

The gallynipper in Yankeeland. By himself.

THE GALLYNIPPER IN YANKEELAND.

BY HIMSELF.

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INTRODUCTION.

There was a sweet and verdant youth of many tender summers. And he had a mother-in-law that was to be, and she vexed him and he vexed her, and life was a vexatious vanity. And he fled away from her on the hop, as the flea goeth, and made a long journey and sought comfort in a foreign land. There he spent treasure and learned many things. Hence this book, a copy of which should be in every household: for it is divided into many districts and moods, and it suits all climates, and all ages, and all peoples, and all sexes, and it is good for all complaints; blue devils love it not, but flee away from its music as fled that sweet young man from the trumpet-tongue of that fair-and-freckled-fat-and-forty-woman, his mother-in-law that was to be. The price of the book is three shillings and sixpence. And it is cheap at the price. The Americans will read it and will buy it by thousands. For in it they find many things about themselves, some pretty and some otherwise, for the Gallynipper is true to his point. And he has praised them up and praised them down, and told how it is vi their ladies get done brown. He has baked their bread and cooked a goose for them, and they will hear how, and be told of many things besides—no end of things, and things which have no end, and things which end in other things, black things, white things, things which go about by night, and things which go about by day, which jump, and fly, and run, and ride, and creep, and hop: all manner of things, and also things without any manners. It is a beautiful story, containing honey and gall mixed up, with poets,

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philosophers, porcupines and liars, thieves and rogues, sinners and saints, and spittoons; and points and ends, and endless points, and tail-less men and tailors, and places where tailors are wanted; buggies that bump and buggies that don't bump, Jews, Gentiles, and spoiled Egyptians, love and beauty, sentiment, pathos and petroleum; places without longitude and latitude, and Grace Polly with her thermometer up to 150, and mushrooms and matrimony and music and morals and Brigham Young. It also indicates the way to please the women, and how the future man is to be steady and yet go to publics: how a New York girl brought up rainbows on the landscape of a man's body, and what the boss did; also the place to get baby-linen cheap. How 720,000 mothers-in-law can be got rid of in a day without any trouble and no carriage to pay; and what the ladies of Quebec do when their husbands come home a bit crooked. The size of those ladies' arms, the:speaking-tube with the blue vii eyes, and the way to save brimstone. It also shows a new way of taming shrews, and tells of the man that lectured in his night-dress to the animals of the plain, and how he goes to bed now.

Simon O'Seller, Rush Winkle, Wiggs, Sylvia Silver, Molly Skittles, Polly Wiggs, Gumble, Gand, and Gloosh come in it, and more wonderful things than can be put down here in front.

In Chapter I. the Gallynipper begins his journey, and we hear an overture.

II. At Quebec he is received by the landed gentry; a lady shows him kindness, and he goes on his way like a goodly, sober, green, young man, his discourse being sweet and pleasant, and rich in compliments to the ladies. At one station 333 cubic feet of woman assemble and put his ribs out. Other strange things are told. He hears the ancient tones.

III. This is all about Honey and Gall—a pathetic story.

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IV. The Gallynipper tackles the smartest city in the world, and shows how to take the pig by the ear; he finds a famine at Bloomington, and we learn how an American mother-in-law was reformed.

V. He passes on through the wicked city and encounters the moon-faced girls and other animals, but his morals suffer not.

VI. The Gallynipper comes to grief and stumbles in rhyme. He goes into the world down below, with a volcanic poetess; William the Black speaks up and reprimands him.

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VII. Flames of love burst forth from the bosom of the volcanic poetess, and she puts the Gallynipper through an American hop.

VIII. Odoriferous.

IX. Terrific speed takes the Gallynipper to Washington, where he suffers from drought—an unknown quantity puts him right, he witnesseth love-making at an altitude of 396 feet, and thinks of his mother-in-law that was to be, then continues his journey and indulges in Brotherly Love.

X. At New York the Gallynipper begins to speak out and the Yankees get their pie warmed; Jerry the Liar turns him round, but gets smashed by Bill Briggs.

XI. We go on the Hudson, and hear a good deal about the ladies, and learn what Gallynippers are.

XII. Saratoga catches it.

XIII. We hear some singing and do some weeping among the superior species—on the shimmering waters a Bishop joins in and we finish up with Balm of Gilead.

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XIV. We settle the liars and take up the gluttons—the parsons and old maids come in somehow; the Gallynipper sketches a scheme for reforming the latter, and for improving the morals of the Americans generally. While so doing he comes to a fearful end.

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CHAPTER I.

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The Gallynipper begins his journey, and we hear an overture.

The Gallynipper shivered. In his shoes and stockings shivered he. And felt ill inside and outside and all over. He felt still more ill before it was all over. There were many overs, and he went over like a ball which goeth, and keepeth going over, over head, and ears and heels, and he heeled over his companions, and they heeled over him, and he went over everything but overboard. At its worst it was as bad as his mother-in-law-that-was-to-be at her best—that woman from whom he fled.

He revolved on the bosom of the broad Atlantic amid the rolling waves, and the waving rollers. And the wind blew until every one was blue—or green, and everything that was in sight was green or blue, for there was much bile and biling.

Now the way he got there and the way he got away from there, and how the overture went, and how the ocean went on, and how he went on the ocean—all these things are told in the following pages. 4 B

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“There were three sailors of Bristol citee, They took a ship and they went to sea; There was guzzling Jemmy and gorging Jacky, And a little boy that they called Billee.”

Tradition and Thackeray have made it certain that, falling short of victuals, the G.J.'s proceeded to gobble up little Billee. Whether the worthy ship-masters of more modern times have not taken a hint in provisioning from this primitive application of the laws of natural economy is a point for epicures to decide. Certain it is that the fine ships of the Allan Line are largely lined with gormands, and that however cabbages may fluctuate in the daily fare, juicy joint and cutlet tender never fail. Whatever the explanation may be it is a consolation to know that the infants despatched from the Liverpool port are carefully overhauled from port to starboard, and their morals seen to by the excellent and amphibious emigrants' chaplain there. Daily his fleet sweeps the waters of the Mersey,

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and nimble must that fish be that escapes the meshes of his apostolic net. Even at the eleventh hour he is to be seen tickling some youthful trout, smoothing the course of true love, or holding a general reception among the emigrants and accepting unlimited responsibilities as god-father.

But the sad hour of parting has come. Its sadness is relieved by a neat comedy. Whilst a few enthusiastic visitors are cheering the drooping spirits of the mother-in-law-less-men by singing 'Auld Lang Syne,' two gentlemen who have been busily engaged in snuffing and interviewing the company, suddenly manifest great affection towards a third party, a small, mongrel-looking man of meek deportment. They all join hands, and go below to have, as we suppose, a thimbleful of whisky. But in a few minutes the trio emerge from the lower deck and go on board the tender. They are now seen to be still more closely linked together, and the meek man is wearing bracelets. Such is the way to immortality.

The chaplain, who has finished counting his sheep, now bestows on us a final benediction; the tender flops away, and we are left to our fate. Our fellow-sufferers number over a thousand souls, the majority steerage passengers. The saloon musters seventy. Among these the untravelled Britishers—the creatures unsociable—predominate. Before the voyage is ended they will have learned something more of their own end, and tasted of the exceeding sweetness of cosmopolitan joys. Meanwhile they eat big meals, suck their thumbs in silence, and are miserably melancholy. The women folk having wept themselves dry are fed and gradually fade away. A few straggling damsels, drooping like broken lilies, linger on deck to see the start. This is witnessed with solemn pomp and dignity, each peculiar nose rising to the occasion and striving to show its superior breeding. But the angle of infinite satisfaction is attained only by the pugs.

In this way we started, and after that darkness B 2 4 soon swallowed up land and sea, and rolling motion urged; the inner man uneasy felt and the outward woman too. But before the motion for urgency was put, the house was counted out: the thought of our sins came creeping up, and down to our cribs we crept.

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On the following day we were again courteously waited on by a deputation from Scotland Yard, who had taken the trouble to come all the way to Ireland to waylay us. The Gallynipper expected a summons from Harriet H., or his mother-in-law that was to be, but it didn't come off and so he kept on.

After two days of mute and muffled respectability the ladies began to freshen up, and we looked for squalls. Uncomfortable as such breezes are both on land and sea, some of the mother-in-law-less men felt that any change would be welcome. Happily Neptune was legislating: and bringing his Water Act into operation at the nick of time, aspiring Amazons were transformed into *turtle* doves, while the various sorts and conditions of men were equally placed on equal terms on equivalent quality. Pride and pedigree no longer able to sustain the noble perpendicular, lay prostrate in lowly horizontal humility, and not a man of substance but what would have signed away his birthright for the enjoyment of a pottage mess. On Sunday began the penance, and it lasted three whole days among the laity; his reverence, who had sounded like Boanerges in the morning, was a 5 silent layman for four days afterwards, and was howled at as the Jonah of our misfortunes. As is well known, *one* parson on board ship indicates half a gale; *two* , cross, choppy seas; *three* , a water spout; *four* , a hurricane; *five* , going to the bottom; *six* , gone altogether. According to this our minister was a monster, for we had the full effect of six in one. By Wednesday the wrath of the god was appeased, and we crept out of our holes, smiling, peaceful, and pleasant, and so continued to the end of the chapter.

“Each social pleasure giving and partaking, Glee and good humour our hours employed.”

The chivalry exhibited was remarkable, even mothers-in-law were daily trotted out and exercised by dutiful sons-in-law. But the Gallynipper had a nice, armless holiday, for no amatorial, perambulating pendulum hung on to his joints, and pounded his ribs.

The most complete transformation was that of a youthful water-saint who, sick of his element, found himself metamorphosed into a provisional potman, and diligent in

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supplying convalescents with a morning stoup. In our enlightened age, Petruchio's mode of dealing with a recalcitrant spouse is viewed as a specimen of costly clumsiness involving as much trouble and suffering to the operator as to the patient. Depend upon it there's nothing like a sea-voyage for this complaint. You have but to be 6 judicious in selecting a route and berth, and the cure is sure and lasting. If Harriet H.¹ ever becomes Harriet—, and doesn't mind her P's and Q's, the Gallynipper knows where and how to send her for change of air.

1 The eldest daughter of his would-be legal regal mother—there were three altogether, Harriet H., Lucy Ann, and Marigold Margery.

The daily programme now consisted mainly in feasting, flirting, and fleecing. A mild fever seized the denizens of the smoking room, and absorbed spare cash where cash could ill be spared, and young hopefuls went on hoping in liquid till they were hopelessly gone in liquidation. This form of gambling, in which the speed of the ship is the subject of speculation, has become a nautical institution. On some of the New York Lines the practice is still more naughty, and Pool is a puddle of iniquity. More innocent enjoyment prevailed in the evenings. Then in the saloon luxurious, by beauty's galaxy surrounded, the fiddler and the vocal furious, like very Baby-loon resounded—that is to say, in the aforesaid place, and surrounded as aforesaid, the poet, the philosopher and the musician found full scope for the display of their talents, and sought and obtained a recognition which made their very talents blush to be so recognised. Youthful Jenny Linds and full-fledged nightingales vied in song, or joining in harmonious melody, blended their sweet strains with the jingle of the grog-glass. Human nature at these times affords a rare opportunity for the 7 moralist to wag his tongue. But the wagger should be careful not to waggle guile with innocence. One gentle nymph in particular won universal sympathy by her freshness and simplicity of character. Daily she cried for the sight of porcupines, and would not be comforted by any discourses on the subject of natural history. She was a practical person, and went straight to the point, and she went to many points even to the point appointed for mothers-in-law to point the way to. Her sermons on the evil of riches

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drew such a crowd of listeners as to fill the parson's chest with coins, which, if treasured up, will be sure to bring a man to ruin when he goes his last journey. Many people pray every week for deliverance from them, and then out of church they go and make a fresh collection. They are respectable coins, and look clean and smiling outside, and not as the coins of the publicans and people who go too often to publics. And thus it is that these coins have a larger circulation than any of the other bad coins turned out by the gentleman in the foundry down below. Parsons and politicians have them (so have their wives), and mothers-in-law, and old maids, and organ-grinders, and most of the respectable public who don't go to the public too often.

Now let us hear what the *text* said about coins. Scorning vague generalities as to sufficiency, she boldly fixed the happy medium of contentment at eighteenpence a day. A pilgrim to a strange country, her soul was troubled with misgivings as to her future happiness, which seemed to depend on the co-existence of mushrooms and matrimony on the other side of the Atlantic. We calmed her stomach by pointing to Chicago. Then looking at her numerous charms all looking out through faded blue silk we were able to reassure her as to her fate. And as the Gallynipper now writes, he thinks of how the rain must be falling into the life of some poor man in whose home she is reigning. 'Some days must be dark and dreary,' but Mr. Longfellow never meant all of them, nor the longest, and she is a cloud that will never be exhausted. Sweet, guileless creature! So youthful too. She was accompanied by an aged lady whom she called mamma. Which seemeth an allegory.

Icebergs at last! Cold companions, but a welcome sight after the monotony through which we have passed. For days the ocean has been a desert. Changed now is the outlook. We are in a new world. A mysterious world, ever moving, ever changing. Containing mighty forces of nature in which nature herself seems to be outdone and to mingle with the supernatural. Now tempting, now dazzling, now delighting, now disappointing the eager eye, and sending the excited imagination into wild and boundless flights. Lofty mountain, towering pyramid, stately cathedral, glittering palace, and a thousand fantastic forms appear, startle, and vanish. Dusky, dim shadows deepen the mystery. The sea appears

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as if haunted—haunted by the sheeted ghosts of banished monarchs doomed to eternal wandering 9 in awful space. We admire, wonder, and shiver. And, shivering, call for spirits from the vasty deep. And lo! from the dim recesses of the vasty deep spirits answer to our call.

Less welcome was the fog which enshrouded and ever enshrouds the rocky coast of Newfoundland.

On the seventh day after leaving Liverpool, land was sighted. The bleak and barren Labrador on the north, the equally bleak and barren Newfoundland on the south, hugging in between them a gay, young water-lady, always in straits and straightened circumstances and strait-laced stays. She kicks over the traces sometimes and then ladies do not like her gay goings on, for in going through her lines they go over the line and line the deck indecorously, this way, that way, and every-other-but-the-right way, and some hold on by the stays of the ship and look down on the green sea, and they seek to stay themselves but can't stay; and yet they have to stay after all till it is all over.

That is how *Belleisle Straits* went on—she behaved very rudely to us, and made us enlist in the line, and the line of battle was greatly extended, and gave way under the extension.

The fish in her dominions have a good time of it, and are fat and contented and do not want to emigrate, but we were glad to do so, and to find ourselves tuning our harps in the Gulf of St. Lawrence in this manner:—

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PART I.

We sat down with bumpers all round. Then the fiddle and trombone began and had it all to themselves till the trombone blew the fiddle away. The pianoforte then brushed his hair back and challenged the trombone, and they went at it like old bones, and the piano turned up his coat-sleeves and got hot, and went up and down the ladder, and shook, and

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scratched, and rattled like mad, but the trombone was too many for him, and settling down on the dominant he fired away steadily and knocked him off the stage without moving a peg. Next, the stars came out in muslins, and tweeds, and knickerbockers, and the male solo stood up and would not sit down till they let him go over his solo again; and the female solo sat down and would not stand up again, for her heart was sore for somebody, and she came to grief over Prince Charlie, like Prince Charlie's father came to grief, only she lost her heart instead of her head, and it was all because Charlie wasn't her darling. But the chorus stood up boldly like the bravest of the brave, and sung about the Hardy Norseman and the Britannia that ruled the waves, but they said nothing about the waves ruling Britannia. Then up got Tom Bowling, and Tom was in fine form, and had just as much cargo as he could carry, and he piped up all hands, and they blazed away and stood to their guns till the hulk began to lie down, and then poor Tom went up the rigging. While he was there, in came the warder and blew his horn and began to brag, and said the Pagans had been put to flight. Tom hailed him from the mast head and said that was coming it too strong: he was only going ashore in a balloon to get a licence from a land-lubber to be married to a mermaid down below. Barney Buntline backed up Tom like a best man, and he slewed his quid and spun a yarn to Billy Bowling, Tom's brother. And while Tom was getting the licence they went down and put some powder in the warder's horn, and he blew up himself. Some of the chorus went up high like Tom and Excelsior, and some, sweet and low, and when Tom came back they rocked the cradle in the deep, and the baby went to sleep. Now while the nursemaid was carrying on with Barney, Devilshoof came in and stole the baby. And the cradle was empty and the child lost.

Mrs. Penlake, she, and her ma began to go on about it and said it was Richard's fault, and they so worked up Richard that he got himself up again and he took up a crab-stick and let fly at both of them and knocked his mother-in-law clean over. Then the bells rang out merrily, and they signalled from the *Victory* that that was the way to do it, and Nelson said Richard had done his duty like a man. After the funeral the chorus had a country dance, and they went through the rye and all among the barley, and made love among

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the roses, and smothered 12 the last rose of summer by their pranks; and in the gloaming they came home by the sands of Dee and saw a girl drowned. When we reached Home, sweet home, up rose Robin Hood and said the Winds were whistling cold and he couldn't sing, so we gave him a right guid willie-waught and had glasses all round, and Darby and Joan got screwed and went under the table. Some got screwed up to concert pitch, and one went beyond, and came right up to the scratch and got scratched for his pains, and the pains were great, yet not greater than the fool deserved. While the girl who deceived him was laughing at his sufferings, Don Giovanni came in through the roof and asked her to whisper yes in his ear, and she sang it out loud in everybody's ears, and then Mephistopheles called for Faust, and they both went off with a pitchfork tuned to a key a long way on in the alphabet, but they didn't go straight down because we heard them having champagne behind the curtains. Then the Vicar of Bray who was in the chair said he hoped we had enjoyed ourselves, and that he meant to keep President while he lived, and that Mr. Green was a man of no principles to have gone to prison. It was a proper, clerical speech, for he praised himself like a farewell sermon.

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PART II.

This came out like lightning in the clouds, and lit up everybody; and people's heads began to rise like barm. Darby and Joan got up as far as a chair and said they had never been in such good company before. So the female solo said, and it brought her chin up on a level with the rigging, and next day she wrote ten letters all about it—telling how delicious it was to be among the upper ten, and that she was a regular tip topper now. A sweet and startling sight it was to see the lustre of nobility bowing and bobbing among the footlights, not scorning to shine in song and delight in comedy—two, full-sized lords in three Acts and one of them playing, as he always does, like the three Graces; and the Gallynipper thought what his mother-in-law-that-was-to-be would have given to have been there, sniffing the precious odour of nobility.

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At the fall of the curtain the female solo performed a plate minuet, and secured a bag of bawbees for making waistcoats for Tom Bowling's orphans at Liverpool.¹

1 The Seamen's Orphans' Home.

Soon afterwards we came to Rimouski, where the mails and mothers-in-law are landed, to be sent railing on to Quebec, 160 miles up the river.

Among the passengers who landed at Rimouski 14 was a Hebrew who had been spoiling the Egyptians. Having made an elaborate calculation as to the number of meals due to him, he succeeded in inducing the steward to victual him for the land journey to New York, and, laden with his spoils, three 'square' meals done up in a brown paper parcel, he went on his way rejoicing.

The mighty river here stretches out as an endless ocean. It is hard to believe that it is a river. At its mouth it is just possible, from the centre, to see the shores on either side. And all the mothers-in-law in the world might be dropped in the centre without any possibility of seeing anything of them from the shores. The land scenery is charmingly varied. On the south, or Rimouski side, runs the main road to Quebec, dotted with picturesque towns and villages peeping out from snug-looking woods. The opposite side, with its unbroken forests rising from the water's edge and running up into graceful peaks, and a lofty range of blue-tinted mountains in the back-ground, forms a wonderful contrast. Higher up the river are several large islands, which complete a striking picture. A run up the St. Lawrence to Quebec on a bright day affords one of the grandest sights in creation. The sublime prospect is not, however, without its sad associations; the cupboard, here, as everywhere else, has its skeleton. But we had a clean bill of health and so could pass Grosse Isle, that whited sepulchre wherein has ended the career of many a fine fellow. 15 It is the quarantine station for immigrants. In one grave rest the bodies of over 5,000 pilgrims, and there is room there for a few mothers-in-law. Orleans Island, twenty miles by six, serves to bring out the capacity of the St. Lawrence. From the change in the name of the island

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—formerly ‘Bacchus’—it must not be assumed that cakes and ale no longer flourish there. Yet it is just to add that in several of its villages the pump has many devout adherents.

CHAPTER II.

The Gallynipper is received by the landed gentry; a lady shows him kindness, and he goes on his way like a goodly, sober, green, young man, his discourse being sweet and pleasant and rich in compliments to the ladies. At one station 333 cubic feet of woman assemble and put his ribs out. Other strange things are told. He hears the ancient tones.

Dear drowsy old Quebec, We greet thy venerable walls, thy ancient fortress! On a sweet Sabbath morn when thou art at rest and still. Ere the tinkle of the bell has summoned sinful Catholics to prayer: While pious Protestants are sleeping the sleep of the sluggard—and will sleep. When the only sound heard is the voice of the vulture, As he sitteth lurking in thievish corners, Spreading his net for the unwary—the unwary emigrant. That he may ravish him.

This is what came from the slumbering soul of the Gallynipper as he “breathed” on the bridge of the *Polynesian* by the side of Captain Brown.

The captain said it was very fine, but he did not think the people in the top stories could hear it, breathed out like this. “You are trembling all over like an Eolian lyre,” said he, “give it to me.” And he put it in his steamer's whistle and it went up all over the city like a rocket, and the sparks of poetry 17 flew off and came down through the chimneys, and the poetic foot itself settled down at the foot of General Wolfe's monument, and sprouted out in buttercups and daisies.

Quebec rose to the occasion; out of their beds arose the lying beggars like midnight beetles, and they flocked down to the ship and became begging liars. Business is business, and religion is religion. But their religion was business, and they meant business, and did business. They served their customers as they came up out of the hold,

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and they served them shamefully, for they took hold of them and held on like freehold, and clipped their dollars, and made the ground-rent heavy, so that by the time the Grand Trunk Line was reached, the lining was gone from many trunks. And when the Customs came to clear the customers, they were found to be already cleared out and unable to make the way clearer. Then the Customs began to clear away, and they went right down to the bottom and stirred about and made everything come up, even to the baby's best Sunday clothes. So it went on. When they came to the Gallynipper they looked tired like, and said, "*Have you ever been here before?*" But he was ready for them, and as they went round behind him he cleared the Scotch brogue out of his throat and said he was a regular fore-and-after. And he whistled "Auld Lang Syne," and "Over the Hills and Far Away;" then the coast began to clear, and he went whistling around the corner to the foot of C 18 the far-off hills, and found refreshment for man and beast.

This is customary and according to the custom, so will you get through the Customs. When the shearing was ended the sheep were packed in the cars and sent off West to their browsing beds. The demand for wives was brisk; everything in the shape of a woman—scraggy spinster, or buxom beauty—was eagerly snapped up. In some cases it will be snip for snap, we reckon. And we reckoned up what Harriet H. would fetch, and Lucy Ann, and Marigold Margery, and how *they* would snip and snap.

The cabman thirsted for political news besides suffering from the usual drought. "Look here, mister," said our Jehu, "what about this here Land Bill and the Leaguers over the water; tell us all about it, and how they are going to share it out."

Some told him like a landlord, and some like a tenant, till he felt mixed up like a midnight debate. When he had landed us at the foot of the citadel, we left him debating whether he should go to Manitoba or take a trip o'er the briny. Later on he carried the debate into the Lower House, where there was a long sitting, and things seemed to be going in favour of the landlord up to the hour of closing. Then the tables were turned and there were evictions.

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That night he went out in the open to sleep over it, and see if he could make up his mind.
And while he slept he was landed.

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Land superficial is scarce in Quebec. That is plain from the very surface. To make it still plainer we will take a pinch of snuff.

“Only the actions of the just Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

So we said as we moralised on the plains of Abraham before the monument of the immortal Wolfe. And we “gave the nose its bergamot” to enhance the enjoyment of the moment, and to make it appear as if it was all right. When from the city there crept up an odour which overpowered the senses, and in place of ceremonial sighs, unpolished sneezes rent the air.

The fragrant incense of a grateful people wafted on the summer breeze, and carrying with it the secret to much of their wealth. Such it was. Wood, wood, wood, piles, poles, perches, roods, round acres square miles of it. On the river, on the beach, in the streets, the lanes—everywhere. This is what forms one of the chief sights and one of the chief smells of the ancient city. Its chief danger, too, as the blackened ruins of hundreds of buildings do testify. Our wonder is not that so many houses were destroyed, but that any part of the city should have escaped. Editions of Chicago spring up like annuals, but it would be difficult to replace this venerable piece of furniture. It is as precious to America as Rome is to Europe. Nevertheless, if Quebec sleeps it sleeps with one eye open, and manages to do much business in fur and timber, C 2 20 besides sheep-shearing. If these things be hard to believe in the face of appearances, let us go to the citadel. Lo here be truths to which none can give the lie, or even the Quip Modest. Here is open one of the most wonderful pages in the book of nature. The enraptured eye revels in a vast expanse of river, lake, plain, and mountain, containing endless variety, and such hues as painters may hue and cry after, but will never paint. The view of the mighty river rushing on to its

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goal with eager speed, dancing and sparkling in its pride and glory, and bearing on its bosom a precious freight of goodly ships, is truly enchanting.

Your solo is very nice, Mr. Gallynipper, but how would you like it arranged as a duet? What—what will you say if one day you look on this same river and see the precious freight of your future mother-in-law coming up in a goodly ship with her steam all up, and her steam arm a-going, and giving you the Countercheck Quarrelsome, and a box in the ear? Won't that be enchanting? Ah! the woman is vile enough to spoil any prospect.

In the barracks, we found that man, too, was vile. Sleeping quarters frightfully stuffy, ill-ventilated, and ill-used; fortifications neglected and becoming dilapidated in general, and his tailor's in particular. We left the warriors taking in reefs where no reefs ought to be. And their uniform would not come under the Uniformity Act, no more than our active course could be uniform, as we went from the top of 21 the Citadel down to the river's edge. We did not go down on hands and knees like General Wolfe came up the reef wearing out the clothes of his soldiers and making rents in every direction, so that their wives had to sit up darning for nights after. Yet though Gen. Wolfe stamped, and his soldiers stamped, and there has been much stamping since, the French stamp has not been stamped out. We like the French Canadian stamp, and wish the other stamps would make a general stampede. Quebec has a history, and a respectable pedigree, and most of its people are as quaint and delightful as itself. The ladies are handsome and finely developed; the stamp of beauty is on them, and muscular power resides in their elbows. They are what they look—great and good. A spasmodic spouse or a shrew may be found here and there, but the majority of them treat their husbands kindly and are an ornament to their sex. We have never yet known a Quebec woman had up for beating her husband. If he comes home a little bit crooked his missus puts him to bed and gives him his gruel quietly in the morning, after a nice chop, say. And chops and steaks, with an occasional outing, make a very good middle course for a woman to steer by. She can hit off that platform as often as she pleases. How well they had hit it off on the road to Montmorenci Falls. It was after the chops and steaks, we suppose, and the gruel had gone down all right. There

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were the pretty darlings with their graceful 22 charms gracefully spread out in rocking-chairs in front of their cottages, with their husbands sitting around them as loving-like as sweethearts just beginning. And one lady who reciprocated the Gallynipper's mood allowed him to measure her arms. She was a kind-hearted and kind-armed girl, and he told his troubles about armour-plating; and what a small foot Harriet H. had, and how many men she would knock over, and what her mother could do in that direction. "Kind wives always make the best husbands," she said; "no good comes of thumping them." "This is very nice and comfortable," he replied. "Yes," she telegraphed—"there is no hurry—in the summer I always come out here after dinner and do a pineapple. But you must not go back to England thinking that we are lazy and idle. If you come out to the Falls in toboggin season you will see us as nimble as grasshoppers. On the light fantastic toe, or otherwise. So tailors thrive. Yes, that's the way to the Natural Steps. And this is the way to settle your future relatives." She went through a feat of arms, shouldered, presented, and saluted, and the Gallynipper went off with a slice of pineapple in his mouth. It is a beautiful custom.

The Natural Steps were carved out of the solid rocks on the river banks, *when*, no one knows. There were giants in those days. Giant forces at least. It is a *magnum opus* of freemasonry. Another sermon in stones is writ large on the shores of the Saguenay. ²³ The river is hemmed in on either side by walls of granite, overhanging in some places, in others rising perpendicularly 1,500 feet above the surface of the water and extending 1,000 feet below. Awful height, awful depth; awful liars, none. For before the stupendous sight even travellers can afford to be truthful. Echoes oft repeated lend enchantment to the scene, and we could imagine what a beautiful sight it would be to see a mother-in-law floating down on a toboggin, and what beautiful echoes there would be. The momentum too, and how much of her would come up again, and what the verdict would be on her bonnet. Nice problems which require working out. Yes, this is a soothing duet. But there was not one of them on board that would try it. Without these desirable attractions the Saguenay affords wonders as great if not greater than Niagara, but it is known to few English fugitives. Let

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him who runs, read, and run afresh, like the fresh waters of the Saguenay. And a fresh run of the Gallynipper.

On iron wheels to Montreal. Through a flat country which is attractive only in parts and at times. Parts, female; times, Sunday evenings. Then lovely, muscular women leave their lords at home watching the gruel and the babies, and issuing forth, decked in the colours of the rainbow, throng the cheerless railway-stations and rain down smiles and sweetness on the visage of the mournful traveller. But no pineapples. Nor is it a good time for measurement, one way or the other.

24

Many of the passengers tried the other way, and could only get half measures and half-way through. *If 333 cubic feet of muscular woman bar the way to imperial measures, how long will it take six feet 1 of cubic man to reach the bar? We worked hard, but could only get half-way through the sum. The Rule of Three often puzzles, but what about the rule of 333? The Gallynipper was not one bit rude though, and as he worked his way to the train through the crowd, contrariwise, he reflected back blush for blush and gave back sigh for sigh. And several over. His sigh was the longest of all, and he kept on sighing for the remainder of that sad day.*

1 Six!! He's nothing near it. *Printer's Devil. (Witness) Harriet H. [They are a pair of them. The Gallynipper.]*

The gentle zephyr took up the plaintive sigh, and echoed it from the pine-trees. The conductor too heard it, and said, "What's the matter?" "Feel my ribs," said the Gallynipper. "I'm clean gone. Fetch m-m-mother-in-law." And he began to pine away. The conductor felt him—his ribs, his pulse, and his pocket. Then he brought it to him. In two bottles: old and bitter. "Your ribs are strained, but this will put you right," said he, as he took the first drink. Then as the other half flowed down the winding throttle of the Gallynipper there came up a

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big sigh—"O—h! But I like them best in rocking-chairs." "What? mothers-in-law!" He sighed no more.

25

"Baggage, tickets, and spittoons. Yes, they lick us there," mused the Gallynipper, as he woke up with morning prime and began to rub in Holloway's ointment over the scene of yesterday's sighing.

You can book at your hotel, or get in anywhere on the road, and take a ticket in the train, and they do not run you in for it next day, or charge you 100 miles for riding six. In most other respects American railways are what railways should not be. He often sighed for the cleanliness, general comfort, speed, and safety, of the English system. And for a few good railway-stations with platforms, instead of shanties with rules of 333. There is scarcely a decent station in the whole of Canada, nor many in the U.S. In this respect the manners and customs of the people are peculiar and primitive.

Canadian pride is justified in the beautiful and wealthy city of Montreal, with its fine buildings, wharves, steamers, walks, drives, and come-near-to-Quebec-sized ladies. But grown-up rocking-chairs with grown-up sleeping beauties are not so plentiful as they ought to be. Perambulators and cradles we love not. Nor the perambulating through the Tubular Bridge for nearly two miles. The bridge is a victorious, John-Bull-looking affair—massive, immovable: useful rather than ornamental. Notre Dame Cathedral is ornamental as well as useful—too much so for any but French appetites. As a 26 building it is magnificent, with accommodation for 11,800 hardened sinners in addition to its many stony saints. The Church of the Jesuits, with its surprising frescoes—surprising in number as well as beauty—and Notre Dame, with its theatrical glitter, are frowning on the new cathedral now growing up to smile down on them as will befit the "second finest" church in the world. Ambitious fellows these Roman Catholics are, and they well earn the right to predominate as they do in Montreal and Quebec, spiritually and materially. Materially the difference is nothing to us if spiritually they are all right. Perhaps their Dissenting brethren, who

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are stronger in Ontario Province, would not think it their province to say so. The Church of England in Canada is just waking up, after being half spoiled by over nursing, rather ashamed to find it has been in the cradle so long. It ought to have been ashamed long ago, and if it is to shorten its shame it must give up napping, and practise walking and running in the race set before it. Otherwise it will find itself in a coffin instead of a cradle. The Yankees look to Montreal as a convenient centre for running Canada when they have run the Bull in, even as we found it convenient for running into Jonathan's centre. In one respect at least it overruns Jonathan. There are many larger hotels in America, but according to eastern epicures none so good as the Windsor, Montreal. It is the crowning triumph of a *Royal* city. And we do not say this 27 because the Gallynipper had the "best room in the house."

No doubt it *was* the best room. His ribs of sickness ceased rattling in its bed of comfort, and not again dissented from the body, until the body entered a Pullman car, and went to bed with the shades of night and the shades of a black chamberman to outshine the night, and to smooth the pillow and make a soft spot for the collar-bone. It was a double deed of darkness. Paradise melted away into purgatory. The heat and stoking were worthy of another place.

On another occasion, in America, when similarly placed, we felt still more out of place. And so feeling, steamed and dreamed, lost latitude and longitude, felt evaporating and expected to find ourselves in the morning a small cloud in the summer sky. More dreaming and steaming; phantoms, fiends, furies, blue devils, horrible noises, mumbling, rumbling, tumbling, grumbling, groaning, moaning, shrieks—bang! bang! bang! BANG!

The results of the shock partook more of the comic than the tragic element. The Gallynipper could only find a part of his body, and seeing a pair of legs dangling outside the curtains he laid hold of them. They turned their heels on him like leg bail, and brought up a red spot on his nose, and nailed a horseshoe on his noble brow. But he stuck to his lower man and brought down the upper man of his 28 neighbour above, who, in a

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worse plight than himself, had found his legs but could not find his head. And so the passengers went on finding and being found, and joining on fragments till every fragment was found. One was found wanting—the tragic element. Believing that the train had gone into fragments this frightened hero bolted away from the Company with only the fragments of a garment to keep him company. As he bolted his wits bolted from him; and whilst he was looking for them the train bolted, and left him stranded—a lovely, prairie flower, joyous and free, under the blue canopy of heaven.

In that romantic spot, far removed from the din and turmoil of man's abode, he spent the remaining hours of that solemn night in silent meditation, amid the glimmering light of the twinkling stars and the chant of midnight minstrelsy. Until the minstrels asked him to stand them something to drink, and when he refused they took it themselves. Then he stood up and addressed them, but feeling embarrassed, sat down, and finally buried himself. But the minstrels dug him up again, kissed him for his mother, played the Dead March over him, took a final drink, and marched off. Yet he was only half-dead, and revived with the cheering rays of the rising sun, and stood half-way up again, and looked out on all the beauties of nature, himself the greatest beauty of all. He called for his valet, he called for his breakfast—they came not. 29 Again he called, and made the welkin ring, for a hat, a boot, a chop, an umbrella. Nothing came but inward calls, urgent, inward calls, which overpowered his outward calls, and stopped his calling. To calm the emotions of his throbbing stomach he took a morning walk, and to beguile time entered into the subject of botany. But the subject beguiled him, and entered into him with its thorns and prickles till he could botanise no longer. Then he tried to study natural history, but natural history turned round and began to study him. And finding him in reduced circumstances treated him with scorn, and he became a general object of derision among the animals of the plain. They gathered around him in numbers, and put it to him in plain terms whether he was not playing the fool, and however did his mother let him come out like that.

His mother didn't know he was out, nor did any one till they came to make up his bed.

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He was found drooping near the railway late in the day, under the guardianship of a wicked crow and his family. They were making merry over him, and had been carrying on the game for many hours—cheering his melancholy by asking him if he were not nearly done, and when he would be ready for dinner. A passing train trained him up in the way he should go, and he has not since departed from it. The way he goes now is into a best room in a Pullman 30 Palace car in semi-evening dress, with his umbrella clasped, in his arms, with his boots as bedfellows, and seven feet of hair netting hanging from his nightcap, like the unbound tresses of beautiful woman.¹

¹ The hero of this adventure still lives.

Beautiful women shone on us in Toronto; they abound there. Oval faces, fair complexions, and those gentle, blue eyes, which bespeak love that endures, even as the blue firmament endures, while clouds and shadows come and go—eyes compared with which all other eyes are as the eyes of the creatures which browse, or of the things that nibble; to these charms add slim and graceful figures, and the type of beauty is typified. If the darlings would not try to swallow their noses, and would take a lesson in talking even from the cradled beauties of Quebec, there would be little to detract from their charms.

Toronto is a city of magnificent dimensions. It sprawls over an enormous area along the shores of Lake Ontario, and boasts of spacious streets and many admirable buildings. Toronto is the Chicago of Canada; and more—the great depot for grain *and* Protestantism. Its people are wealthy, healthy, and sometimes wise. They are uncommonly fond of pleasuring, and show zeal in founding handsome churches and unhandsome doctrines. Religious bigotry is, however, being cornered by modern development, and we fancy that a Catholic recognition of every Christian as a 31 Christian would be better than general damnation all round. Both here as elsewhere, the devil's prerogative is usurped. What a saving of brimstone there would otherwise be! Here, with the money saved, they might

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build some more beautiful, golden griffins, like the one which bowed to us as we went up and down one of the streets.

But Mr. Griffin, with all the cheap gold on his back, did not give us such a pretty bow as we had at the Normal School. It was at the entrance to the Educational Museum. There stood the type of beauty so beautifully set out in type; and we found favour in her blue eyes, and she placed a book in our hand, and then reaching up on tiptoes planted a flower under the shade of our chin. 'Neath the blue eyes was a speaking-tube, out of which came a gentle whisper. We heard the whisper, and whispered down the tube. But what the tube said, and what we said down the tube, we will not tell. Only there was nothing to pay, and she has our autograph. This flowering custom is American rather than Canadian; our path was strewn with flowers, and we were never weary of studying this kind of botany. Its full beauty can only be appreciated by standing near the mouth of the tube. English girls could not do it with the same charming grace and simplicity. Not they. Lucy Ann tried it on the Gallynipper, and came to grief; true it was that she stood fumbling too long about it, and the grief was due to Harriet H. coming in at the wrong time. 32 Poor Lucy Ann! there was no end to pay. But *her* arm is growing too.

At the Queen's Hotel the luxury of black waiters may be enjoyed. White people view them at first with much the same feeling as they do their first oyster, but soon find that Quashy is a much smarter waiter than his white-skinned brother. We never knew what black poetry could do before as it stood behind us ready to

“Pass the bottle when em's dry, Brush away de blue-tail fly.”

So early in the morning, ay, and so late at night, for during the summer of this thirsty land is there ever an hour when one is not dry, or when the blue-tail or other-tailed fly does not also call for refreshment? But although the flies fail not to exact a fee from every visitor, the waiters wait in vain. The piper is paid in another way.

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We went quietly off one morning, after paying the piper, and got into a steamboat. We felt virtuous in rising so early, and hoped for a reward. But we got not what we looked for. The smoke demon's wings were spread over the city, and the aspect was most dismal. It reminded us of the ninth chapter of matrimony:—

“A smoky house, A failing trade, Six squalling brats, And a scolding jade.”

This was our last but not lasting impression of 33 the capital of the province of Ontario. The squalling brats were still squalling on the pier as we steamed away, but the scolding jade fell into the arms of a constable, and for three days her husband smoked his pipe in peace.

We too smoked peacefully over the silvery lake, then noisily for an hour in the train, which brought us with throbbing hearts within sight of the great waters.

If there be a place above others in the world where hasty judgment gets put out of court it is at Niagara. The first feeling is of surprise—great surprise—but it is the surprise of disappointment. The eye seems as incapable as the mouth of drinking in the Falls, and the mind too fails to grasp the arithmetic of the matter. But we did one little sum. If 28,000 tons of water pass over the Horse Shoe Fall every second, or 100 million tons an hour (which is the case), how many mothers-in-law could be sent over in a day? It was evident from our calculations that there is a great future in store for Niagara and mothers-in-law. There is the Horse Shoe (on the Canadian side), 1,900 feet wide, and the American Fall 1,000 feet, and a snug, little island in the centre to start them off. It is true the drop is only 165 feet, and that the grace of Montmorenci Fall is wanting, but for practical purposes it is sufficient for the day and the evil thereof, as well as for the most fertile D 34 imagination, if tried in reality. But we would rather go over that great sea-wall in imagination than in reality. So said the mind when it woke up to the reality, and it called the eye a fool for not seeing it. The eye wept o'er its folly, and let fall a tear which increased the Fall, and made the mind go over its sum again. And the drop in the bucket puzzled the mind more

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than the bucketful, so it fell down and gave up the bucket. Thus did the mind triumph over matter, and matter have its revenge. Till having drowned themselves in imagination, the eye and mind became like minded, and went behind the Fall to go over the matter again. Which they did in reality, even to drowning point. But first they went around the matter, and suspended themselves fairy-like on a bridge, which has all the grace and elegance lacked by other bridges. From this bewitching position they saw the Fall breaking its neck, and they saw the Fall after it had broken its neck, lying stunned and exhausted, and boats crossing over its comparatively smooth surface. Further down they saw the Fall getting up again and going off in a dance. A dance of delight, of anger, of despair, as laughing water dances its course. A fierce strife of the elements as the swelling torrent, hemmed into a narrow gorge by rocks mightier than itself, is lashed into madness in its struggles to get free, and culminates in a terrible whirlpool. We would not wish to see our mother-in-law that was to be in that pool. We should like her 35 to rest in peace. There would be no rest nor peace there for the wicked woman.

Behind The Scene.

“O Minnehaha! where art thou?” And Minnehaha answered, “I’m a dressing; wait for me.”
“Sweet spirit,” said the Gallynipper, “I’ll wait for thee.”

She was in a wooden box, with a comb and a glass in her hand. She had taken the vows, and was going to be a mermaid. And the Gallynipper was going to be a merman, and they were to murmur together till the water parted them and afterwards according to their feelings. He wondered how she would accomplish the transformation with only the four-legged-one-legged-amputated chair to steer by. And how she would look when she had got on those wonderful robes of wonderful tailoring and undefined longitude and latitude, and whether she would recognise him. Time rolled on. He got anxious. Had she hung herself instead of her garters on the one nail in the wooden box, and should he go in and cut her down? Or perchance those lady helps which add so much to woman's glory had got entangled, and she could not comb them out. He heard her roll off the chair, and

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saying poetry. At last she rolled out. "Ba!" he said, "are you a sheep?" "Ba!" she said, "you look one." "Where is the D 2 36 beautiful mermaid you promised me, and how can I get a winning smile out through that sou'wester bonnet?" "Look nor'ward," she whispered. "There, that'll do. Don't go making eyes at me now. There are other eyes on us. Wait till we get down stairs." Now the other eyes came forward—the eyes of her sister—the eyes of her sister's sister—the paternal eye which admireth. Over all the eye which guided. A corkscrew eye, like the spiral staircase of Biddle the brave, down which it took us, winding sheets to the grave of the Fall, where it was all eye water and high wind, and we got six sheets in the wind and six in the water, and the water washed the sheets, and the wind aired them and tried to fold them up. That is how the matter looked in the Cave of the Winds behind the Fall. And had not the Gallynipper stood in the midst, towering up like a clothes-pole, and folded the sheets in his spacious bosom, there would have been an end of the matter. The passage was along a narrow ledge of slippery rock, just sufficient for the feet to cling to. On the one side was a whirlwind, on the other a boiling, hissing pool dashed over the path and kissed our ankles. Overhead rushed the cataract in all the fulness of its majesty, beautiful and terrible—a spacious semidome sweeping down in a transparent arch, a colossal, crystal crescent bursting with the roar of thunder, ever breaking, yet ever unbroken. The force of the wind and water combined is terrific and overpowering. We guess it would have shut up that Toronto lady and 37 her babes. It shut up Minnehaha, and the Gallynipper looked nor'ward for the promised smile, but it had gone to the antipodes. But her pressure rose with the wind, and that was something. The shower-baths rattled on us with sharp blows like grape-shot; indeed, without a stout breakwater for the head, they would prove skull-crackers. As it was, we ran the risk of being pounded into pulp like rags in a papermill, and coming out in demy quarto sheets. During a quaver rest, when we were half blinded by the spray and struggling to keep a footing, paterfamilias got scared, showed the white feather, and fled. We were all linked together hand in hand, the guide in front and Lucifer behind. We tried to motion him into action, but the old boy refused to second the motion, and retreated to the bank, and lay there puffing and blowing like a twenty-foot grampus. The damsels, whose hearts had

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been going faster than their feet, now began to go on like corkscrews. One coiled herself around the guide, and they went off like a water-snake and an alligator having a fight. The other two seized on the Gallynipper, and entwining their bony arms around his stomach, clung to him with the devotion of a limpet. It squeezed all the poetry out of his collection, especially when a stowaway lady help slid out of the golden tresses into his hands. It felt very nasty, as nasty as a dead snake. So did the other serpentine emblems. How he sustained himself in those trying moments the world will probably never know. He has recollections 38 of trying to bellow them into confidence; soft whisperings would have availed not; then of one of them fainting, and reviving only to join with the other in pinching him black and blue. Such is female gratitude.

When the guide returned, and the corkscrews were drawn, the Gallynipper felt sore and sad, and made vows. Another attempt to get the patriarch over; having fortified him with a dram of brandy, we led him across in safety. After this he became boisterously brave, and talked as if he had wind in the head—a complaint peculiar to American climes. We returned by another way, over rocks and bridges in front of the Fall, some of us looking sublimely ridiculous,—some as ridiculously sublime amid the beautiful rainbows which encircled us.

Rainbows came out that night on the Gallynipper's person, and they reigned there five days, then went inward.

He met Minnehaha and her relations the next day at the Burning Springs, while they were occupied in drinking the waters. “How's your liver?” she inquired of the Gallynipper. Then he told her of the rainbows, and showed her his arm. “Is that so? Guess I didn't know what I was doing. Guess 'twas Liz, tho'. She's a regular out and outer for holding on. Will scratch like a gamecock. Bet she'd take your comb off clean as a whistle in five minutes. Just let her try. Hi! Liz! Here! 39 Did you do this?” “Wal, does look my style when I'm bit sterikal. Ain't it lovely, though? Shall I do some more?” He quickly withdrew his limb under cover, and assured them that it was enough for him and all his friends for years to come,

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and that he hoped he might reckon them among the latter. "Friends! of course it was all friendship. Much best to be civil over it. Come to see us at New York, and we'll make it all right. Guess all the colour will be gone from your landscape then, though." "Yes, come," said the boss, "and my gals will run you out; they're stunners at that. And if you want a hop, they'll get your limbs in." And he handed the Gallynipper a card. It was not a small one: besides name and address, it gave a deal of interesting information, which will be useful to the Gallynipper when he takes to the baby-linen line.

"Try a glass of this," said one of the daughters. "Fine stuff for the liver. Bet we'll take a cask home." The water looked as uncanny as it tasted. The burning springs are impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and when ignited the light therefrom is similar to that from brandy. Perhaps it was this resemblance which led the old boss to tip off so much of the liquid. In a few minutes he became bad downwards, and began to swell outwards as if he were going to make a balloon ascent. By putting him under the pump, and stuffing him with ices, we managed to keep him from blowing up. But he was 40 still smouldering like Beelzebub when the Gallynipper left.

The most enchanting and impressive sight of Niagara is that of the rapids, viewed from Goat Island. Far away for miles they can be seen gathering, first the gentle ripple, then the dancing wavelets sparkling and glittering in the sunshine like a sea of gold, next the fleecy billows, ever growing in strength and swiftness, till leaping and raging in furious strife they reach their goal and sink into the awful abyss. It is a grand poem, full of mystic music and eloquent teachings. Other poems there are pointing a moral, but scarcely adorning the tale. Hardly a tree or ancient vegetable in the neighbourhood has escaped hacking and wounding, and future sculptors who desire to leave an inscription to their folly will have to bring their own sign-board. We watched a long, skinny female at work on a wooden bridge, with an oyster knife. She had come to Niagara for a few hours only, and had occupied a good part of the time in trying to carve her name. She had managed to get as far as "Grace Polly" when interrupted. We were so bold as to inquire on what terms she would

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undertake to immortalize us. Grace Polly's thermometer rose to 150, and, gathering herself up quickly, she brandished her weapon, said a naughty word, and we fled.

Away into the woods we roamed, where we saw 41 many strange birds and heard many strange noises. Generally the feathered tribe seemed to be ornamental rather than musical, except in a Wagnerian sense, though there are a few sweet exceptions. With perhaps the solitary instance of the Whip Poor Will, the "plain song" birds have broken away from ancient traditions, and in place of the orthodox wail have introduced the sensuous strains of heretical Anglicanism. Sad news this for the lover of Gregorians.

We found one of these latter-day saints at Niagara in a most unhappy condition, because he had been unable to trace out the Gregorian tones in the Falls. He was a young, very young, clergyman, whose thoughts and dress had just reached the stage of imitation. The news of the discovery of the bass note of Niagara had fired the soul of his imitative imagination, and zealous for the faith, he had pedalled off at the first opportunity. Whether the London Gregorian Association had furnished him with funds we know not. Here he was, trying his imitative imagination, and frightening every one near him with his whines and his groanings. "Tubal Cain," said a Yankee, "are you giving up the ghost?" "No." "Crack my jaws! then I wish you would, or land us something better than that sow's solo What branch of the perfeccion takes you in? and when did you break loose?" We were more sympathetic, for had we not but recently been singing in the same way? He was grateful, and unmuzzled again. "Listen," said he, "I have fetched the 42 cadence of Peregrinus, but nothing more will come." "You must go below to hear the rest," said the Gallynipper, "the sound cannot come up here. That bit of Peregrinus which you were handling has been in the water ever since the Israelites came out of Egypt. It can be traced out wherever there is water—'twill come out of a pump-handle, or of any water-spout, as well as out of the Red Sea or the Gulf of Mexico." And then he told him that if he went down to the Cave of the Winds behind the Falls, with three Yankee girls as

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mediums, he would hear the whole of the ancient tones to perfection, and probably find some unknown endings.

Every day spent at Niagara brings fresh delights, and a strange fascination creeps over one—a fascination which is demoralising, for it brings a temptation to remain till one has spent his last dollar. Ay, and to remain on, dollarless and dinnerless, until taken in hand by the State. The facilities afforded for disposing of dollars, and the ingenuity shown in drawing the purse is remarkable on both sides, but the Yankees draw best. They would like to take up and “run” the whole concern on a democratic plan. At night they improve on nature by illuminating the Falls on a grand scale—eighteen electric lights and the colours of the rainbow. The effect is sensational and theatrical, and pleases the women.

We preferred the illumination of the fire-flies. 43 Constantly on the move, yet if not disturbed they lingered long around a favourite spot and were easily captured. Their movements were fitful and fascinating. Now a large swarm gathered and startled with a flash of light as though the air was raining fire: a wandering flicker in another quarter had all the witchery of will-o'-the-wisp.

In the neighbourhood of Canadian London we smelt a smell, and following our noses we found it: it was petroleum.

In its crude state the appearance of the oil is by no means inviting—about as prepossessing as those who have given it an ill name. As it is pumped up from the wells it is run into iron tanks, thence conveyed to the refining works. Watching the process of purification, and seeing the loathsome, gas-tarlooking stuff working its way through its purgatory from the gutter of vileness to the throne of refinement, we bethought of cobblers and kings, and of democracy dribbling into aristocracy. Many barrels of the precious stuff are said to be now finding their way to Paris—the shadow of coming events. Burning wells were not down in the programme, but there was an admirable display of paraffin ornaments. These are moulded in a truly artistic manner, in imitation of marble, and are

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astonishing productions. A splendid collection of such ornaments figured in the Paris Exhibition of 1878. That the high distinction (the gold medal) won by it was merited we do not doubt, but in any case the addition of the 44 Legion of Republican Honour was a most appropriate recognition of the eminent services which petroleum has rendered to the country, and an example to the world of how soon vapoury Liberalism may, under a judicious caucus, develop into the fully blown doctrines of Radicalism and achieve its glorious consummation. We were glad to find ourselves in the train again and chatting with a rustic Missouri beauty going west.

As the prevailing English notion of American women is that one half of them are semi-savages and the remainder outrageously vulgar, we feel bound to record our opinion of them. In speaking of their looks we must confine ourselves within the period of expectancy, for their beauty is of butterfly existence, and after thirty summers they go off like rattlesnakes, and become of a hue which is unbecoming. Thus much too soon they reach the stage which gives the death-blow to romance and sentiment:—

“The down that on her chin so smooth, So lovely once appeared; That, too, has left her with her youth, Or sprouts into a beard.”

And no wonder. Scorching as their summers are, the close, heated atmosphere of their houses in winter is perhaps still more instrumental in taking the gilt off the gingerbread. But diet is the chief cause. Victuals make the man and mar the woman. They are not content with new or even warm bread, it must be hot, “smoking hot” as we often heard it 45 called. Given the age of one of these fire-eaters and we undertake to describe her complexion to a shade. Or describe her complexion and we will give her age. From cradle to grave they may be said to be undergoing a process of baking, inwardly and outwardly, and to get “done brown” at an early stage. Candy, no doubt, lends a colouring to the business; but as this article is indispensable as a bond of union, it must be regarded as a national blessing, the essence of peace and of all that is virtuous in the “United States.” With a reservation then as to complexion, which is either too pallid or too something else, the

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American Eves are generally fine, handsome women, of splendid and graceful proportions, and well formed, intellectual features. That wonderful charm which characterises their voices, however beautiful in itself, does not harmonise with the surroundings. This peculiar mode of speech pervades the whole Republic in some degree, and lovely woman seems to be more proficient in the art than man. Whence its origin is a dubious point—the “root of the chord” still puzzles musicians; mayhap it was generated by Puritanism and thrives under hot bread regimen. But this is of little importance, since there is no possible hope of its being eradicated now; the evil is quite beyond cure, and so general and infectious that all who enter the country succumb if they remain even a short time. As soon as a person begins to “guess,” it is all up. Undoubtedly from 46 this defect has grown up a strong prejudice against the ladies of the land as lacking refinement. A great point in their favour is that female sobriety is the rule: drunkenness in woman is treated as the unpardonable sin, and this acts as a healthy stimulant to resist the temptation. In matters of dress they have not such good taste—the fashions being remarkable for foolish, costly, show rather than graceful and helpful adornment, and so they usually spoil the picture. Summing up, it may be said that English women have more veneer, American quite as much inward refinement, and vastly more brains, and make better use of them. They do not fret away their life in seeking for an object—whether a husband turns up or not they are employing their time usefully. This is owing to the fact (the “outcome of our Republican institutions,” as the people themselves say) that labour of whatever kind is considered a dignity rather than an indignity, and employment a necessity, whatever may be the position or circumstances of the person. Thus, many among the richer classes engage in study, art, literary or charitable works, or travel; others in teaching, office work, and so on to matrimony or the grave. All are trained and educated so as to be able to earn a livelihood, let the prospect of their being required to do so be ever so remote. It would be a blessing if a merciful. Act were passed, compelling those gilded and ungilded encumbrances of English life—unoccupied women—to emigrate to our colonies, 47 where at least they might be turned to some account, instead of rankling at home like nettles on a dustheap.

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Night had greeted us when we reached Windsor, the last of the Canadian stations. Here the train shunted on to a large steamer, which bore eighteen cars (Pullman size) across the river to Detroit, more steadily than the cars ran on the railway. We had noticed at Niagara the superior smartness of the Republicans, but at Detroit and universally in the States, the contrast is as marked as day is from night. Whether the development is entirely owing (as the Yankees say it is) to their "superior constitution and institutions" is a matter which may not be quite as certain as the fact that the Canadians are as far behind the Americans in energy and enterprise as they themselves are ahead of the Turks. The growth of the child has been so marvellous that no one can reasonably regret that independence has been attained, seeing that success has been far beyond what could have been under the maternal wing, and that it would have been impossible for the mother to have done her firstborn justice without neglecting her responsibilities in other quarters. Sooner or later those colonies were bound to break away from the apron strings, and we ought to be thankful it happened so soon. To rule this great nation from a distance would be as impracticable now as it was once thought desirable. But if there be any sentimental Tory or greedy Briton who still weeps over the loss, let him be comforted by the fact (so little realised as yet) that England still possesses more territory on the North American Continent than the United States.

What is to be the destiny of Canada? That it will become a mighty nation is as certain as anything human can be. Witness now what is taking place in Manitoba and the Great North West, that land of Goshen, boundless in extent, amazing in fertility, rich in crops, unsurpassable in wheat-growing capabilities. Into this fair country a stream of emigration is continuously flowing—vast hordes of hardy husbandmen are thronging in, taking possession of and subduing the land; and the next ten years will probably witness there a colonisation on a scale of magnificence the like of which has no parallel in history. What then? Is Canada to be wedded to its neighbour or to form a republic of its own? We believe it will adopt the latter course. This is what the people have set their heart upon and are looking forward to. If it joined the States it would do so only on the condition of

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having home rule—at least in most matters—and home rule conceded in one direction would have to be granted in others. The Southern States, for instance, are clamouring for more local government, and indeed this is what forms the chief bone of contention in America, and the only important difference between Republicans and Democrats as political parties. So strong does feeling run in the Southern States that were war declared now by 49 America against Canada, it is not improbable that the Southerners would make common cause against the Yankee in the hope of becoming independent. This is not an exaggeration. *Political* America is a seething mess of selfishness, greed, jealousy, and corruption—a caricatured type of the “good old times” in England. As each stage of growth is reached the problem of reconciling the clash arising from its heterogeneous character—mixed races, mixed interests, mixed creeds, mixed morals, and many other nasty mixtures—becomes more and more alarming. True, some progress towards a solution of the difficulty has been made: the harmless Redskin is fast being improved off the land of liberty, and driven to seek protection under British rule; while in the same generous spirit the door has been locked against the heathen Chineese, whose virtues seem to be his crime, his unflagging industry and honestly achieved success the chief cause of his banishment. Thus the removal of these vermin makes room for some unique specimens of a superior species, skilful in the use of the dagger, and adepts in the art of assassination—another result of “our superior institutions.”

Of course there is another and brighter side to the picture. We have had the privilege not only of reading of, but of seeing and communing with, some of the noblest and best spirits which the world can show—American men, ay, and American women—to know whom is to receive E 50 honour. But that American life is fraught with frightful dangers for the future is frankly and sadly admitted, and what will happen when the country is filled up, and want—which is at present a stranger—begins to be felt, no one can contemplate without fear and trembling. Side by side with the evil, good is growing up, and in this is the hope of the country. We join in the hope, and with a salute to the star-spangled banner pass on to

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consider the exquisite reasons why Canada will not seek entrance into the blissful state of American matrimony.

On the gallynipping principle of meting out the same measure all round, it must be recorded that the Canadians are as vain and ambitious as the Yankees, and possess quite as much human nature. And human nature, brethren and sisters in the flesh, loves power, honours, titles, lands, messuages, hereditaments, emoluments, and all the manifold pickings pertaining to high office in the service of the State. Brother Jonathan must know that the English Canadians will not be done out of their patrimony in this way, and if *they* were willing, the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* would prevent them. So for the present we will leave Canada loyal, and biding her time, though mayhap occasionally flirting over the border by way of amusement.

We were much disappointed throughout the whole of our journeyings at the scarcity of the beautiful in inland rural scenery. In this respect America must yield the palm to England over and 51 over again. The wild prairies are grand, it is true, but monotonous in their magnificence, and generally the cultivated parts are laid out on a vast scale of wearisome monotony. The Indian corn which is grown in such vast quantities, so far from rising to the picturesque of the imagination, is one of the dreariest sights that can be imagined. Then there are no fields, no meadows; in place of luxurious hedges are barren, wooden fences; "sweet, smiling villages" are as rare as sweet-smelling ones; and the indispensable spire or tower so attractive in the English picture is usurped by dispensable, barn-like buildings, which do not attract. As certain as the New World contains much that is grandest and most beautiful in creation, so does it also contain more that is the reverse. The indiSPENSable poet's quaint lines, from which this figure is drawn, will best describe what is meant. And they will form a lovely text to the next chapter. E 2

CHAPTER III.

A Pathetic Story.

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“Of Hony and of Gaule in love there is store; The Honye is much but the Gaule is more.”

All who have felt the tender passion—and those who have not are to be pitied—must admire the analytical skill with which its chemistry is summed up and expressed in the foregoing lines. The course of true love runs not smoothly even on republican roads. It was full moon when we first noticed the interesting couple. They were moving on velvet cushions in a Pullman car, lost in mutual admiration, and were behaving as people in their state usually do. They said many pretty things and did more foolish ones, and made themselves generally ridiculous to all but themselves. Occasionally they fetched a walk to the deserted smoking-room at the end of the car, doubtless to admire the scenery which could not be seen, or to worship the stars which were not a-starring, or to watch the fireflies which were not a-flying, or to hear “Whip poor Will” who was not a-willing. *O tempora! O mores!* O 53 namby pamby! O niminy piminy! Well, well, we must make allowances. If familiar sounds were heard, what is that to you, my dear sir, or you, O blushing madam? It is what we all have done or will or would do in our time. So let them osculate to their lips' content, and shame on that unfeeling monster who would seek to check the bliss flowing from love's young dream. As it was, the dream came to an end all too soon. The dreamers would have had more sympathy if their dimensions had been reasonable. The lady's groom was capable of mounting a giraffe: he knelt a fathom in his trousers, and would have been untailorable out of America. He was richly decorated in jewellery, wore a hat of the circumference of a small umbrella, and had a six-shooter strapped to his belt. His missus was nearly co-extensive, and still more gorgeous in apparel. She had passed the prime of paleness, and the autumnal tints were gathering on her cheeks. Fire sparkled in her brown eye—the other was blue, they could therefore have a change of scenery when they liked. We witnessed some changes. And when she had done him brown on the windward, he would go around to leeward and have a fit of the blues. The fits went on, and she went on—awful. He cleared up every spoonful of the honey and then got stung towards the end. The rest was gall, and he would never finish it.

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It might finish him and his successors. No one interfered, but many hearts bled for him—in a natural and cheap way.

54

Sad and suffering brother mortal, thou rememberest *the first eclipse*—that awful period in man's life, that first awakening from the dream! Ah! who but those who have through it passed can tell the agonies which rend the heart of true lover as he beholds the old Eve creeping over the countenance of his adored one! Who then can venture to gaze on the object of his disaffection, either from windward or leeward? Who then does not seek the enchantments of distance—the *smoked glass* of the mirrored club, or of the tavern bar, the enticements of the theatre, the country business, always ready, or, best of all, for virtue's there, the bachelor's retreat?

But for this sad man no such distance could be found. He was in the train, and had to sit it out.

Whether the eclipse was due to atmospheric influences or to the evil star of matrimony we cannot say, being less acquainted in such matters with cause than effect; but it could have been from no lack of devotion in the man. He behaved nobly—he was a hero. He fed her patiently with oranges, pineapples, and juicy berries, gave her to drink from his own flask, and was unremitting in attention and attendance. So he loved and cherished the wife of his bosom. So the wife of his bosom kept her vows—so she changed from better to worse, and “worse” still, becoming sulky, morose, and snappish, where before she had been amiable, loving and obedient. So the moon gradually waned, until the 55 once radiant light of love had dwindled into the dismal flicker of a tallow dip. So they all do. *Cosi fan tutte, cosi fan tutte*. O fickle woman, well art thou in thy phases associated with the changeful moon!

We saw the martyr in Chicago on the following day. He was riding a nag and driving pigs. He seemed to manage the pigs better than he managed his wife. But then he used

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a whip for the pigs. Thereby pointing a moral, the adornment whereof at least the pigs understood. Poor man!

CHAPTER IV.

The Gallynipper tackles the smartest city in the world and shows how to take the pig by the ear; he finds a famine at Bloomington, and we learn how an American mother-in-law was reformed.

And now for a peep at the smartest city in the world. Its smartness shows itself long before the city. Puff, puff, puff, with the energy of the engine, are its praises emblazoned on the wooden fence along the railway for the last twelve miles of the approach across the enormous prairie which partly surrounds it. Beneficent Holloways, antibilious Cockles, and glossy Day and Martins, shining in all the splendour of world-wide fame are here outshone by the ubiquitous brilliancy of republican wares. It is a characteristic National Gullery. But Chicago needs no advertising bulwarks. Although not set on a hill its light is far from being hid under a bushel. Indeed its bushels are themselves shining lights. Built on an immense plain stretching along the western shores of Lake Michigan, and sloping gently down to the lake, divided by a river into three parts, which are again intersected with canals and a network of railways, Chicago enjoys facilities for 57 commerce, possessed by no other inland city in the world. Here the religion of the dollar is pre-eminent. Not the dolorous dollar of default and deficiency, but the dollar of triumphant success over desperate misfortunes. The dollar which has often been tried in the refining fire and weighed in the balances of tribulation, and never found wanting. The pioneering dollar which first made a small permanent settlement on the wild prairie in 1804, and was polished and illuminated by aboriginal experts. The fluctuating dollar which, owing to the manipulation of Redskins on 'Change in 1812, depreciated in value, and for many years bore a miserly rate of interest. The organising and civic dollar under which the growing town was organised in 1833, and four years later incorporated as a city. The reserve dollar, which rescued from ruins and restored to more than former splendour the remnants left from the great fires of

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1871 and 1874 and covered a loss of over £46,000,000. The swelling, democratic dollar, expanding and expansive, which has enlarged borders without strengthening stakes, which has attracted people of all nations and restamped the coin with cosmopolitanism; the dollar which Germans come to save, and Irish to spend; which has blown its citizens up into an atmosphere of self-appreciation unattainable by other mortals—which causes them to stretch out their thumbs to New York, to thrust out their æsthetic tongues to St. Louis, nay, more, which has even caused noxious 58 gales to blow across the broad Atlantic to fright the trembling Briton. The dollar which has established the greatest lumber trade, the greatest railway centre, the greatest grain industry, the greatest number of industrious rogues, the greatest park system, and the greatest pig business in the world—the dollar of other greatnesses and yet greater greatnesses to come. The dollar of supreme delight, longed for, lived for, cherished, died for, the unrivalled, universal, unlimited, far par excellent, beloved, bepraised, bespattered, brilliant, beauteous bubbling, bursting, star-spangled, booming

Almighty American Dollar.

We explored the greatnesses of Chicago enumerated above, and were much impressed by the surprising, religious zeal which they betokened. Of natural beauties Chicago has really only one—the lake. Everything else pertaining to the city is more or less of an artificial character. The regular plan on which American cities are laid out, offers immense advantages for commercial purposes. It is this also which gives a dash of grandeur apparently far beyond that possessed by European cities. Thus, standing in the streets of Chicago, reaching from five to ten miles in a straight line, one might easily be deceived into the belief that the city was much larger than London. So with New York and other 59 cities of the States. But he must be a sharp fellow who can dust the eye of a Gallynipper. The Gallynipper was not going to be hoodwinked in this manner. Not a bit of it. He opened his wings, and opened his optics, took in a bird's-eye view of the city, took note of its poker-like stiffness, and of its lack of the charm of variety, took other observations, took its measure, then cut the garment accordingly. And Chicago may still blow and bluster and

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wear that “he's got 'em on” appearance, but we know that though he is a big fellow, he is not as big as he tries to look, nor by any means so handsome as he paints himself. And having moralized ourselves into a virtuous frame of mind we went off to see the pigs.

Have you ever, my dear madam, taken a pig by the ear—not the pig of metaphor, nor of metal, nor of bipedal humanity, but the pig of pork—pure and unpickled, all alive and kicking? Perhaps not. We hope not. But you may have heard the whisper of the animal, *in extremis*, or may have listened to the music of the monkeys in the Zoo, and of their near neighbours the cockatoos, and of the asthmatic street-organ gone wrong in the windpipe, and of the husky, young miss warbling over the way. Well, mix up these melodious fragments altogether, add a few railway whistles and a Scotch bagpipe or two, and work them up crescendo to bursting point. Then multiply the effect by ten, and you will have 60 an idea, a faint pianissimo idea of the pig chorus of Chicago.

The pilgrimage of the pig is a sad business—for the pig. He is hurried off, perhaps in the middle of his breakfast, some fine morning without any opportunity of taking leave of his kindred, who are too busily engaged in emptying his trencher to grunt a farewell, and thrust into a dark, dismal hole amongst a lot of strange pigs, from whom he gets a warm reception. Having made a long and wearisome journey, without any provision for personal comfort inside or outside, Piggy at length finds himself landed *en déshabillé* in a vast town inclosure—a dismal desert compared with the pleasant pastures of his native village. Here he has a few hours' grace, and may enjoy the society of his friends, if he has made any, and help them to chew the cud of misfortune. He won't have much else to chew, and as starvation doesn't agree with his constitution he is in anything but an amiable mood when called for. He objects, protests, resists, and gets whipped into obedience. Such a whipping! No animal could stand that merciless lash, especially if the gentleman who has had a domestic dispute is laying it on. Ah! perhaps after all they are on the way home again, and there is going to be a feed. If Piggy doesn't make haste he will be too late. So

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off he rushes up a slope, screaming, yelling, fighting, struggling, amid a rolling, tumbling mass of pork, a possessed herd of swine.

61

In the court of a noble mansion he remains wedged for some time, feeling stiff, and sore, and with a frightful headache. At last the crowd begins to move, and he breathes more freely, tries a few bars of melody, and finds his fine voice still unbroken. Soon he reaches a pen. The door opens, and discloses two knights in undress uniform ready to welcome him with open arms. “ *Bon jour* , Monsieur Pig, will you pray walk in?” While Monsieur Pig stands on the threshold surveying the situation, and hesitating to enter, he gets a tap over the crupper which fetches him in a twinkling. This doesn't look like a breakfast, but who knows what may turn up? Ay, indeed, who knows? Not Piggy. Whilst he is snuffling about for the trough he feels a tickling behind, and in a moment he is turned up himself—upside down—and inside out. A chain holds him up by the hind leg; a rough hand darts out from a hollow, seizes him by the ear, there is a flash of a blade, a gurgle, and on he passes to perdition. He is dipped into a vat of boiling water, undressed, washed, scraped, *post-mortemised*, *disorganised* , and dressed for going to market, and probably all before he has done thinking about his breakfast. All this time his requiem is being sung by his brethren in misfortune doomed to the same fate. The process is a marvellous exhibition of skilful manipulation; it is also a weird, ghastly, sickening sight, a pandemonium of horrors which ought to turn any Gentile into a Jew. In the 62 winter 1,200 victims are daily massacred in this manner. The *coup de grâce* is administered by *one* man. The gladiator whom we saw was a tall, sinewy being, stripped bare to the waist, and so reeking in gore as to be hardly distinguished from a Red Indian. His pay as a pig-sticker was three and a-half dollars a-day, his two inhuman assistants stationed in the pen received one dollar a-day less—small compensation enough for such horrible work. The time occupied by a pig in going through his course is about five minutes; the carcass is allowed to hang for a few minutes suspended from the ceiling, and then off it goes again gliding noiselessly through a long passage into the salting and packing house. We had left the chamber of

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horrors, and were proceeding through this passage talking to a workman. Suddenly he jumped aside and shouted to us to get out of the way. We looked, but could see and hear nothing to signify danger, and there we stopped. He repeated his cry, and then dragged us aside just in time for us to see the carcass of a leading member of the orchestra bowling along, with unbuttoned waistcoat, at some eight knots an hour. It was a gaping monster, and only by the length of the brush did we escape a ride in a pig's belly. We had other narrow escapes. In the yard we were met by a Land League manifesto and a notice that a meeting of the Union Stock Yard branch of that body would be held that night. In spite of the attractions promised, and of its being ordered by 63 the "Executive Committee," we did not attend that meeting. We were peaceably inclined men, did not want to fight—and by jingo if we did, could not, not having even a pop-gun with us. So we buttoned up our dollars, whistled "Come Back to Erin," and returned to the Palmer House Hotel.

This was coming back to Erin with a vengeance. Warm and lively we found things. The Fenians had taken possession of a private room, and were assembled in convention discussing dynamite. There were over a hundred of them, desperate, armed men. They had made extraordinary precautions to preserve secrecy: guards were stationed at every approach to keep off spies or interlopers, even the surrounding rooms being rented and occupied by the brethren. Reports of their deliberations were, however, furnished to the papers. The question was not whether dynamite also should be used against England—that was taken for granted—but how it should be used. Plans were said to have been elaborated by which the article was to be supplied and worked both on sea and land. It was assumed that there would be no lack of Irish "patriots" who would be prepared to face the certainty of death, if by so doing they could do serious damage to English interests. In spite of the remonstrances of a delegation of city priests, they stuck to their programme of dagger and dynamite, and have already got through the first part of it without any trouble. Such is the outcome, and 64 such are the attractions, of the doctrine of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

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Sauntering out in the evening into the streets and lanes of the city we visited several of those wicked dens of infamy, the Lager Beer Halls, where we saw Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert drunk on canvas outside, and inside we saw a good deal of innocent, noisy pleasure and amusement. That was all.

Turning into the Exposition Building near the hotel, we had the luxury of hearing a most delightful concert under most delightful circumstances and surroundings. The building is a monster, capable of holding, according to Chicago arithmetic, forty thousand people. About one-third of the area was laid out in avenues of young pine trees (planted in boxes), beneath whose spicy branches clustered four thousand people—family groups, friends, lovers, pretty children, plain children, smiling bachelors and smirking spinsters of various ages and hues, gentlemanly-like business men and unbusiness-like gentlemen—all gaily clad, drinking in sweet sounds and draughts, and luxuriating in all the glory of unstarched enjoyment. It was a fairy-like scene. And the fairies behaved so well, with such a regard for the times and seasons, with a stillness during the performance which would astonish and delight conductors in England. Yet there were cakes and ale in plenty; and cups and spoons, and spoonbills and billings, and coos and cooings, and walks and talks, and whispers and whisperings, and 65 sighs and sighings, and queries and questionings, and pops and poppings, *et cœtera, ad libitum, ad infinitum*, much innocent mirth, much gaiety, but always and only by way of interlude. The curse of English concerts was the only thing wanting; ever be it so. The first sound of the music was a signal for silence, a signal so well obeyed that every one had fair play—composer, performer, and audience. There are many things in which Americans excel, but probably few people so thoroughly understand the art of enjoyment. The programme on this occasion consisted entirely of instrumental music interpreted by “Theodore Thomas' unrivalled orchestra.” We have no desire to dispute the claim so far as America is concerned; anything that Dr. Damrosch may wish to say in the matter he can say himself. The playing was certainly worthy of high commendation, though some readings showed the composer in a light which smoked rather than illuminated; the overture to “Don Juan,” for instance, being taken at

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a *tempo* which did not “improve” the music, however it might have improved the morals of the original. But Mr. Thomas may have reasons for not allowing that very fast young man to “go it his own pace.” Reasons which would be shared by mammas and amateur fiddlers. The audience did their utmost to enjoy the whole of the good things, but evidently understood best the lighter pieces. The musical susceptibilities of negroes are well known. The soul of our black waiter had been stirred up by a F 66 month's fiddling, and on this night he was carried up into the third heaven of ecstasy. We watched him for some time communing with his soul in stillness, and rolling his eyes with delight, till at last, unable to restrain his swelling bosom, he went off on the hop, and adjourning to the rear of a pine-tree, performed a spirited hornpipe to the strains of a waltz. It was one of the most genuine manifestations that we ever witnessed, and we prayed that night the mosquito would spare that nigger in future. Who can tell what emotions had been stirred, what memories awakened in the breast of that blackamoor? Maybe he was thinking of that night—that last night—when he went out with a Buffalo girl to dance by the light of the moon. And how that he wooed and won that Buffalo girl, and danced again by the light of the moon. How, as they danced, he got nabbed and carried away into cruel captivity. Of his sufferings during that awful period of slavery, and of the day when at last he raised his chin and stood as a free man, and at liberty to wed his Dinah. Ah me! what had become of his Dinah? who had whisked her away, and where, O where, was she to be found? Where! Never again beneath the light of the moon, nor the light of the sun, nor the twilight twinkle of the stars, would he tread a measure with his dusky Dinah. Gone for ever, like a great many other Dinahs go—under that mysterious ruling which snatches the cup of bliss from our lips just as it is about to be quaffed—gone, gone, never to be seen again—gone for ever—gone, gone, gone!

“Guess they are, stranger, every mother's son of 'em, long ago, and I calculate it's time for you to pick up your bones and put 'em outside this shanty.”

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It came down on the Gallynipper like an auctioneer's hammer, and as he heard it he found himself going out of the building.

“Guess your mother don't know you're out, young man, or she would have sent a nussmaid to comb your hair.”

On the way to his hotel the Gallynipper had another peep in at the wicked places, where there was no such wickedness to be seen as is wickedly written in books. How ready the moralists of the time present, as of the time past, are to paint people, especially latch-key young men, as they have painted undoubtedly wicked old gentlemen. Let them go and see for themselves, those pious painters, and before they condemn take care they have the right pig by the ear.

Which the Fenians seemed to have failed in doing that night. They had not turned out when we turned in, but were still discussing how the complete enfranchisement of the gentleman who had ceased to pay the rent was to be achieved. To our mind, if we had a goose that was laying golden eggs, we should love and cherish that F 2 68 goose; we shouldn't think of killing her. And such a harem that they have now laying for them! Oh! Paddy, my boy, we envy thee. Would not our English farmers like a few of the breed in their barn-yards! And that night we had beautiful dreams and golden visions. We thought the millennium had come. The seat of the millennium was on a beautiful, verdant isle, which gloriously sparkled like a gem of the ocean. To that beautiful isle flocked multitudes of people from all parts of the earth, from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south. For the fame of that land had spread throughout the world, because that all good things in which man's soul delighteth were to be had there without money and without price. Hungry, naked, cold, and bare, came they, but as they stepped on the shores of that happy land, they received each one a beautiful, golden egg and rich raiment. And a plot of good land was assigned to every one, for which was paid no rent. Much cattle and much goods also were bestowed on them. And wives in abundance. Now the cattle, and the goods, the rich raiment, and the golden eggs, were from the spoils of

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their enemies. For at certain seasons, called sessions, mighty men of war went out in their ships to battle—men of war and men of renown. And they crossed the sea in their ships, and they fought with and spoiled their enemies. In the language of metaphor and the figure of rhetoric fought they, and with fire, and with sword. And 69 they took the Turk by the beard, and smote him hip and thigh, and spared not. And the rulers of that country against which they fought bowed down their heads, and made peace with those warriors and things called treaties, and they gave them of the golden eggs and whatever else was required. Thus there was no lack of sustenance for the people of that favoured island, who fed, and thrived, and fattened on the fat of the land and of other lands. And the wolf and lamb lay down together. And the wolf loved the lamb, and took her into his bosom. And the wolf felt nourished by the lamb. The tail of the lamb it was soft, and smooth, and pleasant. And with it the wolf often played, as a kitten doth with a ball, and he used the tail of the lamb for brushing his whiskers. And with the ribs of the lamb he picked his teeth. The wolf was ill favoured, yet notwithstanding, he seemed happy and pleased with himself, even as if he were a fine fellow. The wolf also rejoiced over the fatness of the land. And on the back of the wolf was written in large letters—

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

After we had slept, and slumbered, and taken rest we arose from our bed. And we thought much of the vision which we had seen in the night, and we looked for an interpreter. And seeing a damsel sweeping with a broom, we called her. The damsel laid aside her broom and came to us, and showed us 70 much kindness, and brought us to an interpreter. Then the interpreter took us through many long passages, and through gorgeous rooms, and led us to a beautiful palace. There we saw people of many nations assembled. And they likewise were clothed in rich raiment. And there was a great feast. Milk and honey were there in plenty, and corn, and wine, and oil, and olives, and grapes, and figs. Savoury meats, and baked meats, and flesh of many kinds. And each man had a good portion set

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before him, and he ate, and drank, and was full. And in that room also was written in many places—

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

Now while we gazed and wondered at the sight, the guide said, "See ye not the good things set before you? Sit ye down, and eat and take your fill." So we sat down, and fell to with a good will. And we fed and fattened on the good things set before us, and rejoiced and were merry. Likewise brushed we our whiskers, even as we had seen the wolf do with the tail of the lamb. And used toothpicks. When we had eaten, and were full, and had satisfied our hunger, we arose, feeling happy and pleased, even as the wolf had seemed. And we felt too as if we were fine fellows. And we made as though for the door, for we would have continued our journey. But as we were about to depart, a man stopped us on the way and demanded from us gold and silver. Then felt we surprised and angry, for it was not as in the vision. 71 So we turned again to our interpreter, and told him of all that we had seen in our vision; and we inquired of him, "Is not this as the other land?" (For we had seen written in many places, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and made sure that this was the land that we had seen in our vision.) Then our interpreter opened his lips and explained the meaning of what we had seen. "Thou sayest truly," said he. "Yet art thou simple, and understandest not of the things whereof thou speakest. In the knowledge of the world thou art but as a babe, as innocent as a chick, or as the lamb which frisketh." (Thus rebuked he our ignorance and foolishness.) "The land thou sawest in thy vision is a good one. We too love that land, and hope some day to reach it. The followers after Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity love to have riches and all good things without money and without price. But they give not freely to others of their own goods and riches. For look you, were they to do this they would be no better than asses. It is only when dealing with the spoils of their enemies and the goods of others that they show liberality. Then are they bounteous indeed, and speak good words, and overflow with virtue. And thus it is that we seek of thee many dollars. Which if thou dost not pay, the goods that thou hast will be taken from thee and sold, and thou wilt be cast into

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prison. And the Town Marshal and the boss will harass and torment thee, and they will publish thy name in the papers, and write things 72 called articles on thee, and cause thee much shame. And there in prison wilt thou remain, till thou hast paid thy debts to the last cent and thy sentence has expired, and no ticket-of-leave will be issued to thee.” Thus expounded he unto us the mysteries which we had seen. Then the scales fell from our eyes and the dollars from our pockets, and we went on our way rejoicing in the wisdom which we had learnt, and for which we had paid. Now the name of that verdant island which we saw in our vision, together with all that it contained, the wolf and the lamb, the rich raiment, and the golden eggs, are they not written in the chronicles of the rulers of England and in the pages of history?

Warning. Beware of spikes and man-traps. Passengers leaving Chicago by the Alton line will do well to unship their noses or take chloroform before starting. This will be found most valuable advice, and he who neglects it will buy his own experience dearly. The guide-books contain no caution on the subject, but then modern guide-books are as one-sided as modern biographies—those amplifications of the pious epitaphs with which it is the fashion to decorate the tomb-stones of the dear deceased. We read of saints and smell of sinners. And what sinners were these! Sweet Edinburgh, 73 plus all the rotten boroughs of England will hardly make up so powerful an odour as the auld reekie quarter of Chicago. Whew! we are out of it at last, and speeding across the wide prairies of Central Illinois.

There is little to admire between Chicago and St. Louis but commercial scenery. A great plain, highly cultivated, dusty and dirty, with flourishing crops and flourishing people, and thriving cities and thriving towns, likewise dusty and dirty, and everybody and everything. Imagine Ally Sloper walking to the Derby on the driest day in the calendar, his dissipating there according to his custom, raising the wind, and walking home again, and finally having a finishing roll outside his domicile before embracing his family, and yet Sloper would not be so thoroughly dusty as a railway passenger after a summer day's ride across some of the American prairies. We do not believe one bit in Rosalie, the flower of the prairie. She must have been an unwholesome little miss, to judge by the specimens

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we saw. In fact, after a few hours' ride, everybody begins to look like a thorough rogue and vagabond. There seems to be no attempt to find a remedy for the dust, indeed the Americans cling to it as another of their "superior institutions," rather than the nuisance it is. A dust-coat will somewhat save one's clothes, but probably at the loss of patience and piety. The article is made of calico, or some cheap, light stuff. Its actual value is about 1 s. , but the price set on it varies from \$2½ 74 to \$4, according to the purchaser. By a judicious use of the vernacular it may be had for a dollar or so less. The coat has many pockets, and many buttons, most of which migrate after a few hours' wear. And according to temperament and habit so will the language of the owner be. But we had sworn not to swear before we started, and therefore wrote down big words instead. It was a trying day for the British constitution. We had been fasting for many hours and hunger and drought were gnawing our bosoms; then came word that the dining-car which was to have joined the train had burst its boiler. Ah me! if we had only the chance of doing the same thing. So we sat down, drew in our belts, and looked viciously at one another. And casting eyes on the little Billees, and the prairie flowers, began to calculate after the manner of cannibals. A massacre of the innocents was averted by our arrival at Bloomington, whence telegrams had been sent ordering dinner for the passengers. We rushed into the dining-room with aching stomachs and hearts which yearned, and found a gang of navvies in possession, sweeping everything before them like locusts. They held the fort bravely, but we dug our way through, and got within range of a nigger who was stabbing and cursing a chicken pie with much energy: this with a dish of potatoes was the only eatable food to be had. A few of us managed to secure a spoonful of the pie for the modest sum of seventy-five cents (3 s.); for the rest 75 there was nothing but rotten buns and stale cakes, black with flies and dirt, and seasoned and served with choice language by a bilious-looking female. Such mismanagement is quite common in America: many times we were placed in even a worse fix. Oh, the roast beef of Old England! And we sighed after the flesh-pots of our native country, and again wrote down big words in our note-books. For we remembered the oath that we had sworn not to swear.

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However our minds fared better. On re-entering the train, a genial farmer kept us well entertained. He was a man of considerable knowledge of things American. To describe him as intelligent would be an impertinence, for every American is born such, and grows up as big serpents. He told us a romantic tale of a young Englishman whom he had succoured. "Son wanted a certain girl. Pater wanted him to want some other girl, or in other words, wanted to want for him. Son found wanting. Pater wanting to find son. Cuts him off with a shilling. Is cut off in return. Last shilling cuts. The cutting line a failure. The line of suspension. There he was swinging like a 'possum, when I came up and cut him down. 'What are you straining my timber for like this, young man?' said I. 'Old wattle chops,' said he, 'why did you spoil my ride? Come give us a leg up again.' I just wired into him sharp, and gave him a clean licking, then put him under the pump, and my missus she turned out some old 76 togs, and we rigged him up afresh, for his tailor had chucked him up long ago. Well, after we'd put a leg of mutton inside his gills, and we had buzzed a bottle or two, he got a bit sensible like, though Lydia—she's a fine powerful woman to talk—was letting out on him like a fire-engine all the time, for trying to swing himself. 'Shut up, old woman, and clear away to bed,' said I; 'the boy has had enough jawing for to-night, and we will have a quiet discourse to ourselves.' (I do a little in the ministerial line, you know.) So I got her off and got him on, and he told all about it. But he wouldn't give in to his father one stick, he'd rather go on to my timber again, than go home. Wal I shoved the boy on to an easy job, for he was all learning, and couldn't use his paws a bit, and then I got Lydia to let drive at the old man. She can write a stinger, and he must have felt stitched up after getting it. However he came up to the scratch and behaved handsomely, and when the boy got home he wrote and told me there was no end of fuss made over him, and the governor was a brick. Nice respectful way you Britishers have in speaking of your parents. But somehow he didn't have the gal after all, and he's now preaching and converting out among the niggers in India."

"What all extraordinary career," said the Gally-nipper. "How did he come to go in for the niggers at the end?" "Wal, I don't know, unless, as Lydia says, it was the good seed we

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drilled into him, sprouting 77 up again. Mebby too while he was with us he learned an idea or two of what women are like after they're spliced."

The farmer seemed proud of the part he had played, and anxious to know whether we were runaways. The Gallynipper thought he was a person who might safely be consulted on the thorny subject of mothers-in-law, so he unbosomed a few of his troubles, and asked him how they went on in America. "Darn them, they're just as bad here," said the farmer; "but we comb 'em down. By combination, that's it. There's Lydia's mother, she used to come and upset us for a month at a go. If it had gone on much longer dashed if I shouldn't have tried the timbering line like your countryman. Gregory Gibbs he tipped me the wink. 'Neighbour,' said he, 'how's she going on? You look as if yellow jack was coming over you.' 'I don't know about yellow jack, Gregory, but she put a boot-jack on to me last night, and the jade is always jacketing me some way or other. Look at my nob—I'm half bald. What shall I do? ken I shoot her?' said I. 'No! that won't do,' says he, 'the law goes all for the mothers there. I'll tell you how to work it. Just slope up to her loving-like for a day or two, then persuade her that she's looking bad, and wants a bit of a change. Then run her down to the Mammoth Cave—she'll get shaken up on the journey, for it's an awful road—and when you've got her down in the cave, shunt off, and let her have a night there all to 78 herself. She'll never get out by herself, and you will find her quite tame next day.'

"Wal, I did just what Gregory advised, only I went a bit further. The cave is a big place; you ken travel more than 100 miles in it. (You're going there, are you?) But I don't know how many miles the old woman went. When we came in for her the next day she was travelling off her head. We sent forward the nigger first—all the guides are niggers—and told him what to do. She thought it was the devil come for her, and began to cry out awful. He let off fireworks around her, till blow me, you'd have thought the old gentleman himself was performing. Then he made her promise, that if he let her off she would never blow off steam again on our premises. After he had cleared away behind us we came forward, and took the old woman out. She was shaking, and all of a heap, and never spoke much for days. It cured her lovely, and we have never had any trouble from her since. I calculate

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it has put twenty year on to my life. Lydia gets a bit hot now and then, but it's nothing to what the old one wor. Gosh! you would never believe what she'd do, nor what she wouldn't do. Guess I were ashamed. She had as fine a set of razors as any man in the State, and used to have her hot water every morning at half-past seven, like a man. You see it's a bad climate for the dark women. They get forward quick, and the hair grows on 'em as fast as barley out in the open. Stranger! I warn you agin the dark 79 ones. In this country leastways. Mebby they turn out better over the water. Won't you come and stay with us a day or two? I've got a fine bit of land, and can lick old Job out of his prime, when you come to cattle. Ginger! to see my horses stepping it out. Have three gals too, like he had, and one is called Kezia after his second. Fine girl is Kezia, takes after Lydia, and goes beautifully in the dairy.”

We thanked him for his counsel and good-will, and stood him a Johnny Collins. This brought his whistle up afresh, and he opened out on politics.

The American people take great interest in English affairs, and whatever may have been the feeling in the past, there is no doubt that the majority of them are now proud of the old country, and are beginning to see that she is something more than a benevolent old parent to be fleeced on every opportunity, although the fleecing may not be dropped. Their admiration for the Queen is remarkable, even to English people. “A fine woman is the Queen,” said our companion, “and she'd do well out here. But doesn't she miss old Benjamin! Gladstone he's a boss man, but is always getting in a muck, 'cos he thinks every one else as clean as himself. You'll have trouble about Egypt soon. We ken all see it out here. If old Benjamin had been driving, he would have cut in when French Johnny went to Tunis, and squared it with the Turk, so as to have had a shanty in Egypt. You talk 80 about our politics smelling strong. Why, bless you, Europe is a hundred times worse. All thieves and rogues if you could be. Look at the old Turk: he sees other nations snapping around him like vultures, every one wants a bite, and 'cos he don't stand quiet while they nip at him, he is cussed out of Europe. So he is forced to lie more than ever; down he squats with his pipe, and tries to get up a row between the honest thieves. England! yes

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she's honest a bit now in her old age, but look what she has done in her time. And your parliament men now are nothing but Pharisees and Publicans. The Publicans mean what they don't say, and the Pharisees say what they don't mean, and one is always right, and the other is never wrong. But right or wrong, we had John Bull over the Alabama dollars." And he chuckled.

There was no feeling of shame at the dishonesty of the transaction, although he willingly admitted that it was dishonest, but he had a devout admiration of the superior smartness of the Yankees, and that they had done the Britisher. That this feeling is shared by the majority is plain from the fact that if it were not so the sum obtained under false pretences would be restored. But with all nations there has always been a great distinction drawn between national dishonesty and individual dishonesty. The former rarely receives condemnation unless it fails. We must not therefore expect our dollars back from Brother Jonathan. "You won't get them, Britisher," said he. 81 "We shall spend them in settling our country, and when that's filled up we shall take Mexico, then Canada." "What then?" "Well, I guess we shall about bust up then. Good-bye. Here's my shanty, and here's Kezia and the nippers. We ken give you something better than chicken pie if you come with us." G

CHAPTER V.

The Gallynipper passes through the wicked city, and encounters the moon-faced girls and other animals, but his morals suffer not.

The sight of the great Mississippi, and its junction with the Missouri, was slight consolation for the loss of the Misses we had left behind. A noble steel bridge crosses the former river at East St. Louis, leading to St. Louis itself. St. Louis has the reputation of being the wickedest city in America—a reputation which, we venture to say, is undeserved, unless noise constitutes wickedness. Like Chicago, its situation gives it great commercial advantages, and the prospect of its outdoing the former in trade, as it now outdoes it in beauty, is by no means improbable. Altogether it is a much more solid and savoury city

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than Chicago. Much of its success may be due to the strength of the German element. Everywhere in America the Germans make excellent colonists. The Irish do not succeed so well, and are not so popular. In St. Louis they have, however, succeeded in ousting the negroes from the hotel service. Our waiter was 83 a most lugubrious Paddy—the very counterpart of the Wilson of High Latitudes; indeed, we believe he was the same Wilson, drawn out and lengthened by purgatory and transmigration. After loading our table with choice morsels he began to croak. “Very hot, sir. People dying here from sunstrokes. Carts going round the streets every day to pick up people as they drop down. Three hundred taken to hospital to-day. Our cook died last night. They say supper is a bad thing for it, sir. You go to bed all right at night and wake up in the morning and find yourself dead. Yes, sir, I don't think I shall live much longer.” We were half inclined to wish he wouldn't. The long journey and short commons had made us desperate. We thought of lost opportunities, of the chicken pie that was no more, and, letting out our belts, fell to and showed Paddy what British pluck can do. “Mosquitoes, sir? they are awful bad here and come down heavy on fresh meat.” We cruelly kept the mosquitoes waiting, and went out late in the evening to spy out the nakedness of the land.

Owing to the heat, which was really purgatorial, the tailoring trade seemed to have been suspended for some time, and likely to collapse altogether. The theatres and music halls were bright and lively. We witnessed much noisy enjoyment, but nothing morally objectionable, and our experience on this occasion was pretty extensive. One place we peeped into certainly appeared dangerous. It was a large building crowded with the roughest-looking set of men that we G 2 84 ever saw. There was scarcely a coat or waistcoat to be seen in the whole assembly. And the garments which come next didn't come at all, for they had gone. But if the men were not well clothed they were well armed; most of them carried a knife or a revolver, and many both. Yet in spite of these appearances we passed about amongst them without being subjected to the slightest annoyance. The bill of fare proved attractive to the audience, who applauded every person and every thing generously. As it may furnish a hint to English entrepreneurs, and afford

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an idea of how the “great unwashed” in America enjoy their evenings, we subjoin the programme exactly as it was, with the exception of the names of the artistes, which, for reasons not necessary to mention, we have altered.

HEINRICH MULLER'S CRYSTAL PALACE SUMMER THEATRE.

Director of Amusements Simon O. Seller.

Musical Director Herr Schnapp.

PROGRAMME' FOR THIS EVENING.

OUR SOCIAL CLUB.

Tambourine— Wiggs.

Interlocutor— Simon O. Seller.

Bones— Mr. Rattler.

Ballad Sylvia Silver.

Comic Ditty Mr. Whistler.

Beautiful Ballad Molly Skittles.

Comic Refrain Mr. Wiggs.

Selections Polly Wiggs.

FINALE.

Overture Orchestra.

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First Appearance of MISS MOLLY SKITTLES, The Californian Nightingale.

The Three Brothers, GUMBLE, GAND, AND GLOOSH, In their Lancashire and Trick Clog Dancing.

A Meritorious Card of undoubted ability, Miss SYLVIA SILVER, In Original Songs and Character Impersonations.

A Genuine Success are the SELLERS, SIMON O. AND RUTH.

Mr. Simon O. Seller has one of the best cultivated and most pleasing ballad voices now before the public. He will be assisted by Miss Ruth in his vocal blendings, and will appear in their popular Musical Sketch, entitled "THE ANNIVERSARY."

Queen of Song and Dance MISS JENNY TUM-TUM!

Overture Orchestra

[*Pipes and Beer all round.*]

FUNNY IKE! GUMBLE, GAND AND GLOOSH, SIMON O. SELLER AND RUSH WINKLE.

Selections Orchestra.

Engagement and First Appearance of WIGGS AND WHISTLER, In their great original novelty *BONE DUET AND STATUE CLOG* , Introducing Trick Bone Duets, Imitations, Juggling, &c.

The accomplished Balladist MISS POLLY WIGGS.

Next we have MR. RUSH WINKLE, America's Premier Double Bar Gymnast, executing the most difficult feats with lightning rapidity

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Again the new claimant for public approval, Miss SYLVIA SILVER,

The Three Brothers GUMBLE, GAND AND GLOOSH, In their speciality of JUST OVER.

THE MERITORIOUS VOCALIST MISS MOLLY SKITTLES.

CHAMPION OF ALL JIG DANCERS MISS JENNY TUM-TUM.

IN CHOICE VOCAL SELECTIONS MISS POLLY WIGGS.

Selections Orchestra.

THE ARRIVAL OF BERNHARDT! Characters by Whistler, Wiggs, and Simon O. Seller.

[???] MR. HEINRICH MULLER HAS THE LARGEST GLASS OF BEER IN THE CITY FOR THREE CENTS. GIVE HIM A CALL.

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The number of calls which Mr. Heinrich Muller received would probably have shocked the dry party—still there was no drunkenness nor any near approach to it. We should have preferred less dirt, less smoke, and less noise, but the whole affair was a great improvement on the pandemoniums of England.

Free-and-easy entertainments of this kind were going on in all quarters of the city. In one of the “first class” buildings a bevy of German girls fiddled sweet music to large audiences. The “orchestra” consisted of two first violins, two second, violoncello, cornet, clarinet, horn, and kettle drum, worked by girls varying from twenty to forty in years, and in faces from new moons and quarters to harvest moons. Then there was a grand piano which wept freely at the hands of a spacious lady whose face shone as a radiant soup-plate. The conductor was a star of the first magnitude with a tail attached. She looked beautiful behind, and the bow of her brow was nothing to the bow of her panniers. These beat time to the audience as her front rose and fell on the wing of the baton. The music was

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accompanied with diligent perspiration. The girls scraped *con amore* to an amorous audience. We watched one young man, smitten by the charms of the drummer, showering bouquets, by way of encore, on the object of his adoration at the end of every piece. How much toddy that young man consumed, and how many gardens he exhausted, we should not like to say, 88 but if he paid for all that he had he must have gladdened the heart of the proprietor.

We felt very wicked as we went home again in the morning, and were punished for our wickedness. Ominous signs over our bed, a mosquito net and swarms of the vermin inside waiting up for us. Making a clean sweep, as we thought, we bolted in, and laying our weary heads on the pillow dozed away into dreamland. As we dozed we heard sweet sounds, and we thought of the beautiful, moon-faced girls who had left their vaterland to soothe savage breasts in far-off countries. Of wingéd animals also dreamt we; of things which jump, and things which walk, above, below, beneath; creeping things innumerable. And then the wingéd animals sang a song, telling how they too had left their vaterland, like the beautiful, moon-faced girls, but on a yet nobler errand of mercy to the human race. Here the song rose to the sublime, as it told how that whether hovering o'er the dismal swamp, or sweeping the stagnant lake, whether meditating amid the solitude of the primeval forest, or watching by the bedside of suffering man, their mission is always the same—to cleanse, to purify, and to beautify. Louder and louder thrummed the music, and squeaking violins took up the theme and soared away into altissimo, their thrilling notes penetrating till we felt pins and needles all over. Then the dream began to pass away, and suffering man awoke and found himself wrapt in the embrace of 89 the wingéd animals. And he too sought relief in a song, but his feelings overcame him, and he broke out into recitations. The recitations were eloquent, but they have long been out of print, and no publisher will undertake their republication.

Our appearance at the breakfast-table next morning was a sad disappointment to the raven, who felt aggrieved to find that we had woke up in the morning and not found ourselves dead. His story about the sunstrokes was not far wrong, but the majority of the

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victims belonged to the classes engaged in hard, manual labour. By improving the shining hour with a stout umbrella—and didn't the hours shine even then—we were soon enabled to shake the St. Louis dust off our feet, and continue our pilgrimage. But the St. Louis dust was as sweet May blossom compared with the dust which followed. Rather would we walk from Madrid to Rome, yea, with the unboiled peas of medieval penance in our shoes, than undergo that dreadful ride which we had between St. Louis and Indianapolis. It was a fiery furnace. There would have been no difficulty in cooking a joint of meat from the window, and potatoes might have been baked in the dust.

Discovering before starting that no dining-car was attached to the train, we took precautions against being stranded with a corner of a chicken-pie. A very respectable meal was, however, provided at a by-station, but, as is often the case, it had to be 90 taken express with loins girded, ready to rush off as soon as the train started. To those unaccustomed to American railways it is hardly safe to leave the train during a journey. Nominally from fifteen to twenty minutes is the time allowed for a meal, but actually it is generally five or ten minutes less than announced by the conductor, and trains often go off without any signal whatever. On this occasion the tables were nicely turned. At our festive board sat several Americans, who divided their time between their victuals and pious discourses on their smartness and temperance in feeding. One of them, gathering from our dirty appearance that we were fellow citizens, said, "I can put away what mate I want in five minutes—it's only those tarnation Britishers that take so long, with their nine meals a day." This gentleman had already been blowing a quarter of an hour. He was blowing when we left him in the dining-room, with a custard hanging from his beard; and he was blowing when the train went off, and we left him blown on the platform.

During our absence at tiffin a swarm of black ladies invaded the cars, and there they were grinning, and rolling their large eyes on our return. It was their Sunday outing, and they were full of enjoyment. They were dressed with more taste than their white sisters, and for dark beauties were really attractive—too attractive for some senses. We never before knew the enchantments of distance. But days and darkies alike flee away. How that 91

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day passed we scarcely can tell. The huge jars of iced water were drunk dry, replenished, and emptied again. Cheap books were placed on our laps by enterprising booksellers, with the hope of tempting purchases, but we saw few bought. Most of the literature supplied on American railways is poor stuff. The book of nature was likewise unattractive, and so we devoted our studious moments to reading faces. Fearless independence, boundless self-reliance, with dollar-wrinkles strongly marked on almost every countenance. The former are seldom absent, the last never. After all that can be said as to the objectionable side of American life, there remains much that is truly grand, noble, and beautiful. And it must not be inferred from the national feeling, "I'm as good as you, and a precious deal more," that there is a lack of courtesy and of consideration for the feelings of others. Nowhere have we met with such a general disposition to be civil, courteous, and obliging, as in America. But the reciprocity is complete. The same man who is ready to meet friendship with friendship is equally ready to meet quarrel with quarrel. And they have a rough and ready way of settling matters which in certain communities would be highly desirable. We were strolling through Indianapolis when we noticed a tramcar pass, in which there seemed to be some disturbance. A few minutes after we heard reports, as if a gun were being fired several times. A short distance on we came on a crowd collected around the 92 bodies of two men who were quivering in the agonies of death. They had entered the car in a drunken state, and after annoying the passengers had attacked the driver. There was a short scuffle, in which the driver got the worst of it. Then seeing his assailants about to shoot at him he drew his own revolver and shot them both. Terrible as the affair was, it was simply a question of whose life it should be. As the driver stated in his defence, "There was no other chance. I am sorry I killed those men, but I had to do it or get killed myself. My life is sweet to me, and I was bound to defend it." A few such defenders would be the salvation of Ireland.

The Jewish refugees who are now escaping from the claws of the Russian bear will find in America another evil beast staring them in the face wherever they settle. But unclean and distasteful as the animal must be to them, he is a gentle creature compared with the

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former, and readily submits to cultivation. A profitable beast withal, which has yielded rich linings for many silk purses. In fact, he has become quite a national character, and as one of the greatest public benefactors deserves some recognition on the part of the State. A grateful country would adopt him as the national emblem, and Indiana's chief city rejoice in the title of Pork-Polis. But even Republicans are at heart often ashamed to own their origin, if it be a lowly one. There are no people in the world so eager to prove their noble descent as the native-born Americans. Pedigree-hunting is a mania with them, as the keepers of records in England know to their cost. But it is a dangerous thing to go back too far. We have heard of an instance of a Republican, after a most diligent search, alighting on a lovely genealogical tree, the branches whereof excited the envy of his homely compatriots. Being a Radical he must of course go to the root of the matter, and at the bottom of all he found a disreputable old *felo de se*, buried at a cross road, with a stake in his inside.

The pedigree of the pig is at present obscured by his lowly surroundings. By and by the evolution theory may prove him to be of noble descent, and when this point is made clear we doubt not that he will receive that recognition which he merits in the land of the free. And on that day when the image of the hog is emblazoned on the star-spangled banner, then let the British lion tremble and slink into his den.

If the British lion did not tremble and hide his tail, he felt as a lion should not feel at one stage of his journey between Indianapolis and Louisville. Having to wait for many hours, he, after slaking his thirst at a roadside inn, bethought himself of taking a walk in the woods, as befitted the king of the forest; and the woods being cool and pleasant his majesty ventured to lie down and take a nap. But the old serpent was in the woods with many of his kinsfolk and acquaintance. There was no mistaking *their* descent. There was the same subtlety and cunning displayed as that which beguiled the first beguiler of man. And a venomous old reptile approaching the British lion as if he would have

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embraced him, his majesty, with that self-respect which adorns his every action, arose, and shook his mane, and beat a dignified retreat.

It has become the fashion among white ladies to wear silver serpents around their arms as an emblem of—what? that they are as ready to deceive as they are to be deceived?

Dear ladies, read that famous chapter in Genesis—and we fancy there is a bit of poetry too on the subject—then take a constitutional, like the babes in the wood, only in some wormy wood on a viper day in July; and we think you will speedily change your ornaments. Be assured no man looks on that coil around your wrist without drawing most unfavourable conclusions—without thinking the ornament may, after all, be but a type of the wearer.

Reaching Cave City very early in the morning, we made our way into the hotel. The doors were open but no sign of life showed itself, except a wren, by the side of which our own cock robin would look small. The bloom was on the rye, and dear pretty Jane was not one bit shy. She had a numerous family in a hammock over the doorway, and her husband was busy in the fields getting breakfast for them. She flew about the room chirping pleasantly. Here was the early bird and the worm. Where were the the roosters? Room after room we tried, but could find no one about. We were looking out for a corner to stretch our weary limbs until humanity appeared, and our eye had caught sight of what looked like an empty bedstead. On getting nearer we saw a nigger fast asleep. We spoke to him with our stick, and shook dull sloth by the elbow. He started up in great alarm, made a profound salaam, sat down on his hips, and began to rub his eyes, like a costermonger at 11 A.M. on Dec. 26. We gave him ten minutes to say his prayers, one minute to wash, and twenty more to get breakfast, and threatened to skin him and eat him alive if he were a moment behind. “Golly, massa, that cock won't fight; we are a free people now.” And the noble savage drew on his garters, and expanded his noble bosom. “Guess you'd like a spring chicken and a fish cake better than nigger. Yah! And some nice berries and cream to begin with, and a sweet melon. Trouts, too, massa, and a boss steak, and a fat homlet.

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Golly, you shall have breakfast soon.” Calapash, calapee, higgledy piggedy. And off he went, on a double-quick shuffle, and steamed and stirred, and stewed and dished up in time to save his bacon. He had not always been so successful in saving his bacon. “Ken read newspapers and keep tally, massa, but what's edication without speeryance? Must buy speeryance, tho'. Yes, dem, so preacher say. What I do? Go up town with forty—fifty dollars in bag, and buy big hat and gold knob stick and white shirt, and learn smoke and spit like 96 Congress. Then come Jubilee. I go out like gemman, and drink, and, golly, everything go. Head bad, and I sleep one, two days. Boss no like nigger sleep, and send me away, and say, ‘You dem blackamoor, go down country and reform.’ And when I done reform shall go town again and hab more speeryance.”

Here's the touch of nature we see which makes the whole world kin. Let our own poet also speak:—

When Darwin's doctrines here prevailed Our ancestors were curly-tailed; Then came the age when tail was shed, And man was left a stump instead.¹

¹ See *The Lost Tail*. By the Gallynipper.

Now fallen from his high estate, Man hath no tail to gravitate, But, rudderless, doth drift away Whene'er he strives in stoups to stay.

Reformers fail to grasp the point— *To add on tail to tail-less joint?* ² The moral is to p'int the tail, And not on pints and quarts to rail.

² Joyful news! the intemperate champion of temperance is *drafting a measure* with this object in view. They will be worked by electricity. (Gallynipper.)

He!! Yah! The ladies have cut him out already. Just see how beautifully they steer now. Swish, wish, wish, swish. (The Devil—printer's own.)

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So “Steady, boys, steady,” will be the coming man. The going man was not. As he went forth to go from the presence of the nigger, in that homely Kentuck CITY to the far-famed CAVE beyond.

CHAPTER VI.

The Gallynipper comes to grief and stumbles in rhyme. He goes into the world down below, with a volcanic poetess; William the Black speaks up and reprimands him.

O didn't he roll like a drunken man, Find his wits at an end, And sigh for the gift of a monkey's tail, Or wings of a pigeon or nightingale, As he sat him down and began to wail:

While he

Bumped in his buggy, and bruised his bones, Which rattled over the horrid stones, Along the course of the torrid zones Of Old Kentucky Land.

No wings had his steed, and ill indeed He in the buggy lay; And head was tail and tail was head, And awful dreadful things were said— He wished himself that he were dead: (*While he bumped is his buggy, &c.*)

Now this was the way the going man In going came to grief, And life was shaken out of limb, Scen'ry out of spectacles dim Till head quite sinking 'gan to swim: (*While he bumped in his buggy, &c.*)

Verily these be truths—as true as this be shaken prose and stumbling rhyme—and bumps there be to testify. And should the calculating, curious reader H 98 ask us “What the distance 'tween the city and the cave?” we would answer that resistance makes a bra' mile still more brave, and that there are seven bra' miles every way—we paid for seven miles of motion, and had fifty-six, reckoning up, down, and all round, and the same experience may be had at the same price by any traveller any day. The way we crawled out of our carriage

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was as the way of the backsliders—there was no state nor dignity pertaining thereto—the whole estate went off entail.

Thus, rudderless, man drifts away E'en when in buggies he would stay. Now if we study nature's laws, The tail we see the saving clause, And ape, the serpent, or the fish, Have taught the ladies too to swish, (While we are all behind). But soon we'll have some steering gear, And then there'll nothing be to fear. Nor pint, nor gill, nor barley-corn, Nor tumbling home at early morn, Nor staying out so late at night, Nor getting loose, nor getting tight. Then haste, O hasten, good Sir Will, Draft your measure and draft your bill, Head ye the movement of de tail, Bring in your bill, and then *retail*.

We should have been glad of something of the kind when we went down below among the tailed tribe. The only one of our party who had such an ornament was Brigham Young—don't be alarmed, ladies, he was a most respectable old quadruped of irreproachable morals, and as useful in his line as 99 a St. Bernard doggie. There was also a most respectable old biped, a kind of silent noun who was afflicted by a talking pronoun. The two negro guides, William and “Uncle Mat” deserve to be named, but the rest of the party may be put down as indefinite articles, with the exception of a lady whose bosom was a volcano of poetry, and who will erupt further on.

As we went into the cave—at the entrance gate—we numbered ourselves, and including Brigham Young we numbered twelve. And then William the Black locked the gate and began to guide us. For if every man had “gang his own gate,” every man but two would have been lost.

“O William, pray tell us something about this cave, and we will to thee sweet remuneration give.” Thus spake the whole of the party by the voice of the pronoun.

Then William the Black he up and spoke like a white man, and what he said is written down in black and white.

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“This here cave is precious old—dicky me, you can't deny that. 'Twas begun before your time or before my time—back 'fore old Adam, but how much before that licks me. Time when people had tails, that's about it. And it weren't done in a day. Not a bit of it. It's good work. None of your shoddy stuff which brings down the shanty by the run after a few years' go. Fine ornaments too. Roses and lilies, diamonds and crystals—my gum! Just run H 2 100 your blinkers along the pillars and the ceiling and tell me if there be anything like that above ground. Not in this world nor yours over the water. But dash me, there ain't many of our people been down this hole. There are lots living, not fifty mile from here, who've never looked into it, and yet they have gone fooling away over to Fingal, and dropping their dollars in a strange land. Fingal—I wish 'twere drowned. See how many dollars I've lost by that chap. And Brigham Young too. Why, we should have been able to retire and go to Fingal ourselves if 'tweren't for Fingal and all the fooling over that way. Speak up, Brigham, and fetch 'em down one.” And Brigham Young opened his jaws and delivered a howl of approval—signifying that he, too, felt deeply on the subject. And we all felt deeply, and went on getting deeper and deeper. “Fingal, indeed, I should like to see the pit equal to this. There is only one, and you can't take a return ticket for him. No, if Old Nick gets anybody down the bottomless he sticks to him. Works him with a pitchfork, and no pay nor perwisions. But this beats Old Nick's hole. Nice and cool, ain't it? It's more than 100 degrees above ground to-day and only 59 here. 'Tis the same in the cave all the year round. You can walk a precious long way without feeling tired. Hi! Uncle Mat, is the jar all right? Go ahead, then. You see we shall want a snack by and by, cos we shall be in here all day, and Uncle Mat is short in the wind. You can go more than 100 miles 101 down here certain, whereby I mean that we know of, and have been over. Then there are other parts which only the wild craters have yet travelled over, and I guess their little bit is quite as big. I'm learning all about it, and finding out new roads. Come in here at night by myself when business is slack, and rummage about. By myself! No; old Brigham comes sometimes. That's how I learnt the roads. Golly, how the bats used to worrit me. Keep on your hats, there ain't many about now—come on near winter they get wuss—millions then. Yes, most of this was done by water—water with carbonic juice in it; that begun it any how,

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and has always been at it since,—drip, drip, drip, at first, then after a long time there was running water to help forward things. So it went on and on. 'Twas going on when Adam and Eve were courting in the garden—when Noah took to the ark—and ever since. But, mind you, most of it was done 'fore Adam's time. We're in the Main Cave now—six miles long is this—100 feet high, and 300 wide in some places. Fingal, indeed! About seventy year ago our country was hard up for saltpetre, and miners were sent in here to make it. Here are the ruins of the works. You see wood keeps longer in here than it does outside; that's cos there's no change of weather. But people don't. Live people at least. 'Twas tried some years ago. For those poor craters who are always rotting away above ground—consumption you call it?—dessay, but we likes a good round word. Well! nice times 102 it turned out for the patients. Here are the houses they lived in or tried to live in. 'Twas only trying. One of 'em tried hard, and didn't see daylight for five months. Three died clean off in the cave, and most of 'em were put under ground soon after getting out. Then they shut up shop, and it ain't been open since. But the bats and frogs and lizards and crickets and fish have fine times. There are some rats too, but they seem lonely, being so few. Ay, it's an awful place to be lost in. Here, let that young lady keep close up to you, and don't lose sight of her for a minute. You needn't hold on to her all the time. Women have such a way of going off their nut. Best thing to do if you get lost is to sit down and wait quietly still somebody comes. We are in every day all over the ground. No good making a noise over it. We have trouble nearly every year. People straggle away or tumble over and upset the lamp and get lost. Lost body and mind. Clean mad some of 'em are when found.”

“What about that mother-in-law that you stirred up, William?”

“Close up your yarn; which on 'em are you after? Golly, so many of them old Jezebels have been here that we can't reckon 'em up. We've scotched a good many of 'em in our time. Ain't that it, old Mat?”

“Ay, William, right it is; we are as good at that as Old Nicholas. But ain't it time to have a nip, William, I'm buzzing all round.”

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“Halt, then,” said William. So we all sat down 103 and had a merry picnic in one of the grandest banqueting halls ever provided by nature. At our feet reclined Brigham Young, and partook of the hospitality which showered on him from all sides.

“I wonder what that Jenny squaw Inyun woman had to eat,” said William, “before she got to be a mummy. In the Gothic Arcade, that's where the mum was found. And a young mummy beside her. Wonder she didn't swallow the young un. Blow me tho' if them Inyuns aren't game fellows, and kinder to their kids than white people. Suppose they wandered in here somehow and got lost, and so they sat down quietly and waited. But nobody came for 'em. There weren't any William or Mat then to find people. Bet she died game, though, without any of that hurdy-gurdy business. My gum, how those white women get up the canvas, and go on when they get lost. They have taken black for white when we have picked them up, and the kisses that Uncle Mat and I have come in for at such times would make your mouth water. But see 'em next day above ground, after they've come round! We wouldn't mind a little more of the same thing then, but 'tis nose up and, keep your distance, you black devil. That's the way of the women. Hi, she's off too! hold on to her, Britisher—keep her head up—tarnation, saltpetre, she's bumped herself! Didn't I put her in your charge like a special constable cos you're a Britisher, and I thought you could hold on well—and wasn't yer told never to take your 104 eyes off her? and you have gone and let her down like a flying jib.”

“But you said it wasn't necessary to hold on all the time,” stammered the blushing Gallynipper, “and as now we are all sitting down feeding I thought I might have a spell.”

“Feeding I that's it! You Britishers are dead nuts on the girls till you get hungry—then let a beefsteak come under your nose and the girls may whistle. Well, aise her up, can't ye, and see if she's hurt?”

It was the volcanic poetess, and she lay flattened out like a mahogany table painted white. She had been placed in his charge, and he had placed faith in her as a noun substantive,

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but she had proved a noun adjective, and went through her declensions with the speed of an interjection. Then she turned into a demonstrative pronoun, and fell away in bad grammar.

“Yes, she's got a spot on her head,” said William. “A pretty business it is, fainting and hysterics, and then back and over it again. Whatever were women sent into the world for? It will take three hours to get to the mouth of the cave, even gwine by the short cut. And all the grog is finished up, and water doesn't fetch her. Have you got a thimbleful left, Mat?”

“Not a drop, William, see here,”—and he turned the grog jar upside down—“clean licked out, William. Try some more water.”

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At last all the water was used up, and the belle would only occasionally ring out.

“Wants fresh hanging, that's it,” grumbled William. “Look here, mum, just you let out a reef or so in her canvas, and see if that don't bring her round. All hands forehead, and let the ladies to themselves. If that doesn't do we must phlebotomise her.”

In a few minutes we heard the chimes going like ten o'clock on Sunday morning, and returning, found the third person feminine standing up ready for a fresh declension, and rubbing the spot on her head. She had no opportunity to open a fresh account, for William the Black drew a cross cheque and paid her over to the account of a local banker, with an additional escort of Uncle Mat, the talking pronoun, the silent noun, and Brigham Young. So were we deprived of the leading speakers of the day, and our opportunity of hearing long metre was over for the time.

“We shall get on express now,” said William, “women are always carrying too much sail. They have no business to come down here laced up tight like that. Sarve 'em right. Now, fire away again. Aren't getting tired, are you? No, that's it; you see the air is first class, you can walk twenty mile without feeling stiff. Bet your legs wouldn't go four mile above

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ground to-day without a rest. Here's the Methody church; would you like a prayer-meetin' or discourse? Yes, fifty year or so ago there used to 106 be a power of religion in here. Fine place for working up a revival. Don't know how they came to give it up. Something fresh turned up, I guess. But here are the seats ready for the next preacher. No elbows nor cushions,—but in those times our fellows didn't go in for religion made aisy. Guess they made it hot for some of the bad uns. All sorts of things done in here. *Ole Bull* brought in his fiddle once, and had a fine tune-up. But we will lick ole Bull when we get down to Echo River. Now just get your book out and write down the names as we go along. We're a fine people for the letters.”

So we walked and wrote our way through the miles of wonders. There were Avenues, Coffins, Bowls, Palaces, Arcades, Monuments, Fairy Grottoes, Domes, Bottomless Pits, Bridges, much moisture, including a “Dead Sea, River Styx, and Lake Lethe,” Purgatory, Cascades, Infernal Regions, and Paradise, and more than a hundred more wonderful sights.

“Now every one of these,” said William, “can show a clear title to its name, and never gives you the lie. Here's the water at last. Look out, and we'll catch some fish. 'Twill be easy enough, for those which haven't got any eyes. Hold yer lamp over the water. Now slope up under the ribs. That's a beauty. Over seven inches from stem to stern. We don't often get 'em more than eight inches keel. They're a rum sort, these eyeless chaps. Don't get born from eggs like other fish, but all ready made. You see they have the rudiments of eyes, but 107 no optic nerve, and can't see a bit. Not even when one neighbour gets hold of another by the tail, and bites away. Feel 'em, though. Should think they could—and gets hold of the first one's tail, and they feed away till they meet in the middle. Here's proof.”

And he took up several half-eaten fish out of the water. There was no doubt of it whatever. There were crawfish, also, white and black,—some eyeless,—and sunfish. We got into a boat and paddled about for half an hour. This was the consummation of wonder and enchantment. In some parts the water was transparent to nearly its full depth of thirty feet,

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and the ceiling of the cave rose ninety feet above the surface. In the lowest passages it was necessary to crouch down below the gunwale while the boat scraped its way through. The echoes raised by William the Black, who could imitate the roar of the lion and the sweetness of the dove, may be placed among the most astounding revelations which music has afforded. He was a bit of a ventriloquist, too,—indeed a bit (and a good-sized bit) of everything: a wonderful combination of excellences, not the least of which was the power to use them. His reading was extensive, and he had a thorough practical knowledge of the geology of the cave.

“Now we will try a few shots,” said he, firing from a pistol: the peal awakened was crushing: it would have drowned the combined chimes of the navies of the world in combination.

Evening was come, and the moon had turned out 108 to relieve the sun from guard when we emerged into the open air—the fresh open air which felt impure and close after the bracing atmosphere of the cave. We had spent a whole day in the bowels of the earth, in a new world full of wonders unspeakable—unsurpassable, if all things be considered. For although the brilliancy and beauty of its stalactites and stalagmites may be outdone in other caves, the Mammoth Cave in its completeness has no known rival. The very stones cry out in admiration of the marvellous work of Nature, and re-echo its fame. And we will do the same. Happy he who has William the Black to guide him.

We found Uncle Mat slow that night after the eloquent William. Yes, that *night*, for we went down again, and the wherefore is this. Although we had been walking nearly the whole day we felt no fatigue until reaching the surface. The change of temperature was so great, and came so suddenly as to paralyze the body for a few moments. When, therefore, a party of Kentuckians came into the hotel at supper and invited us to reduce our thermometers by a night excursion, we forsook our nightshirts, and took to mining again with the eagerness of diamond diggers. This time we broke fresh ground with fresh companions, who soon, however, got tired out. Americans are bad walkers, and are

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astonished at the Englishman's love of walking. But we got on quicker than in the morning—Uncle Mat being anxious to get the job over, and there being only one lady, and 109 she a blooming bride with her own dear groom beside her, and of course with no interest in fainting. Far on into the night we wandered amid the beautiful avenues and grottoes sparkling with crystal gems,—now entranced with the starry domes, now shuddering with awful admiration at the sculptured abysses. Uncle Mat spoke little, but burnt a lot of powder, which was more eloquent than the voice of man. A grunt or a chuckle was all that could be got out of him till we reached the Star Chamber. Then he extinguished all the lamps but his own and began to march off. “Hi, you old sinner, what are you up to?” we shouted. “You jest sit down and wait,” said he. “But leave us some matches, for we should like to see ourselves die.” “Wal, here are two, but don't light up till I come back.” So there we sat in the darkness nourishing our two matches for some fifteen minutes. Then a change began to appear overhead—dim, weird shadows—heavy clouds, as if a storm was gathering. By and by stars peeped out and twinkled, till at last the illusion was so perfect that we were ready to believe that Mat had spirited away the roof of the cave and we were looking on the stars of heaven. With this triumph our cave experience ended, and we sought a snooze in the early morning.

CHAPTER VII.

Flames of love burst forth from the bosom of the volcanic poetess, and she puts the Gallynipper through an American hop.

“Lo, within this bosom bounded, Beats my palpitating heart By thy loving arms surrounded — Ne'er from me, my joy, depart.”

It came from the trees, the spacious, stately trees, beneath whose leafy bowers the Gallynipper was taking his morning walk. Sweet sounds floating through the spicy air, sinking down into his breast and reverberating through his massive frame till he trembled as the aspen. Spellbound he stood and listened for more. It came:

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“Like the cooing of the dove Is thy voice to me, my love, Soothing softly hours of sadness,
Changing sorrow into gladness.

“Sweet thy voice, but O, thy lip, Ambrosial nectar! let me sip; While thy glittering orbs of
light Wink at me from morn till night.

“So may sweetly pass away Our happy highland holiday, Then, as flits the wing of starling,
We will whisk away, my darling.”

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A pause, a sigh, a rustle. And looking around a tree he beheld a heap of fleecy muslin swinging in mid air, in a hammock. And peeping out from the muslin a familiar face—the face of the fair one whom he had let down by the run the day before as a flying jib. She spied him through the damask curtain of his blushes, and graciously held out her hand. “Never mind,” she said, “you did your best. And the spot is nearly well. Are you a minister?” “Why dost ask, sweet one? Hast thou a Romeo concealed, and desirest thou the aid of Holy Church?” *She* let down the crimson curtain then. “No—guess he ain't here about. But if you aren't a minister why do you dress up like that? Speak up. What are you then?” “Britisher.” “Yes, I heard that yesterday, but what's your rank and profession, and what can you do? Guess you're ashamed to let out—guess you're a lawyer, or on a paper, or after hosses, or patching up a book. Guess you'd like to know what I am. We don't mind telling. I'm a student—a first-class Nashville girl. Fine place for learning is Nashville. Girls there are as cute as the men.” “And everywhere,” sighed the Gallynipper. “Yes, but I mean in learning, science and art, and all that kind of thing. Four men had the cheek to come to me last term with offers of tackling gear. Wal, I let 'em have their say, then got 'em in a corner and put the books on to them. Run 'em through Euclid, and they stuck all of a heap, and then finished ‘em with a Greek verb. ‘You ain't up to my 112 standard, young men,’ said I, ‘guess your mothers had best send you to school for a year or two afore you come again.’ They went away cussing and swearing like tom cats tail-piped. Bet they didn't go to school. Ah! 'tis a splendid thing to see women rising up to the top ranks of learning and

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dishing the men. That's my ambition. I've sweated off the grandest prizes in my class in nearly everything. And we do warm up to it, and cram awful! I nearly ended up in a coffin last month. That's why I'm down here—to get my brain a bit steady and pick up flesh. So that I can run straight, and go at it fresh again. I ought to be nine pound heavier. 'Twill be a stiff pull next term; that'll be my last round in this country. I'm going over to Jarmany then, to finish up. Leipzig, that's where I shall be next summer. Lot of Americans there. Hope you'll come to see me.”

“What was that I heard you reading from the classics just now?”

“Classics?—guess you are right there. That's a prize poem of my own—120 feet long —‘The Flame of Love,’ that's it. Beats Longfellow? Wal, just close up. You didn't hear the cream canto. Guess I'll say it over to you in the cool of the evening. Poetry is always best by moonlight. We'll have a game of cro- *kay* now. Shoulder down, will you? Well, you aren't very strong. If I were up to my full measure guess you'd let me upset again, and there would be another spot. More 113 blank verse than rhyme yesterday, I guess. And weren't you blank cartridge when William dropped on to you?”

A rare one she was. We had our game of “cro- *kay*,” games of archery, gay frolics, and pretty things besides. How sweetly that day passed, and how freshly it still lingers in memory!

Gentle budding bachelor, —Ere cruel coils of cradledom are cast around thee and have bound thee to thy fate,—ere rocks the infant restless in its crib, and malice rolls between, —ere the cry of anguish is nightly heard in the sacred precincts of thy chamber, chilling the marrow of thy bones as thou wakest from love's young dream, and “Hushy bilo baby dear,” is bile, and gall, and vineg(e)ar,—ere all this comes, as sure it will, may there be inscribed in thy heart one sweet chord no discord may remove, to bring before thee as a looking-glass her look before the leap. Treasure such as this be thine; may once at least thy lot be even as ours on that poetic day, so it may cheer your drooping soul and wipe the

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dust of dull care from your eyebrows; may birds warble songs of joy and hope in thine ear, sweet flowers of nature soothe thy nose; the shade of silvery beech, and cedar spreading, shield thee from the burning sun. Free from every care, thereunder mayest thou move and take thy ease, enjoy light sport or gambol merry, then in friendly hammock, ready placed, spread thy limbs and rest thy frame, while muslin fair, by fairy woven, protect thy nose from I 114 busy fly. Thus nursed in lap of luxury—comfort all around—thou mayest be fitted good cheer to enjoy. May damsel buxom, trim, and light of toe, smile on thee as thou dost partake of toothsome morsel prepared by cunning hand—nor unrewarded go. In merry frame of mind, when thou art fat and full, ease thy girdle, throw aside thy robe of state, and with graceful step and loving arm (admired by all) lead forth the nymph to sound of harp, and with her tread a measure beneath the greenwood tree.

“O gallantly and gaily, so lordly and so lovely, He put her through the paces of Sir Roger de Coverley.”

And then, oh, measure measureless, she took the Gallynipper through an American hop! What joys are these, ye “Ur#peans”! What are your slow, precise, old joggrots, your antiquated antics, your oglings and liquorings-up by the way, your boasted waltzes, quadrilles, your Tarantella, Saltarella, Golubez, La Cachucha? your minuet, pirouette, galiardo, passepied, rigaudon, polonaise, Jota Aragoneza? What are your Darby and Joanings, your town and country dances, your Siciliano, Scottish reel, Passamezzo, Highland fling, Seguidillas, cushion dance, Maypole, Flora? What are your Jack and Gillings, your Pavan, Polka, Allemande, Umrlec, Mazurka, Chodowska, Rusjaka, Gitana? What your Cossak, Csárdás, Cebell, Courante, Bergamasca, Monferina, Sarabande, Jig? What your Bourée, Gavotte, Chaconne, Brawle, Galoppe, Hornpipe, Fan-dan-go?

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“What profits arm, or leg, or span, Save one can use them like a man,”

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and do an American hop, right leg, left leg, round about, straight ahead, hedge and ditch, spin and span, neck and crop, hook and crook, up again, away they go, two and two, three and three, sixes and sevens, all of a heap, turn and turn, over turned, heads down, limbs up, hips, skips, trips, lips, and shandy gaff between.

Item.—Iced-water 2 Pints.

” Do. lemonade 1 Quart.

” Do. varieties 3 Glasses.

” in the mouth 2.

” Hot rolls in the mouth 2

on the floor 4.

” Cream 2 Gills.

” Melon 9 inches by 7.

” Dough nuts 1 Pottle.

” Candy 10 Cents.

” Other sweets another 5 minutes.

” Champagne she None.

he, all he can get 2½ Bottles.

” Quid the same old one.

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" 1 Total \$49.50

1 This estimate for two highflyers is based on a standard Saratoga hop, calculated the day after it took place, and the figures will be found correct.

Dot and go one, dot and go two, off again, right about, wrong about, straight legs, crooked legs, bandy legs, no legs at all, knock-kneed, knee-knocked, he-knocked, she-knocked, up and down, and all over the shop; rumbling, bumbling, stumbling, tumbling, quivering, withering, shivering timbers right and left; twirling, whirling, curling, furling sails, sorting, porting, I 2 116 courting out and in, larboard, starboard, Peg-hailing, leg-bailing, tack tail, back fail to steer clear, so nose again. Noses bobbing, bosoms throbbing presto, breasto, rest O for the chaste waist and weary sole. Toes again gained—corns and bunions gaining too—in-stepping, out-stepping, quick-stepping, false-stepping, valse-stepping, over they go quaking, making ten rolls, roly-poly-wise. Rolling home, the last fling, heel, toe, one, two, three, hop, skip, a jump and a run, *whiz*, up she goes, up he goes, crack their crowns, and down the house comes to couches, chairs, and fans. "Here, undo my boots —" he undoes her boots, and rises gartered knight, and so on to Supper.

Items—incalculable. Pay up and don't swear.

As surely as there is virtue in the bosom of a dove so is there joy in the jump of a hop. When drooping low in dismal dumps, refuse to "breathe" poetic pumps, and prose falls flat in bilious lumps, and everything is mal-e-grumps, there is nothing like an American hop for putting the system right. It is easy work, too, if you have the right partner. Select the finest of the fine girls (in America they are all fine), and you have but to hold on—she will do all the work. Ay, and if she is properly "fixed," if you have not too great an inclination to the horizontal, and have not had as much as you 117 can get, she will bring you to the winning-post ahead of all other competitors.

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For us Saratoga ankles have lifted, Saratoga waists have yielded, its arms have folded, hearts have melted, smiles have showered, Saratoga throats have swallowed, Saratoga lips have followed, Saratoga bills have waited, Saratoga limbs have helped us up and through all difficulties: in the most orthodox style we have done the whole of the journey, but these things endure not as the impressions of that measure under that memorable greenwood tree with the finish-up in the ball-room among the gallants.

Finish up? lack a day! on the next day the Gallynipper's Dinah too was gone.

She passed away as a sweet spirit going to Pough-keepsie. Tears were in her lovely eyes, poetry burned in her bosom and burst forth in flames; and as hand responded to hand, lip to lip, the last stanza of the "Flame of Love" was being got through, and utterance was choked by the motion, a fiendish chuckle was heard and a rude voice said, "Shunt off there and let the gal alone!" We turned. The silent noun had spoken.

But the pronoun was close upon him and shut him up. Such things happen even in America where liberty of speech is supposed to be unrestricted. She spoke up beautifully, and said, "It is quite right, I like to do the same myself, and so did you when I was a young article; and as for Arethusia, she is an articulated pupil and can do what she likes, that is 118 if I like, and every mother likes to have two pupils in her eye." Was ever the like heard? Yet it was a sensible, states woman like way of doing things. Here was a couple—the Gallynipper and the poetess—who had got on further in two days than they would have done under the old English style of courting in two years. No victuals had been consumed by the young man—not a single dinner—at the family's expense: it would have taken a bullock to have accomplished so much in England, let alone the jams and puddings and the inroads on the old gentleman's cellar. What paterfamilias with his six plain plumpers would not rejoice over the untold treasure that such a domestic economist as this lady pronoun would be in his household? It was more honest too than the English fashion. She spun no web for the Gallynipper, but let the spider go straight at him. All had fair play, but

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there not being time it was a drawn match, and the innings will be played out on some other ground.

Such things as fell to our lot will not be found at the Mammoth Cave every day, but apart from the attractions underground and the possibilities of a burning poem 120 feet long, the Cave Hotel and its neighbourhood more than compensate for the bumping of the seven bra' miles magnified. The building is almost venerable in its quaintness, and the kind of life there is restful rather than restless—quiet, peaceful, dreamy, refreshing—non-American. Just the place, as the poetess said, to get the brain 119 steady and pick up flesh. Those three young Italians who were engaged to support the hops, and who filled the air with sweet, luscious melody from their harp, flute, and violin, had picked up something more than flesh. Born in Italy, and starting on a tour through Europe, a few years of American life had completely de- or re-nationalized them. They could not now even pronounce the name of their mother tongue. Such is the power of American institutions. Like to return to Italy? Not they. America was to them the best place in the world. This is a common opinion among naturalized foreigners in America. A Frenchman at Cave City was lavish in his praises of the Great Republic. We should have loved the Great Republic more if its publics were managed better. On our return to Cave City we found the hotel empty so far as the citadel of carnal things was concerned. There had been an election on, and the place (it was now evening) was demoralized; the nigger was nowhere visible—he may have been engaged in buying fresh “sperians.” One of his brethren was—from two white men. They were fighting it out in the road. It was demonstrated that two whites can make a black—*red*; and one black make two whites—*blue*. At this point a third white was called in and the nigger went to sleep. It is thus that the Great Republic cares for its black insiders' outsides, and for the white outsiders' insides. “You can sit down and wait for the train,” said the hotel proprietor, “but there's nothing else for you. 120 Bet though you can have a bellyful of the same broth as the nigger; guess you wouldn't like it.” We didn't try it, but went out and rummaged shops and stores. One kind woman, after the Gallynipper had kissed her baby, allowed him to purchase a bottle of lemonade and two biscuits, the next comer, a

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Yankee, following a few minutes later, and neglecting this point of etiquette, could obtain nothing; at another place a box of sardines was doled out. A great feast awaited us at the Frenchman's shop—he had a piece of cheese, and a tin of ginger snaps, and allowed us a free use of the pump. We could get nothing more till we reached Cincinnati next morning. The Americans took these things, as they take all their *national* discomforts, as a matter of course, with little or no grumbling. Their grumbling and fault-finding begin on leaving their own country. We once met a party of Americans in Iceland on their return from a nine days' ride into the interior. They were furious with the country and the people. “I tell you what it is, sir,” were the words of one of them, “I've travelled nearly over the world, I have slept out among the wild Inyuns, but I have never been through anything so awful as in this ride.” This gentleman expected that the poorest country in the known world, where even vice is as scarce as virtue is in America, and where existence is a hard life-struggle both for man and beast, should provide hotels at every stage, and all the comforts and luxuries of New York and Saratoga—for the few straggling, 121 grumbling, unappreciative, ungrateful, abusive tourists who visit it.

Our own experience of the world is that nowhere is food so plentiful as in America; and nowhere in travelling is one so likely to be left without food. And what there is, is often unpalatable. Quantity *ad libitum* , quality *ad nauseam* —or none at all, is the disorder of things. To the long-journey trains a dining car is irregularly attached, in which a variety of ill-cooked food is supplied after the manner of the proverbial stale eggs of girls' boarding-schools,

“Three times a day.”

If that New York gentleman and his brethren of the press, would use their influence in inducing their countrymen to turn their splendid, critical powers on their own institutions, they would be more favourably criticised themselves, and their own criticisms would be valued. But America appears to aim at being first in all things, including nuisances. In some places the latter aim has been reached.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Odoriferous.

There are smells in Cincinnati.

CHAPTER IX.

Terrific speed takes the Gallynipper to Washington, where he suffers from drought—an unknown quantity puts him right; he witnesseth love-making at an altitude of 396 feet and thinks of his mother-in-law that was to be, then continues his journey and indulges in Brotherly Love.

The country between Grafton and Washington ranks among the most beautiful in the United States: picturesque forests, valleys, rivers, and mountains, are a rich treat after a long journey over dreary plains. The travelling too was smarter, *and we actually went forty miles an hour—sometimes!* We heard a great deal of another bit of line where even yet greater speed is attained. So America is coming to the front even in locomotion. When will it in wash-basins? It is true that some of the railway-cars contain lavatories, but the arrangements are unpleasant and inconvenient, and the towels or towel on duty soon require a holiday. Between these and the hotels the traveller's course is generally in a kingdom of dirt.

“Want to wash *here*? Well I'm blessed. There ain't any place here, for that. Slip in inside the bar, and you can have a dip with the knives and forks. 124 Can't do any more for you.” This was the only Water Act in operation at one of the stations of the famous place, where the washing of the American “dirty linen” is done. We felt angry and vicious. Then mirth came in and upset, and anger became mirth, and mirth anger. Mirth original was an unknown quantity. How she got in the car we cannot tell—perhaps the car was built over her. But she came out with the run and rolled over; and lay on her back as turtles do sometimes, admiring the beautiful scenery upward. The gallant Gallynipper went to the

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rescue. There were some soldiers also present, and they helped. And the marine pulled one way, the infantry another way, the artillery a third way, the Gallynipper every way. There was much weight and waiting, till with a long, strong, one-way-all-around, every-way-that-could-be-found-pull, we got her up on the perpendicular. That is how we raised her up after she went down, and true it is that the downward course is easier than the upward. It was a stiff job, and we took out our handkerchiefs and wiped the perspiration from our brows. Then tried to look dry, and began to admire her dimensions. "How much should you think?" said the marine. "How much?" echoed the unknown quantity, "Want to be paid do you? Well, here's something for you, 'twas for me and the children, but never mind." And she opened a bag and gave us each a dime's worth of candy as a keepsake. That was all we got for our trouble.

125

The fat lady was not the only large thing in Washington. Everything there, indeed, barring merchandise, is on a large scale, large even for America. The site of the city is superb, and that of the Capitol unique. We can imagine what our St. Paul's is, on looking at the American Capitol. This is one of the many things in which the Americans improve on other nations. Their public buildings (excepting churches) are not only on a scale of surpassing magnificence, but they are so built as to be seen to advantage. The dome of the Capitol is really four feet lower than St. Paul's, but it appears to be much higher. We periodically get pickled with a lot of preserved, rotten rant about the commanding site of Trafalgar Square. It would be a ditch in Washington.

Inside the Capitol we see America laying claim to a history. A history of glory and triumph, calculated to make the Briton gnash with rage. We see how the Declaration of Independence was signed: how Burgoyne surrendered and was treated like a gentleman, and how it was all finished up by sending Lord Cornwallis off as he was accustomed to send people off himself, with a flea in his ear. Then there is the baptism of Pocahontas, and many other colossal paintings, some artistically of high merit. But we swallowed it all without feeling one bit angry or humbled, and if we used a spittoon it was more by way

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of signifying approval of American institutions than as an expression of 126 contempt. Greatest among these institutions must be classed spittoons. They abound everywhere, but nowhere are they so numerous as in the Capitol. Even the past are not forgotten. The Indian custom of furnishing the departed is vastly improved on. The Americans erect statues to their great men and give every statue a spittoon. As if

“E'en in death They spit and brag.”

The arrangements and conveniences of the Capitol appeared to be superior to St. Stephen's, and there is an air of superb grandeur about everything which ought to make all other nations feel as pigmies.

And there was Cupid in proportion to crown all. Not one of the twelve-inch dummy affairs with the complexion coming off in blisters, but a fine fellow of six feet with jackboots and a noble beard. A Cupid who could talk, and who held in his arms a talking Venus. That was what they were doing when we broke in on their devotions at an altitude of 396 feet 4 inches, on the cast-iron dome with the copper roof. And that is the place for a magnificent prospect, for a prospect as hopeful and unbounded as young love in its full intoxication can dream of.

But it takes more than that height to turn a Yankee girl's head. Or her heart. A big bag of dollars will bring her nose round in no time, and then she will steer beautifully. But this aspirant had not half enough, nay, was evidently hard up. He thought hat, “If her Pa loaned him \$100,” they might begin. 127 She did not think so. That was the question. He could not settle it to her satisfaction, and so she gave him “another six months.” O foolish virgins of England, learn ye a lesson from the wise virgins of America. So shall ye save yourselves and others from much misery.

The Gallynipper took a final peep downward, just to settle a question on behalf of his mother-in-law that was to be. Namely, how long in this non-crinoline period it would take her to reach the bottom, supposing she had a good start. He could not clear it quite, and

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went off to Baltimore trying to work it out. There he solved the problem, and selected a spot for a monument which will increase the fame of Baltimore as "The Monumental City" and perhaps effect as much good as some of its many charitable institutions.

Leaving Baltimore, which in commercial greatness has taken the shine out of Washington, New York and Boston, we landed in the city which for area takes the shine out of all other cities in the United States, and in population is outshone only by New York. Truly, "The thieves are no match for the Quakers." But the two combined are unmatched. *Vide* that unique specimen, who thieved without quaking and quaked without thieving, and yet was the great *friend* of mankind. So much so, that his name still lives and is honoured. But America is not content with the name, but is crying aloud for his bony part, as that of a bonus homo, who exactly two hundred years ago 128 founded in a pious, Quakerly manner, without any boning, this magnum bonum now before us. And they are making no small bones over the matter, when they would do much better to let them continue. As we desire that "BROTHERLY LOVE" may continue, and increase, and grow, and widen some of its streets, but never lose any of its quaintness, nor the old English charm which lingers in some of its quarters, nor the uncomfortable chair in Independence Hall, in which those naughty boys sat and wrote a very improper letter to their Ma, and rung a triple-bob-major over it, from a bell which spoke out clear and strong, and set the bells a ringing in England and America like mad. That tenor still lives and tells how for every English ding it gave a dong, and ended by ringing the visitors out of the country. As all such bunglers deserve to be rung out, neck and crop.

Likewise we desire that the fine park spoiled, of Fairmount, may continue, but that nature may be allowed to have its own way more, and that the Centennial Exhibition Buildings may remain till next time, and meantime often exhibit such lovely ankles as we saw there at the grand hop, and these are the kind of operas we like best. The beautiful Priscillas, too, who do not like to show off their legs inside, but who will smile at Britishers from their pretty bonnets outside, may they live long, and may there be a perpetual succession of

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the same kind. And now if Brotherly Love is to continue, we must go on, for New York is getting jealous.

CHAPTER X.

The Gallynipper begins to speak out, and the Yankees get their pie warmed; Jerry the Liar turns him round but gets smashed by Bill Briggs.

The art of skimming is part of the American's nature, and in New York meet the skim and scum of the earth, the best and the worst, the fine gold and the brass, the marble and the mud, the cream and the curds, the saint and the sinner.

A dish there is, dear to the stomachs of Devonians, it is made in a wonderful way, of a little of many things, and is called a squab pie. New York is a squab pie, a big squab pie. It does not smell bad (for America) nor look uninviting (to the lover of bricks and mortar). As to the cooking, in some parts it is overdone, in others underdone, extremes of tastes meet, but there is a middle course, and though even this is, as the rest, ultra-artificial, yet if it were otherwise it would not be natural, not American. Judged from this point, it is a wonder and a success. To judge it from any other point would not be doing it justice. The American corn cannot be measured by the foreign bushel, however capacious that bushel may be. Many scoffing critics come and go, and abuse it for what it is not, we would rather praise it for what it is. In passing judgment, the object of the thing is the thing to go by.

Now the object of New York is to enable its citizens to attain the two great objects of American citizenship, dollars and pleasure. This ruling passion governs all civilized nations more or less; but in America it rages and consumes life to such an extent as to amaze the people on this side of the pond. The pace of our cities is undoubtedly too fast; in America it is terrific: and as that is the fastest country, so is New York the fastest city in the world. (We do not use the term in a naughty sense.) Beauty exists everywhere, but it is the beauty of utility. Bearing this definition in mind, and *keeping on our Yankee spectacles*

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, we admire everything, even the elevated railways in the streets, with trains running on a level with drawing-room windows night and day, and the Central Park, where nature is dished up with such art as to be no longer recognizable.

Admiration needs not the spectacles in the Broadway, the grand and robust, with its stately business palaces, with its wild multitudes and rushing traffic, rolling along in a torrent larger and swifter than any other city in the world can show. Nor in the elegant and aristocratic Fifth Avenue, with its four miles of piety, and princely villas and mansions—the American Belgravia, whose daughters are as high-priced 131 as in proud England—yet whose exclusiveness is being invaded by the demon of business. Many other things also are there to admire—the smart, gentlemanlike Town Marshals—bucks of fashion, who parade with a cane in their hands and a Speaker and Ready-reckoner in their pockets, who wear the air of Cabinet Ministers, and seem more fitted to legislate than to administer; who indeed are active politicians, and do the running-in business accordingly. And we have known it done, and a broken law squared by an amended bill, and the matter settled out of court within the space of three blocks; and that is the way to clear streets and amend broadways, whereat the judges are thankful. The emblems of the narrow way too—the chaste and chiselled marble Cathedral of St. Patrick, in its “robes of purest whiteness,” the most beautiful of all churches on the American continent—which would be more beautiful still if its roof were as high as the doctrine, and the doctrine as elevating as the roof; its protesting sister-church of Trinity, wisdom mixed with wealth,—wealth enough to found and maintain in agitation and drink a dozen Liberation Societies, but whose endowments find a better end—its famous Memorial Reredos, famous more for its cost (£20,000) than for its artistic value, whatever Americans may think (and we have not the spectacles on now). Also the spire which adorns the church and sheds grace all around where grace is much needed, which points the way to heaven, and the 10-cent K 2 132 way to the best view of earth beneath: betwixt which is the one spot in New York where the climate is pleasant in July and August.

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The remaining 500 churches of all denominations, at every one of which “the visitor is sure of a polite reception,”—alive or dead—as in the latter case the notice-boards do show, whereon may be learnt the name of the sexton and undertaker and where to find him, but rarely the name of the church. Of these, *one* requires not to be named, for *grace* abounds in everything but in the roof, which is as low as the doctrine, and though the latter may not be the worse for that, the building is, and this is the common fault of American churches.

Another temple there is, which affords glorious evidence of the wealth and position of the despised race—of that people, who are often found practising virtues which Christians only preach, as well as a great many others equally worthy, which Christians do not even profess, and who with the poor Turk would be much better if not so incessantly damned and pillaged.

But oh! most admirable of all New York institutions, those dear friends of man, who everywhere abound, how can we express except in their own language, their devotion to strangers and the kindness we received from their profession? Those touts we mean, mean toads of trade, who turn you in and turn you out, and up and down and round about, and rat-tat-tat you on the shoulder, and lay their limbs on 133 yours, two before and ten behind, till your tailor sings out limbo, and you do too. They sing all sorts of songs, and leading motives, worked underhand, work you into a Nibelung's ring, and lungs go it, and all nibble at the same time, and you cannot get out of the ring for the false-ringing, dollar-dinning, cently-sinning sounds which rattle on the sounding-board of your pericranium. *Coney Island* and *Rockaway* combine in leading you astray. *Long Branch* and *Sandy Hook* sauce you with the same book. *Brighton New*, *Flushing* too, like prowling wolves they woo. Crack the tympanum of your doubly pained ear as all the rest of the motley crew fall with *Babylon* and strike you in the rear. You rear up, and fresh again they spin their yarns, spin them long and spin them short, and the long and short is, if you are a Briton, you shorten up and hit right out and find yourself in the wrong box, anywhere but where you would go. Still on they go, but not where you would send them, for they want to send you elsewhere

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by the best route, and singly every route is the best, and altogether they are all bad. You single out one, and five are singled out, and over all again you go, and time is gone and the steamer is going, and—"You'll be late—you won't be late—there's plenty of time—there ain't—there are—Bill, you're a liar—you're another—" (but they won't fight it out) —"she's a bad boat—she's a beauty—an old tub—bran new—a tin kettle—a tinker's cuss—go to the blacksmith—this beats her—screw is loose—get out 134 she's wheels—boss is screwed—skipper's aft—this is temperance boat—he ain't temperance—he is—he ain't, cuss you—" (and Bill is something else)—"he's picnic—he's excursion—all women there—all babies there—awful row—awful mess—you'll have three sitting on you—you'll have to sit on three—there'll be a verdict on you—you'll be tried for man-slaughter—bet she'll bust—bet she won't—boiler's going—steam is up—stoker's dead—you're leaking—hold yer jaw—you'll be drowned—you won't be drowned—he wants to do you—don't trust him—you'll be robbed—you'll sink—you'll swim—you are afloat—you'll be burnt—you'll be smothered—there are rats in the saloon—there arn't rats and you're bugs—sharks will have you—you'll never come back—you'll never get there—you'll stick in the mud—she's off, bedad—she ain't bedad—hands off, he's my passenger—he's going to Rockaway—he ain't going to Rockaway—Coney Island's cheapest—he's *Ocean Grove*, temperance—Rockaway—Coney Island, twenty-five cents—Rockaway—here you are—fifty cents—Coney Island—Rockaway—Ocean Grove—Con—Rock—Ocean—"

(*Fourth party*) "Shunt off there with yer ass's jaw—and let the gentleman to me. Arn't yer ashamed of blasting your lies off in bundles like that! blister your tongues, I say. Stranger! I'll put you right—I'm an honest man—on an honest company—and on the word of an honest man and an honest company this is the only 135 safe boat on the river; she's only four months new—her engines are of the very best material and with all the latest improvements; her boilers are double lined—and there are two extra men to watch the safety-valves. Her crew are all sober, steady men—the mate is a class-leader—captain knows Sankey's book by heart—and his wife can make a fine prayer. It's an honour, sir, to ride in such a boat, and sure your honour will ride—you'll never regret it all the days of

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your life—and you'll live longer for it—and I am sure you look a gentleman, every button all over. It's only seventy-five cents, and the scenery is of the very best that can be had—the water is the bluest in the country, and as clear as gin—and I should like to have the honour of drinking your honour's health. I have a guide-book which cost 50 cents, but you shall have it for a dime. By the breath of the Hudson, and the corner of Sandy Hook, she's as clean as a whistle; there ain't an unlawful animal on board—nor is there one blessed baby, except a few, and they are as quiet as lambs, and ken behave well; every one has got his own nurse tied up to him. You might as well cut your throat or be Daniel in with the lions as go in any of them darned old boats—they're coffins—and—”

(*Chorus of touts*) “ *O you liar, Jerry* —only hear him! Coffins! bedad, if the rope hadn't broke *he'd* been in a coffin. He's the great Hudson liar—Jerry the liar—he's only just out of jail. Look at his hat—look at his boots—look at his hair—look at his legs—look 136 at his breeches! Yah, Jerry the liar! Jerry the liar!”

(*J. the L.*) “Shunt off there now, or I'll land you a slap-jack. I am as good as any of *you*. You varmint—you reptile—you toad—you sneak—you're a mean cuss, Bill Briggs.”

(*Chorus*) “Hear that, Bill Briggs! If you stand that we'll turn you out. Stand back there—give 'em room—break him, Bill!” And then it is all Billingsgate; they slip off coats and slip into it and you slip out of it, with perhaps your coat off too, still thankful for what is left, and rightly you seek a pump, or fresh pumps as the leavings may be, and so we leave them with—God save our Queen, and keep her from such knaves and knavish tricks.¹

¹ This is a bit of real experience of the touting fraternity of New York.

Tout au contraire , those marvellous conglomerations of mind and matter which make up American hotels—triumphs of intelligent organization and skilful administration, where all inquiries within and without can be satisfied for \$4 or \$5 a day, and where they manage

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things better, at least inside, and on all sides the Windsor needs no touting. Thus admiring and admired, in fresh pumps clad, once again—

“Wonders sure will never cease While works of art do so increase.”

“ *Ri too ral loo ral loo ral loo* ,” so rout about tout and *one tout more* , Jerry the liar is on the floor, and we are at Coney Island at last, where we see how, 137 by skimming, a swamp has been converted into the most popular of the city resorts; whither on some seasonable days 200,000 dirty democrats come to wash and otherwise divert themselves, as seemeth right in their own eyes, even to scratch rifle practice on the thoroughfares, which did not seem right to us strangers; but we suppose it is a part of the liberty proclaimed “throughout the land and to every inhabitant thereof.” *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori* —but it was not our country and we loved not the bullets which flew around us, no more than the wild animals in the Central Park Zoo love the sticks which fly around them, and the propping-up which they get from visitors—and this is another indication of the general liberty enjoyed. The day we were at Coney Island over 100,000 people came from the city and returned—some of them sober.

Speaking without our spectacles Coney Island is an unsavoury bed of sand, four and a half miles long—a desert but for the buildings thereon—surrounded by a sea which would look beautiful were it not for Coney Island. But its *usefulness* is immense. So is that of Rockaway, another converted desert. A speculator purchased 12,000 acres of sand-heaps here some twenty years ago for £130. Recently a small slice sold for £40,000: on that slice stands “the largest hotel in the world,” with a dining-room capable of making 6,000 persons uncomfortable at one time. And these are but two of the many seaside pleasure places encircling New York. In the 138 city itself gaiety and pleasure is pursued with almost an equal energy to business, and with a persistence grandly feminine. Pleasure everywhere, amongst all, at all times, Sundays especially.

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The places of worship were fairly well filled with devout congregations, though it must have been a great self-denial to them to go so long without a spittoon. The “use,” however, includes fans—that is, the people who bring them, and many of them do, men and women may use them when they like. We remember an English fledgeling (it was in pious Clapham) pulling up in his sermon to administer a severe rebuke to a dear, harmless, old lady for presuming to fan herself during his spasmodic discourse. That young man will probably never alter his views unless perchance he reaches an American pulpit—a school where he would learn more than he could teach.

It is difficult to tell from the outside of the New York churches to what branch they belong. But when we were pulled up short at the entrance to one and asked for ten cents, we knew where we were. “Won't it do if we pay inside?” suggested we to the Peterpence-man. “Not our style,” said he, “we like to make sure, so *out with your dime.*” High mass was on; the congregation were listless, but otherwise well-behaved; the female portion of the choir so-so—these, with five men, sat in the west gallery. The music was Mozart improved; voices were sometimes in time and tune; the organ, a large instrument, was loudly played 139 by a large lady. The “fine music” of Grace Church (Protestant Episcopal) was sufficiently simple to enable any one to join in who felt disposed—but the congregation seemed to be suffering from general indisposition or respectability. It is early yet to expect a native composer from descendants of a people who have not (however much they try to fool themselves and the public) so far produced more than they have: but in England, at least native *executive* talent is equal to that of any country. American vocal efforts have only reached the noisy stage; the greatest of all musical charms, the “still small voice,” is almost unknown—perhaps because the great people object to sing small when they do sing. One of the bad things which they have copied is that of the introduction of the quartet choir into the churches, the very worst form of religious hypocrisy existing in England, that form, we mean, which may be found in more than one London church, where for lucre's sake parsons, damn themselves and their congregations by desecrating to concert-rooms

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sacred buildings, and, gathering together silly women and sillier men, treat them to a musical entertainment under the guise of Divine worship.

The American clergy have not the excuse of their English brethren—of not being able to preach. And that sorry spectacle of half the audience trooping out directly the concert is over, leaving the preacher struggling to be heard for the first few minutes of his hypocritical utterances, is not common in 140 American churches. American Bishops we could name who, as preachers, might rank with the best in the English Church. The “Protestant Episcopal Church of America” though comparatively a small body, is growing fast, and is by some looked forward to as the democratic Church of the aristocratic future, as it was and is the aristocratic Church of the democratic past and present. Its pride of birth proved the greatest impediment to early growth, and brought on heavy misfortunes. Yet these very misfortunes seem likely eventually to prove its greatest fortune. Adversity often purifies and strengthens where prosperity would corrupt and weaken. Planted by a body which comprises under some mystic symbols all that should be comprised within the Church of England or any other Church, its cradle was carefully and lovingly rocked by its English nurse for the first fourscore years of its existence. Then suddenly rude hands were laid on the cradle, the nurse was dismissed, and a rocking ensued which would have shaken the life out of a less hardy infant. Its days of soothing-syrup were over—the crackling of thorns in the pot was heard, and with the crack of doom came in drastic measures. Hot water, cold water, ditch water, and many other of the precious balms of puritanism poured on it; smothered instead of mothered, squeezed, pinched, threatened, scolded, slapped, scourged, starved, pillaged, boycotted, scowled at, stabbed, trampled on, imprisoned, the storm of passion whirled over it, 141 invaded its sanctuaries, tore down its altars, laid waste its dwelling-places and left it in an awful mess. But the cradle, though shattered, survived the storm—and the infant survived the cradle, and, left to itself, found its way out of the convulsions into which it had been thrown, and did so without the aid of any doctor. It took time to settle down, and get its house in order; but architecturally the loss was a gain, and like the new and restored buildings which arose, its whole

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constitution was strengthened and hardened, and the Church became like the nation, free and independent. This was in the good old times when our good old grandfathers' goodness was measured by the zeal and earnestness with which they sent good people to bad places. Ah me! it is all over with them, the shadows and realities, and maybe they are now tuning up their harps above to much more purpose than they used to tune up the Old Hundredth down below, and are thinking what a power of singing they wasted, how awfully out of time they were, and how absurdly they used to wander off the Christian gamut, and get playing the wrong tune. Yes, the old gentleman is a skilful musician, he has always a large stock of tunes and instruments in hand, and even now there are many pious melodists who would be surprised if they knew whose fiddle they were playing. "Even now?" No, this is wrong, for of course there are no such dreadful mistakes nowadays—no roasting of Jews and mauling of Turks, no Christians cutting one another's throats, and engaging in open 142 competition in cursing; the Catholic Roman no longer leads off with damnation for all who differ from him; Dissenter follows not suit and meets him half-way; the Central Trunk, proud in her position, and with more pride than charity, and more charity than the other branches, does not hit out right and left at both of them in self-defence, protesting the while. In short, we are all religiously tolerable instead of intolerably religious; there are no such things as religious differences, no persecution and imprisonment of unwisely good men, no Church Association or Countercheck Quarrelsomes; "Catholic" sympathies are not confined to its parish, or, maybe, a section of the parish, and good people do not hate one another like the devil.

Still if the religion of persecution or of percussion has not yet died out, we are bound to testify that there is less brimstone wasted in this way in America than in any other country in which brimstone is in circulation. In religious toleration at least the great Republic now comes nearest the millennium. So far as the Mother Church of England and its daughter Church of America are concerned, the millennium may be said to have long existed. They have always played the right tune and the right fiddle, whatever variations the two countries may have indulged in; and the harmony produced by their efforts has been

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largely instrumental in resolving the discord from the noisy music and fearful fugues of the two first 143 fiddling nations in the world. The part which the old English Missionary Society has played in the history and settlement of America is gratefully and affectionately appreciated there, but is not realized in England. Few here know how much it has done to promote the bond of union between the two countries. May its first-born continue to pipe peace and good-will in the streets and plains, on the rivers, lakes, mountains, the prairies, and in the plantations, away among the wild Indians, and the yet wilder Mormons, and all the other wild folk, taming the wild passions of its own offspring, and proclaiming the true liberty “throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof.” Ay, and keep a fiddle or two going in Greece, and Africa, in China, Japan, in Hayti and Mexico, so that in time the whole world may resound with the *music of the future*.

Standing on the ruins of the whirlwind of revolution, and peering into dim futurity, what prophetic eye would have ventured to predict for the enfeebled infant Church such a glorious present, and the yet more glorious future now in view? Strong, where before weak, and weak where before strong, “travelling in the greatness of its strength,” rejoicing in a splendid organization with its sixty-five bishops—every one of whom is a thorough go-ahead American, who needs not a princely palace nor a princely income for going ahead—its sound is going forth into all lands and its words unto the end of the world. 144 It has its work cut out then? Ay, indeed it has, and, shades of Dorcas, how the 600 were cutting it out! and stitching up, and finishing too, “seam and gusset and band,” long clothes, short clothes, upper clothing, clothes unmentionable. We must not say too much about it, as it was a privileged peep behind the curtain. But we cannot help expressing our admiration, our highest admiration, for what we saw and heard, and for what we did not understand as well as that which we did. “The Women's Auxiliary” is an insufficient name for the work which it accomplishes. It affords employment for the spare and unsparing energies of 600 of the best families in New York, is a strongly organized body, and strong minds flourish in its ranks. Its object is to supply the poorer Missionary clergy with clothing for themselves and their families. Annually these happy men go over their quiverful, and their over-full

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quivers, and measure down their immeasurable wants on paper, and somehow or other a big box turns up just in time, containing everything desired. The fit would perhaps be considered a little roomy or tight in Fifth Avenue or Saratoga, but it matters not out West. In this way Missionaries are supported in places where otherwise there would be none, and olive-branches flourish. After their annual packing the dear ladies sit down in the chair of charity and rest a while, chewing the cud of contentment. Then they have meetings, and cry a great deal over the heart—and pocket-stirring 145 letters of thanks which come to them from pater and mater Missionary.

Wonderfully emotional and kindly good are these Americans, with all their supposed cold, critical, calculating consciences. Sisters, old maids, matrons of England, it is a libel, then have more heart than you. Ah! if you could have listened to the pretty speeches from yet prettier mouths, and the excitement and emotion produced by the prettiest mouthpiece of all, an Archdeacon's from somewhere near the North Pole—whose many years of service there was nothing less than heroic. (And so the Americans thought, and guessing he would be a capital draw, and they always guess right, they borrowed and run him for their own purposes.)—Well, if you could have witnessed the effect of his simple, unadorned story, and seen how the roll of agitation came over them, and dollars flew out of wifely pockets present, and followed from husbandly pockets absent, you would come out yourselves with a dollar instead of a three-penny piece next Sunday, and with an extra shilling for thinking so meanly of your American cousins.

In viewing and interviewing these lovely Annuals, we have adopted the true blue English sight, and turned on the full light of criticism. They have stood the test and come out still more lovely. But when we turn to review the New York Dailies, we must resume our rose-coloured, Yankee spectacles, or we shall not be able to see. With such truly famous Monthlies as Scribner's and Harper's, why is it that L 146 the lying, daily truthfals are so scrubby and stingy-looking? Is it that they tell such crackers, that the compositors for very shame pack them in small breeches? Or are there so many crackers that small shot must be used in firing them off? In any case, the form has a mean, unattractive countenance

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—the resemblance to a London Daily is that of a sprat to a salmon. But dip inside, and you will find more salmon in the American sprats than sprats in the English salmon—ay, and all kinds of fish besides. Very queer fish, and maybe the sea-serpent itself. For, as a representative of the father of lies is kept on the staff, there need be no lack of serpent lore. It is towards the end of July, when the thermometer is working up to 100, that brilliant imagination flashes out in its full brilliancy. Then random shooting begins, the longest of long bows is drawn, and roaring liars rule the roast. How grand some of these lies would look in pica type instead of blushing in non-pareil. Peradventure some day a cunning hand will compile a pretty story-book, and princely Appleton, or other pushing publisher, will burst on the world with all the glory of gilt, illumination, and folio.

In spite of the delicious morsels, the highly seasoned dishes of every variety of virtue and what is not virtuous, of all that is noble, and pure, and true, and all that isn't, and the lovely puddings contained in these paper feasts, they could not possibly obtain customers in England in their present dress. What would our good old English country gentleman 147 say if he saw such a beggarly, villanous-looking newspaper on his breakfast-table? Forget his manners, no doubt. What would our British workman, town or country-born, do if such a thing were thrust under his nose? Show that his manners, too, make the man, and use the same unusable word. And cabby and coster would spit on it, and patron of *penny awful* would pass it by; the morning herring would not be found in it, nor the midday loaf, nor evening steak; in it the drayman's pasty would refuse to bask, nor would "Dorset" condescend. "Chester" would not seek its flavour. Sausage would reject its favour. Larded bacon would melt with shame if found beneath its shade. Snuffless dip its aid would spurn, even pork its tail would turn. The railway porter would whistle at it, the *gamin* would not vend it in the streets, and the midnight shades of Pimlico would not re-echo with its cry. With scorn would Belgrave trample on it, the dustman would leave it behind, the cook would burn it, and after three weeks its editor would shut up shop and hang himself, the sub would cut him down and hang instead, and all the office would go hang on other pegs, for there would be no sale but selling up by a bill of sale on the furniture.

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Here we find our spectacles have been slipping off, and we have forgotten about the *beauty of utility* , which we professed to admire so much at the start. We will not put them on again—they will not be required. L 2

CHAPTER XI.

We go on the Hudson, and hear a good deal about the ladies, and learn what Gallynippers are.

We are now in the face of the beauty of the picturesque, of nature in her loveliest robes, unsullied, unimproved by the hand of man. We are on the Hudson! Who knows what that means? He that does not should undo himself and learn.

Ye who have floated down the stately rivers and swelling streams which flow in other lands, be it the St. Lawrence great, or the fair and lovely Rhine, the rolling waters of the Amazon, the turbid ooze of the Orinoco, the rush of the sacred Ganges, the Hooghly or the Nile—O Abana and Pharpar, are not the waters and banks of the Hudson more lovely than these? We will not say they are, we will not say they are not. Odious comparisons we will not make nor quote. Minute descriptions would here be out, as all such have been in all other books that are yet out, but, tribute to the tributary, the Hudson is a goddess of beauty, fit to be the bride of any water-god that flows. Who would not take this “daily” 149 daily: stage and run its water-course, and read, and run, and back again, and seek to find, and find it so, a taste of Paradise below, drink in its store of golden lore, golden sights, and golden sounds, and lock it up in memory's treasury to bright and cheer the dreary hour in melancholy lands?

How we took it in and read it that day, and our bosom and imagination expanded! Yea, even to the fifth button of bondage. Our ears, too, heard things, strange things, strangely out of place among strangers. We were sitting on a friendly chair in a corner. They too

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were on friendly chairs and friendly terms, and having a friendly chat. They may have thought we were asleep, or lost in contemplation of space. We weren't.

Ladies dear, in every sphere, words of warning hear. Beware of meek, innocent-looking young men dressed in blue eyes, large heads, and small bodies: who are fond of drinking milk and water, and sitting in corners, of playing soft tunes all the week, and singing Psalms on Sunday. Who blush when spoken to, and never seem to know, who look so mildly blue and so greenly good. Trust them not, be dumb in their presence, smile not on them, display not ankle, pass them on the high heel hop, for they are the very gayest of gay deceivers. They are Gallynippers.

Neither more nor less, and the less you try to sit on them the better, for worse than thorn's or needle's point the waspish things will penetrate, and with 150 anguish torn, your inmost soul will rue the day you ever tried them for a stool. *These* dear ladies did not sit down on us—Americans are too well behaved for that. They may pluck a goose-quill now and then, rub the polish here and there to see how far it goes, or scratch the surface just to see what is underneath, and if, as sometimes happens, there is nothing but emptiness, so much the worse for the fool, whose—

“Wit invites you by his looks to come, But when you knock it never is at home.”

But the rudeness of contempt, or of using other people for cushions, they are rarely guilty of, unless contempt and cushion invite. Then indeed they can quickly squash the offender and the brightest light of the day, the brilliant luminary of æshetic twiddle twaddle is as easily snuffed out as the tallow dip of twiddle twiddle twee.

Our experience in travelling has been extensive and thorough: we have hobnobbed with hobs and nobs of many varieties: of nearly every nation, and shade of colour— with the washed, perfumed, painted, powdered, polished, pedigreed, highly decorated, electroplated, gilded, nicked, brazen; the finest velvet, broad-cloth and silk; and with the unwashed and all the rest of them backwards down to the tattooed and fig-leafed,

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with Popes Pius abroad and Popes Puritan at home, and Popes who are neither here nor there, but are out of it altogether, from the very highest degree of quality down to the 151 lowest degree of none at all, the very best company to the very worst, the medium and the so-so. Indeed, to make a clean sweep, with specimens of all the queer lot of animals, cracked, half cracked, and cracking, comprising the happy family of humanity—and we would say that though exceptional individuals may be found, yet that altogether there are no such courteous, intelligent and agreeable travelling companions as Americans—especially the ladies. These are our conclusions, and our ears heard that our fellow-travellers had arrived at the same, though by a shorter cut. They had not seen, nor were seeing, so much even of their own country as ourselves, but they had been to Europe and knew a power of things about Rome and Paris, many of which were quite new to us. They had kissed the toe of the Pope, before, forgetting that there was a toe waiting for them behind, which they sorely felt when they got back to their Bethesda. It was almost made a subject of voting whether they should be kicked out of the community, but there happened to be a debt on the chapel just then, so after the first performance the minister took off his boots and went to bed, and next day the debt could not be found. Truly “there is nothing like leather.”

“But mother, guess I would do it again if I had the chance, even if it cost me my dowry. 'Twas jest lovely, it was, coming after the romance of the fever, when I felt pious all over.” This was the chief speaker of the party, the favourite and favoured 152 daughter, and these were some of her experiences. If she had not left her heart behind her, she had her hair, and until a fresh crop had grown she was doomed to wear a wig. Her Ma did not wear a wig exactly, but nature and art met on her crown and shone on her eyebrows. We learnt how those wavy curls were made to lie down flat on the brow of American ladies, and what was the best kind of gum to use. Mysteries, too, about other things lying flat, or round, or whichever way was required—how to tone down a large waist, and bring out a neat ankle, how much of the latter ought to show at home and how much abroad; what shams English ladies were, and how they are padded like bolsters, and are frightfully jealous of the fine

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chests of the Americans; the secret of rigging for a hop, and what a time it takes to get safely “fixed.”

We heard all about it, but we will not tell all. Nevertheless, our confidence in English ladies is entirely gone. We did think there was some part of them genuine; but according to the oracles they are simply a bad make-up of scraps, and it is all true of course what these tongues said. It was very enjoyable, more so than the Hudson—at least to some of the company.

With loveliest robes bedecked, Heaven and earth in responsive welcome; the glowing stream of crystal purity, the glorious river banks, the point, the headland, the bay, the rocky palisades, the swelling hills and mountains, the nestling valleys, 153 the smiling cities and villas, the rich and verdant foliage, the merry orchards, the silvery cedars, these with all their beauties springing up with joy to greet the crowned monarch of the firmament, their great illuminator—as the face of the maiden lights up at the presence of her lover, and the music of her soul finds expression in—“O mother, I've got a bladder on my tongue.”

That is how she came in and shut up our musing. We were perorating up to ask what are all these beauties to the cutting of a corn or the cooking of a steak. This is the point we had been talked to—from toe to nose—and she had bowed up and bowed down, and she bobbed her head and bowed around, and her panniers bowed, and our Andalusia was gone—gone to see how soon it would be ready. And her friends were smacking their lips and sniffing the fragrant whiff of odoriferous onion, with longing look sublime at the saloon door, while others were looking for sublimity elsewhere, when sublimity was knocked in the head altogether, stools upset, company upset, gravity, dignity, pathos and piety.

“Put out your tongue, my dear, let's see,” said Mamma. “Poor dear, she's been on too much. Uncle John, hev yew got a scissors?” Then Uncle John comes up with his sniper snee and offers to cut off the bladder. The tongue is held out to its full measure. Uncle John whets the blades, wipes them on his trousers, tries them on a wisp of his boy's 154

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hair, then turns up his coat-sleeve, puts back his hat, adjusts his quid, blows his nose, looks solemn, eyes the tongue some time, and withdraws his hand and whets the blades again. It is an important affair. Excitement increases, a crowd collects, a girl is having her tongue cut off—that is the rumour.

Once more Uncle John approaches—the girl is plucky, never flinches—out flies her tongue—the blade creeps up—the sublime moment has come—snick goes the scissors, but falls short—snap, she has caught them in her mouth. Another try—his hand is getting unsteady—he wavers, he trembles, he'll have her tongue off—bob, she sneezes and bolts——“Onions are done, leave him till after supper, Uncle John.”

We did not stay to see the operation performed, but the tongue was wagging in Saratoga next day and was a distinguished ornament in hopping circles.

CHAPTER XII.

Saratoga catches it.

It is at Saratoga that the grandest hops are to be had, indeed everything that is grandest in fashionable life may here be seen and enjoyed for dollars. If New York answers to the squab pie, to what highly-seasoned dish shall we liken this dazzling scene of dissipation? Babylon, Nineveh, Baden-Baden, Paris, Monaco, Naples, you are nowhere—you are out of it altogether. It is better than the whole lot of you—and worse. A miracle of enchantment—and disenchantment. A paradise of pleasure—a purgatory of pain—where the wise become fools and fools wise for three months every year. Paradise before the fall, Paradise falling, lost, regained annually “as long as the heart has passions, as long as life has woes.” Containing the finest collection of cultured *animals* that the world can grow, animals of all tastes, enjoying themselves after the manner of animals, American and European thoroughbreds, mongrels, jackasses, jennyasses, æsthetic asses, geese-like swans, swan-like geese, doves, hawks, zebras, 156 peacocks, bantams, lions, lambs, apes, pigs, buffoons, smiling saints, solemn sinners, elegant hes, clumsy shes, railway

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kings, Sheba queens, Solomons, and proverbs. Vanity of vanities! What would the wisdom of Solomon have said to this? What proverbs would he have written after a Saratoga season! And how many wicked proverbs would have read and wept over them and gone at it again, and kept on proving the proverbs. As they do and we saw them doing, the gambler, the guzzler, the glutton, the wine-bibber, the intemperate tippler of temperate waters, refined vice and shockingly plain virtue, repenting and becoming pious for an hour on Sunday by way of change, and going straight to the bad again on Monday. These be the active proverbs. Then there are the passive. Look at that old buffer:

“Unwieldy man, with belly monstrous round, For ever fed with watery supply: For still he drank and yet he still was dry.”

That is what Saratoga has brought him to, and now he brings it to Saratoga in the hopes of washing it down. He began drinking years ago—at the wrong tap. Now in the autumn of life he is trying the spring. But the spring of life is nearly exhausted. He drinks his nine glasses a day, and will go on drinking until it is all over. He will be a fine catch for the pilgrims underground. He has gone to waste—a rank swamp full of nastiness. Some go to waste in the opposite direction. Behold the scraggy spinster, sad and sallow—a worn-out, rickety old 157 proverb—whose waist is all gone inwards. How many times has she kicked up her heels at the hops? How many miles of Saratoga carpet has that withered ankle measured? Pooh! A nigger would not look at her now. She might safely make a tour among the Cannibal Islands. She too has come to purchase the unpurchasable, to patch up the unpatchable, to cure the incurable. She may drink the healing waters, but for her there is no virtue in them now. Her cup of pleasure has been drained, now for the dregs. Steady old maid, steady, not such a wry face over it. You have had your fling, you know. Better finish it before it gets worse. Remember Dives and what a nasty dose he had down below. Pick up your petticoats and pack off to Philadelphia, this is no place for you. Don't you see you are spoiling everything by your looks? Out with the venom then—spit it out. There. Now, a fresh glass of water. Take care, there is the old look of malice and hatred coming up again. Why should you envy others their pleasure? Stand aside and let

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them pass. No, that young girl does not want you. See, your very breath is poisonous. Her reputation is safer in our keeping. There, we have done with you. Away, old serpent, and make room for the next.

Sound music, flutter fans, unfold the spangled banner. See, she comes, the stately stout, a queen-like form in clown-like dress, clad in clouds of clothing gay, stars and stripes in startling clash, coins and gems in rival flash, a waste of wealth, a wealth of waist, the 158 richest poverty of taste. All styles superb in one absurd, all fashions in no fashion, all suits in nonsuit, all spurious imitations and yet the real thing, the genuine article, the height of American fashion, the millinery marvel, the tip-top Saratoga toggery, the wonder of the world. Thus sails the highflyer, the most numerous of the swarm of flies—of the 20,000 butterflies, blowflies, wasps and drones—which make the Saratoga summer. Healthy glow upon her cheek, unstained by ruthless razor's touch or cruel cosmetic, she doth attractive prove; around her dance the democrats, and often dance in vain, and curse the luck of foreign count, or lofty-titled English buck, who are always in while they are out and are sued while they are suitors.

These all come to Saratoga to drink the waters—or something else. Some take it neat, others diluted, some take it home in bottles, some take it not at all. There are queer mixers and queer mixtures, but for all that many good people go there and take no harm. And for ourselves we shall not give up going to theatres because bad people are found there, nor our latch-keys because Darby and Joan choose to go to bed at nine, nor taking a walk at midnight if we feel inclined, nor visiting Saratoga in a virtuous manner and taking virtuous pleasure there.

One round more before the show is over, ere the animals disperse and Saratoga gains and Saratoga losses are reckoned up. “Are you *fixed*, my fair one?” “Guess I am.” Away we go the 159 Broadway down, and pace the Boulevard, staring at the stupendous, luxurious hotels, pyramids of plenty, with their thousands of glorious gluttons. Wouldst nerve thy arm at archery and learn the way to shoot, or fling the limb in flying hop and

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spring the shining boot? Or join the gluttons, or a horse race, a steeple-chase— *bet* , we need not, here or in the gambling room, but simply look and moralize—get cheated instead at the Indian camp with Indian curiosities of German make, sold by manufactured and real Indians. Stir your liver at the Spouting Spring with 49 cubic inches of carbonic acid gas plus 70 grains of mineral stuff which go to a sparkling pint. In daydreams doze dull hours away, at evening realize: the lovers' lay, the lovers' way, 'mid gentle zephyr's sighs. In Congress Park in moonlight walk, sweet music's soothing sound will lend a charm to spoon-light talk but never you—confound *the mosquitoes*. “Oh, Oh, O-h! Buzz-zz-zz. What did you bring me here for? Kent yew hear? Where's the net? Ain't got it? Wal guess I'll change you to-morrow.—Guess we'll go now.” She had been making rather a noise over it and the company were getting interested. So we went. More singing, dancing, feasting, playing—one perpetual whirl of mad enjoyment. Here endeth Saratoga.

We did not wait to be changed, but went off that same night. We had had enough of Saratoga for the time and were glad to change ourselves. A 160 railway snooze to Fort Edward where the mosquitoes rejoined us—then a buggy through the darkness. No scenery till near Glen Falls, then we fell on a fallen bye-way proverb—a drunken, swearing proverb—a translated, bottomless proverb sitting in a ditch with the remains of a buggy around his stomach and his head sticking up like a jack-in-the-box. Was very comfortable, he said, and the lodging was cheap. Was waiting for the horse to come back with the wheels. Where was the horse? Didn't know. Gone to drink, he guessed. Had we not seen an animal on the road with the wheels and harness? No. “How was it done? Can't tell. Hev guessed some. Horse kept going round, then went up the hedge. I kept the box and he the wheels, and so we parted company on the best of terms. Can you do anything for me? Hev you got a nip of whisky? No? Go to the devil then.”

We left him in gall and bitterness. The place where he lay was in the land where things are. Where museth the mild mosquito and hums the gentle gadfly. The landed gentry also turned out. They all showed him attention. They fanned his feverish brow. They caressed him. He was nearly eaten up by kindness. They almost made an end of him—although he

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had no end at all, but was endless points all over. The ants slept in his beard, the slugs searched his pockets, the midnight flea hopped on him, and in the morning came the bug, but not the buggy wanted.

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The horse had the best of it. He had a quiet night all to himself after grooming the wheels. Towards six o'clock he rejoined his companion, who was beginning to feel melancholy. The man was a wit and judged his own case. He brought the horse in guilty and sentenced him to forty lashes. The horse conducted his own defence and commenced a counter action. The man was stayed from further proceedings. He felt bad. He lay down again.

Aged 65. Deeply lamented.

CHAPTER XIII.

We hear some singing and do some weeping with the superior species.—On the shimmering waters a Bishop joins in, and we finish up with Balm of Gilead.

A PAIR OF THEM.

May he rest in peace, that old gentleman who lay down, and may the horse find a better partner! but it is not for him we sing or weep. Nor is it a dirge at all, although the birds will probably sing it over his grave. Yes, this is a bird's song that we begin with, as we had just been hearing it in the woods. We often heard it in the States and in Canada—it was always the same—the same key, the same rich, full, melodious ring, never varied, yet always welcome, from morn till night. What windpipes those 163 feathered fellows must have, and how they lay it on. A study of bird music throughout the world would lead to some interesting results—some hints, perhaps, for the “future” as well as for the present. When the “future” has got to the end of its journey—gone to chaos—we shall at least be able to fall back on the birds. *Then* human growlers will learn something more of them than they have yet learned, and the contrast will be greater even than now. How is it

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that the singing-birds are never flat, never out of tune, never heard cracking their voices, and creating such a row as you, my dear, cultured, polished, highly finished, academic, asthmatic, caterwauling Isabella Dolcissimo are doing?

That was how *she* was laying it on, this operatic warbler that could be seen as well as heard. She was holding the Fort William Henry Hotel spell-bound, and her own cruel, loving Robert was beside her. “*Roberto, O tu che adoro, a cui donai mia fe.*” “My anguish thou seest”—we do indeed, my dear, and share it, and feel it, all over, down to our very boots. “*Ah perte pieta de imploro*”—mercy on us, young woman, thou showest no pity for our ears. Now she kneels at his feet in the purest Italian delivered in the purest American style, and flattens down where she should sharpen up. Now she is smothering her feelings in weeping, *con voce soffocata dal pianto*. Diavolo! She is getting worse and worse, she is asthmatically ascending, chromatically, skyatically, nobody knows where she will go; *un poco piu* M 2 164 *mosso*, her stays are cracking, hold her there, she'll burst; *mira il mio terror*. Ah, oh, fly, horrors, she is going through the roof.

Now the soul of Robert is afflicted in like manner—he smites his bosom, the buttons fly, his chest is wounded, his waistcoat is in shreds, he will break his collar-bone, his bronchial tube is bursting, there is a stoppage, whooping-cough and hiccups are fighting to be heard, there is trouble above in negotiating a sneeze, for the song is in the road, he is suffocating and enshrouding himself in sobs, it is all Wagner air when it should be Meyerbeer, the dramatic effect is intense, but what will be the end of it? Look out, it is working up, it is coming. O words, O windpipe, he is fizzing and effervescing, he is getting black in the face, he clutches his ribs—cr-r-r-r-ash, there is a collision in the tunnel, whoop, the sneeze and song fly out in fragments, *furioso fortissimo*, one through one nostril, the rest through the other, and in a majestic peal the grand climax rings out like a triumphant thunderbolt. Ay, Roberto il Diavolo, with your Isabella, “bolts and shackles,” we should like to strangle the both of you.

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We should have been strangled ourselves had we attempted it, for the company felt as patriots. Heard they not American throats? Blew there not American bellows? Mingled not the nasal twang? Was ever so sweet a sound, such precious, penetrating notes, every one worth at least a dollar apiece, and probably 165 had cost as much to acquire? Was not the great Republic being honoured by such manifestations? Right and virtuous it was then that every patriotic note should find a patriotic response in every patriotic bosom—especially as it was an amateur display and the patriotic pocket was not required to respond—that a generous emotion should be visible during the performance, and that a sufficient show of sensation should follow the close of the scene, which indeed was sublimity itself.

Americans are not singular nor most sinful in this respect. We have witnessed many instances in England when the whole of this would apply with much greater reason. How often do we see the English people waiting with gaping mouth for the high note at the end, and if that (the worst blemish) be introduced, ignoring everything else, good or bad. Truly in this matter for one fool in America there will be found forty in England.

Fort William Henry Hotel in season is like most other fine American summer hotels—so many highly furnished rooms and over-furnished animals. Plenty of things for curing complaints and creating them, and plenty of things doing both. This is all inside matter, a matter for those who are unable to have enough of the outside. Enough! who ever could have enough of this—could feel anything but the better for it?

Stranger, hast thou heard of Lake George? If not, read all thou canst of its glories—you need not 166 fear the liars here—the literary, laying-on liars; all that these gentry can say must fall short of the reality; they can't parse this lot. It is a gem of God's loveliest works.

The scenery between Glen Falls and the lake is also what the Yankees would call first-class. In first-class style we rattled over it too.

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Coach and company is the usual style, with three ladies and a portmanteau on your lap, plus a baby if you are extra benevolent. To novices this may appear hard on the man, but in reality it is a most merciful arrangement, the commencement of a new era of usefulness for woman. How little is yet known of the marvellous power of adaptation contained in the soft, responsive sex! Honour to those who made the discovery and led the way. And the way is the American coach way—seated as aforesaid—then suddenly unseated—the baby goes off like a pilot-engine, the portmanteau follows, next the trio of revolving Venuses in loving embrace, and so the fall of man is as comfortable as he could wish. The system is becoming very popular on the Catskill Mountains and we can highly recommend it.

The Gallynipper could not wait for it at Glen Falls, as he wished to catch the first Lake steamer. So it was the other odd way. “Ken you drive?” said the owner. “Then give me two dollars and jump in.” The Gallynipper did so, expecting him to follow. “Well, ain't you going?” “Ain't *you* going?” “Me? Why should I go, ain't you got a good 167 hoss and wheels?” “That may be, but the road?” “Road! it's a boss road.” “But where is it?” “Haven't you run him?” “Never seen it.” “Wal, (points) guess that's him.” (Further inquiries). “Will the horse go up a hedge or want to borrow the wheels?” “Anything you like.” “But what you don't like?” “He'll do that too.” “Then what am I to do with what is left?” “Guess you'll let un be. Somebody will pick him up—if they don't, the hoss knows the road home.” “But supposing I sell the horse and the buggy?” “ Yew? Do you think you Britishers know how to sell a Yankee's hoss? Only our boys ken do that. We can trust your tribe cos they're so green. Gee up, Spider.”

Spider behaved well. He kept strictly to the track, one of the best plank roads in the State, till the half-way house, where he dipped his nose in a bucket and found peace. The whole journey of nine miles was accomplished in a perfectly peaceful manner, contrasting from the times of our forefathers, when French, English, and Indians were engaged in making hashes and Irish stew, every one after his own manner. There are heaps of ugly stories amid the rich woods of this lovely mountain glen. Miles and miles of romance. There have

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been liars engaged, ever since the fighting, in doing the neighbourhood into arithmetic, and any side may now read what it likes. You begin weeping at the Falls over the *Last of the Mohicans*, the most pathetic bit of all, and you weep the road 168 along as you hear how it all happened and how it didn't happen—how Ephraim Williams got a monument, and how the King of the Mohawks was left out because he forgot to put the College in his will. You look down into the “Bloody Pond” and weep over the lilies and tadpoles, and you weep afresh to find there are not enough eels for dinner, and so, by the time the Fort Hotel is reached, you want a fresh supply of handkerchiefs. Here you see many mortals in a moist state, and you weep bitterly to find Bass is so dear—you console yourself in other liquid, but it only makes things worse: you become elevated and weep on principle. Your motives get mixed, grief and grog mingle with indignation to see female slavery still in existence, the loveliest creatures turned into beasts of burden, staggering in a wholesale state of interminable tailory, in reversed termination. You reckon up her market value, feel pious, and weep again because you are unable to kidnap and smuggle her through as she stands. You wonder how she can stand it at all, and how her keeper stands it, but there seems to be some general understanding about it, as well as about other matters, though it is distressing to see venerable old gentlemen swallowing their quids and then weeping over them in wine and whisky. And these were the last of the Yankees that we saw that night, and the last tears we shed as we wept our way to our chamber to dream and moralize over this picture of sublime folly revelling in sublimity.

Ay! Ay! Mohawk, Cree, Ponca, Kaw, Cherokee, 169 Chippeway, Choctaw, Chickasaw, gone, gone thou art, and a superior species has taken thy place!

Lake George is a sheet of clean water, sometimes called “silvery,” “shimmering,” “shining,” and (go to your dictionary). It is thirty-three miles in length, and from two to four in breadth, and is surrounded by elegant mountains and hills, elegantly clothed in trees and other vegetables of the very best quality. Hundreds of small islands bask in its bosom and lave

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their timber in its shimmering waters. (The whole forms a combination of the most beautiful of its kind, it is “very good.”)

Along its shores, on its islets, and over the silvery surface of its lucid liquid, the superior species swarm in summer in various degrees of civilization, from primitives camping out with nature, down to extravagant æsthetes in luxurious hotels.

The state of our linen supply will not admit of our weeping over the “evil deeds which stain the past” of this fair scene. All that occurred (and many others) are written in history. Boiled down it comes to this: the English, French, and Indians had a bellyful of fighting: it changed landlords several times, and now the Yankees are holding it till Canada is ready to take it over with the rest of the land, &c. Whoever has it in the future will never obtain more enjoyment from it than the present owners. They caper over the course in joyous excitement, and 170 evince the most astonishing affection for their fellow-creatures—every one has a special licence to do what is right in his own eyes, and everything is right up to a certain hour. There is no swearing—till sunset, nor drinking—till sunrise; the rowing is unsteady, but every man can pull a cork, and so on they go pulling like jolly young watermen. They pull up to the stranger and around him they pull, and they pull him ashore by the coat-tails, and they pull out a bottle and he takes a pull, and pulls away till it is all over. Then come fresh pulls, for people and craft of all kind are passing and re-passing; there is much hailing and saluting, and a display of generous feeling all around for every one: the drooping heart is warmed by virtue and whisky, but we never tried the effect of asking for the loan of a dollar. Perhaps they do not feel in dollars—that would not be seasonable. But Mr. Thomson's feelings are always in season. We share them.

“Should I be doomed by cruel angry fate
In some lone isle my lingering end to wait,
Yet happy !! still happy should I be!
While bless'd with virtue and a charming she.”

And there she is, and there she comes—one, two, three, four charming shes. In the most charming manner come they tripping down to the steamer as she touches for a few

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minutes at their island. They greet us with bright faces and shower down sweet smiles, they throw us flowers, they throw us kisses, and sing pretty songs, and when we pass 171 away they weep tears in their handkerchiefs and wave them after us.

You are shocked, Miss English Petticoat Pedigree, you and your Ma! Are you not—or pretend to be; which is the same thing with you? At heart you would rather like doing it yourself, but your Ma, O your Ma! “*Indeed I am,*” says Mamma. “*My daughters would never do such things. Such low, vulgar, improper, sinful things. It is not fashionable.*”

No, they would not; but it would be a good thing if these were to take the place of some of *your* fashionable ways. Go to, we know thee! If your daughters never do anything worse you need not fear for them in this or the next world. But we forget, thou hast only one world. For it and the fashion thereof thou wouldst sell thy daughters' souls. The only true nobility, personal worth, thou knowest not—it is far above thee. Gold, gold, gold, and ... the devil. These be thy gods.

So stick to thy fashions, maidens of the Lake, and yield them not up for the greatest improvements in the *other direction*.

The Bishop saw no harm in it. But then he was an American Bishop. Quite so; and for that very reason vastly superior to home productions, though we say this with due respect for their value. He has not a princely income nor a princely palace, nor a princely position in the Senate. But he has wealth of brains, of wind and limb, and a combination of apostolical qualities, such as few can show in 172 the British Isles. See how he bowls along, and how deftly he feathers his oars. Now he drops them; his rod is out and you have a Simon Peter and a Selwyn in one—the typical American Bishop. In presence of these, the limbs of English prelates would be nowhere, either in the Alps or in the *Daily Telegraph*.

We shall be nowhere ourselves if we keep wandering so, we must keep to the point, and here is the point, and bless me, here are another lot of them, going at it like Miriam's timbrel. Listen to the pretty darlings. Why it is “Balm of Gilead”! That dear, delightful, old

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song the niggers used to sing when holidays were first talked of, which they sing now when they have had too much holiday and holiday matter, which goes well at camp-meetings above ground, as well as in the Mammoth Cave under ground, and which is as soothing to white ears as to black, and all ears heard it, and we are not sure we did not hear the Bishop putting in a bit of bass—

Balm of Gilead, Gilead, Balm of Gilead, Gilead, Balm, Balm, Balm, for we ain't going to work a - ny more. Yah, Yah, Yah, Yah, Yah! Balm of Gilead, Gilead,

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Balm of Gilead, Gilead, Balm, Balm, Balm for we ain't going to work a - ny more.

It was beautifully sung, and it sums up beautifully Lake George and its moral. From end to end it is all “Balm of Gilead,” for “we ain't going to work any more.”

CHAPTER XIV.

We settle the liars and take up the gluttons—the parsons and old maids come in somehow; the Gallynipper sketches a scheme for reforming the latter, and for improving the morals of the Americans generally. While so doing he comes to a fearful end.

Now the rest of the track of the Gallynipper and all that he saw and did in America, was it not written? But there are reasons why the remainder must remain as a tale that is not told, and nothing be said about getting into Lake Champlain and getting out of it again, and going on to the wonderful Ausable Chasm, and going through part of it on foot and the rest of it in a boat, shooting the rapids there with courage, and supporting with resignation the form of a gigantic lady who sat on his lap and kept “praying all the time,” because she was so afraid?

All these places are as Balm in Gilead, except the lady's, which was more of an *eau de vie* nature, and better she had taken her place elsewhere. But there was not much harm done

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and the Balm of Boston is cure for all complaints, even for those of the *Wilde* st young men, and grieved are we that we cannot analyze it here with all the other celebrated things 175 of this celebrated seat of learning, grace, wisdom, and refinement, and the excellent Cook who makes such nice dishes, and who has lately been round the world collecting material for fresh feasts, and escaped the cooking which his namesake received. The strange cook also who came from over the water in his best clothes and tried his hand in fancy pastry, but some one spoilt the pie for him and he went home again to his Ma very angry, and lost all patience, and “Patience” shows all these matters up beautifully. We cannot help it, Boston, we *must* leave you out—with the Mormons, and we hope you will find a way of shutting these wild people up too. Thousands of other things must we leave out, the Rocky Mountains with their glorious beauties, San Francisco and John Chinee—because we had not an opportunity of seeing them—but not the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence, which have had thousands of beautiful things said about them but not this: A crown of emeralds sparkling in a crystal lake; God made it “very good;” man has not marred it. The Rapids he *has* marred. We all got ready as we approached the spot; we buttoned up our coats to prevent the water dashing into our bosoms; we held on by the bulwarks of the steamer, so as to be ready when she stood up on her head; we watched for the deck to sink under our feet; for the bow to dive down into the abyss; for the stern to go up to the masthead; we prepared to suspend breathing when the awful moment came; we waited for tears in 176 suspension, and wondered they were so long in coming; we conjured up our most lofty and sublime feelings; we tried to shudder at the thought of the watery grave that might be in store for us; we thought of our darling friends and our darling sins, and again we looked for the big tears bursting out of our eyes: and then everybody laughed and said, *Where are the rapids?* There they are a mile behind us, and we knew nothing about it, but perhaps the next will be the place. Again and again we prepared ourselves and acted and watched and waited; again and again nothing came of it. Then we blew our trumpets and spoke strong and drowned the lying books. At one shoot only, Lachine, was there the slightest approach to anything like excitement, and that was more from the sight of the rocks in the river than from motion. Indeed after a sojourn in the

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States there is not much excitement to be found in Canada. What a slow, sleepy, dreamy country it is compared with Yankeeland! There were several touts on board the steamer, one of whom strove for the hearts of the passengers by lecturing on the St. Lawrence. He was an orator for a Canadian, but was too fat to be of much service. His varnish vanished in vapour, his lies in timid truth, and he would have made a poor show in New York. How we longed for an hour of Jerry the liar; how he would have painted the scenery and the places where there was none; with what art would he have brought out undiscovered and undiscoverable beauties; how tall he 177 would have made everything; with what romance would he have surrounded those Indians on the river banks, who were surrounded by the most unromantic and unsavoury chimney-pots and unfathomable breeches, and seemed like bandy-legged editions of Wapping Old Stairs in petrified putrefaction—what inexhaustible stores of rhetoric would he have had at hand to prove that his hotel was the best, and all the others were the worst, and how quickly would he have smashed up a Canadian Bill Briggs, had he dared to appear! But we have done with the liars.

Would that we had with the gluttons. They are ubiquitous. We started with them, we saw them enter on the warfare of the belly, attacking, attacked, defeated; dropping and picking themselves up only to sicken and go down again on the stool of repentance—repining on the biscuits of slenderness, and yearning for better things on which to get worse; fasting in order to feast, and feasting in disorder to fast; finding appetites to lose them; turning indulgences into penances; always reorganizing yet always disorganized, outwardly, inwardly, from noddle to toe; living to eat and dying to drink; gouty he and gouty she, travailing on land and sea, never ceasing, ever seized, and half seas over here they are again on the broad Atlantic, in the midst of the rolling waves and the waving rollers, with their noses turned the other way.

There are gluttons of two kinds, the solid glutton and the liquid glutton. Yea, a third there is, the mixed glutton. The former are the most numerous, N 178 and abound wherever there are victuals. We had a cargo of them performing daily; very pious folk they were, and looked down with holy horror on their liquid brethren; they preached at them, they

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scowled at them, they consigned them to bad places, and settled how long they would stay there; and when they found their performances attracting more attention than their own, they invoked the aid of the captain and had their grog stopped. Yet the liquids persevered, and one of them somehow managed to get drunk every night of the voyage. He was a specimen of a large class who are annually packed off to the Colonies to reform. Yes, dear mammas, one of those young hopefuls whom you took so much delight in teaching to tipple, almost before you had taught them to talk. He learnt his lesson quickly, and by the time he was fourteen he was able to crack his bottle and *hic* and *hock* with the oldest toper. How proud you used to be to see him tip off his thimbleful of wine at dessert! How proud you would be to see him now! He has been perfecting his accomplishments in a new country; his education is complete; he is an authority on suction; and can initiate you into the mysteries of strange brews. Here he is, at twenty, coming home again. Home! There is no home for him. You don't want him. Look at him. Listen to his language. He had a handsome face once. What is it now? What is the matter with his eyes, his nose? How they have changed colour! "Whose image and superscription 179 is this?" Whose doing? What can you do for him now? "Send him to Australia," he hopes. He has tried Winnipeg: "Whisky is 50 per cent. too dear there." That is all he has learnt about farming, or all that he can tell about the country. He will probably learn as much in Australia.

Wherever he may go his friends have one consolation left them. He has taken pains to secure the identification of his corpse. On the last day of the voyage—a Sunday—he paid a visit to the fore-castle. There he became a patron of the fine arts. He had a tall and lovely picture painted on the complexion of one of his arms. It was done by a process which secures that it will never wash out. All this for the trifling sum of \$2 and a bottle of whisky. He was proud of the painting, and exhibited it on deck after the sermon. The solids shrieked at him and again sent him to the bottomless pit.

We are not bigoted. In some cases it may be necessary to dose children with "strong drink." But we have proved by experience that, given a good constitution to start with, it is easy for a child to grow up strong, and in manhood to undergo severe fatigue—physical

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and mental—in the most trying climates of both extremes, and enjoy perfect health all the time, without ever touching a drop of alcohol. We say this without feeling one bit pious over it. Truly we would not wish to be as this Publican. Nor would we be as the solid Pharisees. They are travelling in the same direction as he is, and are N 2 180 quite as bad: the only difference is, their cargo is not so dangerous. Eat and drink, you gluttonous old hypocrites, let us have our moral. To parents and guardians: If by any chance your boys have a tendency for the wrong tap don't send them to Winnipeg, nor to any part of the Colonies, unless you can ensure their being placed at once in some steady occupation *far away from the towns*. To do so is cruel and foolish. It is equivalent to sending them express to the very place from which you would save them.

Included in our cargo was a glut of parsons and old maids. We would not, for anything, venture to classify them. If all the fasts in the Calendar were not observed, one gentleman, at least, had a good reason for it. “For the last three months,” said he, “I have been living chiefly on fish and salt pork.” He seemed to have thriven on the diet; his face was like the harvest moon—ripe, rich, and mellow, and he wore a fat and jolly corpse. “Many of us Canadian parsons have a hard time of it,” he continued, “hard work, hard living, small pay, and small clothes. But we knuckle down and rub along. These outings rather spoil us though, for, after such feeds as these, our stomachs don't like going back to robust victuals. And they are always getting up dreams in the night about the jolly tucks-in on board the Allan boats. Once I was sold in reality. I was in Newfoundland then, away in one of the isolated Missions. Old Bishop Feild, who had been 181 out for some time visiting his Diocese, called in for me one day to come and help him in answering his letters. They had been accumulating at one of the stations, and he had a large barrellful. I agreed to go, especially as he told me he had some fresh meat. ‘What have you got?’ I inquired. ‘*Two curlews*,’ said he. So off we went to his schooner, smacking our lips.

“The Bishop had been feasting his eyes on the curlews for days, but after a long spell at the letters he thought we might begin. Instead of having a quiet meal to ourselves, he must go and invite the two oldest inhabitants of the village to join us—a gaunt, famished, wolfish

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old patriarch and his wife, either of whom looked capable of eating a bullock. Dinnertime came and down we sat. I didn't like the look of it at all, and warned the Bishop, but the dear unselfish old man would not hear of any compromise. Grace was said, covers were removed, and the greatest event in our lives for many a week, was before us. How our mouths watered! How our bosoms swelled!

“There were the curlews and a piece of salt pork. The patriarch fixed his eyes on the curlews and I trembled. ‘Mr.—,’ said the Bishop, ‘what will you take?’ The old sinner grasped his fork, brought it up with a quick sweep over the curlews, plump he stuck it into one of the birds and deposited it on his own plate. ‘I'm terribly fond of them burds,’ he muttered, and then began to work away. The Bishop and I looked solemn. But Mrs. Patriarch had next 182 to be served. The Bishop seemed very nervous, but he braced himself up, and bravely addressed her. ‘Mrs.—, would you like a—, there is some nice pork near you.’ Mrs. Patriarch looked at her husband but said nothing. He paused a moment, clutched his weapon, up went his arm, click, click, and curlew number two was in his wife's plate. ‘My wife is terribly fond of them burds too.’ I made a ghastly noise and tried to laugh, but came to a miserable smash. I had given a hard day's work in the hope of getting a bite of those curlews, and could not stomach the salt pork after what had happened, so with flabbergasted gills I went on deck to smoke myself calm. But the Bishop made his dinner off the pork like a stoic.”

The parsons swarmed in such numbers as to upset all calculations and prophecies as to the weather. Perhaps the variety of views neutralized the *odium theologicum*, perhaps the good victuals had something to do with clearing away the cobwebs. Certainly they were happy and united. A grand Catholic Ecumenical was held on the saloon deck daily, in which all Christian colours were represented. There was no disagreement whatever, although the competition was smart. If such a gathering can take place, there is hope yet for the unity of Christendom. If the modest sport of quoits can accomplish thus much, what might we look for from the noble game of skittles? Played High and Dry, of course, not low and wet in frothy public places. The annals of English parishes 183 can show at

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least one case in which the young unregenerate were reformed by the vicar fitting up a skittle alley on his premises. And here was a general reformation among the parsons. Except for a slight rise in the price of wine their presence was regretted by none. They set an example to the old maids, who were constantly clamouring and causing trouble by trying to usurp the places and rights of the lasses. Foolish, lovelorn, piteous, pitiless old creatures, let us deal gently with them. Let us (if they will not themselves) draw a curtain across their antiquated ankles encased in embroidered battlements, their mournful jaws and melancholy eyebrows, and their tongues of bitterness, which seem to acquire fresh venom with every false tooth. Let us help them on their weary journey across the stormy waves, and smooth the rugged course of their quivering limbs as they strive to tack from stem to stern, bereft of friendly arm. In direst hour of sickness, when rebellious stomach turns, let us bring the soothing dram to assuage the pangs of grief. Nor fear the corkscrew curls, but let them rest their drooping heads upon our shoulders firm, as ruthless billows roll them off the pillows of affliction, and helpless they wander in search of the centre of gravity. Let us hail the return of convalescence, and as other joys we seek, let us hear them say all sorts of nasty things behind our backs. There, old maid, you are better after a trot out, and, deep down in your bosom, sympathy still lingers, *but you can't 184 get a husband now, you old stupid*. Poor things, their lot in this world is none of the happiest, nor is that of those with whom they are associated. Of course there are nice, charming old maids, as well as the other sort, but these are rare. Yes, the honey *may* be much, but the gall *is* more. That is what the Americans will say of this book also. We cannot help it. We have tried to be fair and truthful. And after all that he has seen and said and done, the Gallynipper frankly confesses that life in the United States offers unequalled attractions and advantages, and he prefers it to that of any other country. When he rejuvenates he means to settle down in America. It will be a good thing for the Americans. They will profit by it, will make him President and he will improve their morals, make them as white as the White House. He will be immaculate himself; corruption shall wither and decay, and the State shall be a model to all others. The Customs shall be clear and clearable by other means than now; the tide of expeoration shall flow in modest streams; quids shall be

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quid pro quo and be pensioned after three months' circulation, and John Chinee shall remain and mangle as before.

The Fenians shall first receive attention. They have been working hard lately, have been committing great sacrifices for the benefit of this and other countries, and need a holiday. They shall have it. Coney Island shall be set apart exclusively for them, their friends, and their families. Every 185 one shall be supplied with unlimited refreshment and ammunition, and with full liberty to do what he or she chooses; there shall be no intruders whatever; the sharks in the neighbourhood shall be subsidized for their trouble, and when it is all over a lighthouse shall be erected on the spot.

Centralization shall relieve taxes. Large nurseries shall be established where *all* babies shall be transmitted within three weeks after birth, and there kept and trained until they are ready to maintain themselves. Those which die during the process shall be cremated. Each child shall be numbered, and no name shall be used but that of the Institution. Thus: Anthony's Nose, 700; Mauch Chunk, 51; Buffalo, 99; New Jersey, 5,004. This will lead to a love for numbers and an early acquaintance with geography, and inspire patriotic feelings in youthful bosoms, besides securing equilibrium in equality. It will also hold out an inducement to women to enter the field of politics, from which they now so studiously refrain. In these establishments compulsory occupation will be afforded to all spinsters over the age of thirty-three who cannot produce guarantees for their marriage within two years—the maximum to be allowed by law. As a reward for good conduct every such woman in whose ward the death-rate has not been higher than 99 per cent., shall, after five years' active service, be *entitled* to domestic bliss at the hand of one of those unfortunate gentlemen who are being looked after by the State. After ten years' 186 service she shall be *compelled* without any option, to retire in this wise and to receive whatever malefactor may be available. If, after this, he should again fall away, she shall suffer capital punishment, so as to give another woman a chance. Every malefactor married previous to his first entry shall forfeit his then wife, who shall be treated as a widow, and be legislated for hereafter. In this manner some of the most conflicting

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problems of the day will be solved, all other nations will copy, and the millennium be hastened by a thousand years.

When in residence, sons-in-law may daily smooth down their mothers-in-law with a bootjack, or any other implement; and any of the latter species found giving trouble, or causing any disturbance on the premises of the former, shall be taken to Goat Island, Niagara, and there dealt with as set forth in these pages, with the utmost rigour of the law.

The freedom of the press shall no longer be restricted by requiring strict adherence to truth in their columns, for this exposes them to the charge of dulness; full scope shall be allowed in the domain of romance, and imagination shall be encouraged. Thus in time the whole nation will become enlightened, and that excessive modesty which is, perhaps, their greatest failing, the greatest drawback to their progress and the cause of their being contemned by other nations, will be removed. Without self-esteem no people can ever become great.

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Speaking as an American, I say we Americans are sadly behind in competition—we must go ahead—we have been too honest. Our manufacturers must not make their goods so durable, for it is ruination, and we are becoming the scorn of the earth. Thus our clocks and boots must not be made so as to last for fifty years; a week is quite long enough. So with all other articles. We must mix our goods, it will never do to go on selling the pure article. We must try to produce such compositions as butterine, and all things known as shoddy. The task will be long and arduous, but the genius of our people will overcome all difficulties. In the sound of the bagpipe is wisdom.

And that is the sound we must aim at. We must give up the Italian style; a sweet musical voice may do very well for a fiddling people, but it will not suit our institutions; we want something strong, penetrating, wiry, and robust. In order that we may rise a peg above all other nations in this matter, and set the mouth free for other duties, the nose shall

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assist as much as possible, and the distinguishing quality of the voice shall be everywhere admired, and it shall be known as the nostriline.

Now that we have so many ancient Norman castles spreading over the land to testify to our prowess in days gone by, and to prove that we, too, have a history, we will endeavour to invent a new style of our own in harmony with our modern history. In the construction thereof we must employ cunning men, 188 carpet-baggers, speculators, and beings skilled in raising booms; the elevations shall be called "Castles in the Air." They shall be furnished with elegant drawbridges of curious workmanship, as attractive to mankind as golden syrup is to the silly fly; thereto shall come people of many nations, and we will spoil them without firing a shot. Endeavours shall be made to increase the sale of pork; we have not half enough; trichinosis shall not be cornered out, it shall flourish among the liberties of the subject and emigrate to Europe. We must not continue our rigid prudishness in matters of international copyright, but endeavour to wipe away the reproach of allowing English publishers to retain a monopoly in our country. We have been much too scrupulous. We must learn to pirate books. If any attractive book, such as the Gallynipper's, be issued in England, without our having secretly obtained proof sheets in advance, our agents there shall at once telegraph the whole contents to us, in order that there may be no delay in supplying the market here ourselves. This is a matter much neglected.

We must keep our eyes open and look alive. As aids to this, smells shall be provided in every city, town, and village, and at every corner, every turning, and every available place: there shall be no lack; they shall be strong enough to act on all the senses, and shall be known as smells that disturb the nose. Our railway stations shall not be provided with elegant lavatories and so on—it is a waste of soap 189 and water; there is a towel in the cars, and for the rest let smells suffice.

In the Senate every senator ought to be able to support himself without assistance when speaking, and carry himself out afterwards. Nevertheless those whose legs are subjected to attacks of weakness shall be furnished with one of the steadying instruments

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foreshadowed on pages 96–8. If anything further is needed they shall be allowed to indulge in a chair, say with a couple of chairmen.

The necessity for Puritanic plainness in matters of dress no longer exists; every man, woman, and child in every degree should make it the chief ambition of their life to appear dressed in robes becoming the dignity of a nation such as ours. Colours must be lavishly used, chiefly those of the bright and flashy kind—the fingers too must be furnished with at least four rich rings in the case of adult males—females will have as many as they can carry. In the fashion and style of things we will imitate our Sister Republic, France, rather than the uncouth Briton. Our wise men and women shall go there once annually, and gather all the gilt and tinsel in material, taste, and manners that they can lay hands upon. So we too may shine as the gayest butterfly, the peacock and tulip, and make a gorgeous show instead of appearing in mean and stingy garments. Our diet must be sumptuous and bountiful. We must give up fasting. Plain breakfasts shall be abolished: at least a dozen varieties of the richest food shall appear and disappear at that hour, our stomachs shall reconcile all differences and achieve wonders in chemistry. Cold and stale bread being bad for the liver and complexion, shall be banished from every house; the bread of warmth shall flourish thrice daily on our tables, yea, even to the degree of heat. Plenty of exercise is good for the digestive organs: we will take it inwardly in place of outwardly; we shall lose our reputation as pedestrians, but our health is a more important consideration, and those long walks are fatiguing and injurious.

The same cramming system shall be observed for the mind as for the body: a little knowledge of everything is better than a thorough acquaintance with a few subjects. This must be the ruling principle of our lives in all matters. Superficialness, not thoroughness, is what our country requires, for it pays best, and everything shall be sacrificed to this consideration: Is it useful, and will it pay? For this reason those things among us called poets shall be put to death, for they interfere with railways and chimneys.

There is no beauty but the beauty of utility, and we will love our dollars.

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Our relations with neighbouring countries shall be so readjusted and harmonized that the nation shall no longer be subjected to periodical panics of an invasion from Canada, Mexico, and Hawaii. The same principle shall be observed with more distant lands, and the Navy shall not have inflicted on it the trying and dangerous task—so injurious to the constitution Of our sailors—of watching the fleets of 191 China, Japan, Chili, and Peru. Neither shall the Chineese and Indian be enticed away from us by designing persons, and made the slave of other nations. We must put a stop to this. We must put down slavery and persecution. Our armies must rescue the oppressed from the foreign yoke, and Ching Chang Chung and Choctaw Cherokee shall enjoy their own again. They will return our kindness by repelling the coming Peruvian invasion through the Panama Canal.

Should any arrears of the Alabama indemnity remain unpaid by Great Britain, the American Minister at St. James's shall be instructed to demand instant payment under the threat of returning the present balance in hand.

This is but a sketch of the Gallynipper's policy. These things and many others shall be when he is President; he has the greatest confidence that meanwhile nothing will be *altered, but remain as they are.*

It will be a glorious age. Bribery shall be crushed out of existence, even the genteel form shall no longer be; there shall be no peerages, baronetcies, garters, or other furniture at the disposal of the party in power, nor shall parsons afflict politicians: any one found seeking preferment shall be collated to a Sierra Leone living. All lawyers and boroughs shall be pure and wholesome, so shall beer and language, all our food and all our streets, and tradesmen shall be as honest as they are now thievish. The working man shall be all that he is not, and do without wheelbarrows at 192 Christmas, his wife shall do without them at all seasons, and they shall chastise one another with kisses instead of pokers. Higher up, babies shall take the place of dogs, pigeons shall not be murdered, city

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companies shall disgorge, and blue-coat schools shall gather in the unbreeched. Morality shall take the place of ...

Bless my soul! what place have we got to? Surely this is not America—it is like—it must be—England Ay, there it is, and there are the Gallynipper's friends waiting for him on the landing-stage, and they will improve *his* morals. There is the familiar face of his mother-in-law that was to be, and the faces of Harriet H., and Lucy Ann, and Marigold Margery. And they are all making faces at him, and overtures. He shivers, he feels ill, all the feelings of the first overture are coming on, it will soon be all over. He would like to go straight back to America without prospects. He tries to escape, he falls down on the deck and seeks to lose himself. But cruel destiny catches him and casts him on the pier. The furies close around him. O grim and ghastly sight! Weep, ye bilious mortals, for his fate. Before he could pick himself up or any rescue come, they fell upon him and he came to an

END.

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