal use of the desks is to afford a resting-place for the feet; and during my first visit to this august assembly, four gentlemen (white) had their feet up at once, while one of them was picking his teeth and brandishing his toothpick with all the adroitness of a practised swordsman. It is quite common to see from five to ten members on their feet at once, all bawling out at once to catch the Speaker's attention. One day a negro gentleman kept on shouting “Mis'r Chairman,” at regular intervals like minute-guns, for a full half hour, while two other gentlemen were addressing the House one after another. There is more rapping with a hammer than at an auction, but nobody ever seems to mind.

The galleries above are warm and stifling, and are consequently generally filled with filthy ragged niggers, who come there to smoke, chew, and go to 202 sleep. One day a nigger legislator got up in great wrath, and called the Speaker's attention to the fact that a black gen'lem in the gallery had just spat down upon his head! The noise and confusion baffles description. The legislators keep up a loud humming conversation amongst themselves, and constantly interrupt the member who is addressing the House with gross personalities. Under the Speaker's chair sit four clerks, and under them is a row of chairs occupied by coloured boys who act as messengers. I one day saw three of these urchins set upon

a companion in the middle of a speech, and tickle him till he fell off his chair upon the beslavered floor.

But though the spectacle of this degraded Legislature has its comic aspect, it may, nevertheless, awaken solemn thought. In those black and coloured legislators legislating in behalf of, and ofttimes against the white people who, erewhile, held them in subjection, one can scarcely fail to trace an example of the working out of the inexorable law, " *be sure your sin will find you out.* " There it stands, the Nemesis of the crime of slavery,—the black people who, but a few years since, were bought and sold like beasts of burden, now making laws for those who were, erewhile, their buyers, their sellers, and their oppressors! The negroes were kept in brutish ignorance, now brutish ignorance rules the education and the intelligence of the country.

It is a great mistake to suppose that slavery ceased with the end of the war; slavery *exists* , but its subjects are changed. At present the blacks are the masters, and the whites are compelled to obey their 203 black "bosses." While, however, one recognizes the remarkable way in which the punishment tallies with the crime, it is impossible to help pitying the degradation of a brave and intelligent people, and, at the same time, detesting the matchless hypocrisy and tyranny of the Northern States, which have imposed the present regime upon Louisiana and the South generally. The Northerners hate and despise the negroes, and that not as slaves, or as ex-slaves, but because they are Africans and black: they expose them to every kind of social indignity, they ridicule their best efforts to raise and improve themselves, and, till it was no longer possible to refuse, they denied them admittance to their State Legislatures; and yet, in the South, where they preponderate in number, they not only give the negroes an unqualified franchise, but they admit them to the Legislature and Senate, and to some of the highest offices of the State, such even as that of Lieutenant-Governor. This is Northern generosity; this is Northern justice; this is the tyranny of the strong over the weak, which self-styled *liberal* politicians in England are not ashamed to hold up for the admiration of Englishmen!

CHAPTER XVIII. *NEW ORLEANS.*

Street-Cars—Paper Currency—Barracks—United States' Soldiers—Military Cemetery—Mardi Gras—“Mistick Krewe of Comus”—Firemen's Festival.

New Orleans, like most other American cities, has an admirable system of street-cars or omnibusses. Starting from Canal Street, one can go a couple of miles at least in almost any direction for five cents, and for five more can go by corresponding lines of cars two or three miles further into the suburbs and country. The cars are clean, roomy carriages, drawn by one powerful mule, which is driven by a driver who stands outside. On entering one puts the fare into a small box at the end, when the driver pulls a little hook and it falls into a receptacle beneath. If change is required, the driver is bound to give the full amount without deduction of the fare, which, in all cases, is put into the box by the passenger. To facilitate giving change, tickets worth five cents each are given, which are current for that amount in the city. These tickets are more portable and more durable than the notes of the wretched United States' paper currency, which is a perfect disgrace to the nation. The notes are respectively worth ten, twenty-five, 205 and fifty cents, one, two, five, ten, and fifty dollars, and upwards. Meanly printed, with the ugly faces of official underlings upon them as well as that of the President, they are always getting torn, and, if their possessor gets wet through, they become a mere mass of pulp in his pocket. If kept loose, they wind themselves round one's keys and other objects, and they have a tendency to work out of themselves. California and Texas are wise to refuse this wretched apology for a currency, though it is hard to see how they are permitted to do so.

One of the most curious sights in New Orleans is at a place known as the Stock Landing, on the out-skirts of the city ascending the river. Here the wild Texan oxen are landed and driven into enclosures close to the water's edge. Driving them to the shambles is effected by consummate riders mounted on trained horses, and armed with long whips and lassos. If the oxen refuse the persuasion of the former instrument, they are dragged

to execution by the latter. But this is often no easy matter, and the most exciting and dangerous struggles are of daily occurrence, and escapes and pursuits often take place along a full mile of road. As a display of human supremacy over the brute creation, these scenes are as exciting and almost as dangerous as a Spanish bull-fight, without the cold-blooded cruelty of the latter. The mules which are landed are generally of immense size, as large as horses. They are the produce of the mule farms of Indiana, and especially of Kentucky.

Hard by the Mississppi, at the two extremities of 206 the suburbs of New Orleans, *i.e.* at Jacksonville below, and Greenville above the city, are the two United States' barracks. These were occupied during my visit by some Horse Artillery and the First Regiment of Infantry. Both barracks are extremely comfortable and well kept, and the men's rooms are airy, and well ventilated, and entirely without that peculiar barrack-room smell which is universal in England and France. But the situation in both cases is terribly pestilential in summer, when the soldiers die in great numbers from yellow fever. In Greenville barrack square, I picked up a *fish* , which had swum there in a late flood. The soldiers could not at all realize the idea of the English troops being marched up to Gun Hill in Barbados, or having barracks built for them in the mountains of Jamaica for mere sanitary reasons. The grey-blue pants and dark-blue jackets of the U. S. line regiments form a sufficiently soldier-like uniform, but the men universally complained of the cloth, and especially of the wretched quality of their boots.

These complaints reminded me of the speech of a Yankee I met in Egypt. Alluding to the numbers of his countrymen who were “travelling around,” he said to me: “Do you know who we are? Why, we've all of us sold rotten boots to the army department, and are now come out to spend the money! *I know I have.* ” The half-cocked infantry hat, with its plume of feathers, is fantastic rather than soldierly. The artillery-men at Greenville showed me the new Gatling field-gun. It is an adaptation of the revolver principle to artillery. Six barrels are turned by a 207 handle, and discharge about one hundred and sixty inch-shots per minute.* Many of the First Infantry are Germans, and some are unable to speak more than

a few words of English. I saw prisoners belonging to the artillery going about, and at work with a heavy cannon-ball attached by an iron chain to their legs. This was for drunkenness, a common vice, although, as usual, no canteen is allowed in the barracks.

* I afterwards saw at Colt's Arm Factory at Hartford, Connecticut, a similar gun with *twelve* barrels.

About a mile below Jacksonville barracks, and hard-by the river bank, is the great military cemetery. Here lie between twelve thousand and thirteen thousand Northern soldiers, and about four hundred Confederates, slain at the siege of New Orleans, during the late war. The *negro* Northern soldiers are buried outside the enclosure, not being allowed even in death to mingle with those who so loudly profess to love them. As an indication of Southern feeling, the fact should be recorded that it is in contemplation to remove the bodies of the Confederate soldiers to another spot, their relatives deeming it a disgrace that they should lie amongst the Yankees.

Two miles inland from the city is a tract of land called the “City Park.” It is at present undrained and uncared for. Near the entrance are some fine “live” or evergreen oaks, and in fifty years it may be a pleasant place enough; now it is a mere wilderness.

One of the oddities of New Orleans is the using of tanned alligators' skins as signs for shoemakers' stores. The tanned skin of this reptile is likewise 208 used to make boots; it is said to be very durable, but has an unsightly appearance. Figures of Mr. Punch are disrespectfully used, in place of the conventional Highlander of England, to stand at the doors of tobacconists' shops; but in the west these are superseded by Indian warriors or squaws wearing feathered head-dresses.

There are two days in the year to which the people of New Orleans look forward with great anxiety, and observe with the utmost enthusiasm: these are Shrove Tuesday, or Mardi Gras, and Inauguration Day, March 4, which last, however, is not observed here as the

day of the inauguration of a new President, but rather as the anniversary of the parade of the volunteer fire companies of the city.

The daylight proceedings of Mardi Gras in the present year were confined to the continuous parading about the city of masquers of all ages and both sexes, to the delight of the mass of the citizens, who seemed to have turned out bodily to see them. The favourite characters which were assumed were Yankee carpet-baggers, different varieties of “Grecian Benders,” and enormous apes, which last certainly performed their parts to perfection. Some of these apes went about in waggons, whence they sprang upon the balconies of the houses, and one of them jumped upon a waggon laden with cotton-bales, and so terrified the negro driver by his sudden apparition, that he took to flight, whereupon the ape seized the reins and drove the mule-team some blocks before the driver recovered his senses. The display of masques was considered smaller than usual. “A sober-sided, quiet, but most 209 observant man,” whose observations were published in the “ *Crescent* ,” ascribed this falling-off to the fact that “every day now is Mardi Gras.” “‘See that girl,’ he said to the Editor, pointing to a young lady in sky-blue satin from head to foot, her skirts reaching only half-way down the calf, and her Grecian Bend protruding like a phenomenal elephantiasis from her rear; her body bent forward at an untold angle, and a huge pile of foreign hair upon her head, similar to the ‘chips’ of a buffalo on the Western prairie, ‘if that isn't equal to any Mardi Gras, I'll lose my head.’”

The innocent amusements of the day were marred and degraded by carriages being allowed to drive about filled with abandoned girls dressed up in men's clothes, with eyeglasses and false moustaches. At night a most curious and beautiful pageant was exhibited by the members of the “Mistick Krewe of Comus.” This is a secret organization peculiar to New Orleans, composed of gentlemen, who are said to number amongst their members some of the richest merchants and citizens of the Crescent City, and whose laudable object it is to give an annual entertainment to their fellow-citizens on the night of Mardi Gras in the shape of a grand allegorical procession. The names of the members are not known, and the place from which the procession will start is kept a profound secret

until the time of its moving has arrived. About eight o'clock the procession appeared, and after King Comus and his Krewe had made the customary visit to the Mayor at the City Hall, it proceeded through all the principal streets. Last year 14 210 the procession represented the progress of Lalla Rookh; on the present occasion it was an allegorical representation of the Five Senses. Long lines of negroes, bearing on their shoulders bars set with flaming cressets, passed slowly along the densely crowded streets, and kept the line of march, within which were a series of enormous cars drawn by horses and containing the masquers.

The first tableau represented the sense of “Seeing,” and the central figure was Phœbus, the God of Light, standing on a chariot drawn by the horses of the sun, and in front of him came two enormous eyes. Around and about were other personages representing precious stones, the rainbow, and various optical instruments. “Silver” bore upon his stomach, as a crest, a specie half-dollar—the rarest of all sights in the United States. In like manner “Hearing,” presided over by Orpheus, was typified by David with his harp, and figures dressed up as musical instruments, and by musicians of all nations; and “Taste,” presided over by Bacchus and Ceres, was represented by an enormous mouth, and by various vegetables and other articles of food. The dresses, if such they might be called, were all admirably got up, and were said to have been designed and made at Paris. But one could not help feeling for a performer who was compelled to suffocate for two or three hours inside a gigantic melon, nose, drum, or pine-apple. A great ball wound up the night's proceedings, which were really on an extremely grand scale, and got up entirely regardless of expense. It is curious that Mardi Gras should be observed in the new Republic with greater splendour 211 than in any essentially Roman Catholic country in the world.

The Firemen's Pageant and Festival, on March 4, was of an even more splendid character, and was said to be the finest of the kind that had ever taken place. The firemen of New Orleans are an entirely voluntary body of citizens, who enrol themselves in companies, each of which has its own fire-engine, engine-house, horses, uniform, and regalia. The

organization was regularly chartered in 1835, and an annual appropriation of upwards of 100,000 dollars is made to it by the city, on condition that the department shall have always ready for use fifteen steam- and five hand-engines, and four hook and ladder companies. The members are all volunteers, who give their inestimable services gratuitously, and, in addition, pay an entrance and annual subscription, which is expended in the purchase and repair of engines, the buying of horses and other needful matters, and, in addition, in the support of the Firemen's Charitable Association. The members of each company take their turns to watch at their own engine-house; and on the alarm of a fire being given by the striking of a bell, all the firemen in that division of the city at once betake themselves to the scene of action. The exact position of a fire is known by the number of strokes upon the alarm-bell. Each company has its own burial-ground, and members are expected to attend the funeral of a deceased associate.

The procession began about eleven o'clock, and was a really fine sight. It was commanded by a 212 grand marshal, with some thirty assistants, all on horseback. About six-and-twenty companies joined in the procession. Each company has a distinct uniform, and some of these are very handsome and becoming. The members of each company, of which some six-and-twenty appeared in force, march upon either side the street, keeping a space vacant in the centre, in which the beautifully constructed and brilliantly clean engine is drawn by from four to eight magnificent horses. In some instances a fine old horse, now exempt from duty in consideration of his past services, walks proudly along by himself, or is led behind the engine. These noble creatures, which are the pets of the firemen, bear such inscriptions as “Billy Ex,” or “Brown Dick Exempt.” Magnificent banners are likewise borne in the procession, inscribed with appropriate mottos, such as “Ready,” “Rough and Ready,” “Few but True,” “To the Rescue,” “Never Despair;” and silver trophies or gilded deer's horns won by the companies or their horses at trials of proficiency are displayed, along with various tasty devices, upon the engines. On the truck of the “Lafayette Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1,” were exhibited the gilded hoofs of their old horse “Jeff,” killed at a fire in '67. Each company was followed by carriages

containing disabled, and now honorary members; and behind one engine a kind of little bower had been fitted up, filled with little mites of girls in white muslin and blue ribbons, the daughters of some of the members. These dear little creatures were the prettiest objects in the show. The procession, which must have been more than a mile in length, paraded 213 all the principal thoroughfares of the city. All other business was suspended, and the streets, balconies, windows, and house-tops, on the line of march, were all densely packed with eager and enthusiastic spectators, of whom most must have numbered at least one fireman amongst their relatives and friends. The crowd was the most orderly and well-behaved I ever saw.

This volunteer fire-company system is said to be of extraordinary efficiency, and the wonderful frequency of fires is continually calling their services into requisition. I believe that in the North the firemen are not volunteers but paid officials. Of the *moral* advantages of this volunteer organization to the young men of New Orleans, with its enervating climate and many temptations, there can be no doubt, and it would be difficult to over-estimate them. One may wish we had a similar system amongst ourselves.

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CHAPTER XIX. *EDUCATION IN NEW ORLEANS.*

Schools—The High School—Religious Question—Sunday Schools—Coloured Schools.

The rising generation of New Orleans certainly enjoys very great educational advantages. The public schools of the city have, up to this time, been governed by a board of directors chosen by the City Council, and they are respectively designated as “High Schools,” “Grammar Schools,” and “Primary Schools.” At all these education is free, but there is a special tax for their support. The “Primary Schools” are for instruction in the rudiments of reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. “The Grammar Schools are for the instruction of children, between six and sixteen years of age, whose parents or guardians reside within the local school districts.” They contain four grades or departments known as the First

and Second Grammar and First and Second Primary Departments. During their course in these Grammar Schools, pupils pursue and complete their studies in arithmetic, grammar, and modern geography, become familiarized with the history of the United States, and are exercised weekly in dictation, 215 elocution, and original composition. A lad educated in one of these schools is considered fit to take his place in one of the business establishments of the city. The High Schools are for the education of *white* children over thirteen, who are competent to pass a certain preliminary examination, and to pursue the higher branches of knowledge taught therein. In the lower boys' schools almost all the classes are taught by women, who seem well able to preserve discipline and to make themselves obeyed. The hours are from 9 A.M. to 2.30 P.M., with half an hour's recess for lunch. The children of all classes of society attend. Books are supplied at a depository at a reduced price, and, in cases of necessity, free of cost. Formerly all books were supplied free, but the boys made footballs of them, and the practice was abandoned. There are no prizes given: merit-marks and periodical examinations supplying the needful stimulus. Absence for two days without a satisfactory written excuse is followed by expulsion, but this is of rare occurrence.

Formerly there were four High Schools for boys, answering to each of the four municipal districts; but these were reduced first to two, and now to a single one, which at the present time, February, 1869, contains only a little more than two hundred pupils. These are instructed in Greek, Latin, French, English Literature, Mathematics, and Natural Science. One day in the week is devoted to the reading of original compositions, and the boys elect one of their own number to criticise these performances in public. In addition they have the critical remarks of their 216 teachers. One peculiarity I noticed was that when a question was asked, such boys as knew the answer, not only held up their hands, but snapped their fingers, till one was selected to speak. The boys seemed well taught, and appeared diligent, attentive, bright, and full of enthusiasm. Every lad attending the High School is expected to study every subject which is taught; but, in certain cases, Greek is

not insisted on. This Dr. Bell, the Natural Science Professor, told me he considered to be a great mistake.

That such an education should be open freely to the whole of the (white) community, however poor, is a thing to rejoice over and to be thankful for. All denominations participate in the benefits of these schools, which are, of course, entirely secular. Opposition to the system has, at present, proceeded solely from the Roman Catholic body, who are, of course, strong in New Orleans. But they have not contented themselves with simply denouncing the city schools as “Godless,” but they have erected magnificent schools themselves, in which children receive a good education for one dollar a month, or, if they cannot afford that sum, *gratis.* Many Protestant children attend these Roman schools, and in that of St. Alphonsus, I saw the little swarthy nephew of Mr. J. P. Benjamin, the late Jew Secretary of the Confederation.

That the religious question is a great difficulty is undeniable. The Episcopalians, and some other bodies, try to make up for the want of religious instruction on week-days by Sunday schools, at which the children of all their members are expected 217 to attend. That this substitute is a poor one is certain, for, over and above the fundamental objection to making a festival a day of hard work to the young, the clergy do not (as in England) think it their bounden duty to attend, and the voluntary teachers are themselves very commonly extremely ill-informed upon religious subjects in general, and upon the tenets of their own Church in particular. One hour a week, moreover, can in no case be sufficient for teaching the barest outline of historical facts, or for explaining the articles of Christian belief.

All the schools above named are exclusively for white children. “Primary” and “Grammar” schools, however, for coloured children, were set on foot after the war, and from the opening period in October, 1867, up to March 31, 1868, no less than 4,477 coloured children of both sexes had been entered upon the registers of the schools. I visited three of these schools selected from the list at random. In one of them, a mixed school of boys and girls, many of whom were nearly twenty-one years of age, I found the rooms ill-

ventilated, over-crowded, and extremely dirty. The school was an old bar-room. Some of the children had the smallest possible admixture of colour. The pupils seemed anxious to learn, but the instruction did not appear to be satisfactory: the school apparatus was insufficient, and geography was taught without a map. The *National Geographical Series, No. 3* , was one of the class-books, and combined geography with astronomy and history. The following is a specimen of the truthfulness of this work:—

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Q. —“What is the state of the country and people of Ireland?”

Ans. —“The country is badly governed, and the people are much oppressed.”

In the second coloured school which I visited, a primary one, the boys were separated from the girls. The mistress, a delicate, pretty, coloured girl, told me she was obliged to use corporal punishment as the boys were so rough. The accommodation was wretched in the extreme. The third school I saw was a boys' school. The master was a truculent-looking old Irishman with a moist eye, and a manner suggestive of whisky. He held one boy up to public ridicule and abhorrence on the ground of his father's having been a Congo slave, and contrasted his behaviour with that of three “respectable” mulatto boys, whose fathers and grandfathers had been free. This educational light exhibited a hideous map of his own drawing, and complained bitterly that some government officials had surreptitiously measured and published it, thus “depriving him of his rights.” As, in his map, he had spelt the “Caribbee Islands” without the C, this did not seem probable.

It is most likely that the Legislature will fuse the white and coloured schools. However desirable this measure may be in the abstract, the country is not yet ripe for it. *Coloured* teachers assured me that *coloured* parents are many of them averse to the admixture of their children with white boys, and the white boys upon the introduction of negroes would either leave themselves or render the lives of their black brothers unbearable. The system of public 219 education of which the above is a sketch, is, it must be remembered,

confined to the city of New Orleans alone. Education in the country districts of Louisiana is said to be extremely deficient, and the widely scattered population will render improvement extremely difficult.

Boys are admitted to the High School from the Grammar Schools and Private Schools alike, upon their passing a certain examination, but the Private School pupils are rarely able to pass. As in England, stuck-up parents often prefer an inefficient but high-priced private “seminary” to the more efficient public institution which costs them nothing.

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CHAPTER XX. *MOBILE—ALABAMA.*

Lake Ponchartrain—City of Mobile—Oysters—Indians—Magnolia Forest—Lawlessness of the People—Frequent Murders—Failure of Justice.

One evening, late in February, I left New Orleans by the Ponchartrain Railway at 4 P.M., and at five o'clock embarked on the Steamer “ *Louise* ” upon the great Lake. The evening was cold but clear, and the sun, as is usual in a flat country, sank down in a blaze of crimson, gold, and purple, whose reflection painted the muddy waters of Lake Ponchartrain with the most exquisite tints of colour. Before midnight we were in a channel called the Rigolettes, and stopped for a few moments off Fort Pike. A great fire was raging in the forests behind the fort, which enabled us to see the fort, with every gun and sentry-box revealed as plain as by the light of day. These fires are caused by hunters, and at one time at least six were visible at once; some of them being a full mile in length. The effect of this in the dark still night was extremely fine. The shores of Lake Ponchartrain and the neighbouring islets are densely covered with forests, chiefly of pine and cypress, and abound with deer and other game. Next morning we were in the 221 Mississippi Sound, and had occasional glimpses of the open Gulf of Mexico, between low pine-covered islands, until at length we turned into the Bay of Mobile. Here, many miles below the bar of

the Alabama River, ships of large burden are obliged to lie, their cargoes being conveyed to them from the city in small steamers.

As we neared Mobile the stupendous works of the Confederates appeared on either side, consisting of piles, sunken ships, and even earthwork forts, supported on piling. The water was too low to admit of our taking the direct route, so we made a detour of three hours, passing far past and above the city, between reed-covered swamps, swarming with ducks and other sorts of wild-fowl, until we entered the Alabama river. Mobile, known as the “Gulf City,” is a place of some thirty thousand inhabitants, but its trade is at present in a depressed state, and the place has a wretched out-at-elbows appearance. It has one good building, the post-office, and one pretty square. This last is laid out in grass, and shaded by trees, and has in its centre a green mound, upon which stands a wooden stag of singularly life-like appearance. I was told it was the work of a self-taught German sculptor. Mobile Bay and the neighbouring shores abound with oysters. Men are perpetually employed upon the levee in opening them and putting them up in tin cases by hundreds for exportation. These oysters are of delicious flavour, and immensely large. They are quite commonly as long as a man's hand after they are taken out of the shell, and the proprietor of one establishment assured me he had them frequently as long as his foot.

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In the outskirts of the town there is a small settlement of Choctaw Indians. These poor people live in wigwams, or huts formed of bits of wood and the bark of trees, covered with rags and deerskins. These huts are very low, only admitting the inmates in a sitting posture, and they are open upon one side. In shape they somewhat resemble the tents of the poorest Algerine Arabs. A fire is made, and the cooking done outside. The huts are usually erected in the yard or paddock of some white man's house, and some of the families even inhabit wooden shanties. These Indians mostly speak a little English, and have adopted the European dress. As a rule they are not otherwise than handsome, being tall and athletic, with masses of straight black hair, full dark eyes, and a brown coppery

complexion. I was not prepared for the strong Tartar expression and shape of face which they exhibit. They live chiefly by cutting light wood, which is brought into the city and sold by the women, and some of them go hunting. Those I saw appeared to be extremely poor, and had a painfully listless air. Shameful to say, although living on the very outskirts of a great town, they have not yet been converted to Christianity; and if they were, they would probably not be admitted by the “genteel” congregations of Mobile to worship in their pewed-up churches and chapels.

The outskirts of Mobile, with its deep sandy soil and preponderance of pine-trees, bears a very striking likeness to the neighbourhood of Bournemouth; and at Spring Hill, about eight miles from the town, where there are a number of pretty and comfortable 223 gentlemen's seats among the woods, I could have fancied myself at Brockenhurst in the New Forest. Three or four miles from Mobile there is a bathing place upon the bay, and a little beyond is the Magnolia Racecourse. The course is circular, and surrounds a clearing in a pine-forest. There are several training stables here, some of which contain very fine horses. The stables are all of wood, and the stalls are upon the sand, which is covered with dried pine-leaves by way of litter.

Keeping along the shores of the bay beyond the racecourse, one soon finds oneself in a beautiful forest, extending down to the very water's edge, and consisting chiefly of pine, oak, chestnut, and giant magnolias. These last rival our largest forest-trees in size, and present a beautiful appearance with their huge brown trunks and masses of shining dark-green leaves. When covered with their white, fragrant, cup-shaped flowers, they must, on the score of beauty, be almost unrivalled in the vegetable world. The magnolias grow chiefly in sandy but wet soil, near the sea and on the brink of water-courses. The ground beneath the trees was gemmed with a tiny scarlet berry, and here and there grew tufts of dog-violets, so like our own, that none but a practised botanist could detect the difference. Animal life is scarce in these forests. The only remarkable bird I saw was the Red Bird,

with plumage of a fine rose-colour, and I met an old negro hunter, who, after half a day's labour, had only succeeded in bagging a couple of squirrels.

There is said to be agreeable private society in 224 Mobile. For public amusements the people have a tenth-rate theatre and a public gaming-hell in the main street. Besides these, “chicken differences,” or cock-fights, are common; and a great cocking match Was going on at the time of my visit between Mobile and the town of Selma. Amidst the wide-spread corruption of morals which prevails in the United States, it is considered indelicate to mention a cock or a bull in polite society; the one is a “chicken” or a “rooster,” and the other an “ox.” Yet, for all this, cock-and-bull stories are by no means uncommon! Mobile was most gallantly defended by the Confederates during the war, and extensive fortifications were thrown up entirely round the town, on the land side, in addition to the obstructions placed in the bay in the way of the Northern fleet.

Taken altogether, Mobile struck me as being one of the dismallest, dirtiest, and most depressed towns I had ever seen. The stores are mean, and the streets ill-lighted and filthily dirty. At night the latter are almost deserted, the reason, as I was assured, being the prevalence of garotters, and the frequency of murders and other deeds of violence. A great gambling-house in the main street seemed to be the only point of attraction. The frequency of deeds of bloodshed and violence seems to be a salient characteristic of the country, and the perpetrators are seldom convicted and punished. During the time I was in New Orleans a man, who had already murdered a negro, and was accused of other murders, shot a man dead in a bar-room. He was arrested, but was immediately bailed out, and it was currently 225 expected would never be called up again to answer for his crime. The newspapers, commenting upon the event, stated that the ruffian had committed three previous murders, upon which he inserted a communication couched in the tone of injured innocence, and saying he was an ill-used man in having such injurious charges made against him; he had not committed *three* , but only *one* murder in former times. I was in company with a young man from Texas, who stated that, in the space of a year and a half, in a city no bigger than an English village, he had seen with his own eyes five

deliberate murders. The victims were generally shot down after a trifling difference of opinion; and none of the murderers were brought to justice. In one instance a notorious murderer rode up to a bar-room, shot a man against whom he bore a grudge, and then rode off again. Though he was perfectly well known no efforts were made to arrest him. Quarrels, resulting in bloodshed, are spoken of simply as “difficulties.” Every one you meet has at least one revolver or Derringer pistol concealed in the pocket of his “pants.” The newspapers are perpetually full of such paragraphs as the following, which I extract from a Texan paper of February 10, 1869:—

“A shooting affray occurred on the streets of Houston, Sunday, the 14th inst., between two editors, Somers Kinney of the *Times* , and Mr. Tracy of the *Union* , in which four shots were fired—three, and Tracy, one by Kinney, neither of the parties being hit. Sad to relate, however, a boy 14 years old, son of a Mr. Kimble, was struck in the groin by one of the shots fired by Tracy, and is not expected to recover. Both parties had been arrested, and the affair is undergoing judicial investigation.” 15

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It is most probable that this “judicial investigation” terminated in the liberation of both parties. Public opinion would scarcely tolerate the punishment of such ruffians, and the universal contempt in which the judges are held shows the improbability of their being found to execute justice. It seems to be the rooted belief of every one that a threat or a bribe will influence the decision of the judicial officers of this “God-fearing” Republic. Conceive the possibility of such a paragraph as the following from the *Houston Daily Times* of January 28, 1869, appearing in an *English* newspaper in reference to an English judge:

“To be raffled, at fifty cents per chance, the penknife Judge Caldwell had ready to cut or stab some one, while on a drunken spree in this city. One hundred chances at fifty cents each. The 50 dols. to be given to the Bayland Orphan Asylum. Come and take a chance.

And then we are called on to “Americanize our institutions!”

I returned to New Orleans by a different but equally good steamer. Some remarkable notices were hung up in the “state-rooms” or sleeping-cabins, warning and almost imploring passengers to examine the door-bolts before going to sleep, as robbers were in the habit of substituting wooden bolts for the iron ones. Travellers were also urged to beware of cardsharpers and gamblers, and were informed, in case of shipwreck or fire, that a life apparatus was to be found under every pillow, that the mattress would float, and that both the door and the window-frames could be taken off their hinges and might be used as life-buoys.

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CHAPTER XXI. *ASCENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.*

The “ *Great Republic* ”—Baton Rouge—Vicksburg—Precocity of American Children—Napoleon—Memphis—Columbus—Cairo—Scenery of the Mississippi—Insecurity of Life and Property.

On the 5th of March 1 embarked on board the “ *Great Republic* ” to ascend the Mississippi to St. Louis. The fare was 30 dols., wonderfully little considering the enormous distance to be traversed, the splendour of the accommodation provided, and the excellence and abundance of the food. The “ *Great Republic* ” is the largest of all the immense steamboats which ply on the Mississippi and tributary rivers. Her saloon, which is 260 feet in length, is the prettiest thing I ever saw afloat, and far the *tastiest* thing I had seen since I landed in the United States. It is got up in a half Moresco half Gothic style, painted white and gold picked out with blue, and has a double row of pillars with fretted arches forming three aisles, of which the two side ones abut on the state-rooms. Round the saloon are covered galleries; above is a tier of small apartments in which the officers and employes of the boat sleep, and above that, in the centre, the tower from which the vessel is steered. Over the paddle-boxes is a bar-room and a barber's-shop. 228 The lower part of the

vessel resembles a series of immense barns: here are the enormous engines, furnaces, and stores of coal and wood, piles of cargo of various sorts, horses, mules, and other animals, and the deck passengers; in one corner there is a blacksmith's forge, in another a carpenter's shop. In front of the ship is hung a fine deep-toned bell, cast at Pittsburg, which would serve for a moderate-sized cathedral, and would put to shame the miserable ting-tangs of English district churches. Besides this there are other smaller bells to direct the movements of the engines, and what with these, the portentous steam-whistles, and the rush of the enormous paddle. wheels, the noises are at first most confusing. Meals are served in the saloon at tables holding about ten persons apiece.

The first stopping-place was Baton Rouge, a small town, but the State Capital of the State of Louisiana. It stands upon the first rising ground which appears in ascending the Mississippi. It is a dull place enough. In its centre stands the Capitol, a big castellated building in the debased perpendicular style of architecture. It was gutted by fire during the war, and since that time, as has already been mentioned, the Legislature and Senate have held their sittings at New Orleans. The next place of importance is Vicksburg, which was reached on the 7th of March, but the steamer stopped from time to time at several other landing-places. One of these, Port Hudson, is situated on a bluff of yellow, loamy clay, very refreshing to the eye after the low swampy forests and flat plantation lands which border the greater part of the lower 229 Mississippi. Between Port Hudson and Natchez the mouth of the great Red River is passed on the left. As it comes rolling out of the forests it looks nearly as wide as the Mississippi itself. No town or village marks the point of junction.

Natchez, which is also situated upon high land, we unfortunately stopped at in the night. Vicksburg, which was heroically defended for near two years during the war, and was at last taken by General Grant, is the largest town, although not the capital of the State of Mississippi. It is the Ehrenbreitstein, or Quebec, of that river. Like Baton Rouge and Natchez, it is situated upon the right bank going up, and like them also it is built upon a hill of yellow clay, which here attains a considerable elevation. Seen from below, at

the end of a long reach of the river, with its great and still undestroyed earthworks, its Court-House, and the spire of the Roman Church on the highest points, Vicksburg has an imposing and even picturesque appearance. But further acquaintance shows it to be but a wretched place. The greater portion of the houses are mere negro shanties, thrown down so irregularly that they look as if they had been showered down at hap-hazard from a gigantic pepper-box. The streets are unpaved, deep in mud, and paraded by dignified hogs, and the Court-House is seen to be a wretched building of dilapidated brick, covered with dirty whitewash. But the view from the terrace of the Court-House is superb, and from this point the strength, peculiarity, and importance of the position becomes at once apparent. Immediately before the 230 town, and extending more than a mile above it, is an extremely narrow tongue of low swampy land, behind which the Mississippi is seen running parallel with the town and with the portion of the river which washes its base. Sweeping round this low point the river thus doubles upon itself. The stream here is said to be no less than 360 feet in depth. Beyond the windings of the river the eye ranges over vast tracts of forest growing far as the eye can reach upon a perfectly flat plain.

Inland, behind the ridge, the country consists of low hills of yellow clay, worn by the rains into numerous ravines. A little above the town, on the slope of the hill trending towards the river, is a cemetery, which already contains more than 25,000 bodies of Federal soldiers slain during the siege; others are continually being brought in from their temporary places of interment. An awful memorial this of what I heard a Yankee describe as “a little family quarrel.” The Confederate dead were generally buried where they fell.

A little above Vicksburg, as I was sitting in the saloon writing, a male child of tender years came up, and, after staring at me a few moments, addressed me thus, “ *I say, are you writing to your gal?* ” And yet I loved this very boy for his bright intelligence, and I pardoned his continual cross-questioning on every conceivable subject, in consideration of the thirst for knowledge which he evinced. We became great friends, and I afterwards received from him a very pretty letter, written in large text. Many of the children in this country appear to be painfully 231 precocious—small stuck-up caricatures of men and women, with but little

of the fresh ingenuousness and playfulness of childhood. To see the way in which they are allowed to gorge themselves at meals is positively disgusting.

The next place of any importance is Napoleon, near the month of the Arkansas river. It is the most wretched place I ever saw, consisting of a few miserable wooden houses, rising from a spit of muddy sand, strewn with wrecks and drift-wood. Several of the houses and a church had no sides at all, and were open to the damp winds and fog of the river. The next evening we stopped at Helena, a small town of the State of Arkansas, which here is pronounced *Arkansaw.* Helena stands on the mud at the foot of some low hills, and was the scene of a severe engagement during the war. Several disrespectable, dirty-looking inhabitants and some respectable pigs came down to stare at us, as we lay against the shore. That night the fog was so dense we were compelled to drop anchor, and did not start again until next morning, which was the third day which had elapsed without a glimpse being obtained of the sun. After proceeding a short distance, our coal being exhausted, we put in to shore to obtain wood. This we had previously done at a place called Wakefield's Landing, in the State of Mississippi, and though only the breadth of one field intervened between the forest and the river, 3 ½ dols. per cord were asked and given for the commonest kind of wood. This shows the enormous price of labour.

The next place of importance we came to was 232 Memphis, in the State of Tennessee. This flourishing new city stands on low yellow cliffs, which, at a little distance, resemble those of the coast of Norfolk. Spite of a drizzling rain, Memphis appeared a busy place, with fine stores and some well-paved streets, full of people. In a green square, planted with trees, in the centre of the town, are a number of squirrels, which, to the credit of the inhabitants, are so tame that they will even run up a stranger's legs and take nuts out of his hand. Yet, notwithstanding this tenderness towards brutes, human life is held cheap; “differences” and “difficulties,” ending in murder, being of most frequent occurrence. This, however, seems to be characteristic of the whole country. Within the last two years eight policemen have been murdered in Memphis. Memphis contains a large and rapidly increasing population. The following day we stopped at Hickman, a desolate-looking

village on the “ole Kentucky shore,” which, at this point at least, is a desperately slimy one. A little farther up the town of Columbus is reached. The hills behind this place are crowned by strong earthworks, now dismantled, and, just beyond the town, they descend to the river in really pretty cliffs of various-coloured marls and clays. A large island here impedes the stream, which runs swiftly under the bluffs and, large portions being undermined, fall into the river. An hour and a half's voyage beyond Columbus, through floes of floating ice, brought us to the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi, and ascending a short distance up the former river we arrived at the town of Cairo, in the State of Illinois.

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Cairo is truly an awful place, and in every respect the very antipodes of its cheerful and charming namesake. It is built on a bank of slimy mud. I was over my shoes in mud the first step I took on shore, and having struggled through the mud to the top of the levee, I found myself in a street so foully deep in mire, that I hesitated whether I should attempt to cross or return at once to the steamboat. Resolving at length upon the former course, I explored what may by courtesy be termed the town. It is a mixture of wooden shanties and hideous brick houses standing on the brink of yawning gulfs, filled with filth and brickbats, and of streets all but impassable from mud, and interspersed with deep holes filled with black slime. In the main street I saw a fine pair of mules vainly endeavouring to draw a lightly. loaded cart out of a quagmire. There are no crossings to any of the streets, and consequently the inhabitants all bore the appearance of mudlarks and nightmen. At one end of the town a huge dreary-looking hotel of red brick lifts itself up out of a slough of despond, and, from its utter incongruity, adds to the hopeless dismalness of the scene. Looking up the Ohio from Cairo, Mound City is descried at a bend of the river; looking down, the junction of the two great rivers is seen, with a somewhat fine reach of yellow water below, apparently surrounded by gloomy forests.

Above Cairo the Mississippi sensibly contracts, and the scenery improves for the last hundred miles below St. Louis. Low wooded hills from time to time approach the river on either side, and there are 234 more signs of cultivation and habitation. At times there are

pretty limestone bluffs, hollowed out in places into caves and arches, apparently by the action of the river at some remote epoch, when its bed was at a far higher level than it is at present. For thirty miles or so below St. Louis, the Iron-Mountain Railway runs along the river-bank. The ore at this place is said to be extremely rich and almost pure. Yet, with this iron lying at the very doors, English rails are imported for the lines of Missouri and Illinois.

Take it all in all, the voyage from the mouth of the Mississippi to St. Louis is one of singularly little interest. The desolation is oppressive. For hundreds of miles dense forests of poor, weedy-looking trees alternate with undrained swamps. I only saw two small boats on the river between New Orleans and Cahokia, a short distance below St. Louis. Towns are rare, and vast tracts of land intervene between them. The villages and detached shanties stand in unwholesome cleanings, and the rotting timbers which support them are plastered with advertisements of specifics against chills, agues, and fevers. Dickens's description of the City of Eden would apply to a hundred places on the Mississippi. It is heart-rending to sec the vast tracts of rich marsh and forest-land waiting to be drained and conquered by human energy, and so made to minister to the wants of a thriving population, and to the enrichment of the country at large, and then to remember that, instead of fostering these important objects, the representatives of the people have thrown away millions on a wretched tract like 235 Alaska, from mere lust of adding territory to territory, and have pledged the national honour to buy St. Thomas, which is the pest-house of the world.

Upon the Mississippi neither life nor property is secure. Civilization is represented by the revolver and the bowie-knife. The captain of the “ *Great Republic* ” had himself shot a negro dead, in cold blood, upon the steps of his own vessel. But he had dollars at command. Arrested, he was immediately bailed out, and continued for several months in command of the steamer. During the time I was at St. Louis he was called up again, but all witnesses were kept out of the way, and the murderer was set at liberty. The affair is thus

alluded to in one of the principal newspapers of St. Louis: “William B. Donaldson; murder; nol. pros.—

“This, as our readers are aware, is the case of Capt. Donaldson, of the steamer *Great Republic* , who shot a negro on that steamer last June. The particulars of the affair have been so frequently published as to render any recapitulation unnecessary. As was generally expected, the witnesses are *non est, (sic,)* and so the charge cannot be sustained. The case has already been continued through three terms of the Court, and on last Saturday his counsel moved for his discharge, as required by the statute for a case so continued. The Judge took the matter under advisement, but pending his decision, a nol. pros. was entered by the Circuit Attorney.”

No doubt was entertained that he would be ultimately acquitted. A short time after I ascended the Mississippi, three men calmly landed from a river steamer at Island Number Ten, shot a gentleman dead who was descending the bank with his wife in order to embark, then returned on board and commended the bereaved lady to the attentions 236 of the captain, and then again went on shore, no hand being raised to detain them. The newspapers remarked that “a kind of paralysis” seemed to have overtaken the crew and passengers! For the respect that is paid to it, Law might as well not exist at all. When a horrible crime is mentioned I have repeatedly heard the question asked, “How much is the perpetrator worth?” and if a round sum is mentioned, it is immediately concluded that the criminal will be acquitted. I believe he generally is so.

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CHAPTER XXII. *ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO.*

St. Louis—Unrivalled Position—Great Bridge—Description of the City—Laclede House—Ancient Mound—Characteristics of Western Men—St. Patrick's Day—American Toleration—Fox-Hunt—St. Charles—Journey to Chicago—Description of the City—Episcopal Cathedral.

Take it all in all, spite of its smoke, its dirt, and its indifferent climate, St. Louis is one of the finest of American cities. It is at present a city of the first rank as regards importance; and when its unrivalled position is taken into consideration, it seems probable that it may hereafter become the actual capital of a vast and magnificent nation. Situated on the line of the Great Pacific Railway, which must hereafter become the chief thoroughfare of the commerce of the world, upon a river which, with its tributaries, commands the traffic of half the continent,* on the

* The capabilities of the Western rivers are thus described by a Missourian, Thomas H. Benton:—“The river navigation of the Great West is the most wonderful on the globe, and since the application of steam-power to the propulsion of vessels, possesses the essential qualities of open navigation. Speed, distance, cheapness, magnitude of cargoes, are all there, and without the perils of the sea from storms and enemies. The steamboat is the ship of the river, and finds in the Mississippi and its tributaries the amplest theatre for the diffusion and the display of its power. Wonderful river! Connected with seas by the head and by the mouth, stretching its arms towards the Atlantic and the Pacific—lying in a valley which is a valley from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay—drawing its first waters not from rugged mountains, but from the plateau of the Lakes in the centre of the continent, and in communication with the sources of the St. Lawrence and the streams which take their course north to Hudson's Bay—draining the largest extent of richest land, collecting the products of every clime, even the frigid, to bear the whole to market in the sunny South, and there to meet the products of the entire world. Such is the Mississippi. And who can calculate the aggregate of its advantages and the magnitude of its future commercial results?”—A project exists for connecting the Northern Lakes with the Mississippi by a canal, of which one end is to be at Chicago.

 borders of vast tracts of the richest land in the world for agricultural purposes, close to almost boundless forests of valuable timber, and on the very spot where unlimited mineral wealth in coal and iron may be had for the digging; there seems to be no limit to the future power and prosperity of this capital of the mighty West. It has been the custom with some

to say that St. Louis is “dying of natural advantages,” and it is possible that the possession of these may have caused her citizens to acquiesce in a course of comparative inaction, while the energies of their rivals at Chicago have been put forth to the utmost and even overtaxed; but new blood has been admitted to her councils, and now rapid progress is the order of the day. The new bridge over the Mississippi will be one of the wonders of the engineering world, and will, on its completion, restore to St. Louis all, and more than all, the opportunities she has lost. This bridge, from shore to shore, will measure, in total length, 1,689 feet, and will consist of three arches of cast steel, of which the two side spans will each measure 497 feet, and the central span 515 feet. When it is 239 remembered that the widest arch-span in England is that of Southwark Bridge, which only measures 240 feet, the vastness of the work at St. Louis will be appreciated. It will be seen, from the foregoing measurements, that the river is comparatively narrow at St. Louis; its stream is consequently swift, and in places encumbered by sand-banks. The banks of the levee are somewhat steep, and the city rises over a ridge which extends along the shore, dives into a ravine, and ascends another eminence beyond. The river-front is of vast length, and has an imposing appearance from the other side in the State of Illinois.

St. Louis is a stone-built city, and contains several fine streets. The City Hall has a really picturesque dome, from whose summit a fine panorama is obtained of the city, river, and surrounding country. The finest building, however, is a new Episcopal Church, a cruciform structure of great size and noble proportions. The interior is very lofty, the walls are profusely polychromed, and an immense fresco of the Crucifixion occupies the eastern wall. The sextoness of this church is an Englishwoman, who sorely bewailed the little personal sympathy which poor people meet with in the New World. The services struck me as cold and pompous. While I was in St. Louis I went to see a skating “Rink” in which the performers skated on roller-skates on a wooden floor, and another Rink which was a gay scene at night when lighted up with gas. Such establishments afford a wholesome recreation for young men, and might advantageously be introduced into this country. 240

Here, as elsewhere in the States, the velocipede mania was at its height, and houses were being gutted to form “Velocipedromes” and “Gynmocylopediums.”

I stayed during my visit at St. Louis at the “Laclede House,” without exception the best hotel I was at in the States, and my acknowledgments are due to Mr. Brolaski, the proprietor, and his amiable son, for the extreme kindness and attention which they showed me. My bedroom looked into a small yard, in which was a sort of black wooden shed, whose only story was ascended by a tottering stair. One morning the boy, who was brushing my clothes as I lay in bed, went to the window, and suddenly turning round, exclaimed, “Fine room this, when there's an execution!” I then learned that the shed which had excited my curiosity was the common gallows. I had also a sideways view of a large patent-coffin shop, so the prospect was not very cheerful. Americans, generally, are great in the matter of undertakery. A restaurant at New Orleans had a coffin shop next door, which reminded one of the Egyptian custom of passing round a skeleton at dinner in order to whet the appetite. In this shop were displayed the most gorgeous coffins, the latest novelty being to have a frame, containing glass, placed so that the face of the corpse might be seen through it!

At one end of St. Louis is the United States' Arsenal, but all the war materiel was being sold off, much to the disgust of the people, who looked on the proceeding as a departmental job. At the other end of the city are the remains of a huge, ancient mound, which was being gradually carted away. Several 241 curious relics were found by the workmen, and I was able to procure several curious beads formed of some marine shell, which I have placed in the Christy Ethnological Museum.

American taste has not yet become sufficiently educated to disapprove such vandalism as the destruction of the memorials of the ancient race of Mound-builders. The establishment, however, of the Peabody Professorship of American Archaeology, at Harvard, will probably effect some good in this direction. Both the Mississippi and the Ohio valleys abound with extraordinary earthworks, and those at Cahokia, six miles below St. Louis,

on the Illinois side, are of vast extent. I sought in vain to purchase some of the stone implements, which are of frequent occurrence: those farmers who had found any having invariably buried them again. Some few specimens are preserved in the library of the "St. Louis Mercantile Library Association," to which, by the courtesy of the librarian, I had constant access during my stay.

There is a swing and bustle about the streets of St. Louis which is very satisfactory to an Englishman, and amongst the inhabitants there is neither the lassitude of the Southerner nor the formality of the Yankee. In fact they appear to be very fine fellows indeed; and, so far as I could judge, Westernmen generally appear, as a rule, to be much more catholic and tolerant than those of the East or South, and to form the very back-bone and heart's-core of the nation. The New Englander, wrapped up in self-conceit, thinks New England "the Hud of the 16 242 Universe," and neither knows nor wants to know anything of the despised and hated South; the Southerner, while he is more cosmopolitan in his views, and knows and cares more about foreign politics, has little acquaintance with the affairs of the East and North; but the Western man takes a lively and intelligent interest in the affairs of North, and East, and South, and reserves a corner of his mind as well for the affairs of the world at large. He is essentially *broad-minded* , and there is an earnestness, depth, and untiring activity about the Western mind, which must, in the long run, prevail and predominate; and should the vision* so eloquently described by Mr. Bright be realized, and the Union be maintained, it is at St. Louis, and not at Washington, or Philadelphia, or Boston, or New Vork, that the future seat of empire will probably be fixed. The signs of the times, however, do, in my humble opinion, point in another direction: to the division, viz., of the Union into at least three great countries—to a Pacific State with San Francisco for its capital, to an Eastern State, and, greatest of all, to a Western and Southern State, of which probably St. Louis will be the capital. The differences between the various sections of the country

* "I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen North in one unbroken

line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific, and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and, over all that vast continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clinic."— John Bright's *Speech on American Affairs.*—Whether onen agrees or not with the political view here enunciated, this is a noble sentiment nobly expressed.

243 are already great and well defined, and as the vast tracts of unconquered and unsettled land become peopled up, the conflict of interests will become greater and greater. Thereby the dangers of centralization, the difficulties of a Central Government seated at Washington, and the liability to class and party tyranny will likewise be increased; and, when the vast size of the continent is taken into consideration, it might be allowable even for a patriotic American to hold the opinion, that the interests of a larger portion of the human race would be served by division rather than by union.

St. Patrick's Day occurring during my stay at St. Louis, I had the opportunity of seeing the great demonstration of the Irish upon that occasion. The various Irish societies met, and after mass and sermon marched round the city, visiting the principal convents and churches on their route. A programme had been prepared by "Grand Marshal Quinlivan," and the societies were set in motion by him and his deputy marshals, who, though somewhat seedy-looking gentlemen, rode a-cock-horse with great intrepidity, displayed their scarfs and rosettes, and brandished their truncheons as if they had been genuine field-marshals from babyhood. There was the "Hibernian Benevolent Society," with 150 members, and the "Emmett Band," all wearing green scarfs, and carrying "appropriate banners;" and the "Total Abstinence Society of our Lady of the Assumption," led by Mr. T. Moloney, marshal; and the "United Brothers of Erin;" and the "Shamrock Benevolent Society," dressed "in white regalia," and commanded 244 by Alderman Hogan, and several other organizations; while round them and about them were crowds of sympathizing friends, each wearing a bit of green ribbon, or a harp, as a badge of distinction. The church was densely crowded. At mass a "Panegyric of the Life of St. Patrick" was pronounced by

the Rev. Father Phelan, a fair handsome young Irishman, whom I heard eulogized by an admirer as a “ *splindid Praste.* ” And a “ *splindid Praste* ” he was, and preached a “splindid” sermon, though, unhappily, the Panegyric of St. Patrick merged into something very like blasphemy against St. George; for the latter part of the discourse was full of the “accursed coils of St. George and the Dragon,” which I then learned for the first time, on the authority of Mr. Phelan, were emblazoned on the bloodstained banner of England. However, the sermon was rich fun, the only take-off being that, as I was in church, I could not laugh out as I wished.

After service the procession re-formed and started on their weary tramp. The unhappy members were kept on their legs from eight in the morning till dusk. It made my heart ache to see how sad and subdued and changed the majority of the men appeared. Scarce a smile was visible upon any countenance, and they had the air of men performing a stern, unpleasant duty. Another noticeable point was the characteristic tolerance with which their proceedings were regarded by the American spectators. A procession, which would have driven Mr. Whalley and the Dean of Ripon, and any number of old ladies at Clapham, mad with rage, was looked on 245 with, may be, some contempt, for in truth, as a show, it was mean enough, but with the most perfect equanimity. The feeling was, that if people liked to amuse themselves with scarfs and banners, their predilection should be respected. People generally are much more tolerant in the States than they are in England, and in all matters connected with religious ceremonies far less superstitious. Bishop McIlvaine, for example, would have little sympathy from the majority of his countrymen, in his prosecution of a clergyman for singing a hymn of praise to God with his choir, as he entered his church.

St. Patrick's Day was likewise celebrated by a Fox-Hunt, which was previously announced in the *St. Louis Democrat* , of March 15, 1869, in the following terms, which I append as illustrative of the ideas of “sport” entertained by our Transatlantic brethren:—

“A GRAND FOX-HUNT.

“BEN. BUTLER AND JEFF. THOMPSON TO TAKE THE FIELD.

“ *St. Patrick's Day in Day Evening.*

“R. S. MacDonald, Esq., the well-known criminal lawyer, velocipedist, and fox-hunter, is getting up a fox-hunt on an enlarged scale, which is to take place near the Abbey on the afternoon of St. Patrick's day. He has purchased a splendid silver-grey fox from Virginia, which is caged at Barney O'Connor's, No. 5, North Third Street. The animal is a large one, in prime condition, wild, and full of fire and pluck, and will make a lively chase. He will have, in a day or two, a fine red swamp-fox from Arkansas. The grey fox he has christened Ben. Butler, and the red one will be called Jeff. Thompson. An old Scotch fox-hunter will superintend the arrangements for the chase, and Capt. Lee, with a force of mounted police, will keep order in the field.

“All fox-hounds will be admitted to the chase, but no other dog will be admitted upon the ground, on peril of being knocked on the head.”

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The *Missouri Republican* , of March 18, shall describe the end of the chase. After the first burst, it is said:—

“The hounds had by this time entirely forgotten the fox, and came on with the horsemen. When the first fence was reached the riders pulled up, as might be expected, and a general halt took place. At this point in the proceedings things had assumed rather a ridiculous aspect. The hounds, acting apparently under a singular misconstruction of their duty, concentrated their attention on chasing some horses which were grazing in the field, and the horsemen were scattered here and there, hallooing and blowing tin trumpets with commendable zeal. But what of the fox? This was the question we asked on arriving at the spot, but nobody could answer it. On looking around we saw a man on the other side of a moist, soft field of nursery-plants, gesticulating wildly. ‘What's the matter?’ we shouted.

‘He's up a tree,’ was the reply, pointing upwards, and sure enough, on looking intently at a tree near him, we spied the fox seated among the branches, and calmly surveying the scene.

“DEATH OF THE FOX.

“Determined to be in at the denouement, we boldly plunged into the nursery-field, and were just nearing the other side, when we heard a pistol-shot. We looked up just as another sounded, and we saw the fox fall limp and dead from the tree. This utterly unexpected piece of business created an excitement. On reaching the tree we found Judge Vastine, revolver in hand, the centre of a crowd of rustics. Who shot him? Who shot?' was on every tongue. ‘I did,’ said the presiding officer of the Probate Court. ‘What did you do it for? What did you do it for?’ asked the men, some of whom were waxing indignant at the abrupt termination of the sport. Judge Vastine attempted to explain that be was under the impression that the object was to get the fox any way. He had brought him down, and consequently the fox was his. This did not settle matters. Barney O'Connor had arrived, and was wroth at the death of his fox. ‘He was not your fox,’ he said, addressing Judge Vastine: ‘you had no right to shoot him,’ &c., and the crowd gathered and things began to look a little squally, when some gentleman came up and threw oil upon the troubled waters. Vastine, however, did not get the fox, but mounting his horse, disappeared from the scene and was not again seen. This virtually was the end of the great fox-hunt. It was brief, but exciting. From the starting of the fox to the death thereof was about 247 fifteen minutes; the gallop of the horsemen from the top of the hill to the first fence was about two minutes, and the balance of the time they occupied the pleasant position of spectators.”

From St. Louis I crossed the neck of land which lies between the Mississippi and Missouri to St. Charles, a young but rising town on the banks of the latter river. St. Charles is a tidy, decent-looking place, and the view from the upper part of the town of the windings of the Missouri amongst the woods is striking and pretty. The soil in the neighbourhood

is very rich, the farms well tilled, and the farmers well-to-do and prosperous. I afterwards ascended the Mississippi to Alton, and proceeded thence through Springfield, the State Capital of Illinois, to Chicago. The scenery is throughout hideous in the extreme; such at least it was in the month of March, when the vast unbroken plains traversed by the line were black with mire and brooded over by fog. The villages were simply quagmires of black mud, from which rose the wooden shanties of the inhabitants, who in enormous jack-boots were seen labouring across the streets. Scarce a tree could anywhere be seen, and gardens have not yet been introduced. These plains, of tilled prairie, however, which comprise some of the richest corn-land in the world, must wear a very different aspect when, later in the year, they are waving with green crops, or covered with the golden grain.

Chicago, the greatest seat of the grain, live stock, and lumber trade in the United States, is, though one of the newest, one of the largest cities in the world. Possessed of almost unrivalled railway and water communication, and aided by a cool and bracing 248 climate, her sons have developed a spirit of almost unequalled industry and enterprise. If, in the long run, St. Louis is destined to take the lead in the race of commercial prosperity, Chicago can never be very far behind. The city is situated at the flat and marshy head of the vast inland sea, Lake Michigan, and is itself, in great measure, built upon piles and made-land.

Despite of its commercial prosperity, Chicago struck me as being the very ugliest city I have ever seen. Situated on a dead flat, its formal streets are unrelieved by a single building of architectural merit. To judge by the filthy and disgusting condition of the streets, the foul smells, the uneven pavement, and the numerous obstructions, one would suppose that Municipal Government, generally a failure in the States, was here altogether absent. In most of the streets the pavement is of wood, and as each man has the pavement before his own door at a different level from his neighbour's, one is continually running up and down stairs. The shores of the great Lake are perfectly flat, and its vast expanse of water resembles the sea, save that there is no tide to break its awful monotony, and that no fresh sweet sea-breezes blow across to elevate the spirits. In March the navigation was not yet

open, the harbour was blocked with ice, and the sandy beach, strewn with small rounded pebbles of primitive rocks, was cut off from the sullen waves by a barrier of ice and frozen snow, extending along shore far as the eye can reach.

A Park has been formed outside the town, near 249 the Lake side, but at present the trees are no bigger than bushes, and penalties are denounced against any one who ventures to walk on the grass. Beyond the Park, the shores of the Lake are lined with low sand-dunes, tufted with low shrubs and marram-like grass, a feature which adds to the maritime appearance of the scene. Good water not being obtainable from wells, Chicago is supplied by an ingenious expedient. A tunnel was boldly constructed under the Lake to a platform erected more than a mile from the shore, and the fresh cold water of the Lake is pumped therefrom into pipes, and so conducted to the town. Previous to the construction of these works the inhabitants depended mainly upon rain-water, collected in enormous wooden barrels, nearly as high as the houses.

Like St. Louis, Chicago contains a very large population of Germans, who have their own shops, lager-beer saloons, churches, and places of amusement. German is almost as commonly heard in the streets as English. There is also a large colony of Jews. In one of the squares the Congregationalists have a tolerable Gothic chapel, not holding with Mr. C. Spurgeon that Gothic architecture was of the devil's invention; and the Unitarians possess a very pretentious mosque. The Episcopalian Cathedral is externally plain enough, but the interior is pretty; and the services, which are freely open to all, without distinction of persons, are unusually hearty and effective. The Bishop's seat occupies a position unique in Christendom. It is neither, according to primitive and Eastern usage, in the centre of the apse behind the 250 altar, nor, according to Western usage, on the north side of the chancel in front, but it is placed behind the altar on the north-east side, a chair being set on the south-east side, also behind, for, I suppose, the rector or senior canon of the Church.

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CHAPTER XXIII. *CINCINNATI PITTSBURG, AND BALTIMORE.*

Cincinnati—Picturesque Scenery—Pork Factories—Voyage up the Ohio—River Scenery —Wheeling—Petroleum Spring—City of Pittsburg—Church Guild—Dining and Sleeping Cars—Baltimore—The Bishop of Maryland.

From Chicago I went, by railway, through Logansport and Cambridge City to Cincinnati, the capital of Ohio, and one of the *great* cities of the United States. The first part of the route lay across vast plains of tilled prairies, level as Lake Michigan itself, of which they perhaps once formed a part. These black, bleak, and dreary plains, for such they appeared on March 24th, were succeeded by dense forests, chiefly of the beech-tree. It is curious to see that the largest trees are all of the same height, and apparently of the same age. In some fifty miles of woodland I did not see a single really old tree, or a single forest giant. Every now and then the train stopped in a clearing, where, amidst a few maize-fields, dotted with stumps and embosomed in forest, rose a village of wooden houses, with a red brick hotel, and a few perky-looking white-painted meeting-houses, sticking up out of streets of half-liquid slime and mud. At first one is inclined to blame the settlers that they leave no trees dotted about, for ornaments in their 252 clearings, but the fact is, trees will not continue to grow when deprived of the society of their congeners. The neglect to plant young ones is another matter, and must, sooner or later, engage the attention of the Legislature, as has already been the case in France. Complaints have already been made that the climate has begun to change for the worse, from the wholesale destruction of the forests.

Reaching the Whitewater River the scenery becomes pretty, the banks being steep and covered with wood. Here a singular accident, if such it may be called, occurred. A skunk trying to run across the line got run over by the car in which I was seated. The stench consequent upon this circumstance was so abominable that I was fain to gasp for breath, but for some time putting one's head out of window only made matters worse.

With the exception, perhaps, of Vicksburg, Cincinnati was the first city of the States which I had seen with any elements about it of the picturesque. It is a very striking-looking

place. The Ohio, here a noble stream with a considerable current, yellow as the Tiber, divides Cincinnati in Ohio, from Covington in Kentucky, and is spanned by a magnificent Suspension-Bridge, reputed the largest in the New World. The architect was a Prussian named Roebling. The banks on both sides are steep, and speedily rise into considerable hills dotted with wood. One of these, on the outskirts of Cincinnati, descends abruptly towards the river, and is crowned by a picturesque church. This hill, with the spire rising above the city, black with the smoke of foundries and 253 factories, reminded me of St. John's, in the Park at Sheffield, but the stream which sweeps its base is, I suppose, double as wide as the Thames at Hungerford. Just below the church is a quarry in the Silurian rock, which in this neighbourhood abounds with beautiful crinoids, trilobites, corals, and other fossils.

Cincinnati, pronounced “Cincinna *tah* ,” is also known as Porkopolis, and was described to me by an inhabitant as “the Great Hog-centre of the Universe.” Its staple is hog's flesh. I visited one of the “converting” factories, and was courteously conducted over the premises by the proprietor. Enormous yards are provided for the pigs, and leading up from these to the summit of a huge building is a gradually ascending inclined plane. Up this, which narrows towards the top, the unconscious animals proceed, gently pressed onwards by those behind, until at length a small door is reached, from which there is no return. This fatal portal, which might well be inscribed with the “Lasciate ogni speranza” of Dante, admits but one hog at a time, and the moment he enters a knife descends and cuts his throat. The momentum which is communicated to the now lifeless body whorls it downwards to successive stages, where the various operations of disembowelling, scalding, and cutting up are performed, and the grunter, which, a minute before, entered the top story in the heyday of strength and porcine beauty, finds his rest in the cellars, a minute after, in the form of hams and sides, ready stored for exportation. The slaughter season was over when I visited 254 this “institution,” but the premises, and especially the neighbourhood of the guillotine, were still redolent with an indescribably disgusting smell of mingled blood and fat. The process, however, is worthy of admiration on account of its

efficiency, extraordinary quickness, and above all, for its humanity. Piggy. is engaged in a pleasant if up-hill walk; to gratify a laudable curiosity he enters a doorway, and then, in a moment, all is over;—without a moment's anxiety of mind or pain of body, Pig is converted into Pork. *Requiescat in pace* in the *dura ilia* of the devourers of his salted remains!

Cincinnati is one of the handsomest and best-built towns in the States, though the streets, as usual, are extremely filthy. A breezy hill, covered with grass, is to be laid out as a public Park; near it, on a hill, is a tottering observatory, and an enormous firework manufactory. The “Burnett House” is an immense but not over-comfortable hotel. I was here grossly insulted by a negro waiter, and, complaining to the proprietor, was told that he had already discharged two negro waiters that week for insolence. After the civil, handy negroes of the West Indies, the stolid uncivil blacks of the United States seem to belong to a different race of beings.

At Cincinnati I embarked on a river steamer, and with two changes at Portsmouth and Wheeling, went some five hundred miles up the Ohio, to Pittsburg, the great smoky capital of the “black country” of America. This voyage was an extremely pleasant one. The Ohio is a magnificent stream in itself, and the Ohio valley is distinguished by much homely 255 beauty. The hills frequently descend to the river, but at other places they retire and leave a zone of rich flat land between their base and the water's edge. The cultivation, both on the Ohio, and Kentucky and North Carolina shore, is excellent. Many of the farms are models of neatness and careful agriculture. At the time of my voyage upon it the river was in flood, and much damage was being done by the stream undermining and carrying away the banks of rich reddish soil. The hills which bound the valley are sometimes gently sloping and cultivated, while at other times they are steep, or assume the character of cliffs for miles together, when they are beautifully clothed with wood.

Near Cincinnati, vineyards appear on the slopes, and higher up large orchards of peach and apple trees adorn the farms. We were continually stopping either on one side or the other, to take in or land passengers, who were chiefly of the farming-class, and who

struck me—and this was specially true of the Kentuckians—as a splendid race of fellows. The Ohio valley is remarkable for its antiquities, chiefly of the remote age of the Mound-builders. At Portsmouth are a number of large tumuli, and at Marietta an immense mound. This Marietta is a flourishing little city, situated at what is perhaps the very prettiest spot on the Ohio river. Near Wheeling I was in conversation with a young countryman, a fellow-passenger, when I observed he was faint and exhausted. I therefore, as is the custom in the States, asked him to come to the bar-room and “take a drink.” As he seemed but little the better for this refresher, I felt convinced he 256 was hungry, and, begging his pardon, asked if such were not the case? He then told me he had spent his last cent in the passage-money, and had not tasted food for twenty hours. On this I invited him to dine at my expense, which offer he at first refused. Pressing him to do so, I said, “What does it matter? you'd do the same for me; we are all brothers, you know!” “ *Wall* ,” he answered as he entered the cabin for dinner—“ *Wall, I guess we're only brothers in this country as long as we've got stamps.* ” This answer was characteristic of the contempt in which poverty and poor men are held in the States, and of the little sympathy they receive.

Wheeling is a large smoky place, dominated by a precipitous hill which commands a fine view of the river. A somewhat picturesque covered bridge crosses a tributary stream. These covered bridges, which are built of wood, are characteristic of the neighbourhood of the Ohio, and resemble those of Switzerland. Wheeling is surrounded by mines, and stands at the beginning of the “black country,” which extends to beyond Pittsburg. Above Wheeling is Steubenville, where the Ohio is crossed by a gigantic high-level bridge on the “great Pan-handle” line of railroad. The river was so high that the vane on the flagstaff of the steamer all but struck against the bridge as we passed underneath. A little above Steubenville an exceedingly pretty natural phenomenon presented itself on the right bank. A petroleum spring had taken fire at the bottom of a small valley just above the place where a streamlet empties itself into the Ohio, and the flames lit up the densely wooded sides 257 of the valley, so that every twig and leaf could be seen relieved against the surrounding darkness. Nothing could be more picturesque.

Approaching Pittsburg, the horizontal strata of blackish limestone approach the river in lofty cliffs, and tramways from the mines discharge their burdens into boats which lie underneath. At length the great smoke-city is seen upon a tongue of land between the Monongahela and Alleghany Rivers, which, flowing down with swift and eddying currents from the spurs of the Alleghany mountains, combine at this point to form the broad stream of the lordly Ohio. Spite of, and perhaps partly because of its smoke, Pittsburg has, for the United States, an unusually picturesque appearance. It is surrounded by lofty and steep hills, the rivers are spanned by noble bridges, and the Roman Cathedral which crowns an eminence near the centre of the city, though architecturally incorrect, is of noble size, and has about it an air of old-world quaintness, which, in a land of formality and straight lines, is highly pleasing. Within, the city is mean and filthy enough. I found here a Church Guild, to use an American phrase, “in full blast.” It provides a free reading-room and classes in several branches of secular knowledge. Notwithstanding its good old Saxon name of Guild, which is so alarming to certain dignitaries at home, this Society is in the hands of the low-church party, who, as in Ohio with its fanatical bishop, have the upper hand in Pennsylvania. Church Guilds, and even Young Men's Christian Associations, in the United States, have generally free reading-rooms open to the 17 258 general public, a piece of sensible liberality which similar institutions amongst ourselves would do well to imitate.

From Pittsburg I went to Baltimore by the Pennsylvania Central Railway, *viâ* Altoona and Harrisburg. At Altoona I took a berth in a sleeping-car, and slept very snugly all night, waking up about twenty miles from my destination. These cars are very comfortably fitted up, and the berths are superior to those of a first-class steamship. The charge is high, a dollar and a half per night. The only fault I could find was with the slowness and incivility of the black attendants, who, as is usual in the States, assumed all the airs of a dominant race. On some lines farther west one of Pullman's Palace dining-cars is attached to each train. These are perfect of their kind. Therein passengers may obtain any meal they choose, which is served up *à la carte* , at cheerful tables, bright with snowy table-cloths and polished plate. The bills of fare are most liberal, and the cuisine as good as possible.

By this means needless stoppages are avoided, and passengers can dine and sup when they feel hungry. The comfort and quiet of this arrangement forms a delightful contrast to the struggle for horse-bean soup, stale sausage-rolls, greasy Banbury cakes, and dry buns, which the English traveller has to undergo at Peterborough, or the infamous “Mugby Junction.”

Baltimore, which was the first even tolerably clean city I had seen since I entered the States, struck me as being a very pleasant one, and the favourable impression left by a first visit was confirmed when I 259 visited it a second time. Baltimore is situated near the Patapsco River, some ten miles above the Bay of Chesapeake. Seawards it is defended by Fort McHenry, whose earthworks mount guns of extraordinarily heavy metal. The city itself is built upon a large number of eminences and in the ravines which intersect them. The contour of the ground prevents that dismal uniformity which is so wearying in other American towns. At the top of the town, on a site 150 feet above high-water mark, stands the Washington monument, a column of white marble surmounted by a statue, and itself rising to a height of 167 feet. The view from the summit is fine and even beautiful, though the surrounding country is deficient in trees. Most of the houses are built of red brick, which forms an agreeable contrast with the stone churches which rise from their midst. The Roman Catholic Cathedral has a grand dome, but the interior is choked with hideous rented pews. One of the Episcopal Churches is a remarkably successful imitation of an Italian church. At the time of my first visit the aged and venerable Bishop of Maryland was holding a confirmation, before which a number of adults were publicly baptized. It was refreshing to see that the aged Bishop could kneel upright in prayer, instead of sprawling in a heap upon the altar, as is the use of so many Anglican prelates at home. The population of Baltimore amounts to some 200,000 souls, and the people are remarkable for their personal beauty and agreeable manners. If, which heaven forbid! I were compelled to fix my residence in an American city, I think I should fix on Baltimore.

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CHAPTER XXIV. *WASHINGTON AND PHILADELPHIA.*

Washington—The Capitol—Lady Clerks—The White House—President Grant—The Patent Office—Museum of Military Surgery—Smithsonian Institute—“Red” Indians—Philadelphia—The State House—United States' Mint—Girard College.

The railway conducts the traveller from Baltimore through an undulating but bleak country to Washington, the unworthy capital of the United States. As is the case at Madrid, a stranger finds himself constantly wondering why the city was built where it is. The country round is bleak and unproductive, and the Potomac only permits vessels of small burden to approach the city. Ever since my arrival in the States I had been wallowing in mud; on arriving at Washington I found myself suffocated and blinded with dust:—American civilization is ever averse to water-carts. My hotel, “Willard's,” was the very worst I stayed at in the whole country. It was crammed with legislators and hungry-eyed office-seekers; there was no public room; one was obliged to take a ticket before each meal; and the food was insufficient and half-raw.

The Pennsylvania Avenue is an immense street, which extends nearly from one end of the city to the other; it is bordered by trees, but has but a mean 261 appearance, as it is too wide for the height of the houses on either side. At one end is the hill on which is built the Capitol, and a fine view of the back and dome of that vast pile is seen from the street. The Capitol itself must be regarded as being, on the whole, a fine and imposing mass of public buildings; but its faults are many and ridiculous. To begin with, it is not built on the summit, but a little below the top of the ridge on which it stands, and its front is turned away from the city and looks uphill. The dome, which possesses some elements of grandeur, is overloaded with ornaments in questionable taste, and is, after all, a mere sham, being made of iron painted in imitation of stone. It is surmounted by a hideous object, supposed to be a piece of sculpture. But its worst fault is that it completely dwarfs the portico and

central building out of which it rises. The more modern white marble wings are fine. Inside, the dome is handsome, but it is defaced by some of the most hideous daubs in creation.

The chambers of the Senate and of Congress are fine rooms, but their acoustic properties do not seem to be much better than those of our own Houses of Parliament. In the former I saw the thin fussy face of Senator Sumner, who was then big with his bitter speech against England; and in the latter I saw “Beast” Butler, as he is called in the Southern newspapers, the elect of “moral Massachusetts.” The spacious galleries around the chamber of Congress are open to men and women alike, and some of the latter appeared to belong, as I was assured they did belong, to a most disreputable class of society. 262 Within the Capitol, likewise, the Supreme Court of the United States holds its sittings. The judges—a fine-looking body of men—are habited in black gowns, but the lawyers address the court in their ordinary dress.

At the end of Pennsylvania Avenue farthest from the Capitol, is the Treasury, a fair building of white marble. Passing this one day, about four o'clock, I was nearly overwhelmed by an avalanche of young ladies, which burst out of the building and poured down the steps. These ladies, many of whom are excessively pretty, are employed as clerks in the Union Government Offices. The effect of this upon the young gentlemen clerks must be, one would suppose, somewhat distracting. That the effect of their employment in this manner upon themselves is good, appears to be more than doubtful. The best of them, I was assured, *harden* under the chaff to which they are almost necessarily exposed, and the soft and gentle manner which is so charming in a woman, is exchanged for an air of half-defiance, which is far from pleasing. Among the male clerks it was sad to see the number of wooden legs and maimed limbs—relics of the late terrible war.

Just beyond the Treasury, upon an eminence commanding a pretty view down the Potomac, is the “White House,” the residence of the President. It is a place of no great pretensions, but it is handsome, commodious, and thoroughly comfortable. I was asked by

every American I met at Washington whether I had called on the President, and they could not at all understand my idea, that it would be 263 a liberty for a mere passing stranger to take up his precious and over-taxed time, by soliciting an interview. At last I called on General Dent, the President's Secretary, and said that, though I did not seek the honour of a personal introduction, I should be glad to have an opportunity of seeing the President. The General accordingly, with the accustomed courtesy of his countrymen, begged me to call the next day, and then admitted me to the President's study, and desired me to stay as long as I liked. I remained about three-quarters of an hour, while the President received one person after another, chiefly, as it seemed, of the office-seeking class. General Grant, who had a cigar continually in his mouth, even while he was speaking, looks the soldier and the gentleman; he bears the impress of shrewdness and firmness in his face, and an expression of latent humour lurks about his mouth. He spoke quietly and slowly, and had a peculiarly pleasant way of refusing an application. His head is somewhat bowed, and he looked so tired and worn, that a doubt suggested itself, whether his physical strength would carry him through the duties of his exalted office The ante-rooms of the Presidential sanctum were all crowded with deputations, office-seekers, and detractors of other office-seekers' characters. Both the hall and waiting-rooms had huge vases in their midst, rather bigger than foot-baths; these were spittoons!

The Patent Office is considered one of the lions of Washington. It is a vast building stored with models of all the inventions to which patents have been accorded 264 in the United States. Oddly placed amongst them is an interesting collection of relics of Washington and his family. Here, too, I saw such a piece of “buncum” as could scarcely be found elsewhere. Displayed in a glass case was a pair of new gloves, which the speculating manufacturer *had intended to present to President Lincoln, if he had lived* , and which were sent to the collection by the Secretary for Internal Affairs as a memorial of the “unstained hands” for which they were intended. It is a wonder, after this, that no quack-doctor has sent a box of pills for exhibition, which, had they been invented in time, would

have rendered Mr. Lincoln immortal. One wonders how much the manufacturer paid for permission to puff his wares off in a Governmental Institution!

Near the Patent Office is the admirably arranged Museum of Military Surgery. It is impossible to calculate the good to suffering humanity which such a collection is likely to do. Here is a fine collection of skulls, and amongst them one reputed to be the most ancient discovered on the American Continent. Several large books of photographs of remarkable surgical cases, the healing of wounds, and broken bones, and the like, which occurred during the war, are here exposed for public instruction. I was disgusted to see two he-she-looking females, with long, yellow, sodden faces—ladies, probably, of the Sorosis,—turning over the pages and, making indelicate remarks on the personal appearance of the stripped soldiers.

What, however, is, in some respects, the most interesting place in Washington is the Smithsonian 265 Institute, of which the founder was an Englishman, who claimed to be the illegitimate son of Hugh, Duke of Northumberland. James Smithson died in 1786, and left his fortune to his nephew, and in case of his nephew's death, to the United States, to found the Institution which now bears his name. The bequest was left “to found at Washington an establishment under the name of the ‘Smithsonian Institution’ *for the increase and diffusion of knowledge amongst men.* ” Being thus designed for the benefit of mankind at large, the Government of the United States considered itself merely as a trustee, and an Act of Congress was passed directing the formation of a library, a museum, an art-gallery, lectures, and a suitable building; a clause being inserted which gave the requisite power, after the foregoing objects were provided for, to expend the surplus income in any way they might think fit for carrying out the designs of the founder. The Smithsonian building stands in a tract of land called the Mall, and laid out parkwise with trees and walks. It is a large pile of buildings of red sandstone, in a kind of bastard Romanesque style of architecture. The Museum is extremely rich in birds, fishes, and other branches of Natural History, and contains some fine meteorites, and an increasing collection of American antiquities. One of the meteorites is in the form of a ring and weighs

1,400 pounds. It was first discovered in Sonora by some Jesuit missionaries. A much-belauded sarcophagus brought from Beyrout, and believed to have been the repository of the remains of a Roman emperor, was intended for those of President Andrew Jackson. 266 The General, however, refused to accept the gift, saying, “I cannot consent that my mortal body shall be laid in a repository prepared for an emperor or a king—my Republican feelings and principles forbid it—the simplicity of our system of Government forbids it.” The General, however, need not have been alarmed; the sarcophagus is a very ordinary one, and probably contained no one of higher rank than a centurion, and scores of similar objects may be seen lying about in various places of ancient occupation in the East. The publications of the Smithsonian Institute are well known and highly valued in the scientific world, and the explorations which have been carried on at the suggestion or expense, or under the direction of the Institute's agents, have already conferred great benefit upon mankind.

During my visit to Washington I made acquaintance with an Indian agent who is likewise an accomplished photographer, and who is preparing a collection of photographs of Indians from almost every tribe for the Blackmore Museum at Salisbury. At the house of this gentleman, I had the opportunity of meeting several “Red” Indians from distant tribes. I am obliged to confess that dulness seemed to be the leading characteristic of these people. The men were generally extremely stout, with large dark eyes, and dark hair, which they were very particular in brushing elaborately previous to being photographed.

A short distance from Washington is a small Navy-Yard; and the environs of the City especially near the Potomac are not otherwise than pleasant. Almost every view, however, is spoiled by the National 267 Memorial to Washington, a less than half-finished monument of most hideous and beggarly appearance. A monolithic obelisk of polished granite darting up against the bright Egyptian sky, with all its wondrous hieroglyphs and ancient imagery, is an appropriate and beautiful ornament, but few things in architecture are meaner than an obelisk made of small stones. The monument in the Phœnix Park at Dublin is ugly enough, but this at Washington is uglier still. If it. is ever finished, which is

doubtful, now that the Republican party look upon George Washington as something of an old fogy, it will probably be the ugliest edifice in the world!

The Potomac itself is, below Washington, a fine wide tidal estuary rather than a river, and the excursion to the city of Alexandria in Virginia is a thoroughly enjoyable one. At the capital, as at New York and many other cities, a Scoto-British form of tyranny prevails, no fermented liquors being allowed to be sold on the “Sabbath”—except to the rich.

From Washington I returned to Baltimore, and thence proceeded through Wilmington, the capital of the State of Delaware, to Philadelphia, the second city in point of size in the United States. I cannot say that the “Quaker City” left a very favourable impression on my mind. Situated between the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers, the city is throughout extremely flat, and the streets are as straight and formal as the city's origin would lead one to expect. The main thoroughfare, Broad Street, is long and wide, but singularly ugly, and filthily dirty and illkept. Rows of gawky telegraph-posts, with needlessly 268 large cross-bars, line the footways, and a tramway runs down the centre. The State House is a red brick building erected between 1729 and 1734, and has an old-world air of Georgian dulness and respectability. This edifice is venerable, as the place where the Declaration of Independence was signed, July 4, 1776. The bell which announced the deed to the people without is preserved as a sacred relic in the principal room, where also may be seen an interesting collection of portraits of the period of the Revolution. One of Penn, by Inman (I believe a copy), is especially noteworthy. Nothing can be nobler or more charming than the expression of the great Quaker's face, with his dark, earnest eyes and well-cut features. He looks the gentleman and the philanthropist all over, and no one who sees his portrait can wonder at the influence he acquired over the Indians.

Philadelphia boasts of a magnificent collection of specimens of natural history, and an unrivalled series of crania, but the building in which they are stowed away is utterly inadeqate for their reception and exhibition. The United States' Mint possesses a small

collection of coins, in which I was sorry to see the English series most wretchedly represented.

Philadelphians are extremely proud of the Girard College, an orphan asylum, founded by Stephen Girard, a Frenchman. It is an immense building of white marble, in imitation of a Greek Temple. It is not otherwise than handsome outside, though utterly unsuitable to the cold foggy climate, but inside it is 269 a complete and miserable failure. Instead of forming one magnificent hall, the interior is cut up into numbers of small mean rooms, and is divided into several stories. The orphans and their teachers are lodged in two hideous barracks, upon either side the temple. Impressed with and alarmed by the multiplicity of religions into which Protestantism has divided itself in the States, the founder left express directions that no minister or teacher of any religion whatsoever should ever be admitted into the College, or have access to the orphan inmates.

The only pretty thing about Philadelphia is a charming Park, upon the banks of the Schuylkill. The trees are at present small, but little rocks descend precipitously into the eddying river, and the whole place is well laid out. The Quaker City, at the present time, has little left of its Quakerism, except an outward husk of formalism. Its sons are exceptionally “fast” even for Americans, and the town is notorious for dissipation and profligacy.

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CHAPTER XXV. *NEW YORK CITY.*

New York—Description of the City—The Battery—Trinity Church—Architecture—The Central Park—Staten Island—Poverty—Post-Office Administration.

Few cities in the world can vie with New York in the beauty and convenience of its site. Occupying the triangular point of Manhattan Island, it looks seawards down a beautiful Sound, studded with islands, and it is encompassed on two of its three sides by the broad channel, known as the East River, which separates it from Brooklyn and Long Island,

and by the lordly Hudson, which divides it from the City and State of New Jersey. The city being thus placed has this peculiarity, that it can grow at one end only. Its situation, moreover, on the eastern coast, has had effect in making New York less characteristically American than any of the other large cities. New York is cosmopolitan in its inhabitants and in its appearance, and may be described as resembling a portion of Wapping, or the dock-end of Liverpool, mixed up with streets of a semi-Parisian character. In no other city does squalor and tawdry magnificence appear in closer combination. Yet, after all, New York is a great, and withal a fine city, and if it were only kept clean, and had a tolerable system 271 of street locomotion, and an efficient police, it would be the pleasantest residence in the New World. As it is, one would suppose there was no local government whatsoever. The commonest conveniences of the people are utterly disregarded. Even Broadway, one of the finest thoroughfares in the world, is full of unprotected traps, cellars, and areas. The squares, even in the best part of the town, such as Union Square and Madison Square, are untidy, ill-kept, strewed with dirty bits of paper, and fitted either with small round stools or narrow rails, instead of comfortable seats with backs. But municipal incapacity culminates at the Battery. This is an open space of ground, beautifully situated, at the extreme point of the triangle on which the city is built, washed on two sides by the waves, and commanding an exquisite view of Brooklyn, Jersey City, Staten Island, and the Sound.

Formerly this splendid site was laid out with grass and trees; now the grass has disappeared, most of the trees have been destroyed, and the whole place “has been degraded to the level of a colossal dustheap on one side, and mouldering reminiscences of vegetation on the other.”* Added to this, it is the undisturbed resort of the vilest scum of the rabble of New York. “Castle Garden,” upon the Battery, is now an emigrant depôt, and this institution has the object of protecting newly arrived emigrants from the violence and extortion of the ruffians who waylay them on their landing.

* Appleton's *Journal.*

Extending upwards from the Battery stretches 272 the long vista of Broadway, with Trinity Church near the bottom, and Grace Church, both of which belong to the Episcopalians, at the top. New Yorkers are justly proud of the former of these churches. It is, indeed, a noble stone building, with a spire nearly 300 feet high. The interior is very imposing; the large area is unincumbered with galleries; the sacrarium is large and well-raised, and the windows are filled with stained glass. It is probably the finest church in North America; and the choral service, led by a large staff of clergy and a large surpliced choir, is in accordance with the dignity of the building. Trinity churchyard contains some curious old gravestones, but some of these have actually been removed to the rooms of the Historical Society. Trinity Church is the oldest ecclesiastical foundation in New York, and the present edifice, which was consecrated in 1846, is the third which has stood upon the same site. In the parish of Trinity are several Chapels of Ease, one of which, Trinity Chapel, near Madison Square, is quite a little gem of ecclesiastical architecture. A little above Trinity is another church, in whose graveyard is an obelisk to Emmett, the idol of the Irish Americans. Still higher is the City Hall, which stands in a square of ill-kept grass, and is a large but ugly pile of buildings.

As you ascend Broadway the houses become handsomer and handsomer, and the rush and crash of a dense population bent on commerce at the lower end, is succeeded, near the top, by a throng of elaborately got-up ladies and dandified swells. Grace Church itself has caught the “fashionable” air of its 273 lofty position. It is the St. George's, Hanover Square, of New York; a place for fashionable weddings, and the sale of God's Word and Sacraments, where the rich may sit “apart” in their hired pews, without danger of the contamination, as they think it, of touching Christian *brethren* who have smaller incomes than they have themselves. Just above Grace Church is Union Square, an enclosure of ragged grass shaded by trees. Here the great attraction are the *English sparrows* , the introduction of which has saved the trees of New York from destruction by a kind of grub which infested them. Little wooden boxes are fixed to the trees for their habitation, and a scarlet and yellow pagoda has also been erected for their especial use, and a

most childish and absurd eyesore it is. The snug “Westmoreland Hotel” is situated in Union Square, and in Madison Square, a little higher up, is the vast pile of the “Fifth Avenue Hotel,” perhaps the largest in the city. Fifth Avenue, with its neighbourhood, is the Belgravia of New York. The houses are handsome, and look as if they had cost vast sums of money, but that is all that can be said in their favour; for the rest, they are tawdry, pretentious, and in bad taste. In fact there is little good architecture to be found in the whole city. An Art Gallery, built of black and white marble, in the mediæval Italian style, is exceptionally good; but, as a rule, the buildings, though costly, violate almost every principle of good taste. A meeting-house, for example, known as the “Church of the Holy Zebra,” built of courses of red and white stone, where a man named Bellows preaches the popular 18 274 doctrine that there is no future punishment for the wicked, is a simple outrage upon the common sense of the community.

Outside the city, and I suppose more than three miles from the City Hall, is the much-vaunted “Central Park.” This Park is of large extent, being not less than between two and three miles in length, and it is very prettily laid out. The beauty of the place is increased by the natural granite rock cropping out every here and there, and these rocks are prettily draped with trailing plants and vines. There is also a pretty piece of water. The flowering-shrubs are of singular beauty, and placed in most effective masses. Of course the trees are as yet small, but when they have come to maturity, say in fifty years' time, the Central Park will be one of the most beautiful in the world. At present, pretty as it undoubtedly is, I confess to having been disappointed with its appearance. The roads are needlessly wide and numerous, and dusty beyond description. Except on Saturdays, too, when working-men are unable to visit the Park, people are not allowed to walk on the grass. I met a member of the Canadian Legislature, who was actually dragged down to a police-office for unwittingly offending against this tyrannical rule, which supplies a characteristic instance of the existence of class-legislation in the United States. On Sunday afternoons the Central Park is crowded, and it is really pitiable to see the dense throngs of people pounding along the hard roads, enveloped in clouds of gritty dust. The numerous Germans, to whom

a single glass of their favourite and innocent Lager is 275 a forbidden luxury upon the “Sabbath,” are especial objects of compassion.

At the highest part of the Park are the waterworks which supply the city with excellent water brought a long distance from Croton, in New York State. Jersey City and Brooklyn, which may be regarded as suburbs of New York, are reached by huge steam ferry-boats, which every few minutes ply backwards and forwards across the Hudson and East River.

Brooklyn is called “the City of Churches,” from its multiplicity of ecclesiastical buildings of all denominations, but it has the reputation of being a very rowdy place. Here are situated one of the United States' Navy-yards, and Barracks for the Marines.

One of the pleasantest of the innumerable pleasant excursions which may be taken around New York is to Staten Island.

On the seaward extremity of this beautiful island stand Fort Richmond and Fort Tompkins. The view hence is charming, embracing the open Atlantic, a large extent of Long Island, the Harbour and City of New York, the Cities of Brooklyn and New Jersey, and the splendid Hudson, as far as the precipitous rocks known as the “Palisades.” Every ship which enters the harbour must pass through a narrow channel close under the guns of Staten Island, but one of the forts is so badly constructed, that a single broadside of its own guns would lay it level with the water, and the other fort, on the height above, which might be made of immense strength, is unfinished.

Those who imagine the United States to be a 276 kind of El Dorado, where gold may be picked up in the streets, will be terribly undeceived when they arrive at New York, where it is to be feared there is an awful amount of poverty and wretchedness. Certainly no city in the world, not even London, can show a larger number of squalid, dirty, ragged, and degraded beings, than those that infest the lower parts of the town adjoining the water-side and Bowery. Yet lodging and living are exorbitantly dear. Two miserable, filthy rooms cost a poor man nine dollars a month, or a hundred and eight dollars a year, and the numerous

and still more miserable cellars are only a trifle cheaper. The poorer portion of the genuine working-classes have a much more unwashed look than the corresponding class amongst ourselves, and such marks of civilization and refinement as birds and window flowers, which abound in Bethnal Green, are almost unknown. Even in the country, throughout the United States, such a thing as a cottage garden is of the rarest possible occurrence.

The Post Office at New York is, as usual in the States, in a most unsatisfactory condition. The business is all transacted in a range of beggarly sheds, and long files of people have to take their turns to reach the few loop-holes where letters are delivered, or stamps sold. The officials are few in number, grossly uncivil in manner, and unwilling or unable to answer the simplest questions connected with their department. I lost more letters during the few months I spent in the States, than I had lost in all my previous life. Here, again, the class-legislation of the country shows itself. The rich, who can afford to pay for 277 them, have their private letter-boxes, while the interests of the general public are disregarded. At New Orleans letters on Sundays have to be dropped through a hole into a small wicker-basket, and when this becomes full, the letters fall on the floor of the outer office, which is covered with the expectorations and ejected tobacco-plugs of the previous week.

New York abounds in literary and scientific societies. Of these the Historical Society is one of the most celebrated. It possesses a fine collection of Egyptian antiquities, formed by the late Dr. Abbot of Cairo, and numbers amongst its treasures the Golden Signet of King Sufis, or Cheops, the founder of the Great Pyramid.

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CHAPTER XXVI. *ALBANY, NIAGARA FALLS, AND BUFFALO.*

Albany—A Shaker—The Falls—City of Buffalo.

Leaving New York for the second time by the railway which runs along the beautiful valley of the Hudson River, I came to the clean and pleasant city of Albany. Albany is situated on a high ridge above the Hudson, and with its numerous spires and fine trees

has an imposing appearance when viewed from the opposite bank. Within, it is one of the cleanest cities in the States. The State Agricultural Society's Museum contains the celebrated “Cohoes Mastodon,” discovered at Cohoes in the State of New York. Amongst the aboriginal stone implements preserved in the same Museum, I noticed one which was apparently a phallic emblem, and the only one I saw in North America.

Sitting after dinner at the window of the hotel, a cart passed by, drawn by a lean white horse, and sitting bolt up in it, was a man, dressed in loose ill-fitting clothes and a broad-brimmed white hat. His long, lean, cadaverous features were rigid, and looked as if they were carved out of wood, and formed the handle of a German nut-cracker. This queer object of most unamiable appearance was, I learned, 279 an adherent of that Shaker superstition which has such charms in the eyes of Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon, and which modern English writers have dignified with the title of a “Church.” A Shaker village exists only a short distance from Albany. The State Legislature of New York meets at Albany, which is the Capital City, and the State-House is beautifully situated at the top of the hill. The State Library is admirably kept, and contains some of the Arnold and André correspondence in the original autographs.

The country between Albany and Niagara Falls exhibits no scenery worthy of especial remark. There is much uncut forest, much imperfectly cleared land, and much bad farming. At Lockport is a curious ravine in the blue-black Silurian deposits, which are celebrated among geologists as yielding numerous specimens of the beautiful crinoids, *Cariocrinus Ornatus* , and *Stephanocrinus Angulatus.*

I arrived at Niagara at a fortunate time, for I had it all to myself. The noise and crush and vulgarity of the “Season” had not yet commenced; the three chief hotels were still shut up, the foul tribe of touters and guides, and runners, and gamblers, and worse, had not yet emerged from the holes wherein they hybernate in the cities, and I found myself the sole stranger in the place. However much one may enjoy society in general, there are some places of such awful beauty and impressive grandeur that they can be best enjoyed

in solitude, and Niagara is one of them. The country about the Falls may be described as an undulating upland plain, and there is nothing in the surrounding 280 scenery which would lead a stranger to suspect the vicinity of that enormous ravine, in which the mightiest operations of Nature which the world can show are being transacted. Hence the astounding effect of the scene is much enhanced. The Falls have been described a thousand times, and described in vain, for their glories are indescribable. It is needless, therefore, to add another failure to the long list of descriptions which have gone before. A few remarks on the subject will therefore suffice.

On the occasion of my visit the Niagara river was in flood. The ice in the Niagara river and Lake Erie had broken up only the day before, and huge blocks and walls of ice were being whorled down the rapids, flung up in hills against opposing rocks and islets, and hurled into the abyss below. This added much to the astounding grandeur of the scene. I was prepared for unequalled *grandeur* , but I was not prepared for the astonishing *beauty* of the great Falls and their surroundings. The rapids above the descent, the huge ridges of seething water, the rocky fir-clad islets, with their woods and wild-flowers, the rainbow-traversed clouds of spray, the black rocks which bound the whirlpool below: these, with the Falls themselves—those ever-moving, motionless, changeless, yet ever-changing walls of deep sea-green water, do indeed make up a scene of matchless beauty, such as can nowhere else be found. Standing on the brink of the Canada Fall, and gazing into the centre of the great “horseshoe,” where monotony and continuity seem to strive with ever-varying progress, the mind is affected with the deepest sense of peace 281 and repose, and seems to catch the reflected image of Eternity Itself. Deep, too, and deeply impressive as are the voices of these many waters, painful and oppressive they nowhere are; and these, too, speak peace to the soul.

Two miles below the Falls Roebling's magnificent lattice iron bridge conducts the railway and carriage-way across the ravine and the maddened eddies of the river, as it rushes down to Lake Ontario; and close below, and in front of the Falls, a new suspension-bridge has been thrown across the chasm. This last is of the slightest possible construction, and

is literally swung about from side to side by the wind, a motion which produces the most sickening sensations in the passenger. This bridge has all the appearance of being utterly insecure. It is likewise a very ugly object, and it is a test of the sublime magnificence of the Falls, that neither it, nor the hideous whited hotels on the American side, have the effect of destroying the general view. These last are but as the tents of passing tourists pitched under the towering sublimity of the Pyramids. The village of Niagara Falls is full of shops for the sale of views, and Indian ornaments of bead-work, and embroidered moosehair; but these last are imported from Canada.

The hotels being fortunately shut, I put up at an exceedingly snug little hostelry, where the homely food was excellent and cheap, and a bright-faced Canadian girl waited at table. In the “Season” prices are said to be enormously high, and it is difficult to stir for the crowd of “fashionable” people, New York shop-boys, and spooney new-married couples.

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Access is obtained to Goat Island and the rest by a bridge, where half a dollar is charged as a toll. In passing from one islet to another, I started a wild-duck, which taking to the water, was caught by the eddies, whorled round and round, and in a moment swept over the precipice. In the woods of Goat Island, a beautiful variegated leaf was everywhere unfolding itself, which I took to belong to the “dog-tooth violet” of our gardens. The prevailing evergreen here, as in Canada, is the Arbor-vitæ.

A railroad runs from the Falls along the flat shores of the upper Niagara River, through Tonawanda to Buffalo. This rapidly increasing city is situated at the foot of Lake Erie. The view of this inland sea is somewhat pretty, as its shores are not so flat as those of Lake Michigan at Chicago. Opposite Buffalo, on the Canada side, is Fort Erie, whose position makes it a post of considerable importance. The quays of Buffalo are lined with enormous corn-lifts, the city being a great centre of the grain-trade. At the time of my visit there were still miles of ice visible upon the Lake, and the cold was so great that nothing but the most

urgent necessity would have induced a “Buffalo gal” to come out by night. The late springs and rigorous climate of the States are a terrible hindrance to travelling and commerce.

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CHAPTER XXVII. *CANADA. NIAGARA TO MONTREAL.*

Hamilton—Toronto—The University—Antiquities—Ottawa—Government Buildings—Scenery—Falls of the Chaudière.

I Had somehow expected to find a marked deteriorization in the appearance of the country when I crossed the Niagara gorge into Canada. The very reverse of this was the case. The railway, when it leaves the suspension-bridge, plunges into a tract of excellently farmed country, dotted with snug homesteads, studded with smiling villages, and sloping gently downwards to the clear blue waters of Lake Ontario.

Hamilton is the capital of this district, a thriving, cheerful town, backed by rocky wooded hills, upon a beautiful bay of the Lake. At Hamilton a little mark of refinement showed me that I was no longer in the United States. The steep banks of the railway-station are covered with neatly-mown turf, and the station is ornamented by a pretty garden. The soil in the neighbourhood of Hamilton is suited to the growth of the grape, and the wines of the “Ontario Vineyard” are already becoming popular. At Hamilton I made acquaintance with an excellent illustrated journal, the *Canadian Farmer.* The railway beyond 284 Hamilton runs along the shores of Lake Ontario to Toronto, the capital of the Province. This is a large, well-laid-out city with excellent shops, but it seemed somehow to wear the air of a place too big for its population. The navigation, however, was but just open, and trade had scarcely recovered from its state of hybernization. The Anglican Cathedral is a mean edifice of white brick, choked with rented pews and galleries, and with an enormous “three-decker” in front of the Lord's Table. This church is blighted by a low-church dean, and looks proportionately cold and formal. At the upper end of Toronto is an exceedingly pretty Park with soft turf and beautiful trees, beyond which are seen the spires of the city and

the shimmer of the Lake. In this Park are the handsome new buildings of the University of Toronto. They are built in the Romanesque style, with many spires and towers, and are at once picturesque and dignified.

Here, to my surprise, I found the learned and accomplished archæologist, Dr. Daniel Wilson, formerly of Edinburgh, the author of *Prehistoric Man.* He kindly showed me the small collection of antiquities which he has brought together in the Museum of the University. A *shell* googe, found with stone implements at Esquesing, interested me from its resemblance to those of the Island of Barbados. In this collection there is also a specimen of a large *Fusus* , from the Gulf of Mexico, found in the grave of an Indian warrior at Notowasaga, in the Province of Ontario. The use of these huge shells is uncertain; but, as the top of this specimen is broken, it may have been used as a 285 trumpet, as is still the case amongst the negroes in the West Indies. The education given at this State University is high, and the expenses of the students, who live within the walls, are extremely low. The Anglican University of Trinity College is another handsome building, situated about a mile from the city, overlooking the Lake.

From Toronto I went, by way of Kingston, to Prescott, a small town situated on the St. Lawrence, immediately opposite the town of Ogdensburg, in the State of New York. Prescott has a beautiful little Anglican Church, but the village is rendered ridiculous by a pitiful little fort, mounting some perfectly useless and obsolete cannons of small calibre. From Prescott a line of railroad conducts the traveller seventy miles through a pine-wooded country to Ottawa.

Ottawa, the new capital of the Dominion, is situated on a hill between the rivers Rideau and Ottawa, which last river here forms the boundary of the two Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, or, as they were formerly called, Upper and Lower Canada. It is a strange, though beautiful place, surrounded by dark pineforests and gleaming rivers, with the clear air everlastingly resounding with the rush and roar of falling waters. The town is at present small, but it is rapidly increasing. The new Parliament Buildings are erected on the

extremity of a lofty promontory of black rock, partially draped with trees, and descending abruptly into the eddying Ottawa. With the Government Offices they form an extremely imposing and picturesque mass of buildings, and are a credit to the great 286 country of which they form the principal ornament. They are in the transition Romanesque style, with irregular towers and pinnacles, some of which are surmounted by spires covered with *shingles* , so to say, of shining tin. The Houses of Assembly for the upper and lower branches of Legislature form the principal mass of building, and on either side, but disconnected with the central pile, are the Government Offices, the whole forming three sides of a vast square. The isolation of the side buildings seems to me to be a great mistake, as it deprives the group of the dignity it would otherwise have possessed. When the grounds in front are laid out, it will probably seem needful to connect the sides with the centre by stone terraces and flights of steps, or, better still, by a cloister. Immediately behind the Houses of Parliament is a circular library, somewhat on the plan of the Glastonbury Abbey Kitchen, but at present unfinished. Behind this is a steep precipice down to the river. The view from this point is beautiful. Below, the Ottawa whirls in swift eddies as it rushes down from the noble falls of the Chaudière, above which extend gleaming reaches of broad river, set in dark forests and divided by pine-clad islets. Below, and on either side the falls, are enormous stacks of yellow pine-lumber waiting to be floated down the stream, with innumerable saw-mills for cutting tip the timber, turned by the water. The two Canadas are here connected by a suspension-bridge, which joins Lower Ottawa with the village of Hull. Looking down the river, the mouth of the River Gatineau is seen upon the Lower Canada side, and beyond the 287 river, pine-forests extend across an undulating plain to the very top of the hills which form a portion of the Laurencian Chain, and bound the view. On the eastern side of the Parliament House, there is a deep gully occupied by a canal. It is intended to span this gully with a fine bridge of stone, and to lay out the ground, upon either side, park-wise. The Houses of Legislature inside are extremely handsome. The chambers have stained-glass windows, but are light and cheerful. The House of Commons is decidedly handsomer than that at Westminster, but, as in that august chamber, the acoustic properties are bad. The great beauty, after all,

of this noble pile is that, unlike the cold, staring, precisional Capitol at Washington, it is in thorough harmony with the surrounding scenery. Few things in the world are more striking than the sight of its towers and spires gleaming out from the surrounding woods.

The Romanists have erected a large Cathedral, trumpery enough in style, but its twin tin-covered spires have a fine effect in the distance. The Anglicans have secured a noble site close to the projected bridge, and here, when the vast diocese of Ontario is divided, and a bishop seated at Ottawa, it is proposed to erect a Cathedral. Meanwhile they have a pretty Free Church, that of St. Alban, with a good choir, good congregational singing, and hearty services. The Sunday I spent at Ottawa, the old women and shop-boys were flocking to "hear" the preaching of Lord E. Cecil; but that self-called, self-sent, and self-conceited live lordling not putting in an appearance, they had to put up with the equally 288 strong Calvinism of a certain preaching captain of H. M.'s Service.

Close to Ottawa there are two fine waterfalls, that of the Chaudière, already named, chiefly remarkable for its great volume of water, and the higher but less copious falls of the Rideau, a mile below the city. Here the Rideau tumbles over a black rock in two streams into the Ottawa. The Governor-General resides at Rideau Hall, a modest residence enough for the Viceroy of such a vast Dominion. From Ottawa I returned to Prescott, and travelled thence to Montreal, the *commercial* as distinguished from the *State* Capital of the country.

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CHAPTER XXVIII. *CANADA. MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.*

Montreal—Description of the City—The Anglican and Roman Cathedrals—View from the Mountain—Caughnawaga—Iroquois Indians—Quebec—Wolfe's Monument—Canadian Politics.

The City of Montreal is beautifully situated upon the St. Lawrence, here more than a mile and a half wide, from whose banks it ascends to the wooded and rocky hill from which it

obtained its modern name. It is in all respects a noble and beautiful city. Its streets are wide, and many of its shops and warehouses vie in size and architecture with the finest of those at New York, while in point of cleanliness no city in the United States, save, perhaps, Baltimore and some of the New England towns, can be compared with it. A magnificent quay, with well-built stone walls, extends the whole length of the city along the banks of the St. Lawrence, unmarred by the English and American selfishness of private wharfs. From this quay a fine view is obtained of the unrivalled Victoria Bridge above, and of the beautiful St. Helen's Island below, and of the wooded banks and distant mountains on the opposite side of the river.

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The Roman Cathedral of Notre Dame is situated in a pretty square off St. James's Street, the principal street of the town. Its great size and twin towers, despite its contemptible architecture, make it a somewhat imposing object in a general view of the city, but its interior in point of ugliness and vile taste probably exceeds any other church in the world. It is filled with yellow, rented pews, and has *two* tiers of galleries on either side the nave and at the entrance end, while the floor is on a steep inclined plane the *wrong* way, that is, it descends from the entrance down to the high or rather *low* altar! The decorations are only remarkable for tawdry meanness.

The Anglican Metropolitan Cathedral stands in an open square, in the upper part of the city. No bigger than an English parish church, it is a true Cathedral in miniature, with nave, chancel, transepts, central tower and spire, and a small octagonal chapter-house. Inside it is not wanting in solemnity, but it is disfigured by rented seats, and by a pulpit stuck in the midst of the chancel arch, the lectern being placed pulpit-fashion in the angle of the nave and chancel. Hard by the Cathedral is the humble residence of the late honoured Metropolitan, Bishop Fulford, the appointment of whose successor, thanks to the low Orange element in the Canadian Church, has been so long delayed.

A walk of less than a mile behind the city brings one to the summit of the Montreal “mountain,” as the inhabitants call it, the tree-clad, rocky height, which gave to the city the name of “Montreal,” instead of the ancient Indian name of Hochelaga. 291 The view from this hill is splendid. Below, at its base, lies the city, with its many spires and noble quays; then the broad St. Lawrence, and then a vast and gently rising plain extends far as the eye can reach, dotted with villages, the shining tin spires of whose churches gleam with indescribable brightness from amidst the gloom of encircling pine-woods. At times isolated hill-ridges of mountain form, or a solitary rounded hill arises from the plain, and far away to the left are descried the distant mountains of Vermont. Seen from this elevated spot, this part of Canada seems, indeed, to be a pleasant place and a “goodly heritage.”

The great Victoria Bridge, perhaps the *chef-d'æuvre* of Robert Stevenson, crosses the St. Lawrence about a mile from Montreal. Exclusive of the approaches, which extend some distance into the river, it is said to be a mile and a half long. As is well known, it is tubular in construction. Railway-trains alone are permitted to pass through it, but the selfishness which prevented the formation of at least a foot-way on the top must ever be matter for regret. Wonderful as a triumph of engineering skill, its straight lines, which impede the view up-stream, nevertheless render it an ugly object from the city.

A mile or so below Montreal is the village of Hochelaga, with artillery barracks, and a large church. It lies nearly opposite the lower end of the Island of St. Helen's, where are more barracks and a small fort intended to command the river-approach to the city. The Museum of the Natural History Society in Montreal possesses an interesting 292 collection of antiquities of the Stone Age, discovered in Hochelaga, amongst which is some pottery scarcely distinguishable from that of Pagan-Saxon date.

Before leaving Montreal I went to Lachine, a flourishing little town upon the St. Lawrence, seven miles above the city. Thence I crossed to Caughnawaga, a considerable village, entirely inhabited by Indians, the chief remnant of the once powerful tribe of the Iroquois. These people are entirely “civilized,” that is to say, they wear European clothes, and go

to church, and have a keen appreciation of the value of money, and can read and write, and get drunk. Their houses are substantially built of stone, with double glass windows, and are far more comfortable than the wooden shanties of a village in the United States. The furniture is excellent, and the walls are gay with bright pictures of Notre Dame, the Sacred Heart, and the like, and with photographs of the family. The squaws are, many of them, very good-looking, with large dark eyes, and long, straight black hair. They struck me as having a *Tartar* cast of countenance. Round the neck they wear necklaces of gold beads with, if possible, a golden cross. While the men are idle loafers, only working now and then by fits and starts, as raftsmen and the like, the women are very industrious, doing both house and field work, and spending the rest of their time in making and selling bead-embroidery, some of which is tolerably pretty, though by no means comparable with the elegant moose-deer hair and bark objects made by the Indians of Lorette, near Quebec. The Indians, 293 who take timber-rafts down the rapids to Montreal, seldom bring any of their earnings home, spending it all upon drink in the city. I visited one of the Iroquois chiefs, a stout gentleman, who was engaged in eating a beefsteak at a well-laid-out table, covered with a snow-white cloth: his two handsome daughters sat hard by, doing fancy needlework and warming their feet at a German stove. This tribe is being gradually exterminated by drink and by disease, the result of vice. Their somewhat melancholy faces seem to bear a consciousness of the inevitable fate which awaits them at no distant day, when the Red Indian race, like the Mound-builders who preceded them, shall be numbered amongst the extinct races of men.

The steamers on the St. Lawrence not having yet commenced running, I was compelled to commit myself to that worst of all badly-managed lines, the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and the following day was set down, four hours after time, at Point Levi, opposite Quebec.

The first view of the fortress and city is very imposing. The St. Lawrence comes sweeping down between high, rocky, and wooded banks, and then suddenly expands into a deep bay to double its usual width. At the point of expansion the heights are crowned by the

citadel and other fortifications, under which part of the city nestles at the brink of the river. The ascent is steeper, barer, and grander than that of Ehrenbreitstein, to which it bears some slight resemblance, while the huge tidal river, bearing on its bosom stately ocean ships, is in every way 294 nobler and more beautiful than the much-belauded Rhine. The city itself is close-cribbed, dirty, and mean enough. The streets are narrow and the buildings low, commonly of only two stories, with dormer windows in the roof. The Provincial House of Assembly is an abject building of yellowish brick, and the University, built of blue-stone, resembles a hideous range of barracks. The Roman Cathedral is a poor edifice enough, but has a certain old-world look of Frenchified picturesqueness which is not unpleasing. Inside there is no central aisle, but it is always open and looks *used.* The Bishop's seat is on the south side. The Anglican Cathedral, externally, precisely resembles an engine-house. I failed, after several efforts, to get inside, the usual Anglican exclusiveness and dread of private prayer keeping the church locked. It is disheartening to find our national shortcomings reproduced upon the other side of the Atlantic. Near this Cathedral, on the brink of the precipice, is a magnificent terrace, which is the favourite promenade of the inhabitants. From this, as more especially from the angle of the Citadel above, a view of singular beauty is obtained.

Across the river is the growing town of Point Levi, with the three great forts now in course of construction, and beyond, an undulating tract of forest-land swells up into distant hills. Below, the St. Lawrence is seen to diverge into two channels round the end of the large Island of Orleans. To the left, and far beneath, lies a part of the city, with numerous ship-building yards, and beyond these the populous village of Beauport, with the white cloud of spray 295 arising from the Falls of Montmorenci, and behind this the pine-clad chain of the Laurencian Mountains, which here are worthy of the name. Without forgetting the more contracted beauties of the Hudson at West Point, I consider this view, beyond all comparison, the finest I saw in North America, and, moreover, one of the very few to which the term *picturesque* can be applied.

Near the terrace is the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm. It is in disgraceful disrepair, and one of the iron letters in each heroic name has altogether disappeared. Below, a stone tablet marked the place where Montgomery fell; but this being destroyed, it was left to the *United States* ' Consul to erect a commemorative tablet of *painted wood!* Cheaper to have had a placard printed and pasted on the rock at once! The spot were Wolfe died is marked by a pillar surmounted by a sword and Greek helmet, which was erected by the British army; but a hideous gaol has been erected at half a stone's-throw distance upon one side, and some wretched shanties and piggeries stand close by on the other. And all this upon Crown land! Thus the memory of our great hero is degraded for the aggrandisement of some wretched official!

One quaint thing at Quebec is this: it being one of the coldest places in the world, there are no closed public carriages; the caléches and other vehicles are all wide open to the air.

Of course this is a matter wherein a civilian can be no judge, but I could not help being disappointed with the want of apparent strength in the fortifications. 296 Almost all the guns seem to point in one direction, as if an enemy was bound to attack from that alone. The works, too, appear to be the weakest on the side next the plains of Abraham, where they are least of all defended by nature. The guns themselves are simply wretched, and in a siege would be utterly useless, being miserable thirty-four pounders, chiefly of the reign of George III. There is not a single Armstrong or rifled gun mounted on the works. The three forts in course of construction across the river would seem to be absolutely necessary for the safety of Quebec; the only wonder is they were not built before.

The little I saw of Canada impressed me deeply with the magnificent resources of the country—the vast tracts of fertile land, the almost boundless forests, the unrivalled water-power,—to say nothing of the at present undeveloped mineral wealth which exists in both Provinces. I could not help regretting that a feeling should be gaining ground, that England is gradually becoming hostile to the interests of this great and noble possession. At present I believe there is little or no desire on the part of the Canadians to fall under

the yoke of the United States; that it should ever do so would, I am convinced, be a heavy blow to the cause of liberty in the States themselves. Thinking men are not wanting in the States who see in Canada a defence against the growing despotic tendencies of the Republican party. That this party will sooner or later try to force on an invasion can scarcely be doubted. No Scottish Duke had ever such a senseless lust for land as have the 297 dominant party at Washington, and the sight of a free country under a monarchical form of government enrages them with about as much reason as the sight of a red rag does a bull.

Canada, as a whole, struck me as being very English in sentiment, though the people have had the sense to adopt many customs which are worth adopting from their neighbours. Such are the American systems of street cars and hotels. These last are generally good, and the St. Lawrence Hall in Montreal is equal to the Laclede House at St. Louis, the best hotel I met with in the States.

Coming from these last into Canada, the traveller finds the miserable American notes exchanged for American gold and silver, and that, after making allowance for the different value of gold and paper, everything is somewhere about as cheap again as in the Great Republic. The people, it is true, seem considerably slower, but they also appear to be surer. You at least do not hear smartness, that is, dishonesty, spoken of as a virtue. I thought the literature exposed for sale in the book-stores was of a higher character than in the States; and for one copy of Longfellow I saw in America I am sure I saw five in Canada. The Canadians struck me as a fine race of people, but the women are scarcely as pretty as those of the United States; the large admixture of Scottish blood having introduced the abomination of freckles. As compared with the States there is less display, less ostentation, less over-dressing, more self-denial, more surface politeness, if not more kindness, and far more sympathy with the poor. Neither negroes nor 298 Indians are despised as they really are in the Northern States, and the doctrine that “A man's a man for a' that” is believed in far more widely and far more firmly.

The great want of Canada is *men and women* , and it is a matter for deep regret that the English Government should not take active measures to inform intending emigrants of the resources and advantages of Canada, instead of letting them fall a prey to touters from the States.

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CHAPTER XXIX. *FROM QUEBEC TO NEW YORK.*

Portland—Laws of Maine—Class Legislation—City of Boston—. Bunker's Hill—The Northmen's Tower at Newport, Rhode Island—Providence—Hartford—Connecticut—The Puritans—Colt's Armoury—New England Scenery—Immorality of the People of New England.

From Quebec I came back by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, which surely is the worst of all lines, to Richmond, and entered the State of New Hampshire, near Island Pond, where the train waits an hour for breakfast. Before crossing the frontier the land ascends for miles, and the country becomes prettier and prettier. Everywhere are pine-covered hills strewn with huge boulders and interspersed with dashing streams. Here and there are little Swiss-looking villages. Wherever there are hills and streams, and scattered rocks and pines, the villages always seem to become en-Swissed. Island Pond is a little placid lake embosomed in wooded hills. From Island Pond the country again ascends, until, near Gorham, the pine-clad hills have become mountains, and Mount Washington, which was snow-capped as I passed, towers above the surrounding ridges. The scenery, however, though pretty, can scarcely be called picturesque; and nowhere rises to grandeur. The forms of the mountains are singularly tame.

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Passing into the State of Maine, I reached Portland, the capital, about five in the evening, and proceeded to an excellent but half-deserted hotel. After dinner I was surprised by an irruption of policemen, and, on inquiry, found that they were come to close the hotel

billiard-room, in accordance with a recently passed State Law, which prohibited billiards after six o'clock in the evening, on the “preparation of the Sabbath.” And this in what is called “A Land of Liberty!” I am not aware that there is any particular “moral turpitude” in the game of billiards, though I am no player myself; but if there be, I cannot see the policy of treating grown-up citizens as children, and attempting to drill them into morality.

Of the working of the tyrannical “Maine Liquor Law,” I had a curious illustration the next morning, when I saw a policeman dragging a man in a beastly state of intoxication through the streets. Under this law, it is the *temperate* people who suffer, and those especially of the working-classes, who are deprived of “a creature of God, which is good, and to be received with thanksgiving,” while the drunken gratify their lust by smuggling. The rich are not touched at all.

Portland is a somewhat pleasant city of 25,000 inhabitants, upon Casco Bay. The streets are wide and clean, and ornamented with beautiful avenues of shade-trees, some of which actually arch over the roadway with their interlacing branches. The Episcopalians have recently finished a most church-like free and open cathedral, which is supported by the weekly offertory. The Church has gained great ground lately in the State of Maine, where the people 301 are beginning to feel Puritanism a yoke too heavy to be borne.

From Portland I went to Boston, by way of Portsmouth, Newbury Port, and Salem. At Boston I was received with never-failing American hospitality and kindness by a friend whom I had known in Egypt. Boston is, for the United States, an old-fashioned-looking city. The houses are chiefly built of red brick, and the streets are of a somewhat labyrinthine character. This, however, is a great relief, after the smug formality of other American cities. I visited, of course, the inevitable Bunker's Hill, which is a kind of bank, surmounted by a granite obelisk, in commemoration of the engagement in which the Colonial forces were defeated! I confess to looking myself upon the events of the revolutionary war with the most complete equanimity of mind. The actors were all *Englishmen* , and if the English at home took one view, and the English abroad took another, they were all English still,

and whatever credit attached to the successful party may be fairly claimed as a matter for congratulation by ourselves at the present day.

The view from the summit of the obelisk is of singular beauty and interest. The prospect is bounded by the Atlantic, and immediately below lies the city, with its many towers and spires rising up from the red dwellings, permeated by numerous creeks and channels, and built partly upon islands. Seen from this elevation, Boston looks like a New World Venice. Inland, across the causeway, over the River Charles, lies Cambridge, with the trees of the University of Harvard. While I was on the summit of the obelisk 302 I was joined by a ragged boy of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, who was accompanied by a tawdry-looking girl of perhaps sixteen. On descending, I found he had inscribed his name in the visitors' book as “Dash Dash, *Esquire, and Lady.* ” Such is “Republican simplicity!”

Near the City Hall is a statue of Franklin, which is better than most of the public monuments in America. The Capitol overlooks a beautiful green or park.

After visiting Harvard, of which I propose to speak more particularly in a separate chapter, I went to Newport, which, alternately with Providence, is the capital of the small State of Rhode Island. My object in going to Newport was to see an ancient tower, which is claimed by Danish antiquaries as the work of the Northmen, who, under Biarne, in A.D. 985, discovered that part of America which was afterwards named “Vineland,” now New England, by Lief the Fortunate, son of Erik the Red, in A.D. 1000. Of this tower I could gain no intelligence in Boston, and almost every one I asked denied its existence altogether. The Gazetteers were all silent upon the subject.

Newport is a clean little town, situated on a neck of land between Narraganset Bay and the open ocean. In the summer it is a fashionable watering-place, and crowded with visitors; at the time of my visit, in the spring, it was almost deserted. It would appear that the boys of Newport felt themselves much in want of amusement, for, on the night of my arrival, they gave two false alarms of fire.

The Tower of the Northmen stands upon a green at the upper end of the town, and is protected from depredation by an ugly wooden railing. Whatever be its age, it has certainly a most venerable appearance. It is constructed of small pieces of stone, chiefly granite and greenstone, put together irregularly with whitish mortar. It is supported by eight pillars or piers, each of which has the rudest kind of capital. A remarkable feature in the building is that the arches and upper part of the tower project slightly beyond the piers which support them. The arches are circular, and formed of larger stones than are used elsewhere, but they are of such rude construction as to prove nothing as to the date. Above the arches are three windows about the same size and square in form, and another smaller one. The tower is hollow inside, all vestiges of the floors being gone; and the apparently truncated top gives no indication of the character of the original roof. Wishing, if possible, to elicit a tradition, I asked a young man I met who built the tower: he answered, that it was “built by the old Jews before the discovery of America.” I confess I am sceptical as to the great antiquity which is claimed for this very curious and unique building, and I do not see why it should necessarily be more ancient than the settlement of New England by the Puritans. It is much to be regretted that this question cannot be set finally at rest.

At Newport I took steamer and ascended the Bay to Providence, the alternate State Capital of Rhode Island. This is a neat and flourishing New 304 England town, with an air of much cheerfulness and contentment about it. Thence I went to New Haven, the seat of the celebrated College of Yale, of which more hereafter; and so to Hartford, which alternates with New Haven as the State Capital of Connecticut.

On the occasion of my second visit to Hartford, I had the great pleasure of staying with my excellent friend Mr. Marshall Jewell, the newly-elected Governor of Connecticut, whose acquaintance I made beside David's Well at Bethlehem, and to whose hospitality I had been previously indebted, when I shared the shelter of his tent outside the walls of Hebron.

Hartford is, beyond doubt, one of the pleasantest towns in the United States. It is situated in the rich valley of the beautiful Connecticut River, and the heights above the town command a wide-spread prospect of rich, peaceful, well-cultivated plains, varied by swelling hills crowned with wood, and dotted with towns, villages, and smiling homesteads. The country around Hartford is indeed a very “garden of the Lord,” and the “lines” of those who dwell therein have indeed “fallen in pleasant places.”

The Library of the State House contains some curious historical documents and autographs, including correspondence between Connecticut and the Kings of England and their Ministers. Here I was shown the original charter granted by Charles II. to Connecticut, and hidden for long in the “Charter Oak,” and copies of some of the original severe and cruel laws of the old Puritans. The perusal of these old New England laws completely disproves the popular fallacy that the Puritans were apostles and advocates 305 of “civil and religious liberty,” and shows them in their true colours as sour-minded, stern tyrants, brimful of intolerance, and determined to enforce conformity to their narrow and gloomy creed by the most cruel and bloody penalties. Thus at Plymouth, in 1657, it was enacted, that every person convicted of being a Quaker should, if a male, be sentenced, for the first offence, to have his ear cut off and be imprisoned, and for the second to lose the other ear and be again imprisoned; and, if a female, to be severely whipped and imprisoned. For the third offence it was enacted that every Quaker *should have his tongue bored with a red-hot iron* , and afterwards imprisoned! Disobedient sons in New England were punished with death!

Hartford boasts of a beautifully kept public park, in the upper part of which are the buildings of the Episcopal College of the Holy Trinity. The Library of a Literary and Philosophical Society contains the first telegram that ever was despatched. A young lady was asked to write it, and wrote the appropriate sentiment: “What hath God wrought!” During my visit the singing birds of passage made their appearance in Mr. Jewell's

pleasant garden, and I had the pleasure of hearing the mellow notes of the Bobolink and the cheerful song of the American Robin, a bird somewhat bigger than a thrush.

Just outside Hartford on the river bank stands the enormous revolver factory or armoury of the late Col. Colt. The present firm, at the time of my visit, were executing an order for 30,000 rifles for the Russian Government. Here I saw some of the many-barrelled Gatling Field-guns in course of construction, 20 306 and a kind of portable field-battery, in which a number of barrels placed side by side could be discharged at once. Colt's Armoury is surmounted by a great azure-coloured cupola studded with gold stars. Hard-by Mrs. Colt has erected an exquisite little Episcopal Church for the use of the men employed in the works.

There is much pretty home-scenery along the coast between New Haven and New York; rivers running into the Sound, amidst cedar-tufted granite rocks, with snug little towns upon their banks, each with a few sea-going ships lying at anchor at their wooden quays. Altogether the New England towns, spite of a certain primness and formality, can scarcely fail to charm a stranger from the Old World. For one thing, they look finished; and their environs, instead of being a congeries of tottering wooden shanties rising out of heaps of black mud, are tidy, and abound with pretty villa-residences. Life, too, and property are tolerably secure in New England; and if, as Western men allege, the New Englanders are somewhat slow, they are at least free from crimes of open violence. To more secret but no less detestable crimes the New Englanders are unhappily prone; and the researches of Dr. Jesse Chickering, and others, prove that the descendants of the old Puritan families are absolutely dying out of the land from the terrible frequency of the crimes of fœticide and infanticide.*

* See Dr. Jesse Chickering's *Report of the City Population of Boston*, November, 1851. Boston. *Census of State of New York*, 1865, by Dr. Franklin Hough; *Registration Reports of Massachussetts;* and a powerful article on the subject in *Harper's Magazine*, Fcbruary, 1859.

307 New England and New York ladies think it “fashionable” to have no children. “Children,” says a writer in *Harper's Magazine* , “have come to be considered a care, a burden, and an expense, which it is thought must, at least to some extent, be dispensed with.” Dr. Chickering, after a most careful analysis of the births and deaths in Boston in 1849 and 1850, states it to be a fact, that “the whole increase of population arising from the excess of births over the deaths for those two years has been among the foreign population!” It should, moreover, be borne in mind, that not in the hot-blooded and violent South, not in the rough and ready West, but in “moral New England,” free-loveism, and other mushroom growths of impiety and superstition, were first spawned, and have since found a congenial home. If, too, what I heard from inhabitants be true, even blacker crimes than these are rife in the New England community. Such are the fruits of Puritanism!

The peaceableness of life in New England must strike any one who has travelled West and South. In the West and South life is, or ought to be, a constant struggle with nature, in which, in the former, man, and in the latter, nature wins the battle; in the East, as in Connecticut, nature has long since been conquered, and man is able to live in peace and enjoy the fruits of past toil.

I returned from my second visit to Hartford down the Connecticut river. The scenery all the way is charming. Generally, well-tilled fields extend themselves on either side the stream, but at times bluffs of rock of rich red-sandstone, draped with woods, 308 descend into the water. The red-sandstone of Connecticut is remarkable for displaying the foot-prints of enormous birds, of which I saw some fine specimens in the collection of Mr. Pliny Jewell of Hartford. At Middle Town, in Connecticut, is a large Episcopal seminary.

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CHAPTER XXX. *HARVARD, YALE, AND TRINITY, HARTFORD.*

Harvard College—University Expenses—Discipline—University Education—Failure of Protestantism—Religion at Harvard—Prize Recitations—Secret Societies—Yale College

—Buildings—Chapel Services—Geological Lecture—Secret Societies—Boating—Trinity College—Bishop Seabury's Mitre.

A Couple of miles or so from Boston, across the causeway over the River Charles, in the suburban town of Cambridge, is a large expanse of grass, which, in some sort, resembles one of the “Greens” in the neighbourhood of London, as, for instance, that of Hampton. Dotted about this grassy plain, with no particular regularity, are a number of buildings of varying degrees of ugliness, some built of old red brick, others of new greyish stone, but all of a formal and sombre character. These buildings make up the celebrated University or College of Harvard, which vies with Yale in claiming to be the first educational institution in the United States.

Harvard University was founded in the year A. D. 1638, by the Rev. John Harvard, an alumnus of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, England, who, himself a Puritan, designed the College he founded for the promulgation of Puritan doctrines. The motto chosen for the College was “ *Christo et 310 Ecclesiæ.* ” At the present time Harvard University is governed by a President, five Fellows, a Treasurer, some thirty elective Overseers, and a large staff of Professors. Under these there are about a thousand Undergraduate Students, divided into Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen. The majority of the Undergraduates at the present time come from Massachusetts, or, at all events, from the New England States, Western and Southern youths generally preferring Yale.

Upon presenting themselves for admission candidates are compelled to pass a matriculation examination, and before this are obliged to act the farce of producing testimonials of a good moral character, and when admitted must give a bond for 400 dollars to pay all charges accruing under the laws and customs of the University. “The bond must be executed by two bondsmen, who must be satisfactory to the steward of the College, and one of them must be a citizen of Massachusetts.” Some of the students reside in the town of Cambridge in lodgings, approved by the faculty, but a large number are accommodated in the several college buildings, which are, with one exception, termed

Halls, and are named respectively College House, Divinity Hall, Gray's Hall, Hollis Hall, Holworthy Hall, Stoughton Hall, and Massachusetts Hall. Of these Massachusetts Hall is the oldest, and was used as barracks in the Revolutionary war. The men's rooms resemble those of an Oxford or Cambridge College, save that it is usual for two students to chum together and occupy the same apartment. Wine and spirituous liquors of all sorts 311 are prohibited in the lodgings and College rooms—a piece of Puritan repression which is easily and often evaded; and the rowdyism of a bar-room outside not unfrequently takes the place of the cosy “wine” of a few intimate friends in that snuggest of snuggeries the “rooms” of an Oxford man.

Of University discipline there is but little. There is no Proctorial surveillance; the students may come in and go out when they please, and so long as they are present at the dull and strictly enforced chapel service, can practically sleep at Boston or wherever else they please. All undergraduates, without exception, are *required* to attend daily morning chapel, as they are also on Sundays, unless, at the special request of their parents or guardians, they are allowed to attend other congregations in Cambridge or elsewhere.

The necessary College expenses of an undergraduate for a year, exclusive of wood and coals, are estimated as varying from 273 to 456 dollars, but numbers spend a much larger sum, and extravagance is by no means rare. Meritorious students are assisted in their University course by scholarships, of which there are more than forty in the College, varying in value from 100 to 300 dollars a year; and besides these, gratuities are given from funds arising from bequests to poor students, in sums ranging from twenty to ninety dollars. There is likewise a Loan Fund for the assistance of those who prefer a loan to a gift. Books called “ *Deturs* ” are given as prizes to deserving students, and, in addition, there are a number of prizes for proficiency in special subjects.

The matriculation examination looks somewhat 312 hard on paper, but no great proficiency is expected. The candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

“ Latin Department.

In the whole of Virgil,

The whole of Cæsar's Commentaries,

Cicero's Select Orations, Folsom's or Johnson's edition,

Latin Grammar, including Prosody,

And in writing Latin.

Greek Department.

In Felton's Greek Reader,

Or the whole of the Anabasis of Xenophon and the first three books of the Iliad (omitting the Catalogue of Ships in the second book),

Greek Grammar, including Prosody and Versification,

And in writing Greek, with the Accents.

Mathematical Department.

In Arithmetic, including the Metric System of Weights and Measures,

The elements of Algebra, as far as through Quadratic Equations,

And in Elementary Plane Geometry (including so much as is contained in the first XIII. chapters of Prof. Pierce's Treatise).

Students are advised to become practically acquainted with the use of Logarithms before entering College.

Historical Department.

In Mitchell's Ancient and Modern Geography,

Smith's Smaller History of Greece, or Sewell's History of Greece,

And the History of Rome in Worcester's Elements of History.

Candidates are also examined in reading English aloud."

Once admitted, the student finds his work divided into " *required* " and " *elective and extra* " studies; but all the subjects of the Freshman Class are *required.* They are as follows:—

" Freshman Class.

First Term.

1. *Greek.* Xenophon's Memorabilia.—Homer's Odyssey.—Goodwin's Greek Moods and Tenses.—Exercises in writing Greek.

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2. *Latin.* Livy (Lincoln's Selections).—Cicero's Epistles.—Ramsay's Elementary Manual of Roman Antiquities.—Zumpt's Grammar.—Exercises in writing Latin.

3. *Mathematics.* Peirce's Geometry.—Peirce's Algebra, begun.

4. *French.* Otto's Grammar.—Modern French Theatre.—Classic French Theatre.—Exercises.

5. *Elocution.*

6. *Ethics.* Champlin's First Principles of Ethies.—Bulfinch's Evidences of Christianity.

7. *Integral Education.* Lectures.

Second Term.

1. *Greek.* Lysias.—Homer's Odyssey.—Felton's Greek Historians.—Greek Antiquities.—Goodwin's Greek Moods and Tenses.—Exercises in writing Greek.

2. *Latin.* Horace, Odes and Epodes.—Cicero's Tusculan Disputations. Zumpt's Grammar.—Ramsay's Elementary Manual of Roman Antiquities—Exercises in writing Latin.

3. *Mathematics.* Peirce's Algebra, finished (including Logarithms).—Peirce's Plane Trigonometry.

4. *History, in French.* Histoire Grecque par Duruy.

5. *Elocution.*”

The *required* studies of the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior Classes, are less numerous than those of the Freshman Class, but the former are obliged to choose subjects for themselves from the Elective Studies. What these are may be seen by the following list:—

“ Sophomore Class.

First Term.

1. *Rhetoric.* Themes.

2. *History.* Student's Gibbon.

3. *Chemistry.* Cooke's Chemical Physics.

4. *Elocation.*

5. *German.* Weisse's German Grammar.—Exercises.—-Rölker's German Reader.

ELECTIVE STUDIES.

1. *Mathematics, Ordinary Course.* Goodwin's Elementary Statics.—Puckle's Conic Sections.

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2. *Applied Mathetics.* Kerr's Elements of Rational Mechanics.

3. *Pure Mathematics.* Puekle's Conic Sections.

4. *Advanced Mathematics.* Introduction to the General Theory of Functions.

5. *Greek.* The Prometheus of Æschylus.—The Alcestis of Euripides.—Plato's Apology and Crito.—Exercises in writing Greek.

6. *Latin.* Cicero de Officiis.—Quintilian.—Zumpt's Grammar.—Exercises in writing Latin.

7. *Italian.* Cuore's Grammar.—La Fiera.—La Rosa dell' Alpi.

8. *English.* Vernon's Anglo-Saxon Gnide.—Morris's Specimens of Early English.

Second Term.

1. *Rhetoric.* Themes.

2. *Philosophy.* Stewart's Philosophy of the Mind.—Reid's Essays.

3. *Chemistry.* Cooke's First Principles of Chemical Philosophy.—Lectures.

4. *German.* Grammar and Exercises.—Rölker's German Reader.

5. *Elocution.*

ELECTIVE STUDIES.

1. *Mathematics, Ordinary Course.* Puckle's Conic Sections.—Goodwin's Elementary Dynamics.—Lectures on the Law of Gravitation.

2. *Applied Mathematics.* Kerr's Elements of Rational Mechanics.

3. *Pure Mathematics.* Spherical Trigonometry.—Puckle's Conic Sections.

4. *Advanced Mathematics.* Introduction to the General Theory of Functions.—Analytic Geometry of Three Dimensions.

5. *Greek.* Demosthenes. Grote's History of Greece, Vol. XI. (Chapters 86–90.) The Birds of Aristophanes. Greek Composition.

6. *Latin.* Terence. Cicero. Horace. Exercises in writing Latin.

7. *Italian.* Cuore—s Grammar.—Francesca da Rimini.—Tasso's Gerusalemme.

8. *English.* Studies of the First Term continued.

Junior Class.

First Term.

1. *Physics.* Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy, last edition.

2. *Philosohy.* Bowen's Logic.

3. *Rhetoric.* Themes.

4. *Chemistry.* Lectures.

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ELECTIVE STUDIES.

1. *Mathematics.* Peirce's Algebra, Chapter VIII.—Peirce's Curves and Functions, Vols. I. and II.

2. *Applied Mathematics.* Kerr's Elements of Rational Mechanics.—Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus.

3. *Ancient History.* Polybius.—Greek Composition.

4. *Greek.* Aschines and Demosthenes on the Crown.—Greek Composition.

5. *Latin.* Pliny's Letters.—Martial.—Latin Exercises and Extemporalia.

6. *Chemistry.* Galloway's Qualitative Analysis, with instruction in the Laboratory.

7. *Natural History.*

8. *English*, Vernon's Anglo.—Saxon Guide.—Morris's Specimens of Early English.

9. *German.* Weisse's German Grammar.—Exercises.—Schiller's Tragedies.

1O. *Spanish.* Gil Blas.—Josse's Grammar and Exercises (Sales's edit.)

11. *Italian.* Cuore's Grammar and Exercises.—La Fiera.—Dall' Ongaro's La Rosa dell' Alpi.

Second Term.

1. *Philosophy.* Hamilton's Metaphysics.—Forensics.

2. *Physics.* Lardner's Course of Natural Philosophy (Optics).—Lec. tures on Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, &c.

ELECTIVE STUDIES.

1. *Mathematics.* Peirce's Curves and Functions, Vols. I. and II.

2. *Applied Mathematics.* Kerr's Elements of Rational Mechanics.—Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus.

3. *Ancient History.* Polybius.—Greek Composition.

4. *Greek.* The Electra of Sophocles.—Plato.—Greek Composition.

5. *Latin.* Plautus.—Latin Exercises and Extemporalia.

6. *Chemistry.* Galloway's Qualitative Analysis, with instruction in the Laboratory.

7. *Natural History.*

8. *English.* Studies of the First Term continued.

9. *German.* Grammar.—Exercises.—Goethe's Tragedies.—Heine.

10. *Spanish.* Josse's Grammar (Sales's edition).—Gil Blas.

11. *Italian.* Cuore's Grammar.—Francesca da Rimini.—Tasso's Gerusalemme.

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Senior Class.

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First Term.

1. *Logic and Philosophy.* Bowen's Ethics and Metaphysics.—Bowen's Political Economy.—Forensics.

2. *Physics.* Lectures on Optics and Acoustics.

3. *History.* Modern History.

ELECTIVE AND EXTRA STUDIES.

1. *Philosophy.* Mill's Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy.

2. *Mathematics.* Peirce's Curves and Functions.

3. *History.* Constitutional History of England.

4. *Chemistry.* Crystallography and Physics of Crystals.

5. *Greek.* Thucydides.—Greek Composition.

6. *Latin.* Quintilian.—Cicero against Verres.—Latin Exercises and Extemporalia.

7. *German.* Schiller's Wilhelm Tell.—Goethe's Faust.—Lectures on German Grammar.—Themes.

8. *French.* Lectures on French Grammar.—La Fontaine's Fables.—Bossuet.

9. *Spanish.* Josse's Grammar (Sales's edition).—El si de las ninas.

10. *Italian.* Cuore's Grammar and Exercises.—Tasso's Gerusalemme.—Dante.

11. *English.* Thorpe's Analecta Anglo-Saxonica.—Mantzner's Altenglische Sprachproben.

12. *Modern Literature.* Lectures.

13. *Patristic and Modern Greek.*

14. *Geology.* Lectures.

15. *Anatomy.* Lectures.

Second Term.

1. *History.* Modem History.

2. *Religious Instruction.*

3. *Rhetoric.* Themes.

ELECTIVE AND EXTRA STUDIES.

1. *Philosophy.* The History of Philosophy.

2. *Mathematics.* Peirce's Analytic Mechanics.

3. *Greek.* Thucydides.—Greek Composition.

4. *Latin.* Lucretius.—Latin Exercises and Extemporalia.

5. *History.* Constitutional History of the United States.

6. *Chemistry.* Mineralogy and Determination of Minerals.

7. *German.* Nibelungen Lied.—Lectures on German Literature.

8. *French.* Demogeot's Histoire de la Litterature Francaise.—Moliere.

9. *Spanish.* Don Quijote.—Calderon.

10. *Italian.* Dante.

11. *English.* Studies of the First Term continued.

12. *Zoology.* Lectures.

13. *Modern Literature.* Lectures.

14. *Patristic and Modern Greek.*

The Hebrew Language is taught to those who desire to learn it.

Exercises In Composition And Elocution.

The Sophomore and Freshman Classes have each an exercise in Elocution once a week.

The Junior Class has an exercise in Themes once in three weeks, and the Sophomore Class once in five weeks.

The Senior Class has four exercises in Forensics in the First Term, and four in Themes in the Second Term; and the Junior Class has four exercises in Forensics in the Second Term.

Each Class writes Greek and Latin Exercises.

Elective And Extra Studies.

I. All the studies of the Freshman Class are *required.*

II. The *required* studies of the Sophomore Class are Chemistry and German (each two hours a week through the year), and History and Philosophy (each two hours a week one

Term). The *elective* studies are Greek, Latin, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, English, and Italian. Each Sophomore must elect in such a way as to occupy *eight* hours a week with his elective studies. *See* the Tabular View.

III. The *required* studies of the Junior Class are Philosophy (two hours a week), and Physics (three hours a week). The *elective* studies are Greek, Latin, Ancient History (in Greek text-books); Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Chemistry, Natural History; the English Language, and German. Of these elective studies each Junior may choose *three* or *two* (at his pleasure), and receive marks for the same. In each elective department there will be three exercises a week. Spanish and Italian may be taken as extra studies (without marks), with two exercises a week in each, and are *required* of those who propose to elect these languages in the Senior year.

IV. The *required* studies of the Senior Class are History, Philosophy, and Ethics (*together* five hours a week). The *elective* studies are Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Physics, Chemical Physics, History, Philosophy, and Modern Languages (French, German, Italian and Spanish). In 318 each elective department there will be three exercises a week. Each Senior may choose *three* or *two* electives (at his pleasure), and receive marks for the same. Special students for honours may be permitted to devote the whole nine hours to *two* elective departments, under such restrictions as may be prescribed. Marks will be allowed in Modern Languages in the Senior year to *advanced students* only.

Special honours will be assigned at graduation (in the diploma or in some other appropriate manner) for distinction in the elective departments.

Themes, Forensics, Declamations, and attendance at Lectures, are also required.

Examinations.

Each Class is examined annually, in writing, in the several studies of the year, before committees appointed for that purpose by the Overseers; and the results of these

examinations have an important bearing on the rank of the Student, and, in some cases, on his continuance in College.

Music.

Instruction in Music is given to those Undergraduates who desire it, and are sufficiently acquainted with the Rudiments.

The instruction includes practice in Vocal Music, and lessons in Thorough-Bass and Counterpoint."

The University has likewise a Gymnasium for the use of the Undergraduates. A magnificent collection of objects of Natural History and Comparative Zoology has been arranged by Professor Agassiz in an utterly inadequate building, and Mr. Peabody having founded a much-needed Professorship of American Archaeology, it is intended to form a collection of American Antiquities in the College buildings.

Besides being divided into classes, according to their academical standing, the students are further divided according to the subjects to which they especially devote themselves. Thus, the Divinity 319 School has 19 students, the Law School 138, the Lawrence Scientific School 41, and the School of Medicine 308. There are, likewise, about four students attached to the Astronomical Observatory, and Schools of Mining and Dentistry have likewise been formed, and have commenced courses of instruction. An Episcopal Theological School has been affiliated on to Harvard College, but its students are at present very few in number.

So far as religious teaching is concerned Harvard must be numbered amongst the many instances of the failure of mere Protestantism, which are observable in the United States. Founded by a Puritan of the Puritans, the University was destined to be a stronghold of Puritanism. But here, as elsewhere, Puritanism has merged into Unitarianism; and the "*Christo et Ecclesiæ* " motto is now true only of another Christ and another Church than

those of the founder. “The Faculty are all Unitarian, and we, Undergraduates, are all infidels, or, at all events, *very* liberal,” was the answer I received from a most intelligent Senior Student, when I inquired about the state of religion in Harvard. That this was, *in the main* , a just account, was afterwards confirmed in other quarters. Yale still clings to a comparatively “orthodox” description of Christianity, Harvard has long ago passed beyond it. This state of things has probably had effect in making Harvard what it is at the present time, a Massachusetts or New England, rather than a National Institution. Prejudices in favour of Christianity still survive in the West and South! But, apart from the vital questions connected 320 with religion, Harvard must be regarded as a noble place of education, numbering, as it does, amongst its teachers, such men as L. Agassiz, O. W. Holmes, Asa Gray, C. E. Brown-Seguard, and others, scarcely less eminent; and it is to the influence of Harvard that Boston is what it is, the most cultivated and intellectual centre in the United States.

I was fortunate enough to be present at the Recitation of Prize Exercises, and was courteously conducted to the spot by Dr. Andrew Peabody, the acting President. This gentleman was dressed in academicals—a gown much befrogged with velvet, and a college cap, and is the only member of the University who wears academical costume. The room was not near large enough for the purpose for which it was designed, and was inconveniently crowded with sympathizing ladies and their undergraduate friends. The President sat in a corner at one end of the room, and the recitations were made from a slightly raised dais. The reciters appeared in full evening dress, *i.e.* , in black coats, vests and pants, and white ties, and looked all legs. How I longed to clothe their shanks with a bit of drapery! I noticed here that the orator bowed to the audience first and then to the President. An Englishman or a Frenchman would instinctively have reversed the process. The recitations were made entirely without book or paper,—an unnecessary infliction upon the author of a prize essay and his auditors; and more than one youth broke down from nervousness. As a rule the pieces, and especially the quasi-dramatic pieces, were excellently well recited. Greek was pronounced, 321 as is the established rule at Harvard,

with the accents, and according to the pronunciation of the modern Greeks,—a happy innovation, to which the University is indebted to its Greek Professor, Dr. Evangelinus Sophocles. Slight and unenthusiastic applause followed some of the recitations, and there was not the slightest disposition to anything like disorder.

As in other American colleges so-called “Secret” Societies abound amongst the undergraduates. I was hospitably entertained in the cosy rooms of one of the principal of these clubs, and the exceptional excellence of the champagne, with which I was regaled upon the occasion, showed that the prohibition of wine was, as might be expected, a complete dead letter. The two chief societies are the “Porcellian,” and the “Hasty Pudding” Clubs. The former was instituted in 1791, and in 1831 was amalgamated with the “Order of the Knights of the Square Table.” The Porcellian Club, which is expensive and exclusive in its constitution, has a charming set of apartments ornamented with prints and statuary, and possesses an excellent library, of which an elaborate catalogue has been printed. As an illustration of manners I may mention that I was shown the *regalia* of another society, now happily broken up, which had an unmentionably bestial name, and must have vied in impiety with that “Hell-fire Club,” concerning which dark legends still linger about Brazenose Lane at Oxford.

As a rule the students of Harvard appeared to me to have much less of healthy recreation than those of 21 322 an English University. They do not ride, or drive, or play cricket, fives, or rackets; the College buildings are hideous, and in the midst of a third-rate town, and the country round is uninviting. Besides, Americans seldom go for a walk. Some students boat, witness the gallant “Harvard crew,” and some play the National game “base ball,” but these two seem to make up all the outdoor amusements. I suspect, however, that there is a great deal of real study, and that the chance of a student leaving College with an empty head is less in America than in England.

Shortly after visiting Harvard I went to the no less celebrated College of Yale at New Haven in Connecticut. New Haven is a clean, cheerful, and pretty little town, situated upon

land which slopes gently up from an estuary, and is backed by wooded hills, two of which, from their abrupt rocky sides, form a noble feature in a rich and beautiful landscape. At the top of the town is a long range of old-fashioned red brick buildings, resembling the barracks at Hampton Court. This is Yale College. The buildings are divided into several parts, which are known respectively as South College, South Middle College, North College, North Middle College, and Divinity College. The hideous chapel stands in the midst, and behind are the Geological and Art Museums. In front is a strip of grass bounded by a beautiful avenue of great overarching elms—an *Alameda* worthy of Spain. Beyond this again is a large expanse of grass, dotted with fine trees, and sprinkled with the prim churches and chapels of 323 various denominations, with the ugly whited State House in the middle. The College buildings and their surroundings have an air of antiquated respectability, rare in the New World, and though the buildings are in themselves ugly, they look comfortable and home-like.

Yale College was founded by Governor Yale of the East India Company, in 1700, at Killington, in Connecticut; it was then removed to Sag Brook, and finally fixed at New Haven in 1716. It is governed by a Corporation, of which the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and six senior Senators of Connecticut are *ex-officio* members, a President, eighteen Fellows, a Secretary, a Treasurer, a Treasurer's Assistant, and a large body of Professors, who form what is called the “Faculty,” and are the educating body. The present number of students is about 723. The course of study resembles that of Harvard, and the discipline, or want of discipline, much the same. The *necessary* expenses are estimated at from 317 to 487 dollars per annum. As at Harvard, a “patron,” or, as he is here called, a “College guardian,” is appointed by parents living at a distance, “as a precaution against extravagance,” and to pay attention to the pecuniary affairs of each student, whose bills he pays, and whose expenditure he overlooks. Yale is an endowed College, and one of its chief benefactors was Bishop Berkeley, who at that time was Dean of Derry, and who, in 1732, presented the College with a library of books and an estate on Rhode Island. I

was told that, through the perusal of these books, no less than two Presidents of Yale 324 abjured—Puritanism, and were received into the communion of the Episcopal Church.

All the students are compelled to attend the daily morning service, which takes place at eight A. M. The chapel is a frightful building fitted up in the coldest and meanest meeting-house style. At the end is a pulpit containing a sofa, and in front of the pulpit a small parlour-table and two hair-seated dining-room chairs. But cold and mean as is the chapel, the service is colder and meaner still. Any more heart-chilling and profane performance could scarcely be imagined. The students, on entering, either commenced a conversation with their friends, or applied themselves, with great diligence, to the subject-matter of the lectures which were to be given after service. In no one instance did any one engage in private prayer. After an interval an old gentleman, in black tie and black greatcoat, ascended the pulpit and sat down on the sofa, where he was soon joined by another old gentleman, with whom he had a short confabulation. The second old gentleman than sat down on the sofa, and the first old gentleman stood up and read, and read wretchedly, a portion of Scripture. A grand metrical Psalm was then sung to a grand tune by a choir of students in the gallery, all the rest of the congregation continuing to sit. Till the moment of their standing up, all the choir were either talking or at their studies. My next neighbour was deep in a French Reader. At the end of the Psalm the choir sat down and reapplied themselves to their lessons, while the rest of the audience lounged forward or looked about them; the old gentleman in the pulpit 325 meanwhile drawling out a long, wangling, extempore prayer, in the course of which he informed the Almighty of several circumstances which had fallen under his own personal notice. During the prayer not a knee in the whole congregation was bent, and two only of the “faculty” stood up. The *instant* the prayer was ended, and before an “Amen” was pronounced, the students began to beat a hasty retreat from the chapel. The air of utter carelessness and irreverence, which was universal, was chilling to witness. If the congregation had disbelieved in the existence of a God it could not have been worse. Such being the spiritual food which Puritanism has to offer to her sons in her own chosen home, who can wonder at the

unbelief and unbounded immorality which is making New England a by-word even in the United States. Her children ask of her bread, and Puritanism gives them a stone.

The whole course of instruction at Yale occupies four years, and in each year there are three terms or sessions. Each student attends three lectures or recitations in a day, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when they attend only two. Professor Othniel C. Marsh, Professor of Palaeontology, kindly consented to my being present while he delivered an admirable lecture on geology to one of his two classes. Not less than sixty students were present, and they showed, by their lucid and admirable answers, how well they were profiting by the instruction they received.

The Library is a fine building, and contains several interesting historical relics. It is, however, sadly 326 deficient in *ancient* books, the earliest printed volume being dated only 1562. The number of books approaches 50,000.

Two Literary Societies amongst the undergraduates are fully recognized by the authorities, and debating-rooms are assigned to them within the College. They are called respectively the “Linonia” and the “Brothers in Unity.” I went to hear a debate by the members of the former society, but as only two of the debaters appeared, and no other members were in attendance, the debate was consequently adjourned. These two societies each possess a library of 13,500 volumes. In addition to these there is a College Reading-Room, which is well supplied with Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers; members of the “Linonia” and “Brothers in Unity” are admitted free, and other members of the University on payment of a dollar a term.

Of “Secret Societies,” which are so far “secret” that the names of the members are printed in the *Yale Pot-Pourri* , some are confined to the senior students; these are the “Skull and Bones,” “Scroll and Key,” “S.L.M.” and “E.T.L.,” of which last the cheerful badge is a patent coffin. The Junior Societies are named after various letters of the Greek alphabet, such, for instance as the “Psi Upsilon,” or “Gamma Nu.” Besides these there are the

“Berzelius,” “Sigma Delta Chi” and “Theta XI,” “Scientific” Societies, and a large number of “Miscellaneous Organizations.” Among these may be named the “Spoon Committee of '69,” the “Initiation Committee '71,” the “Owls” and the “Yale Missionary 327 Society.” It is amusing in a country where so much is said about “Republican simplicity,” and where not even a medal can be given to an heroic soldier, to see the students of Yale and Harvard, and even of the most insignificant colleges throughout the States, wearing the badges of the secret societies to which they belong. Some of these badges are very pretty, and made of enamel and gold. The lads of the Naval College at Annapolis wear clumsy rings of coppery-looking gold. Some mildly convivial societies are called “Eating Clubs.” Such are “Les Bons Vivants,” the “Ku Kluxes:” motto, “I'm bound to be a bummer *in the Ku Klux Klan.* ” The members of this last Club have remarkable names; such are the “Grand Mogul,” the “Chicago Rustic,” the “Tumbler Buster,” “The Bummer, D.D.,” the “Breeder of Famine,” “Decayed Punster,” the “Night Missionary,” the “Common-tater,” “Old Hickory,” and the “Ku Klux Orpheus.” Other Eating Clubs are named “ *oi i###áyoi,* ” “Merry Eaters,” “Well Bre(a)d Eaters,” “Sans Souci:” motto, “ *Dum Vivimus Vivamus;* ” and the “Pick Quick Club.” Certain nocturnal sounds suggested that some of these were rather drinking than mere dry, eating clubs, but after all I have heard similar sounds in Trumpington Street, and even in the classic regions of Peckwater and from Quad.

The Yale students struck me as a fine-looking body of young men, and, as is usual in the States, their courtesy and kindness knew no bounds.

There are several Boating Clubs amongst the men, and I had the pleasure of seeing the “Yale 328 Crew” start for a pull. The race with Harvard at the University Regatta on Lake Quinsigamond on July 24, 1868, was won by Harvard. The absence of a coxswain looks strange to an English eye, and it is hard to believe that any man can steer well and pull well at the same time. Each action requires a concentration of attention, which cannot fail to be diverted when two things have to be done, and done well, at the same moment.

The Yale men, as a whole, look somewhat younger than those of Oxford and Cambridge, but there also appear to be a larger proportion of much older men of the Magdalen Hall type. The addiction of the students to lollipops, and the honour in which “Candy Sam,” their vendor, is held, is not a little amazing to an Englishman, who probably gave up those little luxuries when he left a private school. But lollipops, under the name of “Candy drops,” are habitually sold, and bought by adults in the railway-cars. One of the best-printed and best-got-up papers in the United States, the “ *College Courant* ,” is published by members of the University.

Between my two visits to Yale I had the opportunity of visiting Trinity College, at Hartford, Connecticut, which is entirely in the hands of the Episcopal Church, and one of the chief places of education belonging to that communion. About a hundred students are in residence, and there is a full staff of able professors. The course of instruction resembles that of Yale, but more attention is given to religious studies. The Bishop of the diocese attends regularly to give lectures in history. There is Divine Service 329 twice daily, and absence is not even excused when occasioned by illness. The needful expenses are estimated as varying from 202 to 325 dollars a year, but the fees for tuition, amounting to fifty dollars, are remitted when necessary. The College buildings are of stone, and of a plain character, but they occupy a beautiful situation, in a kind of Park abutting on the pleasant town of Hartford. The library contains about 10,000 volumes, and the purple and gold mitre, which belonged to Bishop Seabury, is preserved in it as a relic. It is a pity that the use of these primitive ornaments has been discontinued in the American Church. In Trinity, with its hundred undergraduates, there are no less than about twenty secret societies, clubs and class organizations, and the co-members of most of these enter each other's rooms without the ceremony of knocking at the door. The members of one secret society are divided into the two classes of “Devils” and “Imps!” Trinity puts forth a periodical, beautifully printed upon tinted paper, called “The Trinity Tablet.”

The great Episcopal Seminary, at Providence, Rhode Island, I was unable to visit. Columbia College, in New York, is for day-students only. It is Episcopal only in name.

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CHAPTER XXXI. *WEST POINT.*

The Hudson River—Military Academy of West Point—Cadet—Rigid Discipline.

About two hours' railway journey, or fifty-two miles above New York, along the banks of the Hudson, and exactly at the most beautiful point of that beautiful river, stands the celebrated Military Academy of West Point. The scenery around is charming in the extreme. Lofty hills, only just lower than mountains, come sweeping down in graceful curves to the noble Hudson, whose deep and eddying stream is enlivened by the constant passage of huge river steamers, and flecked with the white sails of sea-going ships. Rocky and tree-draped islands raise their crests every here and there from the water, and pyramidal cypresses, with their dark foliage, lift themselves up amongst the woods of deciduous trees which line the steep and craggy banks. The buildings of the Academy, which are built of stone, occupy a lofty situation, and command a noble view up the river to the city of Newburg, and to the Catskill Mountains, with their swelling outline and “sleepy hollows.” In front of the College is a fine parade-ground of beautifully-kept grass, upon a natural 331 plateau. Upon one side of this is a line of pretty villas, tenanted by the officers and professors of the Academy, and on the other side, and in front, the ground descends steeply to the river through the woods. The slopes are everywhere permeated by winding walks; some high up, and others on the very brink of the Hudson; and these, and especially “Flirtation Walk,” are as delightful as any that the world can show. In places, mock-batteries and trenches, for the instruction of the cadets, are erected upon commanding spots, but these are not allowed in any case to interfere with the beauty and picturesqueness of the natural scenery. Trees either grow naturally; or are planted exactly where they ought to grow, the grass is, for a wonder, smooth and well-kept, seats are

abundant, and the place, altogether, has about it an air of cultivated taste and civilization, which can be found nowhere else in the States.

West Point is essentially a *gentlemanly* place. The cadets are lodged in a large stone building or barracks of a somewhat imposing appearance, and the mess-room, chapel and library, are detached buildings. The library is a fine and cheerful room, and contains a few portraits of eminent officers educated in the Academy, but the collection of books does not appear to be very large. In the chapel a number of old brass guns, taken in the Revolutionary war, are let into the walls, and flags and other trophies are suspended at regular intervals. I confess that I viewed these trophies without a single pang. I am convinced that the separation of the States was for the happiness both of the old country and of the 332 separating colonies, and, in respect of the trophies, they were, after all, only taken by one set of Englishmen from another.

It is curious that Episcopacy is supposed to be the most popular form of religion the United States' army, and accordingly the Chaplain of West Point is almost always an Episcopal clergyman. The present chaplain unfortunately belongs to the “low and slow” school, and consequently treats the cadets to the monotony of a dull, read service without music, and thinks it expedient to eliminate dogmatic teaching from his discourses. It is incalculable what good a hearty, choral service, in which the cadets could feel a living interest, would do amongst such a large body of young men. But to the low and slow nothing is more distasteful than earnestness in worship, and worship in which the *laity* can take an active part.

There is a small museum attached to the Academy, and a collection of drawings and paintings by cadets, some of which are of great interest. The cadets are nominated by the President and members of Congress, and from the time of their entrance are considered as commissioned officers. The standard of proficiency which is required at the preliminary examination is kept very low indeed by the jealousy of Congress, but it constantly happens that, even so, the examiners are compelled to reject some of the nominees. The course

of study extends over four years, and each cadet is instructed in the knowledge and exercises proper to all branches of the service. Thus the infantry officer is instructed in cavalry exercise, 333 and the cavalry cade learns fortification. Military education is thus extremely complete, and an officer in time of war finds himself prepared for any emergency.

The discipline is of extraordinary, and, it would seem, of unnecessary strictness. For two years after their admission the cadets are not allowed to leave the narrow bounds of the promontory upon which the College stands; they then have a vacation of two months, and at the end of that time return for the space of another two years. It is scarcely possible to get away for a day, even, upon any pretext whatsoever. I was told of a cadet who was not permitted to go to visit his dying father. The cadets have scarcely any leisure time upon their hands, the hours of study and exercise following very close one upon another. Beer, wine, spirituous liquors of all kinds and tobacco are contraband, and are not allowed to be sold or even brought upon the Point. The cadets are therefore total abstainers by compulsion during the whole of their College course. It is hard to see the advantage of this, which is, in truth, treating young men and officers as irresponsible boys. Practical experience shows that the monastic system is not necessarily favourable to good morals, and the youth who has never been taught to rule himself by resisting temptations, makes but a poor figure in after life, when he is thrown into the midst of them. Men cannot be' drilled into good morals, and we know that the Great Captain Himself did not pray that His disciples should be taken out of the world, but should rather learn to overcome it. Certainly if teetotallism is the object 334 aimed at, the West Point system is a decided failure, for American officers are assuredly by no means total abstainers; and President Grant, himself a West Point officer, is seldom without a cigar in his mouth. It seemed to me a degrading regulation that the cadets should not be allowed any pockets in their uniforms, for fear they should secrete smuggled tobacco. Surely it were better to trust to the honour of an officer and a gentleman! But other regulations are no less petty and oppressive. Each student shares a room with a chum, but into this room no one, no, not even a father

or a brother, is permitted to enter, should he visit the Point. A student's most intimate friend in College is not allowed to enter his room except for half-an-hour after two meals in each day, and sentries are placed in the passages to see that these regulations are carried out and to report offenders.

I was, of course, unaware of this restriction when I accepted the invitation of a cadet to come and see his room. The room itself was of fair size, but not over-well ventilated. The two beds occupied a kind of recess at one end of the room farthest from the window. The floor was uncarpeted and the walls bare. On my expressing surprise that I saw no pictures in the room, my friend informed me that pictures were prohibited articles, and that a cadet was not even allowed to hang up a photograph of his mother or sister. Thus, in the endeavour to secure a bare, dull uniformity, the humanizing and civilizing influences of home associations are sternly crushed down, and an attempt is made to cast the individual 335 tastes of responsible beings into one mould like so many bullets. Restrictions like these, being so utterly alien to anything they would meet with in after life, can only have effect in dulling and deadening the minds of the cadets, and that without producing any effect in the way of compensation for the injury done. And, in fact, the severity of the discipline does appear to be injurious to many of the students. I was assured that freshmen often suffer severely from low spirits and want of change, and the heavy and sad expression which broods over the faces of the fine body of young men who are under instruction, goes far to prove the truth of the allegation, and tells strongly against the system pursued. One Hotel is permitted upon the Government property at the Point, and in summer this is crowded with visitors, and in the same season picnics are occasionally allowed. But a strict surveillance is exercised over new-comers, and young ladies “unattached” are not allowed to land at all. The only game indulged in by the cadets is the national sport of “base ball.” The cadets, who do not exceed 250 in number, are dressed in a neat grey uniform, and the expenses of their College course are entirely defrayed by the State.

The son of President Grant is at present in the Academy, and I was told he was “like his father in nothing but his bull-headedness.” (This word “bull-headed,” as indicative of obstinacy, is, I suspect, sacred to the memory of his late Majesty King George the Third). After all, however, “the proof of the pudding is in the eating,” and with all its faults and puerile 336 restrictions, West Point must be regarded as an admirable and highly successful institution. The officers it turns out are generally cultivated gentlemen, and the late war brought out in strong relief the paramount excellence of its military training. Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Beauregard, and Robert Lee, were all *alumni* of West Point. There is no doubt that this last fact has been productive of much jealousy on the part of civilians and of Congress. The army and navy are universally, though most unjustly, unpopular throughout the States, and the common jealousy against the full-blown soldier is now beginning to be directed against the budding cadet.

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CHAPTER XXXII. *THE BALLOT IN THE UNITED STATES.*

New York Election Frauds—Failure of the Ballot to secure Purity in Elections—Universal Electoral Corruption—Statistics.

People of the Bright School, who believe that the panacea of all political evils is to be found in the adoption of the ballot, must, one would suppose, have neither been in the United States nor have made themselves familiar with its public press, or with the authoritative documents of its Government. The fact is, that from one end of the country to the other the cry is that corruption prevails in every Governmental department of which the officers are elected by popular suffrage, that votes are bought and sold, that gross bribery and like mal-practices are the rule in all elections, and that the very fountains of justice are polluted, and judicial sentences dispensed to the highest bidder. The *universality* of these complaints, which are confined to no section of the country and to no political party, testify to the undoubted existence of the evils complained of. In illustration of this statement, I would refer to the “ *Report of the Select Committee on alleged New York Election Frauds.*

made to the House of Representatives, Fortieth 22 338 Congress, Third Session, by W. Lawrence, of Ohio, Chairman of the Committee," and printed at Washington, at the Government printing office, in the present year, 1869, by order of the House. This Report, as will be seen, contains highly interesting matter, and most wholesome for these times when the demagogue is abroad in England.

Chapter I. treats of "The Evils demanding a Remedy," and commences as follows:—

"The Committee was charged with the duty of investigating 'the irregularities and frauds alleged to have occurred in the City and State of New York affecting the recent election for representatives to Congress, and electors of President and Vice-President.' This duty is of the highest political importance. Irregularities and fraud in the election of representatives to Congress, and electors of President or Vice-President, cannot fail to excite just alarm in the minds of the people. Unless their will can be fully and fairly expressed in the election of the officers who are to make and execute laws, the vital principles upon which the Government rests are set at defiance, and soon we may follow the fate of France, where imperial power was welcomed as the only means of peace; or the anarchy of contending factions, so fatal to Mexico, may close the career of our great republic.

"A Republican Government that cannot preserve the purity of the ballot is a failure; one which will not is a fraud, and is already resolved into anarchy.

"If, as is alleged, the 'precipitate communication of the privileges of citizenship to the inhabitants of 339 Italy at large' contributed to the downfall of Rome, or if the same causes scourged Syracuse by 'perpetual sedition,' how much greater will be the dangers which may environ our own republic if the elections are to be controlled by fraudulent votes cast in the interest of anarchy and misrule?

"The nation must speedily perish if law-makers, under pretence of deriving their power from legal voters, are suffered to become the representatives of conspiracy and fraud at

elections. Successful election frauds in one great city may decide the political majority of a Congress, of a State, or of the nation, in a Presidential election.

“If they may succeed in one locality, the evil will become contagious, until it pervades the whole body politic.

“If evils like these may come, or if a republic in name cannot or will not be so in fact; if the popular voice is to be hushed or powerless before the mockery of elections conducted in the name of the people, but reflecting only the purposes of terrorism and fraud, then revolution will be speedily incited, and the Great Republic may crumble to atoms.

“Fortunately our past and present history proves that the great body of the people are alive to the necessity of preserving the purity of the ballot; *but it is to be deplored that elections have been too frequently carried by fraudulent means in defiance of the popular will, and that existing laws are wholly inadequate to prevent a repetition of similar results.*

“The State of New York has been prolific in election frauds at various times, while Louisiana, 340 Maryland, and other States, have presented many phases of the same evils.

“The Reports of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate of the United States, submitted January 27 and March 3, 1845, prove the existence of great frauds in the Presidential election of 1844. It is here shown that ‘repeating’ was then practised.

“On the 1st of April, 1857, a Committee reported to the Assembly of New York that the ballot ‘ *still fails to be a true reflection of the will of the people.* It is said to be true that its guardians, so far from protecting it, became the medium of its corruption, and made its results such as they might desire instead of the honestly expressed sentiment if the ballot had been left undisturbed, or the inspector, either himself or by others, putting in unauthorised ballots enough of an opposite character to outweigh and smother those honestly deposited. So skillfully and adroitly are these frauds perpetrated that the

offenders are rarely detected, and if detected, political sympathy or prejudice loses (*sic*) the guilty one from the punishment he merits.

“Governor King, in his first annual message (1858), in referring to the ‘elective franchise,’ said,—‘ *All know that in the city of New York, and measurably in other large cities, it is not pure and often is not free.* ’

“And on the 20th of March, 1858, a Select Committee reported to the Assembly that, “ *Of late years fraud and simulation at the ballot-box have become extensive and enormous. No sane man will deny this; no man can controvert this fact; the evidence of its existence is as manifest and notorious as any well-known 341 truth. It is true this evil is in its infancy, but it is none the less important that a remedy should be speedily devised.* ’ The legislature of New York finally enacted the registry laws of May 13, 1865, and April 25, 1866, *which have failed to secure the purity of the ballot-box.* ”

After reciting instances of violence, intimidation, tumult, fraud, and general lawlessness which prevailed at elections in other States of the Union, the Report continues,—

“But appalling and startling as these have been in our past history, they are all surpassed in some respects by those perpetrated in the general election in the State, and especially in the City of New York, on the 3rd of November, 1868.

“These frauds were the result of a systematic plan of gigantic proportions, stealthily pre-arranged and boldly executed, not merely by bands of degraded desperadoes, but with the direct sanction, approval, or aid of many prominent officials and citizens of New York, with the shrewdly concealed contrivance of others, and almost without an effort to discourage or prevent them by any of those in whose interest and political party associations they were successfully executed, who could not fail to have cognizance of them, and whose duty it was to expose, defeat, and punish them.

“ *They were aided by an immense, corrupt, and corrupting official patronage and power, which not only encouraged, but shielded and protected the guilty principals, and their aiders and abettors.*

“ *These frauds are so varied in character that they 342 comprehend every known crime against the elective franchise. They corrupted the administration of justice, degraded the judiciary, defeated the execution of the laws, subverted, for the time being, in New York the essential principles of popular government, robbed the people of that great State of their rightful choice of electors of President and Vice-President, of a Governor and other officers; disgraced the most populous city of the Union; encouraged the enemies of republican government here and everywhere to deride our institutions as a failure, and endangered the peace of the republic by an attempt to defeat the will of the people in the choice of their rulers.*

“ *The events of the past year in New York, and the evidence taken by the Committee, furnish the proof of all these allegatioins.* ”

The Committee (with a minority of two members, who deny that the election frauds were the result of a conspiracy of the *Democratic* party,) then proceed to enumerate the following as amongst the most prominent frauds committed in the City and State of New York in connection with the election in November, 1868:—

“1. Many thousands of aliens fraudulently procured, or were furnished with certificates of naturalization illegally or fraudulently issued, by means of which they were enabled to register as voters and voted in violation of law.

“2. Many hundreds of certificates of naturalization were granted in the names of fictitious persons, to be used by native-born and naturalized citizens and aliens in falsely registering as voters, and to enable them to vote many times at the election.

“3. *Many hundreds of persons voted in New York city from two to forty times or more, each under assumed or fictitious names fraudulently registered for the purpose.*

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“4. Extensive frauds were committed in canvassing tickets, and names of voters were registered on the poll-lists, and democratic tickets counted as if voters representing them voted, when no such persons voted at all.

“5. To accomplish these frauds, gross neglect of duty and disregard of law so great as to evince a criminal purpose prevailed in some of the courts, while officers and democratic partisans of almost every grade, either by official influence or otherwise, aided, sanctioned, or knew of and failed to prevent them. The same influences shielded the perpetrators in nearly all cases from detection or arrest, and when arrested they have, through the agency of judicial officers and others charged with the duty of prosecution, escaped all punishment.

“6. Through these agencies the democratic electors of President and Vice-President and the democratic candidate for governor of the State of New York were fraudulently elected.

“7. And the investigations of the committee show that existing State laws and the mode of enforcing them are wholly inadequate to prevent these frauds, but that Congress has the power to enact laws which, if faithfully executed, will, to some extent, furnish remedies hereafter.

“There is no law of Congress professing to prevent or punish frauds in voting or conducting elections, and the penalties relating to certificates of naturalization are by no means adequate.”

The Report then goes on to treat (Cap. II.) on the frauds which were committed by illegality in naturalization in the following manner:—

“Prior to the year 1868 naturalizations were effected in State courts in New York city only in the Court of Common Pleas and the Superior Court. The average number naturalized each year in the Common Pleas, from 1856 to 1867 inclusive, was 5,252, and in the superior court 3,955, or a total annual average of 9,207.

“The highest number in any one of these years in *both* these courts, prior to 1865, was 16,493 in 1856.

“On the 6th of October, 1868, the Supreme Court commenced the work of naturalization. In the year 1868 these courts, as reported by some of their officers, naturalized as follows: —

In the Common Pleas 3,145

Superior Court 27,897

Supreme Court in October 10,070

Total 41,112

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“This is more than four times the average of previous years, and about two and a half times greater than the largest number in any preceding year, and it is not possible that there could have been any such number of legal applications.

“That certificates of naturalization were issued in great numbers from the Supreme and Superior Courts, especially the former, and were delivered to persons who never appeared in court or took any oath of allegiance, and all of which were therefore fraudulent and void, is proved by evidence so abundant that it would be impracticable here to refer to it. In the language of one of the witnesses they were ‘sent broadcast all over the city.’

“Certificates of naturalization issued from the Supreme Court in New York city were distributed to other counties, to persons who never appeared in court.

“Among the frauds practised under the naturalization laws were—The false personation of applicants for naturalization; perjury of witnesses under real and assumed names; the fabrication of applications for naturalization and oaths in support of them, with names of applicants and witnesses forged; the granting of certificates of naturalization in fictitious names; and on applications regular in form, but without the presence of any applicants, and to persons not entitled to them.”

In order that such frauds should not be detected, reporters and spectators used to be driven out of court. Thus R. W. McAlpine, Esq., reporter of the *New York Tribune* , testifies: —

“I made but one visit to a naturalization court in this city, near the time of the November election. I sat for perhaps half an hour before I saw anything particular being done except simply calling out names. At a given time a certain number of persons, whose names had been called, were gathered in the middle of the court-room, and then the process of swearing these men in as citizens was gone into. What I noticed was that there could not, by any possibility, have been more than two or three men who could have touched the Bible at the same time, and I noticed that when the judge directed that those who could not reach the Bible should raise their right hands, there were very few in that crowd who raised any hand. The judge, while either waiting for a new batch of men to swear in, or for some other reason, made some remarks from the bench in reference to certain strictures that had appeared in the papers of the city, and spoke of the writers as a set of scoundrels who had charged him falsely. He said he intended to see 345 that those worthy citizens in front of him should be protected in their rights. Then he ordered the court-room to be cleared. He said:—‘Those who have not come here for the purpose of being naturalized, or who are not here by order of the court, will immediately leave. If they do not immediately leave they will be ejected by the officers of the court.’ At the beginning of the address I had

risen from my seat, and, before the judge had fairly concluded his remarks, an officer of the court took me by the arm. ‘Say,’ said he, ‘did you come here to be naturalized?’ ‘No,’ said I, ‘I did not.’ ‘Then the sooner you get out of here the better.’ So, with out letting go my arm at all, he marched me off towards the public entrance of the court-room. That had been locked and bolted after my entrance into the room. Then we were obliged to pass through that crowd of as yet unnaturalized citizens, past the judge's bench, and through the private door. This was the Supreme Court, before Judge Barnard.”

Judge McCunn testified that he could examine two witnesses a minute, but it appears that they were sometimes examined even quicker than that! The Report naively states:—

“That a single judge could honestly naturalize a daily average of 718 persons for sixteen days in succession cannot be possible.”

The mode of proceeding in Judge McCunn's court is thus described by Colonel Bliss:—

“I went there and found a very large crowd in the entry, gathered about the two doors leading into the room. They were apparently letting them in by one door and out by the other. I went to the door by which they were coming out, and with some little difficulty I succeeded in persuading the officer to let me in. I took a seat there and found a string of people coming up. They came in at the other door, and when they came within eight or ten feet of the judge the Bible was put in their hands, and perhaps a dozen or fifteen sworn at a time to make true answers. They then passed up in front of the judge. The judge had before him a large pile of these applications. He would take them up and ask questions about them, and the witness would answer. He took them up one at a time, and at first I noticed that the question he asked was ‘Do you know this man?’ The witness had no means of knowing who the man was that was named in the paper before the judge. I looked about to see where the men to be naturalized were, 346 and it struck me that *the men to be naturalized were not in the room.* I then went to one of the officers to ascertain the fact. Just as I was going to him I noticed a little noise at the door at which they were

coming in, and heard one of the officers say to a man, ‘Go out.’ The man said, ‘I want to be naturalized.’ ‘Well,’ said the officer, ‘where is your witness?’ ‘Here he is,’ said the man. ‘Well, we do not want you here,’ said the officer; ‘go out;’ and he kept the man out and let the witness in. I then found that in no case was the person to be naturalized allowed to come into the room. After a time the judge adopted the plan of asking the witness how long he had known the man—giving his name. I may be mistaken, but I thought he did not give the name until he saw me sitting there. It seemed so to me. It went on for fifteen or twenty minutes in that way. The witnesses were asked the questions less rapidly than before Judge Garvin, but a peculiarity in Judge McCunn's court was that the persons naturalized were not present, and there were no means, of course, of identifying who the man was. The witnesses would then ask for their papers, and the officers would tell them, ‘No, you can't have the papers.’ The papers were handed to a clerk in the court, then to an officer, and then were taken out to a room across the entry. There were some of them who went and took the oath of allegiance before the clerk. I cannot specify any man who got his paper without taking the oath of allegiance, but while I was standing there in the entry there were certainly many more people coming out with their papers than had taken the oath of allegiance. I ought to say that Judge McCunn, after he recognized me, called me up, and I did my business with him. In the course of the conversation he said, ‘You see how we do this with all the legal forms, and there ought to be a stop of this abuse of us in the papers.’ I timed him. The first five minutes I was there he naturalized thirteen men, and the second five minutes fifteen men.”

Mr. Leverson also says in relation to Judge McCunn's court:—

“In the first place the witnesses, who appeared very frequently, appeared for different persons; the same witnesses appeared sometimes under different names, and sometimes personated applicants. With every desire to speak as charitably as possible of a gentleman who behaved so courteously to myself as Judge McCunn did, it would certainly be a large charity which should suppose that he could have failed to notice that. One

single man appeared five-and-twenty times, at least, in a single evening under many different names."

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The committee conclude that, taking New York City and State together, *no less and probably more* than 68,343 fraudulent certificates were issued and made use of (p. 31).

With respect to the practice of "repeating," the committee conclude that "an organized system was perfected and carried into effect by members of the democratic party to register many thousands of names, fictitious or assumed, and then to vote on them *by hundreds of persons voting from two to forty times each* for the democratic candidate, and they assert (p. 45):—

"With all the concealment which cunning could invent, or perjury secure, or bribery purchase, or the fear of punishment inspire, or the dread of violence from bands of conspirators and democratic desperadoes could command, or the blandishments of more accomplished knaves could entice, or the hope of office could buy, or fear of the loss of place could bring, all of which would naturally conspire to throw obstacles in the way of or defeat the investigation of the committee, it is by no means possible that the extent of these frauds has been revealed even in any one ward, but this may be approximated from the proof as to election districts in various parts of the city, and by statistical tables showing the voting population at previous periods, with the average increase in those periods, from which the actual voting population of 1868 may be computed with reasonable certainty. These frauds are so systematic in New York that the operation is called 'repeating,' and those engaged in it are called 'repeaters.' The evidence of 'repeating' consists of proof:—

"1st. That names of persons were registered from houses of given numbers and streets, on which the poll-lists show votes to have been given, though no persons of those names had any such residence or existence anywhere.

“2nd. That certificates of naturalization in great numbers to names of fictitious persons were distributed to enable the work of repeating to be perfected.

“3rd. That gangs of men were actually engaged in the business, as shown by witnesses who saw them and their repeating books.

“4th. Of the disclosures made by the repeaters themselves; and

“5th. Of statistical tables demonstrating that the vote of 1868 was far in excess of the voting population.”

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With respect to “fraudulent canvassing,” the Report states:—

“There is evidence to show that it was a part of the gigantic scheme of carrying the democratic ticket in the State of New York by fraud to delay the canvassing of the vote in the city of New York until the result in the counties of the State should be known, and then make up any deficiency not supplied by repeating and other fraudulent voting, by ‘stuffing the ballot boxes’—by a fraudulent canvass, or count of the vote.”

At page 52 it is shown that even the electric telegraph was tampered with, and at page 54 that the police census was “obstructed and prevented:”—

“A. Oakkey Hall, then district attorney, elected mayor of the city in December, says the avowed object of taking the census ‘was to prevent, and if carried out as avowed it would decidedly prevent fraud.’ Yet he, an officer of the city, charged with the duty of prosecuting violators of the election laws, and counsel of the police board, says, ‘As a democratic editor and a democratic politician I myself gave advice’ to the people, ‘and especially democrats, not to furnish the names of persons to the police force engaged in taking the census prior to the last election.’ He could not fail to know of the purposes of the ‘repeaters;’ he took no steps to detect or prevent the execution of their plans, but

defeated the purposes of the police force. Under his advice his democratic followers and the democratic newspapers threw such obstacles in the way of the census that it became impracticable to take it and it was abandoned. Challenging illegal voters was so far prevented by terrorism and violence that it was of rare occurrence either at the registry or on the day of the election, and in many districts no challenges were made."

All this is terrible enough, but the worst of all remains, the fact, viz., that the guilty were protected in their guilt, and enjoyed perfect immunity for their crimes.

"With the courts, the officers of justice, all controlled by men elected as democrats, and with the vast official and personal influence of the dominant party in the city, men can escape all punishment for crime if faithless officers so determine. Immunity and protection were promised repeatedly to those engaged in these election frauds.

"Numerous arrests were made by some of the police of persons illegally 349 voting in the interest of the democratic party, but none by the sheriff or his deputies.

"A majority of the board of inspectors of election are authorized to make arrests for illegal voting.

"The boardof Metropolitan Police Commissioners being equally divided politically, the election officers are generally in the same condition. The democratic inspectors in each election district have it in their power, therefore, to prevent arrests, and very often availed themselves of that power to shield the guilty.

"Many others would have been arrested, but it was so well understood that arrests were to be followed by release, that this mode of preventing frauds was but of little avail.

"And it is a lamentable fact that official dereliction of duty reached such a fearful point, that all who were arrested under City or State authority have been released.

“The grand jury assembled since the election manifested no disposition to prevent these frauds, and the guilty perpetrators are all at large, apprehending no danger from prosecutions” (p. 57).

That these “guilty perpetrators” existed in vast numbers is plain from the statement of the committee that “the conclusion is irresistible that at least 25,000 fraudulent votes were cast in New York city at the election in November” (p. 63).

At page 67 the committee make a re-statement of the various election frauds which had been committed, in the following terms:—

“It is abundantly shown that, during the year 1868 in New York City and State, and especially in October, many thousands of illegal and fraudulent certificates of citizenship were granted by these courts. Among the frauds were these.:—

“I. Numerous persons securing pay for their services personated aliens, many of whom were not entitled to naturalization, while perjured witnesses, often giving false or assumed names, made the requisite proof, and secured from corrupt or negligent courts certificates of citizenship, which were scattered broadcast over the city of New York, and elsewhere, to aliens who never appeared in court or took any oath of allegiance.

“2. Certificates of citizenship were secured by the same means, to fictitious names, to enable real voters on such names to register and 350 vote repeatedly at the same election; and native-born citizens applied for and procured certificates of naturalization on their own or assumed names, for the same purpose.

“3. Certificates of citizenship were issued by the courts without evidence, or the presence of the persons naturalized.

“4. A single judge, sitting generally only a few hours each day, naturalized 955 applicants in one day, hearing the applications and evidence of 150 persons at one time, complying

with none of the requirements of the law, professing to administer an oath in a given form to all the applicants, and then to all the witnesses in a lot; but, in fact, as to many of them, no oath at all, and by this means enabling fraudulent naturalizations to be effected in favour of persons not present and without any witnesses.

“5. In one court, by one judge, certificates of naturalization were granted in October, 1868, in nearly all cases on unauthorized-and consequently illegal—affidavits, made in open court, whereby all applicants and witnesses were relieved of prosecutions for perjury.

“6. In some of the courts the clerks, with the knowledge and sanction of the judge, in violation of law, heard applications and granted certificates of citizenship regular on their face, but utterly void in law.

“7. Numerous persons were engaged in procuring and selling, or giving to aliens and others, certificates of naturalization thus fraudulently or illegally procured.”

Upon this follows the astounding statement:—

“For these frauds and illegal proceedings existing laws profess to furnish no penalty, except only for perjury and forgery of certificates citizenship; the latter of which, perhaps, is provided for in the 13th section of the act of Congress of March 3, 1813, though the question whether even that is of general application so as to cover any of these cases is controverted, and is now pending in the Supreme Court of the United States.”

Comment upon these extracts from a State Paper is needless: they speak for themselves. It should, however, be remembered that the foul electoral corruption of New York State and City is not confined to *their* limits, for the Committee confess that, “Louisiana, Maryland, and *other States* , have presented many phases of the same evils,” (p. 4.) And 351 if it be remarked that these hideous scandals are charged against the Democratic party by a Republican Committee, it should be also borne in mind that like charges are brought against the Republicans by the Democrats. The impression left upon the traveller's

mind is, that if “it is six on the one side, it is half-a-dozen on the other,” and that whenever and wherever in the United States the ballot prevails there is gross electoral corruption. Things being as they are, it does certainly seem strange that we should be called upon by *patriots* to “Americanize our institutions!” Were it conclusively shown that the ballot would put an end to that shocking electoral corruption which is one of the worst of our social evils at the present time, I, for one, would advocate its introduction; but for the present, I believe open voting to be most in consonance with the feelings of honourable straight-forward Englishmen, and nothing I have seen or heard of in America disposes me towards a contrary system. The United States has the ballot, but in all electoral matters it is a very sink of corruption. Legislators and law are alike venal. Any one who can pay for the luxury may have *his* judge, and decisions given and orders made,in *his* favour.

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CHAPTER XXXIII. *TRAVELLING IN THE STATES.*

Expenses—Hotels—Food—Railway System-boats.

To a traveller the United States is one of the dearest countries in the world. It is impossible to live at a good hotel under from four and a half, to five dollars a day, exclusive of wine and baths. These charges, it is true, include five meals a day, with an infinite variety of dishes at each, but a traveller cannot always return to meals, and whether he is present or not, he has to pay all the same. In England, and especially in English country towns, the second and less expensive hotel is commonly more comfortable than the first and more pretentious; but in a similar town in America the traveller must either go to a first-class hotel, or submit to filth unutterable and to the worst possible cookery. As a rule the large hotels are, on the whole, very good. The bedrooms, indeed, are small and narrow, but they are well-furnished, and such enormities as four-posters and fusty feather-beds do not, I believe, exist in the States. Iron bedsteads and spring mattresses are invariable. Most hotels have newspaper stalls, barber's shops, billiard-rooms, and telegraph offices attached to the house. The clerks are a most intelligent and civil class of 353 men; they

are expected to know everything, and they know it. The profusion of food at all the meals is amazing. America has no national dish like the roast beef of old England; if there be one, it is roast turkey. Oysters of vast size and most delicious flavour are on the list at almost every meal and may be had in every form. I never once in the States saw a table-d'hôte dinner. One always dines *à la carte* , and can obtain breakfast and dinner during a space of three or four hours. Young ladies in America are generally engaging, but assuredly they are least so at meals. I do not pretend to sympathize with young ladies who starve themselves, or pretend to do so, but for all that I do not like to hear a young American lady ordering her breakfast. “Tea, toast, Graham bread, beef-steak, a sausage, ham and eggs; and, *I say* , some fried oysters and buckwheat cakes.” Such is the kind of order a delicate-looking creature will give to the loutish negro waiter. The waiters and “call-boys,” chiefly Irish, in the South, I always found attentive and obliging, but the negro waiters of the North are at once insolent and lazy. Americans secure their attendance by fees, and without giving these it is almost impossible to get served. Omnibuses to and from an hotel are absurdly dear, costing never less than two shillings, and a charge is made for every separate piece of luggage.

The Railway system in America contains the germs and elements of good travelling, but at present they are in a chaotic state. The heat, fustiness, dirt, and stench of the cars in *cold* weather is beyond description. No one will tolerate an open window, 23 354 and the ventilators are always choked up and out of order. I have frequently been ill for a couple of days after a single day's journey; and I have known natives who have suffered in a similar manner. There is, however, a tank of iced water in most of the cars, a bit of civilization which atones for many short-comings. Sleep is very hard to obtain, for the conductor comes to examine the tickets on leaving almost every station, and never spares one even when one is travelling one or two hundred miles in the same train. Then a lanky youth flings a fifth-rate novel into one's eye or lap, or a shrill boy yells out in your ear that he has gum-drops or maple-sugar on sale. Why such pests as these lads are permitted in the cars at all, I could never divine. Sometimes when one has established oneself in a snug seat

next a window, and has arranged one's traps under the seat and in the nets, a he-she-looking woman will come up and say, “I *want* that seat,” and one then has to turn out, and perhaps stand for forty miles, or find a seat in another crowded carriage. Not a syllable of thanks is ever vouchsafed for this piece of complaisance.

The trains are always slow, as compared with ours, and the stations commonly do not deserve the name, being mere sheds. The sleeping and dining cars, already described, are admirable contrivances, and ought to be adopted in Europe. The lines are commonly constructed without the protection of side rails or ditches, and the people seem to have no objection to the occasional slaughter of their children or cattle by the passing trains. A cow-catcher is no 355 unnecessary appendage to an engine. The engineers are humanely protected against wind and cold by small penthouses, mainly constructed of glass, so as not to impede the view; a piece of common sense which might well be generally imitated at home. A very intelligent gentleman I 'met on the Mississippi inquired whether we had “any railways in England,” and seemed rather astonished when I said we had a few. Wood is almost invariably burned in the engines.

The steam-boats of America are very justly the pride of the country. They are as good as possible, and admirable in all their arrangements. As professional gamblers are always to be found on board the river-boats, and as they always gamble, it seems a work of supererogation to affix notices everywhere that gambling is strictly prohibited. On the Mississippi I was awakened between two and three o'clock one morning by a violent knocking at my state-room door. I found that the noise was caused by a young farmer, who was going round to every state-room in turn to borrow a revolver in order to shoot a fellow who had swindled him out of a large sum of money. Strange to say he did not get the loan. That steam-boat travelling in America is *safe* cannot be asserted. During the time of my stay in New Orleans one huge river-boat was burned on its passage, and the engines of another blew up. Railway and steam-boat accidents, as they are called, are

generally on a scale commensurate with the vast physical features of the country; and the people even seem to regard them with a kind of pride.

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CHAPTER XXXIV. *NOTES ON RELIGION.*

Protestantism—Failure of Puritanism—"Episcopal" Methodists—The Widow Van Cott —The Romanists—The Episcopal Church—Progress— *Te Deum* at Trinity Church—Statistics—Bishop Polk—Charge of Bishop Wilmer—Ritualism—Sunday School System—The American Prayer Book—Preaching.

The principle which lies at the root of Modern Protestantism, pure and simple, is an overstrained notion of the right of private judgment, under which each man claims, exclusive of law, human or Divine, to do and believe in religious matters that, and that only, which seems good in his own eyes. The Protestant claims to be above law, for he is a law unto himself. With greater or less distinctness he acknowledges the authority of the Holy Scriptures, and especially that of the Old Testament, but he makes it of none effect because he rejects all external interpretation. Repudiating the decisions of Councils, and despising the learning of the ancient Fathers, he claims that he is himself an infallible interpreter, and the more ignorant and prejudiced he is, the more convinced is he of his own infallibility. Hence the Roman dogma of Papal infallibility finds its counterpart in every Protestant conventicle. From this Protestant doctrine of the rejection of external authority flows naturally that 357 other Protestant doctrine that every man has the right to be the Founder of a New Church, and, if followers are not forthcoming, to be a Church himself; —a body come forth from the wicked world around, which lay in darkness, until he, the New and Infallible Light, appeared. It is to the working of these Protestant principles in the United States, which was mainly peopled by Puritans and their descendants, that the utter anarchy in matters of faith which prevails throughout the country, may be mainly ascribed, and the monstrous forms of superstition and heresy, which are being continually developed, are due. Puritanism itself is beginning to stand aghast at the portentous

character of many of its own legitimate offspring. Mormonism, Unitarianism, Shakerism, Free-lovism, Universalism, Materialism, Spiritualism, Infidelity, Pantheism,—these are but some of the many forms of that hideous brood which overspreads the land, and especially the New England States, and which attest the utter failure of Protestantism when divorced from Catholicity, as a bulwark of orthodoxy, or even as a moral agent. The Spiritualists alone, who abjure “law, which by the hand of man punishes men for wrong doing,” and who deny that they “hold anything as sacred,” already claim three millions of Americans as their adherents. The weakness of mere Protestantism will moroever be seen more plainly, when it is remembered that those sects have grown up in spite of the persecuting and even the bloody enactments of the first Puritans.

It is against these multitudinous forms of heresy; 358 which logically elaborate themselves from the fundamental principles of pure Protestantism, that some two or three Christian bodies are found arrayed at the present time with any apparent chance of success. These are the Roman Church, the “Protestant Episcopal” Church, a daughter of the Church of England, and the so-called “Episcopal Methodists,” an anomalous body, who, protesting against the Apostolical Succession, amuse themselves with the name, while they reject the reality of Bishops. This last sect is extremely numerous in large sections of the country, and its ministers bear a tolerably high character for activity and piety. To them also the high praise is due, that they have “cared for the poor,” who generally, in the United States, receive less attention from the ministers of religion than in any other country in the world. But the inevitable tendency to split into parties, which shows itself in all Protestant sects, has made itself apparent amongst the “Episcopal Methodists,” and the war, which left unsevered the bonds which bind together the Episcopalians, has divided the “Episcopal Methodists” into two little less than hostile bodies.

The “Episcopal Methodists” have figured lately in a very unenviable manner, in connection with the question of woman's rights, and have gained great applause from the breeches-wearing sisterhood, by having recently licensed a woman, the charming widow Van Cott, as one of their accredited preachers. The early history of this now celebrated she-preacher

and “female Wesley” is stated to be “not very remarkable,” though she is said to be a lineal descendant of Sir 359 Isaac Newton. At an early period in life she married a patent-medicine dealer, who being “troubled with an affection of the throat, died, leaving Mrs. Van Cott a widow, with one daughter, who is now known as Miss Sadie Van Cott amongst her intimates.” “After her husband's death Mrs. Van Cott continued the patent-medicine business,” and soon “accumulated a comfortable property, consisting of several houses and lots in New York city.” Mrs. Van Cott now “commenced her visits to the Five Points Mission House, with here and there intervals, in which she travelled the country, getting orders for her patent-medicines.” The good lady now “discovered a talent for speaking in congregational gatherings,” and, in 1868, began to preach publicly at East Windham, Greene County, New York State. Obtaining great popularity in this, as she had formerly done in the patent-medicine line, the widow duly received a licence as a Local Preacher, on March 6, in the present year. The following is a copy of this remarkable document, which—if St. Paul's admonitions upon this, as well as on other points, had not become somewhat obsolete in Methodist circles—does certainly seem rather to clash with that Apostle's command, that women should not be suffered to teach in the Church:—

[“ Local Preacher's Certificate]

“This certifies that Sister Maggie Van Cott, having been examined by us concerning her gifts, grace, and usefulness, we judge that she is a suitable person to be licensed as a Local Preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and we accordingly authorize her to preach the Gospel, subject to the requirements and discipline of said Church.

“Signed by the Conference of Stone Ridge, in the Ellenville District, this 6th day of March, 1869.

“A. P. Ferguson, *Presiding Elder.* ”

If the following description, culled from a New York paper, be a correct one, there can be little doubt that “Sister Maggie” will have a large following:—

“Mrs. Van Cott is about twenty-five years of age, and when in the pulpit wears widow's weeds and a neat cap trimmed tastefully. With the exception of a gold watch and chain, a modest brooch, and a couple of finger-rings, she is not at all addicted to jewellery. She has a fine set of teeth, regular and white, a dimple on her chin, a pleasant smile always rests on her face, and when she is wound up her face beams with intellectual intelligence. The only mark of vanity about her is a guard or string of white ribbon which hangs from her waterfall behind in the ‘follow me boys’ fashion.”

Another account adds the interesting particulars, that the widow has “clear, bell-like notes,” and “wears six-and-a-half kids.” What more can be desired in a preacher of the Gospel?

Of the position and prospects of the Roman Church in the United States, it is hard for a stranger to form a judgment. To the eye of the passing traveller, her power and influence appear to be great. Her hierarchy is complete in organization; her priesthood numerous and laborious; her schools are admirable, and conducted on most liberal principles *towards Protestants;* her Sisters of Mercy are widely distributed, and untiring in their labours of love; and her churches and convents are on a magnificent scale; and the former are crowded with worshippers. In addition to this, Roman Catholics in the States are said, even by their opponents, to be of stricter morals than the rest of the community. Thus, a writer in *Harper's Magazine* , speaking of the vile methods which are resorted to in New England to prevent the increase of offspring, says, “it should be stated 361 that believers in the Roman Catholic faith never resort to any such practices; the strictly Americans are almost alone guilty of this great crime.” There can be no doubt, too, that during the war, the Roman Church gained considerable ground in public estimation. That body, with the Episcopal Church, alone of religious communities, refused to allow its pulpits to be prostituted to the preaching of politics and bloodshed. I was told that at Baltimore, an officer was sent to hoist a flag on the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The Archbishop

refusing his permission, a detachment was sent to enforce the execution of the order. Upon this the Archbishop interposed his own person in the doorway, and protested that they would have to pass over his dead body rather than that he would consent to the sign of bloodshed being placed above the sign of the Cross of Christ. The soldiers upon this retired, with their object unattained. Lately, in New York, where Roman Catholicism is strong, the Romanists have obtained a large grant of public money for their own educational purposes; an almost unique instance of the application of public funds to the wants of a single religious community. But great as the power of Romanism undoubtedly is, there is plainly something unfavourable to its growth in the air of the United States. The Church of Rome is mainly recruited by emigrants from Ireland and Germany; she is the Church of the new-comer, rather than of the born American; and her own prelates are continually lamenting the fact, that the children of her adherents fall away from her tenets in the second generation.

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While, however, Rome fails to retain her hold upon her children, and while the various conflicting Protestant sects are everywhere splitting up into further divisions, elaborating new heresies, or abjuring Christianity altogether, the old Church of the colonists, the Church of Washington and White and Seabury, is daily and hourly gaining ground and popularity. The American people, as a whole, have a just and strong prejudice against Popery. But they are not averse—they would scarcely be men if they were—to dogmatic truth. With increasing civilization, too, a taste has arisen for art and music, and the cold, bare formalities of Presbyterianism are becoming more and more distasteful to the young. Puritanism has proved itself a yoke heavy to be borne, and utterly inefficient as a preservative of orthodox faith. *Religious* Presbyterians and Puritans, during the war, became wearied, “Sabbath” after “Sabbath,” with hearing their conventicles ringing with the Gospel of bloodshed and extermination, and with seeing their preachers turned into political and party orators. It is from a combination of these and like external causes, and from the marvellous increase of internal activity which has recently exhibited itself, that

the present prosperity of the “Protestant Episcopal Church” is owing. For years, in spite of the fact that Washington and most of the other great Republican leaders were staunch Episcopalians, the American Church laboured under the groundless imputation of being associated with British rather than American interests. The Episcopal Church for long was ignorant of her strength, and for longer 363 still, feared to put it forth. And for long, too, she neglected the poor. She was respected and she was. “respectable,” but she was the Church of rich people, and pandered in her system of pews and pew-rents to rich people's prejudices. But now all this is changed or changing. The sleeping Church has risen from her slumbers like a giant refreshed with wine. She has begun to open her arms to the poor, to assert her true position, to proclaim her nationality. And all this she has done with a success which is enough to take away the breath of those who look upon “Establishment” as needful for the well-being of a Church. Truly in her case it may be said, “a little one has become a thousand.” But evidence is, after all, not wanting, that this success is but the beginning of still further increase, and that the Episcopal Church is the Church of the Future in North America. Wherever I went in the States, I saw the walls of new churches rising, and beheld the baptism of adult converts. When the Grand *Te Deum* was sung in Trinity Church, New York, as a thanksgiving for the completion of the Pacific Railroad, before the Chambers of Commerce and other mercantile bodies of that great city, it was announced that the offertory would be given to the erection of a chain of new churches which was destined to extend along the whole of the new line of communication.

For the information and encouragement of Churchmen at home, I append the following table of information relative to the American Church, which I have extracted from the *Church Almanac* for the present year, 1869.

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General Statistical Summary.

Dioceses 39

Bishops 47

Bishops elect 2

Priests and Deacons 2,687

Whole number of Clergy —2,736

Parishes 2,472

Ordinations—Deacons 108

Priests 98

Total —206

Candidates for Orders 331

Churches Consecrated 38

Baptisms—Infants 26,835

Adults 7,067

Not stated 1,800

Total —35,702

Confirmations 21,958

Communicants—increase in 27 Dioceses during past year. 14,365

Present number 194,692

Marriages 9,945

Burials 15,346

Sunday School Teachers 21,711

“ “Scholars 194,046

Contributions $4,457,888 28

I now proceed to set down a few particulars of the working of the Church, which fell under my notice. It will be seen by the accompanying table that the Church is weakest in the South. The fact is, that it suffered terribly during the war in those vast regions, as well in the dispersal of congregations as in the destruction of churches and schools. The acceptance, too, by Bishop Polk of Louisiana, of the office of General in the Confederate army, contrary to the advice and entreaties of his Episcopal brethren, was a scandal and a misfortune, for which, however, he atoned by his heroic bearing and untimely death. But though a warrior, Bishop Polk never forgot he was a Bishop,

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TABLE OF CHURCH STATISTICS, 1867-–68—(*Compiled from the latest Offical Documents*).

DIOCESES. Ordinations. Baptisms. Communicant Sunday School. Clergy. Parishes. Deacons. Priests. Candidates for Orders. Churches Consecrated. Infants. Adults. Total. Confirmations. Increase. Present Number. Marriages. Burials. Teachers. Scholars. Contributions for Missionary and Church purposes. Alabama 28 26 0 0 7— 506 114 620 363 21 2,001 91 — *183 *1,754 †$20,000 00 Callifornia 42 40 3 1 8 7 543 143 686 438 — †1,500 214 337 226 1,910 70,330 01 Connecticut 149 134 8 9 16 4 1,321 318 1,638 981 912 15,934 570 965 1,773 11,578 219,014, 17 Delaware 25 31 1 2 6 — 316 54 371 148 125 1,472 86 143 293 2,838 23,348 59 Florida 16 14 — — — 214 57 271 221 226 738 44 126 116 613 7,394 30 Georgia 30 31 2 2 8 — 304 107 411 320 204 2,428 76 171 187 1,714 20,841 18 Illinois *90 *82 1 2 5 — 1,072 279 1,351 813 1,320 5,280 366 461 880 6,674 196,993 79 Indiana 36 32 6 3 1 2 532 222 754 425 270 2,102 98 158 434

3,335 54,329 86 Iowa 38 54 4 2 4 1 221 68 289 201 224 1,684 77 98 293 2,122 26,604 32 Kansas 14 14 1 1 0 76 35 111 103 — 373 23 52 68 514 11,254 89 Kentucky *38 *35 — — *5 — *454 *178 *632 *515 — *2,796 *138 *222 *376 *2,767 †50,000 00 Louisana 36 48 1 2 4 — — — 371 139 — 1,864 124 363 221 1,795 †30,000 00 Maine 19 20 1 1 3 — 285 109 394 187 105 1,632 79 184 224 1,769 66,236 45 Maryland 165 139 4 4 16 — 1,936 246 2,182 1,085 1,149 12,269 698 894 1,200 10,044 145,348 56 Massachusetts 121 87 4 1 14 2 1,191 211 1,402 802 440 10,867 521 702 — 8,254 247,313 53 Michigan 62 77 1 — 6 — 828 274 1,102 663 678 5,568 319 423 814 5,700 68,833 00 Minnesota 44 46 9 4 — 2 480 222 702 370 560 2,280 94 154 220 1,963 45,559 25 Mississippi 27 44 — — — — — — 332 558 1,540 — — 136 850 †10,000 00 Missouri 24 30 — 1 8 — 372 140 512 291 205 2,061 105 196 297 2,184 †70,000 00 Nebraska 20 15 6 3 9 — — — 257 — — 701 47 35 73 669 14,327 54 New Hampshire 23 22 — — 6 1 106 38 144 87 11 1,235 48 76 107 820 16,265 05 New Jersey 121 112 2 5 14 3 1,376 326 1,775 1,120 294 9,140 359 687 1,316 10,673 285,371 06 New York 446 341 14 11 50 3 5,306 1,008 6,314 3,930 1,575 33,300 1,858 3,180 3,759 39,532 1,005,138 21 North Carolina 49 73 2 1 14 1 449 147 596 395 201 3,033 15o 271 — 2,752 28,714 81 Ohio 101 103 5 5 11 4 859 299 1,158 791 337 8,023 381 506 1,006 7,036 229,901 80 Pennsylvania 216 177 8 8 35 — 3,133 668 3,801 1,960 2,265 20, 445 1,101 1,681 2,526 25,284 620,593 00 Pittsburg 50 51 4 5 7 1 599 147 746 505 254 2,883 148 193 433 3,928 145,243 00 Rhode Island 39 32 3 4 4 — 411 147 558 370 163 4,443 209 282 640 4,970 119,834 28 South Carolina 57 59 4 4 7 — 481 74 555 294 364 3,074 148 271 205 1,250 23,248 26 Tennessee 35 28 2 1 — — — 442 104 — 1,256 96 143 — 1,407 23,299 68 Texas 18 35 1 — 5 1 — — 357 271 — 1,500 91 232 191 1,164 10,076 59 Vermont 24 36 — 4 1 1 174 92 266 153 101 2,361 73 137 — 1,809 †15,000 00 Virginia 116 172 6 4 23 — 797 240 1,037 1,022 1,053 7,575 457 532 925 5,596 52,331 00 Western New York 168 172 4 5 21 4 2,033 889 2,922 1,849 — 16,761 833 1,208 2,021 14,491 351,290 00 Wisconsin 60 60 1 3 13 1 760 215 975 710 750 4,573 223 263 568 4,287 133,852 10 N.B.—The asterisk (*) indicates that the statistics were taken from the Convention Journal of 1867. The obelisk (†) indicates that the statistics are estimated.

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and he carried with him to the field of battle his Prayer Book and the Eucharistic vessels, and was indefatigable in ministering the consolations of religion to the wounded and dying, upon many a bloody field. It is curious that the new Republic should have reproduced in the nineteenth century, one of the fighting Bishops of mediæval times.

I was present at the opening of the Episcopal Convention at New Orleans, on February 10 last, and heard Bishop Wilmer, Bishop Polk's successor, deliver his charge to the clergy and lay delegates. Though this prelate is considered somewhat oldfashioned and slow in the American Church, his charge presented an extraordinary contrast to the usual mild utterances of our own Bishops. The first part was a plain summary of hard work done by himself in every week, and on every Sunday in the past year. Throughout there was no “soft sawder,” and none of that trimming and balancing which is so perplexing to laymen at home. Bits of incisive dogmatism, couched generally in the words of the formularies of the church, were from time to time inserted, as if the Bishop believed in them himself with all his heart, and took it for granted that his clergy and people believed in them too. At last the Bishop suddenly turned upon the ladies, and delivered to them a long and withering rebuke for their extravagance and style of dress. Great was the commotion of the fair ladies at this attack, and great the agitation amongst the tiny bonnets, each of which was about the size of an official wafer. At least two other American Bishops have charged against chignons, 367 and have declared their resolution not to confirm any one who wears a wig or false hair. There seems to be much of primitive boldness in these denunciations, of what, at least in America, has become a great social and moral evil. One sentence of Bishop Wilmer's charge is surely worthy of being laid to heart by many churchmen in England: he said, “ *A Church so widely diffused as ours ought to have a large heart.* ” At this convention the Bishop authorized the use of “Hymns Ancient and Modern” in his Diocese, and at the instance of a layman the Bishop's salary was increased to 5,000 dollars, which, considering the vast distances he has to travel, seems little enough.

Till within a few years the American Church has had the millstone of the pew-rent system hanging about her neck, but this reproach is being gradually rolled away; free churches are being almost everywhere erected, and two Bishops have expressed their determination to consecrate no more buildings where anti-Scriptural distinction of persons is observed.

One feature in American churches and chapels of all denominations deserves imitation amongst ourselves. A room is commonly attached to each church, fitted up as a comfortable library, where the minister repairs daily at certain hours to read, write his sermons, and receive such of his flock as require counsel and advice, or have any business to transact with him.

Ritually, American Churchmen are, as a rule, almost in advance of ourselves. Surpliced choirs are common, and many chancels are at service-time, a perfect blaze of light. In ritual proclivities the laity 368 seem to be in advance of the clergy. It is much to be regretted that being *free* , the American Church has not discarded the hideous dress of the Bishops of the Georgian era; and that the primitive, if not apostolical ornament, of the mitre, as symbolical of the Bishop's office, has been discontinued, although it was used by the Proto-Bishop Seabury of Connecticut. Not long since a Southern Bishop, coming to consecrate a new church in a remote district, was compelled, in the absence of a vestry, to retire behind a tomb to put on his robes. Emerging in his petticoats and full sleeves, the whole negro population took to their heels in terror. They took his lordship for a member of the dreaded Ku-klux-klan! Undoubtedly a Christian prelate in that most undignified and feminine dress is a very appalling spectacle.

Sunday Schools are attached to every church, but they are, as usual, very unsatisfactory institutions. Even if the teachers are competent, which they seldom are for want of proper training in the method and subject-matter of their teaching, what with singing and what with talking, little time is given to instruction in Church principles. Not, indeed, that this would be open to objection, if other opportunities of inculcating dogmatic truth were afforded; but this, unhappily, is not the case. In the week the boys and girls are at the secular States Schools, and Sunday is the only time devoted to religious teaching. The consequence of this is that young Churchmen are lamentably ignorant of the principles they profess, and I scarcely ever conversed with one who could give a better reason for being an Episcopalian than 369 that his father was one before him. The Episcopalians are

themselves well aware of this, and in some places, like the Romanists, have established schools of their own. That this will be a failure I am convinced. Denominational Schools, those at least of such a numerically small body as the Episcopalians, can never compete with the State Schools, where the standard of secular education is high, and the instruction good. Another remedy must therefore be found, and this is the problem which confronts the Church at the present time.

Of the American Book of Common Prayer it is scarcely possible to help hoping there may be a speedy revision. Based upon our own, with which it is in great measure identical, its defects are chiefly those of the wretched Hanoverian era when it was compiled. English Churchmen of that period, as scarcely of this, had not learned that the offices for Matins and Holy Communion are totally and entirely distinct and unconnected, and accordingly the compilers of the American Prayer Book truncated and ruined the unity of the Communion Service in the case when Matins has previously been said. On the other hand, following the Scottish and Primitive Liturgies in the position of the Prayer of Invocation, the American Prayer Book is manifestly superior to our own. It is, moreover, much to be wished that we possessed the impressive service used at the Institution of a Minister to a Parish. The presumption which, in deference to a false delicacy indicative of a low state of morality, dictated the alteration of the *Te Deum* , would be comic if it were not grossly 24 370 offensive; and it is a trial to an English ear to hear the familiar and long-consecrated “ *Which* ” supplanted by “ *Who* ” in the first clause of the Lord's Prayer.

The black Genevan and Popish gown I never saw in an American pulpit, and I found the apostolic custom of a weekly offertory everywhere in operation. Though I heard some eloquent preachers, such, for instance, as the newly-consecrated Bishop Doane of Albany, I think I was a little disappointed in American oratory; and the reading struck me as more laboured and decidedly inferior to the by no means perfect reading of our own clergy. Intoning being unhappily rare, one is exposed to exaggerated emphasis, laid generally on the wrong words. Ancient Western Christian tradition seems to have been needlessly violated in the queer names which are given to the churches, such as Grace

Church, the Church of the Annunciation, or Transfiguration, and the like,—names which seem to smack at once of modern Roman sentimentality and of the Puritanism of the conventicle. In all religious communities in the United States there is a strong element of sensationalism, which shows itself in the advertising columns of the newspapers. To such a pitch has this grown, that the New York *Times* of April 18, has an advertisement headed, " *Not a sensation preacher* ," as if it would be a relief to hear a sermon which was not sensational.

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CHAPTER XXXV. *NOTES ON IRRELIGION.*

Disobedience to Parents—Profanity—Divorce—The Sorosis—"Moral New England"—Prevalence of Infanticide and Fœticide—Statistics—Shocking State of Morals.

English writers are in the habit of speaking of our American brethren as a "God-fearing" people. I believe that the word "God-defying" would convey a more accurate impression of the truth. Certainly I never was in a country where crime appeared to be more rife. The defiance of law and the extreme commonness of deeds of bloodshed and violence have already been alluded to. If the people of the States are subservient to officials and jacks-in-office, public or private, they are assuredly not "law-abiding," as some authors and speakers in England would represent them. Obedience to parents, which lies at the bottom of respect for law, is itself extremely rare. Young men, and almost boys, habitually leave their homes and set up for themselves in hotels, with what effect upon their morals may easily be imagined; and fathers, as a rule, appear to be helpless beings, and acquiesce in a course which they feel themselves unable to prevent. Coarseness, and a kind of dry profanity, expressed often in scriptural phrases, are characteristics of colloquial intercourse, which must 372 strike almost every stranger; and the Yankee swears; not with the vivacity and thoughtlessness of an Irishman, but in a long-drawn, pertinacious way, peculiarly his own. But the corrupt and venal press exhibits, perhaps, the best reflection

of American morals. A member of Congress advertises in the *New York Herald* , that he is willing to *sell* a cadet appointment to the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis.

A special newspaper has been started in New York, called *Personal and Matrimonial* , as a medium of communication between persons of both sexes. The character of this periodical may be judged of by the following specimens of its advertisements, which, however, are by no means the worst that might have been selected:—

“Ladies Department.

“Mrs. Bridget Muggins wishes to become acquainted with a faircomplexioned gentleman, who would like to play the agreeable, and be the exclusive correspondent of a married lady. Address, Box 22, No. 2, Amity Street, Private P. O.”

“ Wanted. —A young widow, 25 years of age, who has not a friend in the wide world, wishes to form the acquaintance of a gentleman of liberal means, to whom she will prove herself an invaluable friend. The lady is small figure, dark hair and eyes; she is very sorry not to be a blonde, as that seems to be the most desirable ‘style of beauty’ at present; but if the ‘right person’ were to form her acquaintance, and he particularly desired it, she would not object to being ‘bleached.’

“The lady is educated, accustomed to refined society, sings, dances, &c. The gentleman must possess like qualifications, and as the lady is possessed of a happy, cheerful disposition, the same on the part of the gentleman is quite indispensable. All communications strictly confidential, and will be *returned* if desired. Address, Ernestine, No. 2, Amity Street, Private Letter Office.

“N. B.— *Boys* from 12 to 16 need not reply.”

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“ Gents' Department.

“Romeo, who is a young man of ordinary intellect and appearance, solicits correspondence with one or more young ladies; object fun, and perchance, matrimony; age 24. Address, 2, Amity Street.”

“F. A. Spencer would like to become epistorially acquainted with a charming brunette matrimonially inclined; is personally a blonde. Remember Byron:

‘The black all mind, the blue all soul.’”

“A European nobleman of means is desirous of corresponding with a lady of refined tastes. Address, ‘Bayard’, 2, Amity Street, City.”

The papers, generally, literally teem with advertisements like the following:—

ABSOLUTE DIVORCES LEGALLY OBTAINED in different States. No publicity No charge till divorce obtained. Advice free. Also Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds for every State.

F. I. KING, Counsellor at Law, 261, Broadway.

Nay, to such a pitch has this infamous traffic in divorces reached, that a recognized class of scoundrels exists, who are known as “divorce-brokers.” The facilities for divorce, especially in Indiana and the New England States, is a disgrace and a curse to the entire country; and the consequent contempt into which the marriage tie has fallen is such, that Governor Jewell, in his Inaugural Message to the Legislature of Connecticut, in the present year, has felt himself obliged to earnestly recommend a change in the law. A large and increasing party are at work, openly and secretly, to throw contempt on, or to overthrow marriage altogether. The be-breeched old maids, who belong to the “Sorosis” and “Woman's Rights' Association,” and correspond with Mr. Mill, and stump about the country and abuse 374 each other at public meetings, have apparently this object in view. The *Revolution* , one of the public organs of “Woman's Rights,” has already begun

to sneer at matrimony. *This “Free-love” feeling seems to lie at the bottom of the whole movement.* And the shrewd and clear-sighted Americans understand and recognize that this is the case. One lady at the New York Meeting, May, 1869, was very emphatic in her assertions, that she was not a common prostitute. Her assertions were not unneeded, for certainly ninety-nine of her countrymen out of a hundred would have concluded that she was—or wished to be one. Meanwhile it being, as in England, illegal for a woman to assume men's clothes, it is astonishing that the police do not remove these brazen hussies from the streets and public cars. But then the police in the United States never do fulfil their duty. The worst part of the matter is the toleration with which the doings of the “Sorosis” and kindred associations are viewed by decent women outside their society. The *Revolution* , for instance, finds its way to the work-tables of the ladies of many families of undoubted respectability, and “Woman's Rights” are a favourite cry with a certain class of politicians. The Democrats, indeed, look on the advocacy of these “Rights” by various sections of the Republicans as a mere party move. They argue that, in the matter of Woman's Suffrage, no Southern lady or decent woman would leave her family and go to the poll, while, with characteristic love of notoriety, the negro women would be sure to vote, and to vote like their husbands, for the “carpet-bagging” Republican candidate. 375 This is probably true, but a deeper feeling than a desire to secure a momentary party triumph is probably experienced.

That the movement is gaining ground there is no doubt. Women, indeed, are already the stock orators at political gatherings. On May 10, a meeting was held at New York to inaugurate an Anti-Tax Society, when Mrs. Ernestine Rose was a chief speaker. The highly practical objects of this association were explained to be, the abolition of all taxation, and that the State should be supported, as the Church, by voluntary contributions; and it was argued that “if any people thought presidents and policemen a nuisance, it was a monstrous tyranny to compel them to pay for them.” This last clause will probably insure the success of the society as a paying concern, as, no doubt, it will be

joined by all the swell mob, swindlers, “confidence men,” and pickpockets of the city, since to them, occasionally at least, policemen must be a considerable “nuisance.”

In the present year, Mr. Bright, speaking in favour of the bill for legalizing marriages which have always been regarded as incestuous by the Church, pointed to the example of “ *moral New England.* ” It was amusing to observe the hoots of ridicule with which this expression was greeted by writers in the United States. If any untravelled Englishman, it was said, ought, to judge by his boasting, to know more than another about the state of society in America, it was Mr. John Bright, and yet that gentleman actually spoke of “ *moral New Enland!* ” They then proceeded to point out the hideous state of moral 376 corruption in which the New England States and certain others are involved, and to which allusion has been already made in a previous chapter. The plain, miserable fact is, that *the native population is dying out* , from its vices and from the prevalence of the crimes of foeticide and infanticide. The sole increase of population which exists arises from emigrants and from the children of emigrants newly-arrived from the Old World. In New York State the compiler of the last Census, Dr. Franklin B. Hough, “became convinced that there is at the present time no *natural increase* in population among the families descended from the early settlers of the State.”

“The census reported in 1865 a total of 780,931 families—196,802 families living without children, 148,208 with only one child, 140,572 with two, and 107,342 with three children. Here is almost one-fourth of all the families in the State in which not a single child was found; and in 592,924 families—more than three-fourths—there was, on an average, only a small fraction over one child to each family.”

In Massachusetts the state of things is said to be as bad or worse:

“In a report upon the comparative view of the population of Boston in 1849 and 1850, made to the city government, Nov. 1851, Dr. Jesse Chickering, after a most careful analysis of the births and deaths, states that the most important result derived from this

view is the fact that the whole increase of population arising from the excess of births over the deaths for these two years has been among the foreign population.' No higher authority can be cited on this subject than that of Dr. Chickering, who devoted more time and attention to the changes of population in Massachusetts than any other person."

The gradual lessening of the number of births in New England is thus described:

"Many towns in Massachusetts have been settled over two hundred years, and their history will include from six to eight generations. Great 377 pains were taken to enter upon the records of these towns the names of all persons therein born. These records have been carefully examined in several places with respect to the relative number of children in each generation. It was found that the families comprising the first generation had, on an average, between eight and ten children; the next three generations averaged between seven and eight to each family; the fifth generation about five, and the sixth only about three to each family. This curious fact was found in one of those towns: that from 1660 to 1760, when the place contained over fifteen hundred inhabitants, and many marriages occurred every year, the records show that there was not a single marriage entered but what was productive of more or less children. What a contrast in this respect does such a fact present to the record of the present day!

"It surprises us, living in this 'fast age,' to learn how large many large families were once found in these old towns of Massachusetts. In the small town of Billerica, settled in 1665, may be found in its early records these facts: there are recorded twenty-six families having 10 children each; twenty, 11 each; twenty-four, 12 each; thirteen, 13 each; five, 14 each; one, 15; and one, 21. Here were ninety families having 1043) children—equal to a regiment! Nothing like this, not even an approximation to it, for fifty years past, can be found in the history of any town in New England! Why, it is rare that any American family can now be found any where having ten children; but here were ninety families having that number and upward. Indeed, is it not a prevalent fact at the present day—and that not with the fashionable only, but also among the most intelligent and cultivated, and even

among the religious classes—that where there is a large family of children reflections arise at once, and remarks are made calling in question the refinement, the delicacy, and good-breeding, if not the good manners, of the parents of such a family? Once such fathers and mothers were considered by the wise, the good, and the great as public benefactors; but now their conduct is not only questioned and censured, but by stone they are regarded almost as human monsters."

In England there is computed to be one birth to every thirty inhabitants, in France one to every thirty-seven inhabitants, but in the American portion of the population of Massachusetts, there is but one to fifty, and this ratio is decreasing. The School and Registration Reports give similar evidence.

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"In Connecticut, where the proportion of the foreign class is much less than in Massachusetts, the School Report for 1866 states 'that the relative number of children had been steadily decreasing for the last forty years,' and the Report for 1867 states that the number was less even than in the previous year. The State of Vermont, in which there is still less of the foreign element, reports relatively a less proportion of children than either of the New England States."

Dr. Horatio Storer, in his work based upon Government and Hospital Statistics, and published in 1868, at Boston, by Little, Brown and Co., says, "the ratio of foetal deaths to the population swelled from one in 1,633 births in the year 1805, to one in 340 births in the year 1849," More recent statistics clearly show that fcetal mortality has more than doubled since then, and that in New York, of eight children born, one is *known* to be born dead or prematurely, while a continually increasing number of births are criminally concealed.

The causes of this alarming state of things, alarming everywhere, but doubly so in a new country where the tide of emigration may at any moment be checked, or set in another direction, are thus stated by the writer from whom I have already largely quoted:

“Children have come to be considered a care, a burden, and an expense, which it is thought must, at least to some extent, be dispensed with. In making, therefore, plans for marriage and settlement in life, such troubles are to be avoided as much as possible, especially until the parties get comfortably off in the world. This idea becomes a prevailing purpose in the mind, which is gradually strengthened more and more as other wants increase. Besides, the fear of pain and suffering, the dislike of being confined to the dry routine of certain family duties and responsibilities, the shrinking from public exposure and gossip on account of some domestic change—all these have their influence. In fact, has it not come to this, that in some circles the mere idea of increase of 379 family is unpopular, unfashionable, if not odious? The plain teachings of Scripture, the leading objects of the marriage institution as pointed out by the formulas of the Episcopal and Catholic Churches —the two largest religious denominations in Christendom—are entirely ignored. The laws of life and health are set at defiance, and worse expedients are resorted to, in order to effect certain ends, than were ever countenanced by the doctrines of Malthus. We are shocked at the destruction of human life upon the banks of the Ganges, as well as on the shores of the South Sea Islands; but *here in the very heart of Christendom foeticide and infanticide are extensively practised* , under the most aggravating circumstances.

“Several writers have recently exposed, through the public prints, this terrible vice and crime. While it may be difficult to describe the full extent of this evil, or decide just how far it operates to prevent the increase of offspring, it is the opinion of some medical men who have carefully investigated the subject that it is, directly and indirectly, a powerful check on population, and, moreover, that the evil is constantly increasing. The various laws passed against it in different States afford comparatively no barriers to prevent or break it up; neither does public opinion, which on this point is very much perverted. It should be stated that believers in the Roman Catholic faith never resort to any such practices; the strictly Americans are almost alone guilty of this great crime.”

But if the Romanists (as also, as is asserted, the Episcopalians) are free from the charge of committing these frightful enormities, they are by no means blind to the fact and to the danger. So great indeed and pressing does the evil seem to the heads of the Roman hierarchy in the United States, that the R. C. Archbishop Spaulding, of Baltimore, and his Suffragan Bishops, assembled in their Tenth Provincial Council in May, 1869, thought it necessary to speak out strongly on the subject in their Pastoral. They say, and all must allow that they speak as Christians and as patriots,—

“The abiding interest we all feel in the preservation of the morals of our country constrains us to raise our voice against the daily increasing 380 practice of infanticide, especially before birth. The notoriety which this monstrous crime has obtained of late, and the hecatombs of infants that are annually sacrificed to Moloch, to gratify an unlawful passion, are a sufficient justification for our alluding to a painful and delicate subject, which should not even be mentioned among Christians. We may observe that the crying sin of infanticide is most prevalent in those localities where the system of education without religion has been longest established, and been most successfully carried out. The inhuman crime might be compared to the murder of the ‘Innocents,” except that the criminals in this case exceed in enormity the cruelty of Herod.”

I have myself thought it right to allude to this subject at greater length, because, when such an authority as Mr. Bright stands up to advocate an alteration in our marriage laws, and points to New England as an example of *morality* , it is high time that Englishmen should know what and how great the morality of New England really is; and in what I have brought forward I have preferred to use the words of Americans rather than my own, and to point to Americans as authorities respecting the state of things which is alleged to exist in their great country.

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CHAPTER XXXVI. *THE FUTURE OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC.*

North and South—Tyranny of the Republican Party—Prostrate Condition of the South under Negro Rule—Imperialist Leanings—Probable Decadence of the Black Population.

What the Future of the United States will be, is a secret yet hidden from view, but to one who has travelled South and West, as well as East and North, the maintenance of the Union will seem to be a great improbability. Signs of approaching division are even now apparent. If at present the States be united, it is by the force of circumstances which have grown upon the present generation of inhabitants, or by the power of the sword alone. California, with all its widely divergent interests, is united to the States by mere prescription; Louisiana is prostrate under the tyrannical rule of African aliens maintained in power by Northern bayonets.

That the breach is healing between North and South it is extremely hard to believe. The Southerners have, indeed, acquiesced in the abolition of slavery, and I never met a single Southerner who wished to have it restored,—many expressed themselves as rejoiced at its abolition,—but they have not yet learned to love the liberators. On the contrary, they are, I believe, beginning to feel that, now the crime of 382 slavery is removed, God, in the future, will go forth with their armies. Defeat has driven inwards, but it has not eradicated, the love and desire of independence. The hatred of Northerners is shown in the South in many ways; as manifestly in the proposal to remove the bodies of the few Southern soldiers, who are buried amidst the 12,000 Federal dead in the cemetery below New Orleans. The Southerners deem it as great a disgrace for their dead to lie among the Federals, as the Northerners deemed it a disgrace to bury *theirs* along with the negro soldiers, who indeed helped them to victory, but whom they have interred in a swamp outside their own cemetery. If the express object of the Republican party had been to exacerbate the South and to estrange it totally from the North, no surer means could have been taken than those which have actually been employed. As it is, the negroes of the South were given the free suffrage long before it was proposed to be conceded to the better educated and more civilized negroes of the North; and though the measure

conceding it has at length passed through most of the Northern State Legislatures, it has been conceded unwillingly, and the concession was a bitter pill for the Republicans to swallow. Republicans are very far from being levellers. But while the Southern negroes possess the franchise, the Southern whites still remain deprived of their votes. Thus the great and high-spirited race of white men and so-called “American citizens” of Louisiana, and other Southern States, are governed, or rather misgoverned and tyrannized over, by the black ex-slaves of the plantations, and by the 383 skulking “scallawags” and “carpet-baggers,” whom, at the instigation of agitators of the Republican party, the negroes have foisted into power. In the present Congress scarcely a single Southern State is represented by a Southerner. Education in vast districts of the South is now prostrate before brute ignorance, which is none the less brute ignorance because it is involuntary.

The object of the Republican and Radical party appears to be to keep down the Democrats and Conservatives by any means, and at all hazards. To this end the Constitutional principles of State independence and personal liberty are as much as possible overruled and subverted, and those of centralization and coercion substituted in their place. Northerners habitually speak of the North as if it were the whole country. The Constitution is held to be obsolete in deed and truth, though in word it is still hypocritically upheld. Instead of a number of free associated States, each possessing sovereign rights, and united by a common bond of interest, it is not hard to see that the Republicans aspire to have a great undivided empire governed from Washington. This being the case, there being likewise no security for life or property, law having fallen into contempt, and justice being sold to the highest bidder, it is not wonderful that expressions of discontent with the existing Government should be heard in all parts of the country, or that an increasing party should be found, who, holding that one tyrant is better than many, should openly advocate the establishment of an absolute monarchy, or system of Imperialism resembling 384 that of France. The establishment of a journal in New York, surmounted by an imperial crown, and called The *Imperialist* , is a notable sign of the times.

Now that the detestable system of slavery is dead and buried beyond hope of resurrection, it is strange that English “Liberals” should be found to sympathize with the Republican party in America, who are tyrannical in their policy, and the great apostles and maintainers of the antiquated doctrines of Protection. The fears that some have entertained of a war between races in the South seem to me quite illusory. Hatred of the negroes, howsoever much it has been fomented by the measures of the Republican party, and inflamed by the declamations of Northerners, is after all *not* strong in the Southern States, and the negroes themselves would be slow to rise, when they know that such an attempt would at once array against them every white man. It rather seems probable that the blacks will gradually die out of the land, for it is stated that the number of births has greatly decreased since the end of the war, and the poverty in which they are involved will, unless arrested by causes not at present apparent, tend towards their extinction. As time, too, goes on, it cannot be expected that the blacks will always vote for the Republican party, and when they cease to do this, the half-simulated affection of the Northerners with wax cool, and will be succeeded by the cold contempt with which all coloured persons are regarded in New England.

CHAPTER XXXVII. *NOTES ON NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.*

Englishness of the People—Exclusiveness—Kindness and Politeness to Englishmen—American Gentlemen—Flunkeyism—Defiance of Law—Respect of Persons—American Nomenclature—Class Legislation—American Women—Absence of Individuality—Tolerant Teetotallers—Superstition—Personalities of the Press—Cruel Treatment of Indians—Attitude towards England.

The predominant characteristic of the United States and its people—a characteristic which daily impressed itself more and more upon my mind—is the extreme *Englishness* of everything and everybody. Differ as the inhabitants of the different sections of the country, North, South, East, and West, may and do, that which they all possess in common is

this *Englishness.* The whole country seemed to be, in literal truth, an “England in the New World.” I felt *at home* everywhere and at once, far more at home than I should feel in Scotland or Ireland, or a British Colony. Throughout the States, for good or for evil, the English type of character is, to an overwhelming extent, the prominent one. Even an Hibernian Celt in the second generation becomes Anglicized, and Germans rapidly lose their Teutonism. And not only are the favourite lines of thought English, but the modes of thinking are English also. Differences of character there of 25 386 course are amongst the inhabitants of the two countries,but even these very diffcrences in America are commonly mere exaggerations or intensifications of English virtues or English vices. Most Americans are either Englishmen in the rough or Englishmen in extremes. Thus Yankee brag and Yankee buncum is an exaggeration of that supercilious conceit which renders the Englishman such a disagreeable animal on the continent of Europe. Yankee “cuteness” and Yankee “smartness” is an exaggeration of the peculiarly Puritan tendency to sharp practice which exhibits itself in the Sir J. Deane Pauls and other “evangelical” capitalists of England.* The “hard-faced, atrabilious, earnest-eyed”† pilgrim-fathers were doubtless dabs at a bargain, and their sons have but trodden in their fathers' steps. The New England Unitarians have given a characteristic specimen of this tendency. “By an artful contrivance, an old endowment, bequeathed for religious purposes, on the condition of an annual sermon ‘on the Trinity,’ has been appropriated, and the condition evaded by having an annual sermon preached ‘against the Trinity,’ through which unworthy quibble their consciences appear to be satisfied.”‡

* An old stud-groom and coachman of a relation of the writer's was one day overheard discussing with a brother whip the relative merits and demerits of Church and Dissent. He summed up the matter thus—“If you talk about cussing and swearing, I'm afeard we Churchmen are the wust; but when you come to lying *and* cheating, why, you Dissenters beats us hollow!”

† O. W. Holmes.

‡ *Mission Life*, Nov. 2, 1868.

The next characteristic which I gratefully record 387 is the hearty, ready kindness I met with from every one, North, South, West, and East. We English are exclusive, and the Americans are still more exclusive; but when I once broke the ice and began a conversation I never knew information to be more freely and kindly given. The fact that one was an Englishman and a stranger seemed to be at once a passport to the heart of every American, and politeness, courtesy, hospitality, and kindness always followed the announcement. That the mass of Americans have a deep and true love for England is, I am convinced, true. That Southerners consider they lost their cause from the cold neutrality of England, and that Northerners abuse us for observing that very neutrality, and ascribe to it the prolongation of the war, is indeed beyond question; but they do this for the very reason that both parties set such store by our entire sympathy, and in reality defer so much to our opinion. When one asks a Northerner, “Why do you blame us, and never say a word of blame against France?” the invariable answer is, “Because we care what you do to us or think about us, and we don't care a cent about the French.” At the same time it must be remembered that it is the policy of the Republican party to keep up a sore feeling against England.

Many untravelled Englishmen, it is to be feared, are possessed by an inane idea that the refinement of the true gentleman is rare in the States. Nothing can be further from the truth than this; cultivated gentlemen abound everywhere, and such is the adaptability of the people to circumstances, that a man almost suddenly raised to affluence, has a natural ease and 388 dignified simplicity of manner which few wealthy Englishmen attain before two or three generations. The vulgarity of the *parvenu* is, if ever found in America, far rarer than it is in England. The average of manners must, on the whole, be considered as exceedingly high. Vulgarity of *manner* (I do not speak of vulgarity of habit or act,) is rare amongst the labouring classes. The sense of political equality, while it does not debase the well-educated, certainly tends to elevate the social behaviour of the masses. The *highest*

charm of manner of the English gentleman—where ancient lineage goes hand in hand with talent and a high university education—is indeed absent, but short of this highest standard, good manners are perhaps commoner than they are amongst ourselves. The base English feeling of bearing a grudge against wealth and position is scarcely met with; and the “'eave 'arf a brick” sentiment, on the appearance of a well-dressed stranger, would find no place in the States. As a rule, the Americans are more ceremonious than we are, the “sir” being used to every one.

If, however, there is less grudging against wealth and position than amongst ourselves, there is undoubtedly more bowing down before them. Flunkeyism is a national characteristic in the States. This is shown by the outrageous honour paid to rich men, and by the prevalent want of sympathy for the poor; by an intense fondness for petty titles, by the great space given in the newspapers to Mantalini-descriptions of the dresses of rich ladies; and by the abject prostration of the simple Republicans before the 389 despots of the Continent or the nobility of England. Mrs. H. B. Stowe's beslaveration of the late Duchess of Sutherland is but a mild instance to the point, and N. P. Willis, who, it was said, “never conversed with any one under the rank of a baronet,” is but a characteristic specimen of a travelling Yankee.

Mr. Dixon has observed* that “deference to the law and to every one who wears the semblance of lawful authority, is so complete in America as to occasion a traveller some annoyance and more surprise. Every dog in office is obeyed with such unquestioning meekness that every dog in office is tempted to become a cur. It is rare indeed to find a servant of the public civil and obliging.” Now I must question the accuracy of a portion of this statement. If there be a law-defying, lawless people on the earth, I believe it to be the Americans. The whole land is stained with blood, shed in defiance of the law. In 1868 133 “homicides” were perpetrated in Philadelphia alone. Where any man, who has enough dollars, can buy or intimidate his judge, as he can in the United States, law is contemptible, and it is contemned.

* *New America*, p. 404.

The state of society in the " *quiet* Quaker City" of Philadelphia was thus described by Judge Brewster in his charge to the grand jury in the spring of the present year. "It is time," he said, "that the bad should be made to feel the power of the law. There are certain men in Philadelphia who cannot be brought to justice. They can beat down, almost murder, our policemen, secure bail, and abscond until opportunity 390 permits their return. Others take life almost with impunity. The homicides committed in this city, in the year 1868 as compared with those of 1867, are in the proportion of 133 to 94, an increase of over forty per cent. *Infanticides have increased nearly fifty per cent., and the total of murders in one year is four times the convictions for homicides in thirty years.* This is all due to the perverted sympathy which exalts the assassin into the position of a persecuted victim of the law. It has thus come to pass that men are shot down or stoned to death upon our highways, and that the law seems as powerless for their vindication as it was for their protection. Grand juries hesitate to find true bills, and petit juries often refuse to convict except of inferior grades, frequently coupling those verdicts with recommendations to mercy. And even in an occasional case of great atrocity, when a conviction is followed by a sentence to death, the executive is besieged for a pardon. It is owing to these efforts to thwart justice that it has come to pass in Philadelphia that it is more dangerous for a man to pick a pocket than to take a life. The thief is much more certain of being punished than the murderer."

I admit, however, that the deference shown to "dogs in office" is, indeed, surprising. The fact is, the Americans have a kind of French respect for petty regulations. While they are great in crying out for rights, they are astonishingly patient of wrongs. They will endure almost any insult from a railway official, and put up with grievances and impositions which would drive an Englishman to desperation or " *The Times* " newspaper. Americans scarcely ever 391 grumble. Whatever happens they sit quiet, and smoke or chew. A loaded truck got off the line in front of the train in which I was travelling near Chicago. After

a delay of more than an hour I went to the van in which the guard was calmly smoking, and asked him how long the detention was likely to last. He answered that he “didn't know, as *he had not been to see what was the matter.* ” On my returning to my car and mentioning this answer to my fellow-passengers, one of them said, “Guess he knew best,” and all appeared quite contented. We were detained three hours.

But if the deference, not to law indeed, but to petty officials, be great, the deference to wealth and station is greater. I am confident that if I had a large fortune I might commit *any* crime I chose in the United States, with an absolute certainty of being acquitted. Over and over and over again, when some horrid crime had been mentioned, I have heard it asked, “How much is the criminal worth?” and on a large sum being named, the ready response has been, “Then he is sure to be acquitted.” “Gentlemen,” and “ladies,” too, are not even tried like common folk. Being wealthy, all sorts of indulgence must be shown them. Let the *Baltimore Sun* tell the tale of the trial of a young lady named Cairnes for the murder of her lover:—

“The trial of Miss Martha J. Cairnes for the murder of Nicholas M'Comas, her lover, which is now in progress here, is the all-absorbing theme of conversation in Harford co., Maryland. The court-house is thronged by persons from the most remote parts of the county. In consequence of the dilapidated condition of the county gaol, the county authorities did not regard it as a fit place in which to confine a female 392 prisoner; and Miss Cairnes has accordingly been placed upon her parole, and has her quarters at Glen's Hotel, where accommodation has been provided for her by her friends. She is under no surveillance whatever, eats at the public table, and moves in and out of her room at pleasure, and has been in the habit of promenading and shopping on the streets until this week. *She is escorted to and from the court-house by Sheriff Young, leaning upon his arm as any other lady* , and left by him at the hotel with a polite bow. Upon Miss Cairnes entering the court-room *the dense crowd divides, and with the utmost respect makes a passage-way for her to the inside of the bar.* At the hotel she is constantly in the receipt of expressions of kindness from sympathising friends and well-wishers. She wears a plain

but neat light purple dress, lilac kid gloves, white bonnet and ribbons, and seems neither to court nor avoid observation. The large majority of the community uphold her, and count confidently upon her acquittal, contending that she was fully justified in her action. Miss Cairnes held quite a levée at her hotel, visitors of both sexes coming and going, and almost all proffering encouragement. She was in fine spirits. *About ten o'clock she was serenaded, as was also the jury sitting in her case* , who are quartered at Mrs. Ashton's. The trial concluded on Saturday evening. The jury, after an absence of five minutes, brought in a verdict of ‘Not guilty.’”

Had this Miss Cairnes been a poor negro woman, she would have been hanged without mercy. After such an infamous perversion of justice as this, we need not wish to “Americanize” our Courts of Justice!

I confess to thinking that the inventive powers of the Americans have been much overrated. The people struck me generally as lacking in originality. What, for instance, can better show poverty of invention than the nomenclature of the streets in the cities of the United States, which are commonly simply designated by numbers, and so deprived of all individuality? A Puerta del Sol, a Rue Royal, a Strand, a Bishopsgate, a street called “Straight,” have each and all a definite idea attached to them; but what idea can be extracted from a “Third Avenue,” or a 393 “West Seventy-Ninth Street?” In many American cities, while the numeral system is maintained to designate the streets which run in one direction, the names of trees are used to denote those which run across at right angles. Thus there are Pine, Chestnut, Locust, Walnut, Streets, and so on; and what could be tolerable enough if confined to a single town, becomes unbearably monotonous when repeated in many.

Again, a wretched poverty of invention is generally displayed in the names of the cities themselves. The Americans may, perhaps, be pardoned for naming some two hundred towns after Washington, Jackson, and Jefferson, though even that “iteration” is “damnable” enough; and the sentiment which founded New Yorks, New Portsmouths, and New

Bedfords across the “mournful and misty Atlantic,” was at once natural and beautiful; but the offence against good taste is great when from sheer lack of invention the names of the noblest ancient cities, such as Rome, Syracuse, Corinth, Troy, are stolen from their sunny sites and applied to a congeries of shanties rising around a rowdy bar-room from a quagmire of black mud. As a rule, there is no name of a place in England, or any other ancient land, which does not indicate the peculiarity of its site, or the reason of its foundation. Portsmouth, Scarborough, Winchester, Norwich, Penzance, Inniskillen, for example, are all descriptive, and so, indeed, are the ancient Indian names in America itself. Alexandria, in Egypt, commemorates its great founder; Alexandria on the Potomac simply means nothing at all. Many of the 394 Indian names are so beautiful that it is matter for regret that they have not been more generally retained, though the following paragraph from a newspaper published in the regions of Lakes Memphremagog and Winnepesaukee, shows that at least some inconvenience would attend their general retention:—

“The fish in Lake Holleyhunkemunk, Me., are said to be superior to either Lake Weeleyobacook or Moosetockmegantuc. Those of Chauhungogungamung were very fine, but they all got choked to death in trying to tell where they lived.”

Again, it is soon perceived that the mass of literature which is sold upon the American railways consists either of pirated editions of English works or of translations from the French, and the engravings are generally reproductions of European pictures. Considering, too, the vastness of the population, how few American authors are really great, or even approach to the standard of such men as Longfellow, or O. W. Holmes, or Motley, or inimitable Hawthorne; and the works of this last great writer, like those of Irving, Longfellow, and others, are instinct with the spirit of the Old World rather than of the New. Even the greatest engineering feats are the handiwork of foreigners: thus the great bridges at Cincinnati and Niagara are by Roebling, a Prussian, and Professor Agassiz, the greatest ornament of Harvard, is a Swiss. During my whole journey through the country I only saw or could hear of a single play of American origin being advertised for performance; this was *Solon Shingle.* The very mottos on the “Star-spangled banner,”

and on the Great Seal and 395 coins of the United States, were, there is little doubt, adopted from a device in the *Gentleman's Magazine* ,* and the free, progressive, English Republic is typified on the coins by the feathered head of an Indian squaw—the very type of a decadent and dying race. Even such a “Yankee notion” as a Colt's revolver has its prototype amongst the ancient armour in the Tower; and many-barrelled field-guns taken at Malplaquet may be seen in the Rotunda at Woolwich.

* See Harper's *New Monthly Magazine*, No. 225, p. 319.

If, however, the Americans are not original, assuredly they are remarkably *adoptive.* Come from whence it may, they are sure to adopt, and probably to improve, on any article or invention which seems useful or likely to prove a hit. The foolish ultra-conservative feeling which leads Englishmen to shut their eyes to the real merit of an invention, and to resist an acknowledged improvement on the ground that “it is *so* un-English,” finds no counterpart in the mind of the shrewd far-seeing Yankee.

It is a common error of Englishmen to suppose that the Americans are a “free and easy” race, and that the different grades of society are less distinctly marked than amongst ourselves. The very reverse of this is the case. Our English exclusiveness is exaggerated in the States. An American scarcely ever addresses a stranger at a dinner-table or in a public conveyance, and, so far as my experience goes, I was but once subjected to the impertinent cross-questioning of which other travellers have complained. In England one may see, thank God, the heir of an 396 earldom playing at cricket with his father's tenants, and, likely enough, getting a severe crack on the leg from a ball bowled by the hand of the son of a poor labourer; and one may see officers and privates playing together on terms of most brotherly equality, to the great advantage and good of both parties. But such a thing would be impossible in America, where the gulf which divides rich and poor is both wider and deeper than it is in the Old World. In answer to numerous and close inquiries, I was assured that no wealthy merchant would allow his son to play with the son of a mechanic, and that the boy of rich parents would recoil from any such association. The Republican

form of Government, moreover, has failed to secure the absence of Class Legislation. The Maine Liquor Law, for instance, which presses heavily on the poor, is not felt by the rich; and in the arrangements of the towns and public parks, the comfort and convenience of the masses is scarcely studied at all.

The good looks of people of both sexes must strike every one. The ladies are certainly remarkably handsome, and in manner display a very taking mixture of Puritan demureness and French piquancy. In dress they follow French fashions, and, indeed, are commonly over-dressed. The men, as a rule, are tall, handsome fellows; and the lean, yellow-faced variety of Yankees seems to be commoner amongst those who travel than amongst those who stay at home. The young men of New York and a few other great cities dress smartly and becomingly enough, but, as a rule, the universality of black clothes is very tedious. The hideous chimney-pot hat of the North is rare in 397 the West, and disappears entirely in the South, where it is superseded by the becoming wide-awake. The women of the poorer classes dress in vile taste, and have the half-tawdry, half-slatternly air of the wives of the mechanics of our manufacturing towns. The condition of our own agricultural labourers is, God knows, sad enough in many respects, but their cottages, with their trim gardens and window-plants, contrast favourably with the gardenless shanties of the same class in America. In many parts of the States, nothing can be more wretched than life in the country. There are no roads, or none that are passable, and postal arrangements are confined entirely to the towns.

One curious feature in American society is the absence of historical families, and the extreme rareness of the sons of eminent men following in their fathers' steps. I was assured by one best of all qualified to judge, that, in the Eastern States, it is even rare for the son of a wealthy and successful merchant to carry on the business after his father's death. The sons of wealthy manufacturers commonly go to College, and turn lawyers or parsons,—anything rather than manufacturers.

Americans are quite unable to understand the un-envying pride with which the younger branches of an English family regard the old ancestral family-place, where the head of the family resides, or to appreciate the beautiful associations which grow up and intensify around such a central home. Death in the United States is doubly a sunderer, and gives the signal for the unloosing of family ties.

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One admirable trait of character is the versatility and determination to succeed which is exhibited by young men. I met one youth, thrown out of his situation, who was undecided whether to become a watchmaker or a lawyer's clerk. He would probably have done well as either.

It struck me throughout my journey that there is much less individuality amongst the Americans than there is amongst ourselves. One man, I mean, differs less from the rest of his compatriots in character and manner. This similarity is probably induced by the form of Government; and the newness of the whole country prevents the formation and retention of local usages. A Virginian or Missourian differs far less from a man of Massachusetts or Rhode Island than a Devonshire man differs from a Yorkshireman. The same influences affect the language. It is not too much to say that English is, as a rule, spoken with far greater precision than it is in England, and such a vulgarity as the Cockney pronunciation, as well as obsolete provincialisms, are alike unknown. Penny-a-liners are, however, doing their utmost to spoil the language by a new, misleading, and vulgar method of spelling, such, for instance, as substituting “theater” for “theatre,” “center” for “centre,” and “Savior” for “Saviour.” It is to be hoped that the rapidly-improving good taste of the community will put an end to such etymological enormities.

As a rule, I believe the Americans to be a more temperate people than we are. However paradoxical it may sound, it is certain that I met both more drunkards and more total abstainers than I ever met 399 elsewhere. The drinking customs of the States are radically bad; but drunkenness is chiefly confined to the upper and middle classes. Large bodies

of genuine working-men are total abstainers, and I believe the mass of the labouring class to be temperate. Whisky is the staple liquor, and the curse of the country. Wine is exorbitantly expensive, and beer and porter, always excepting the lager beer of the Germans, so execrably bad as to be almost undrinkable. Teetotallers appear to be a far less bigoted, and a far more sober class, than their congeners amongst ourselves. They abstain themselves, but they leave other folks alone. I never heard a single American teetotaller anathematizing a moderate drinker. When will our own so-called “temperance” advocates learn a like moderation?

In superstition the Americans equal, if they do not go beyond, ourselves. Being less Protestant, we have, at least, not yet produced three millions of Spiritualists. The American newspapers have many of them a particular division devoted to astrological advertisements. The following are characteristic:—

A TEST. —THE ORIGINAL MADAME BYRON from Paris, medical and business Clairvoyant (Spiritualist), has that great French secret, causing speedy marriage. No satisfaction, no pay. 138, East Seventeenth Street between Irving Place and Third Avenue. Beware of Impostors.

ASTONISHING. —MADAME MORROW, SEVENTH daughter, beats the world in telling magic likenesses; tells your thoughts on entering her room. Fee 50 cents. Gents not admitted. 184, Ludlow Street, near Houston.

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MADAME BLACK , THE INDIAN ASTROLOGIST, gives consultations at No. 193, Carondelet Street, near Julia Street. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Through native intuition of mind she astonishes you by her remarkable revelations of your present and future life. She has a remedy to bring lovers together that never fails. She claims no renown as an European traveller, having been born and reared in the South. By a

Phrenological Chart given by Prof. Fowler, of New York, she is one of the most remarkable women now living.

N.B.—Consultations $1, $2, to $5.

ASTROLOGY. —LOOK OUT—GOOD NEWS FOR ALL. $1,000 to any one who will equal Madame Raphael in her profession. The never-failing Madame Raphael is the best. She succeeds when all others fail. All who are in trouble and who have been unfortunate; all whose fond hopes have been blasted, fly to her for relief. All who are in doubt of the affections of those they love consult her. In love affairs she never fails. She has the secret of winning the affections of the opposite sex; she shows the likeness of your future wife, husband, or absent friend; she guides the single to a happy marriage and makes the married happy. Her advice has been solicited in innumerable cases, and the result was always a happy marriage. She is a sure dependence, she is the only person who can give entire satisfaction on all concerns of life. To all in business her advice is invaluable; she can foretell with great certainty the results of all commercial and business transactions. She gives lottery numbers without charge. Madame Raphael is a bonâ fide astrologist that every one can depend on. Madame Raphael is the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter, and was born with a natural gift. As a female physician her remedies never fail to cure. She also cures drunkenness. No. 111, Richmond st., bet. Central av. and John st. Terms—Ladies, $1; gentlemen, $1 50. N.B.—The Madam will answer no letters without a fee of $1 and stamp is inclosed, Address Lock-box 531, Cin. P. O.

Seventh sons of seventh sons are also in great request, and these humbugs are said to realize vast sums of money from their dupes. The “Mumler Spiritual Photograph” case was going on while I was in New York, and the man Mumler was acquitted of 401 the charge of swindling, chiefly because a judge was found to come forward to testify to his belief that “spirits” had had a finger in the pie! This judge likewise asserted at the trial that he had himself been materially assisted in the decisions he had delivered from the bench by

spirits! I did not hear that it was proposed to relieve him of his “judicial” functions, or to suspend a portion of his salary until claimed by his spiritual assistants.

Yet with all their superstition Americans are in the main tolerant and fair-minded to a remarkable degree. For a clear unbiassed opinion on a doubtful or difficult point, I would rather resort to an American than to most men. The Americans, too, seem always to know when to act, and then act without fuss or excitement. In a fire, or shipwreck, or scrimmage with Indians, I should wish to have Brother Jonathan as my companion.

One of the most prolific sources of national degradation in America is undoubtedly the newspaper press. With few honourable exceptions, the daily papers are as bad as possible. Bad in type, bad in the paper on which they are printed, they pander to almost every bad passion of the populace. Some of them exist only by stirring up evil passions and foolish jealousies between the United States and England. No private character is safe from their slanders, and editors are, in fact, restrained only by the fear of the cowhide and the six-shooter. As a gem of the kind, I will quote an account of a literary dinner, which took place at Delmonico's, at New York, on the 20th of March last. The reporter says:— 26

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“At one end of our table was the ponderous Goddess of Minstrelsy,

MISS PHŒBE CARY.

“Her immense double chin, physical latitude, and gorgeous display of tiaras, jewelry, beads and flowers, gave her the appearance of an exaggerated Flora, decked for a carnival.

“Time has not been kind to Phoebe since we used to see her running about the woods barefoot at her old home near Mt. Pleasant. Fortune and fame have compensated, however, for Time's churlishness. But we won't remember any more; such violent memories don't become young people like Phœbe and me. She refused to speak when

called upon, and the Chairman read her verses. Alice Cary was absent. At the other end of the same table sat

OLIVE LOGAN,

luxuriant, sparkling, and plump: her Fidus Achates was with her, and both being rather hard of hearing, their continuous spasmodic efforts to maintain a confidential conversation was a little amusing. The Bohemian world will indulge their gossip, and should a final match occur, it will be a source of perpetual joy to Sister Anthony, as illustrating the superiority of her own sex. Near me sat the dispenser of fashion,

MADAME DEMOREST,

whose diamond eyes and animated features contrasted curiously enough with the demure little gentleman beside her, whose air of subdued resignation seemed to indicate that he was used to the rôle of husband to a business woman.

“Next to her sat Mrs. Burley, the active worker in reform and philanthropy, a member of Sorosis and Working Women's Association, in which she is heartily seconded by her glorious husband, who sat opposite gallanting Madame Demorest's right bower in her magazine, Mrs. Croly, better known as Jenny June. Next to Jenny was Mr. Parton, pale, scholarly, and quiet. His wife,

FANNY FERN,

occupied the next seat. Lei no admirer of this piquant, spiteful writer ever desire to see her, lest the romance be for ever rubbed out. Self-conceit, envy, coldness, bitterness, and harshness, have written their terrible autographs all over the poor woman's face, so that if she ever was handsome, they have quite marred the original design. Mrs. McCrum (Daisy Howard), President of Sorosis, sat at the next table, supporting the Chairman of the meeting, Mr. Simonton. Daisy is a 403 fine-looking, stately creature, nervous, determined,

and spiteful enough to preside over the sisters militant, but when brought out to speak her piece, was not equal to the occasion. It was melancholy to witness Daisy's want of pluck in the face of the enemy. Such was not the case with Mrs. Carter, who recited ‘Sheridan's Ride’ admirably, and, excepting a slight impediment in speech, quite dramatically.”

Public characters would seem to be generally estimated by their weight—in the scales, as the number of pounds they weigh is always recorded. Newspapers, like judges and juries, are notoriously venal, and most public men keep their newspaper as criminals do their judge.

In their dealings with foreigners or with natives of another race the fairness and kindliness of the Americans seem to desert them. Their treatment of the Indians has been a mixture of swindling and ferocity. An “Indian agent” of the Government has lately exposed some of the atrocities which have been committed. He says, “The Rogue River war, which long desolated Oregon, originated in a shameful assault upon an Indian woman by a soldier. On the woman threatening to inform the commanding officer, the brutal rascal shot her and her mother, who was with her, and left their bodies on the path with the infant she was carrying crying by her side. Just then some Indians came in sight. The soldier escaped, but, enraged beyond reason, the savages fell on the white settlements.” A little further on he quotes: “A report of agent J. B. Hoffman, of the Ponca Reservation, in which he states that a party of soldiers came to an Indian camp, were hospitably received, and then grossly insulted the squaws. The Indians fled, when the soldiers fired 404 on them, cut up the lodges, and destroyed everything they could lay their hands on. They then pursued the fugitives, and shot a woman with a child on her back, ‘putting two balls through the child's thigh, one of which passed through the mother's side!’ They also, among other murders, shot three unoffending and defenceless women and a little girl.” One Colonel Chevington, we are informed, “fell upon a large number of friendly Indians, and for more than two hours the work of murder and barbarity was continued, until more than one hundred dead bodies, three-fourths of them women and children, lay on the plain. No punishment was inflicted by the authorities upon this ruffian, who was a Methodist preacher, as well as

a colonel, and a long petition in his favour was presented to Congress from his brother clergymen."

While it was possessed by Russia the poor Indians of Alaska were remarkable for their inoffensive quietude, but after its purchase by the United States all was changed. Last spring an American writer announced that "Alaska is going through the process of reconstruction by gunboats. The latest reports say that wherever the smoke of the ' *Saginaw* ' is seen, as that gunboat steams in among the islands, the inhabitants hasten to hang out a white flag or rag as a signal that they have no desire to be reconstructed as the ' *Saginaw* ' reconstructed the Kake villages—by burning them and driving the inhabitants to the woods. It is a satire upon the civilization of the 'Athens of America' that the Alaskans should call the men who have brought the new gospel of burning and bomb-shells to their coast, 'Bostons.'"

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In their fears of the establishment of a monarchy upon the Continent of North America, the adherents of the "Monroe doctrine" remind one of the objection of a bull to a red rag, or rather of the apprehensions of Cardinal Cullen and his co-frères, that every Roman Catholic child who sits near an "Anglican" or "Swaddler," should straightway abjure Romanism and turn Protestant. In their attitude towards England it is hard to conceive anything more wicked than the conduct of a large portion of the writers of the Press, who are for ever striving to embitter differences, and to foment quarrels.

Englishmen and Americans are, after all, not cousins but brothers, whose virtues and whose vices are a common heritage. A patriotic Englishman and a patriotic American should pray and strive to promote a brotherly unity between the two peoples, whose interests, like their origin, should be one. No crime could be more horrible or more unnatural than a war between England and the United States.

THE END.

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