

THE AMERICANS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

THE American is a migratory animal. He changes place with such facility that he never seems so much at home as when leaving it. Go where you may—north, south, east, or west—you will be sure to meet with him. Foremost among the explorers of the regions of perpetual frost, he drives his sledge to the farthest limits of discovery, and builds his ice-hut on the polar verge of the earth. Turning toward the hot zone of the tropics, he swings his hammock as readily beneath the shade of the equatorial palm. Populous cities and untracked deserts are alike trodden by his ubiquitous feet. He walks the streets of London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, Naples, Rome, Constantinople, Canton, and even the causeways of Japan, with as confident a step as he treads the pavements of Broadway. He is so universally abroad that he even anticipates discovery. The explorer no sooner sails upon some *terra incognita* in remote seas, than he is hailed by one of our vagrant countrymen whom chance has washed to the unknown shore in crazy boat or on broken spar.

The Americans are necessarily great travelers. Such is the spaciousness of their country that they can not perform many of the ordinary duties of life without a great deal of locomotion. The affairs of state and the business of trade, in which they all more or less share, are conducted at points often so remote from their habitations as to necessitate long journeys. The member of Congress from California must travel five thousand miles before he can give his vote or deliver his speech in the Capitol. The tradesman from Oregon makes a still longer journey to purchase his hardware or dry-goods in New York. The mere interchange of visits among friends and relatives, in our land of remote distances, compels passages over great extents of space. The American thus, in the course of his daily life, becomes so habituated to travel that he packs his portmanteau, and starts on a journey of hundreds of miles, as readily as he puts on his coat and comes down to his breakfast. An Englishman in Liverpool will consult with his family and friends months before about a proposed visit to Dublin, and, after all, probably never accomplish it. A citizen of New York will make up his mind to a visit to California over his second egg at breakfast, and will sail for San Francisco before dinner, without hardly stating to his acquaintances the cause of his long journey, or they caring to ask for it.

The facilities for travel are in proportion to the American necessity of practicing it. With miles of railroad and length of navigable river more than those of all the rest of the world together, a citizen of our vast republic passes with ease and rapidity from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, or from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Thus readily moving over a great continent, within the limits of his own country, he becomes

almost unconscious of space, and so habituated to travel that he thinks no more of counting the hundreds of miles of his frequent journeys, by railway and steamer, than the steps of his daily walk.

Business, not pleasure, is the main motive of travel with Americans in their own country. There are a thousand points of interest to a foreigner on our continent which are hardly heeded by our fellow-countrymen. The American is conscious enough of the grandeur, in the aggregate, of his vast and bounteous land, and exults even to satiety in its qualities. He, however, is not disposed to analyze its characteristics, and observe minutely its particular elements of interest. He cares not a fig for the sublime, the beautiful, and picturesque, if they are only seen by him in his own country. Let him travel in foreign countries, and he quickly becomes as capable of a sensation as the most sentimental and rapturous. A mountain at home is less visible than a mole-hill abroad. Miss Araminta, who is hardly moved at the sublime spectacles of nature in her own land, has no sooner crossed the ocean and sipped her first cup of *café au lait* at Meurice's, than she is aroused to the intensest emotion at the sight of the piddling fountains in the garden of the Tuileries, and the toy islets, built up of Parisian filth and mud, in the pools of the Bois de Boulogne.

It is true that of our people of means and leisure who are disposed to travel few venture upon a European tour without a sight of Niagara. The great cataract is so stupendous a work of nature, and its awful roar of waters has so echoed throughout the world, that an American is sure to find, wherever he goes abroad, those who, however ignorant of every thing else in his country, are conscious of its existence. It would not do to meet the universal inquiry about "the falls" with a confession of not having seen them. Not to know Niagara would argue one's self unknown. This motive alone sends a great many of our fashionable friends there on the eve of a contemplated tour to Europe.

Apart from the compulsory sight of the great cataract and the passing glances of the country caught in the course of a steam-flight to Saratoga and Newport and back, our thriving people who have the money to spend and the disposition to spend it in gratifying their curiosity see but little of their own land. Yet many of these same people go to Europe and keep wandering for years from country to country until they have exhausted every mile of route, feature of landscape, canvas of picture-gallery, foot of church-spire, and stone of ruin in Murray's whole library of guide-books.

The best preparation for a journey abroad is a knowledge of home. Every man, supposing that he does not wish to denationalize himself, should, before he travels, become familiar with his own country. Otherwise he will lose that chief benefit of a visit to foreign countries, the occasion that it gives of comparing other lands with his own, and thus discovering the good to

cling to and the ill to reject. To the American traveler especially this preliminary knowledge of his own country is essential. His native land is involved in a great experiment, social, economical, and æsthetical, as well as political. It behooves him to observe well its degrees of progress, in order to compare them with the stages of advancement of other countries. The freshness and growth of America are to be confronted with the maturity and decay of Europe. Youth is to be brought face to face with manhood, alternately vigorous and feeble, that it may learn from its lips of experience what has conduced to make it the one and the other. Our young country has much to learn from older countries, but it should first study itself, that, knowing its own character and conduct, it may make proper application of the lessons from abroad. "A man," said Dr. Johnson, "must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge." If Americans learned more and talked less of their great country it would be better for themselves and others.

Few travelers, however, are actuated by the elevated motive of improving themselves and their country. Most seek amusement, distraction, or health, and care little about political institutions, national resources, manners and customs, provided their passports are *en règle*, their bankers in funds, and they are civilly treated and not overcharged. Most of the ordinary motives of travel exist in abundance in our own country, though our wealthy citizens who hasten abroad seem hardly conscious of the fact. Our extensive and diversified land presents every variety of natural scenery, from the picturesque to the sublime, and almost every kind of climate. The American admirer of nature can gratify to the utmost his taste for lofty mountains, sonorous cataracts, sinuous streams, dark forests, and variegated landscapes; and the seeker after health may invigorate his languid nerves by northern blasts or warm his chilled blood with southern breezes without crossing the boundaries of his own country. It is true that there are no fusty feudal ruins and great galleries of ancient art; but there are brand-new cities and endless scenes of busy enterprise. If the romantic traditions and departing glories of the one have an interest, so have the surprising realities and the fresh vigor of the other. Of places of historic association in America there is already an abundance, which this war will increase a thousandfold. We shall have numberless fields of battle, illustrated by greater heroism and patriotic devotion than have made Blenheim and Waterloo memorable.

Traveling in America, great as are its facilities, has certain drawbacks. The fastidious complain that its modes, so favorable to the gregarious propensities of our countrymen, are opposed to all reserve and retirement. Whether at rest in the hotel, or in motion on steamboat and rail, you are forced to herd with the crowd. You are obliged to sink the individual in the mass, and form an indistinct part of that flow-

ing whole called the traveling public. This is unavoidable in a land where the conveniences of travel are not for the few but the many. The only relief for this discomfort of being in a perpetual crowd must come from an improvement in the national manners; for the mass in America will continue to assert, as it has always done, its right to motion as to all the other privileges of civilized man. With, however, extended freedom there should be increased grace. As we must continue to live and move in crowds, we should learn to live and move harmoniously. This is not a question only between clean and dirty linen, glossy silk and faded calico, the poor and rich—though in our land of abundance it is not too much to demand of the humblest traveler that he should be dressed so neatly, and live so cleanly, as not to offend, in the course of his close companionship, the most delicate of his fellow-citizens. Miss Sophronia Peabody has no right, and may have no disposition, to refuse Patrick O'Donoghue, a republican like herself, a seat by her side in railway carriage or at steamboat table; Miss Sophronia, however, in her best silk and in the purity of feminine sensation, may reasonably object to the proximity of Patrick still unwashed from his last sewerage operation, and redolent of the mixed odor of whisky and tobacco. It is no infringement of O'Donoghue's lately-acquired privileges of citizenship, as it is no interference of aristocratic capital with democratical labor, to demand of him a freer use of water and a temporary abstinence from the pipe and the glass. There is no objection to the presence of Patrick among the "ghintlemen and leddies," provided he does not bring his mud and a smell of the "critter" with him. To make him a good democrat it is not enough that he should vote. Citizenship has its social as well as political obligations. Patrick, on his travels, should present himself decently to his cleanly fellow-citizens, whose close companionship he claims. We know of no reason why railway companies should not have their regulations of decency, forbidding the reception in carriages of obviously uncleanly persons. No one in Paris is allowed to pass through the public gardens and parks without a coat on his back, in order that the general becomingness of these places of diversion may be secured. This example, however, may be condemned, as a specimen of the tyranny of Europe, though it is taken from a country where the greatest social independence exists. A republican illustration will perhaps better serve our purpose. We recollect reading in prominent letters hung up in the saloon of a United States mail steamship bound to California this peremptory command: "No one is allowed to sit down to table in his shirt-sleeves."

The great fault of our traveling public is its disregard of individual rights. Every man is supposed to be common property, and for the time being he is forced to give up to others the possession of his body and mind, in which he

himself is only allowed to have a reversionary interest after the journey is over. His eyes, ears, limbs, and even his thoughts, are seized upon by the crowd, as soon as he enters hotel, steamboat, or railway carriage, and held for its own use until he leaves. The general conversation is carried on in so loud a tone that the traveler is forced to hear every word. He thus has expressions, observations, opinions, sensations, thoughts, and sights thrust upon him so continually and emphatically that his faculties become too oppressed with the work of others to be capable of doing their own.

Disposed to allow the largest freedom of thought, sentiment, and expression to our fellows, we claim the same liberty for ourselves; and we don't care that they should think, feel, and talk for us. We more especially object to being made the involuntary organs, as we often are when traveling, of our neighbors' shallow opinions, gross sentiment, and ribald conversation.

One of the most annoying forms of this public intrusiveness is reading aloud. After having conscientiously performed the daily duty of perusing the morning's paper, it is not pleasant to be forced to listen again and again, at each station of a long railway route, to the ephemeral effusions of Mr. Jefferson Brick, with the added comments of a succession of his admirers. We have our own opinion of the sentiments and style of that editorial Boanerges, and, having once submitted to his thunder, care not to be exposed to a repetition of its shocks.

We by no means approve of the churlishness of the "respectable" John Bull, who so smothers himself in his English reserve that he can not breathe a word of sympathy with his fellow-travelers, lest he might perchance speak to a common son of Adam one degree lower in the British social scale than himself. Much of the pleasure of travel, and the profit too, is often derived from the conversation of the casual companion of the steamboat or railway, and he not always clothed in the finest broadcloth. While we, however, would encourage converse among fellow-travelers, when mutually in the humor, we protest against being forced by the pertinaciously inquisitive into a communion for which we may feel indisposed. Our countrymen are too apt to disregard the right of every man to reserve in the presence of strangers, and will harry a traveler by question after question from his retreat within himself, for which he may have the best of reasons, like so many dogs scratching out of his burrow their concealed victim.

Our people, in spite of the admonitions they have received, still persist in an indiscriminate ejection, wherever they pass, of their saliva, of which they seem to have an abundance not possessed by any other race of mankind. This habit is so inveterate that it is even proof against their gallantry. "Out of respect to the ladies, gentlemen are requested not to soil the floor of this cabin with tobacco-juice," gently urges the

steamboat proprietary, slyly insinuating its request with an appeal to their proverbial regard for the female sex. The cabin floor, however, we are ashamed to say, continues to be soiled. A sea-captain of our acquaintance had a more effective remedy. He detailed a man with a swab to follow each expectorating passenger, and absorb his superfluous saliva as it fell upon the deck. Some of the most inveterate spitters, finding themselves thus officially and persistently tracked, and their offensive deposit made so manifest by the constant application of the remedial absorbent, were shamed out of their disgusting practice.

A habit akin to the one we have just spoken of, and no less offensive, is that noisy forcing up of the secretions of the throat known as *hawking*, so general among our countrymen that it would seem that the greater part of the nation was affected with a chronic bronchitis. It is, however, in most cases, only a habit, and so bad a one that it behooves all who possess it, and care for decent companionship, to abandon it.

Of all migratory animals within our knowledge, and we have had an extensive opportunity of studying their natural history, the American traveler is the most omnivorous. The locomotive which is so swiftly carrying him on his way is not more constantly in motion than is his masticatory apparatus. All kinds of edibles are welcomed by his indiscriminate voracity. Apart from the annoyance of being constantly jostled and importuned by a ceaseless throng of eager hucksters, and the disgust of seeing every where the scattered refuse of food, where shells of peanuts are tossing about in oceans of saliva, which alternately wash continents of orange and apple peel, it is not pleasant to contemplate our dyspeptic and ravenous countrymen in the throes of the bolting process.

We boast much of the luxurious appointments of our great hotels and steamboats, and the conveniences of our railway carriages. Comfort, however, and safety are often sacrificed for show and facility. Much of the space and expense given, in our enormous caravansaries, to the resplendent reception-rooms might be cartailed to the manifest advantage of the bedchambers, which are generally small and comfortless. If, moreover, there were less height and extent to the parlors and saloons, it would be possible to bring down the high-perched sleeping-cells to within escaping distance to the street, in case of fire. In regard to the gingerbread-work of our steamboat saloons, it always suggests to us the suspicion that it is at the cost of soundness to the hull and completeness to the machinery. But if not, we would rather dispense with an ornamentation that is not seldom incongruous and offensive to taste. The less that is said about the rapidity and convenience of our railway travel the better, until some means are discovered of arresting its career of murder. Sydney Smith thought that to check railroad disaster in England a burned bishop might be effective: "Let the burned bishop, the unwilling

Latimer," said he, consolingly, "remember that, however painful gradual cination by fire may be, his death will produce unspeakable benefit to the public." A director perpetually tied to a locomotive in the guise of a modern Mazeppa, might perhaps serve a good purpose in America. He and his fellows might then be more zealous to secure soundness to their steam-horses and clearness to their tracks. They would certainly discover by personal experience that life is more valuable to the traveler than a dividend to a stockholder. Though in favor, generally, of the greatest possible freedom of enterprise, the ill-management of our railroads, as far as the security of passengers is concerned, disposes us to wish for the interference of Government. In France and Germany, where travel on the railways is managed by the public authorities, accidents have become so rare that the risk to life has been reduced almost to zero.

Business carries more Americans to Europe, as it does to every part of the world, than any other motive. Our representatives abroad were in past times almost exclusively some enterprising Yankee traders, who, accompanied by their wives and daughters, made an occasional trip to London, Paris, and the Continent, on the prospective profits of their ventures to Liverpool, and purchases of dry-goods and hardware at Manchester and Birmingham. It was then that our fastidious countryman, Fenimore Cooper, declared that his respectable fellow-citizens passed throughout Europe for second-class Englishmen. They were worthy *bourgeois*, as the French call them; and though their pretensions may have occasionally provoked a higher comparison, they should have been estimated by the standard of decent citizenship, and judged accordingly. If their manners wanted the grace of the *debonair milors* and *miladies* of the English aristocracy, who were flashing their orders and diamonds from court to court, and exercising their practiced connoisseurship in the picture-galleries of Europe, it was no reason to sneer at our fellow-citizens. If in traveling they sought to furbish themselves by the hasty application of foreign polish, or gratify a natural curiosity of seeing what was to be seen, they were exercising an undeniable right, and engaging in a not illaudable pursuit. Their substantial virtues, of which they possessed at least an average share, should have warded off all scorn of their attempts, however awkward, at acquiring the graces.

We have now, with the rapid increase of wealth in our country, a large number of travelers to Europe of more exalted pretensions than the worthy itinerant tradesmen of former times. You would fall far short of their estimate of themselves if you should rank them with second-class Englishmen, or any grade of mankind lower than the highest. Can't many of them count incomes with the richest of Europe? Don't they occupy more expensive apartments in the Place Vendôme than the British peer in the same hotel? Are not their equipages as fine and their liveries as showy as the most re-

splendent of the London parks or the Bois de Boulogne? Are not their wives and daughters—thanks to the facile presentations of their politic national representatives—able to glitter their diamonds in imperial and queenly eyes at court ball and levee?

It is not easy to analyze the vague and confused motives which induce our wealthy people to travel abroad. Many of them go for no better reason than because traveling costs money, and being necessarily more or less exclusive, is approved by fashion. Paterfamilias may have some vague notion of getting more worth for his dollars by greater opportunities for display or the enjoyment of luxury. His wife is bent, perhaps, on a presentation to court, that on her return she may hold up her head with her neighbor, Mrs. Jones, who has enjoyed the honor before her. His daughter is probably indulging in pleasant anticipatory visions of a close approximation to the whiskers of a genuine count, or of the possession of a French bonnet fresh from the hands of the Empress's own modiste. His son, no doubt, is dreaming of Parisian boots, the freedom of Parisian cafés, and the facility of Parisian damsels. With these motives may be mixed some indefinite expectations of beholding cities of palaces, great galleries of statues and paintings, brilliant assemblages in operas and theatres, court shows, and live monarchs and noblemen. To prepare for a journey prompted by such motives, Paterfamilias and his family have nothing to do but to secure an unlimited credit at their banker's, obtain passports, letters of introduction to our ministers abroad, and the addresses from their traveled friends of the most fashionable and expensive hotels, shop-keepers, boot-makers, *modistes*, and *marchands de modes* in Europe, buy a library of guide-books, and pack their portmanteaus. All they shall have to show on their return will be a heavy bill of expense, a stock of Parisian dresses, bonnets, boots, shoes, and gloves, an increased assumption of importance, which will make them disliked by their acquaintances, and a taste for foreign luxury which will render their own country unpalatable to themselves.

Lord Bacon thought more gravely of travel. "It is," he said, "in the younger sort a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelth before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school and not to travel.....The things to be seen and observed are the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns; and so the havens and harbors, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures, where they are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, bourses, ware-

houses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasures of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go;..... let him [the traveler] sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelth." Bacon closes this formidable summary of the duties of a traveler with the recommendation that, on his return home, he should "let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country."

Our countrymen and countrywomen abroad are easily distinguished from even the English who speak the same language. They have certain characteristics peculiarly their own, and these never seem so marked as when contrasted with those of the people of foreign lands, and especially of Great Britain, with whom, as being of the same race and tongue, a comparison is constantly provoked. The rotundity and succulence of form, ruddiness of hue, thickness—even to grossness—of feature, and general ponderousness of limb of John Bull and his wife, present such a contrast to the angularity and dryness of the meagre frames, to the yellow complexions, the delicately-cut faces, and prevailing lightness of structure of Jonathan and his lady—as he persists in dignifying his better-half—that no one need be a Cuvier to distinguish the two. There is no more chance of confounding the one with the other than the elephant with the giraffe.

Their costume, particularly while traveling, is as distinctive as their physical qualities. The English clothe themselves in their roughest suits, and, taught caution by the rudeness of their own inclement climate, are provided with heaps of mufflers, blankets, umbrellas, and galoshes, against any possible emergency of season. The Americans flaunt every where, by land or on water, in the finest broadcloth and glossiest silk, and seem defiant, by their heedlessness of provision, of all the changes of weather. English travelers, with their bulky frames hung with loose sacks and stuff gowns of coarse texture, and their big feet clogged with heavy boots, shoes, and gaiters, appear by no means graceful, when starting on a journey, in comparison with our lightsome countrymen and countrywomen, in all the jauntiness of their flimsy and superfine drapery. Tested, however, by the shakes and tossings, dust and dirt, the alternate rain and shine of an expedition by rail or steamer, Mr. and Mrs. Bull will appear, in its course and at its close, a more presentable couple than Esquire Jonathan and his lady. The former will be none the worse for the wear and tear of the journey, the latter will be most decidedly damaged. We hardly need say that well-preserved homeliness is more seemly than spoiled

finery. The English, from a rigid economy and an affectation of plainness, make themselves unnecessarily ugly. The Americans, from a loose expenditure and a fondness of display, are inordinately fine.

Our fellow-citizens—though their national pride, which they make manifest by the most boastful demonstration, in the greatness of their native land, always clings to them—adapt themselves with more facility to foreign customs and manners than the English. "We," says Thackeray, speaking of his British fellow-citizens, whom he knew so well, "carry with us our pride, pills, prejudices, Harvey sauces, cayenne peppers, and other *lures*, making a little Britain where we settle down." An Englishman will, after years of residence in Paris, still insist in glutting himself to stupidity with underdone beef and port-wine at the *Taverne Britannique*, and oppressing his brows and feet with heavy English hats and ill-made shoes. He clings to his national customs, however painful; like the Scotchman who, as Goldsmith tells us, would not be cured of the itch, for it reminded him of Maggie and bonnie Dundee. An American has hardly been a day in Paris when he is walking the Boulevards in the latest Parisian fashion, and puzzling out a French dinner from the incomprehensible *carte* of the *Trois Frères*.

Our countrymen and countrywomen have acquired quite a European reputation for the freedom with which they part with their money. They are always, in spite of the Continental proverb, "None but fools and princes travel in first-class carriages," to be found in them. This luxurious indulgence once served them a good turn. During that terrific catastrophe, in 1842, on the Paris and Versailles Railway, when so many were burned to death, and among them some of the most distinguished people of France and other countries, there was not an American who had a hair singed. Our countrymen—and there was a large number—had all, without exception, taken places in the *diligences*, or first-class carriages, and thus escaped; for none but the *wagons*, or second-class, which were nearest to the broken-down locomotive, were heaped upon its fiery furnace, in which they and their inmates were reduced to a common cinder. Our republican citizens never put up but at the most expensive hotels, where their bills for choice viands, rare wines, and other luxuries, are the heaviest. They forego no sight or indulgence, and so overpay every courier, guide, and servant, that they are universally complained of by the less profuse as the spoilers of Continental travel.

Thackeray describes the American traveler as dressed in the most fashionably-cut coat of the finest broadcloth, the glossiest waistcoat, the most artistic trowsers, the freshest kid-gloves, and the neatest of Parisian boots, worn by the smallest feet. He puts the largest and primest of cigars in the mouth of our polished countryman, however, and places him, we are grieved to say, in the worst of Continental company.

Hood photographs an American traveler of another sort. He was, he says, "a tall, very thin man, evidently in bad health, or, as one of the sailors remarked, performing quarantine—his face being of the same color as the yellow flag which indicates that sanitary excommunication." We are not disposed to complain of this by no means flattering picture of our countryman, since Hood is no more indulgent to the features of his fellow-Englishman whom he sketches, by way of contrast—and whom, moreover, as we shall see, he makes the victim of the superior shrewdness of the American. He describes his countryman as "a punchy, florid, red-wattled human cock-bird, who, according to the poultry wife's practice, had seemingly had two pepper-corns thrust down his gullet on first leaving his shell, and had ever since felt their fiery influence in his gizzard." The two are fellow-voyagers across the Channel, and as seasickness is a reasonable expectation, the ruddy Englishman keeps his eye upon the yellow Yankee—"a walking jaundice" he calls him—who's the man to be sick, while he himself is the man to be well, he thinks, in order to mark the first approaches of that dreadful malady. John Bull, however, is soon forced to give up his observations of Jonathan, whom he leaves on deck, "with a d—d cigar in his mouth," while he retires below to the relief of a basin and brandy-and-water. "I had even painted Campbell-like," says Hood, writing in the character of a traveler, in his humorous extravaganza of a "Tour up the Rhine," "that wretched character a Last Man, perched in dreary survivorship in the main-top, when, in startling unison with the thought, a voice muttered in my ear, 'Yes! there he is!—he's been up there all night, and every soul but himself down below!' The speaker was the red-faced man. 'A pretty considerable bad night, Sir!' said his antipathy, by way of a morning salutation. 'An awful one indeed!' said the red face; 'of course, you've been sick at last?' 'Not a notion of it.' 'Egad, then,' cried my uncle, who had just emerged from the companion-way, 'you must have some secret for it worth knowing!' 'I guess I have,' answered the other, very quietly. 'Renounce me if I didn't think so!' exclaimed the red face, in a tone of triumph; 'it can't be done fairly without some secret or other, and I'd give a guinea, that's to say a sovereign, to know what it is.' 'It's a bargain,' said the yellow face, coolly holding out his hand for the money, which was as readily deposited in his palm, and thence transferred to a rather slenderly furnished squirrel-skin purse. 'Now, then!' said the Carnation. 'Why, then,' said Yellow Flower of the forest, with a peculiar drawl through the nose, 'you must first go to sea, man and boy, as I have done, for the best thirty years of your life!'"

The impassibleness of the American under circumstances so trying to the nerves of travelers from other countries is one of his most marked characteristics. Born in a land of amazing

facts, he is not apt to be surprised with the wonders of the rest of the world. He is not like the "used up" European who looks into the crater of Vesuvius, and languidly draws out, "There is nothing in it!" but he scrutinizes every thing with so steady an eye that he sees all, his sight not being dimmed by his own emotion, or dazzled by any reflected glare. The curiosities of the older world attract his interest—and no traveler is more inquisitive—but seldom excite his feelings. There are none, perhaps, who travel abroad that so eagerly seek a presentation at court as our republican countrymen, yet the surprise has been expressed by royalty itself at their imperturbability in the presence of majesty.

It is not surprising that an American, familiar with the great cataract of Niagara, our great lakes and great rivers, should show but little emotion at the sight of even the most striking features of European scenery. A countryman of ours, having, in the course of a northern tour in Great Britain, passed through what is termed the "Lake District," was asked if he had seen the lakes. As he seemed to doubt whether he had beheld those wonders of English sight-seers he was reminded by his questioner that he had passed through Cumberland and Westmoreland. "So I did," he rejoined; "and now I recollect I did see some water as I came along."

There are many stories afloat of the mistakes made by travelers in the course of their collision with foreign language and customs of which they were ignorant. A Western man, having made a sudden fortune by one of those happy accidents which are always, in our country, falling to the lot of every other person but ourselves, such as striking oil in a muddy creek or gold and silver in a rocky desert, was eager to appreciate its benefits. So he went to Paris, where all good Americans are said to go when they die, not doubting that in that luxurious capital he should get the worth of his money. As his dinner, in common with the rest of mankind, was a primary necessity with him, he entered a restaurant in the Palais Royal with an appetite provoked to inordinate sharpness by the prospect of a French dinner, which he had heard so highly extolled. On taking his seat, and while contemplating with satisfaction the display of prosperity about him, in the profusion of picture, gilt, and glass, which reflected his gaunt and hungry features a thousandfold, the *garçon* laid before him, with his politest bow, the *carte*, or bill of fare. Not knowing a word of a foreign language, and hardly his own, he had no means of communicating his wants but by pointing with his finger to the items as laid down in the handsome book in his hand. As the long list of *potages*, *poissons*, *entrées*, *entremets*, *hors d'œuvres*, *desserts*, *vins*, etc., was but a continued succession of mysteries, or so much French which was Greek to him, he thought he could do no better than begin at the beginning. He accordingly pointed to the first article in the bill of fare, and was soon provided with a plate of *consommé*, or beef soup. He ate it with a

relish, and pronounced it excellent. As his first experiment had been so successful he resolved to persevere in his plan, and pointed out the second article to the *garçon*, who soon supplied him with a *potage Julienne*—Julienne soup. This, too, he devoured with satisfaction, but thought he was getting rather too much soup. He, however, still persevered, and ordered the third article in the long list, and was provided with a *potage purée aux pois*—pea soup. This soon disappeared before the eager voracity of the unsatisfied diner; but though he could not complain of its quality, he felt that he had now decidedly too much soup. He therefore resolved upon making a skip from the top to the bottom of the copious bill of fare, and fell upon *cure-dents*, thinking that having got well out of the latitude of the sea of soups he would be sure to reach some more substantial landing-place. Having pointed out the word, his order was immediately followed by the obedient *garçon*, who brought him the *cure-dents*, or tooth-picks. Our Western friend now jumped up from the table in a rage, and cried out, with infinite disgust: "Three soups and a tooth-pick! That's what they call a French dinner, is it? By jingo! I'll make tracks for old Kentuck, and live for the rest of my days on bacon and chicken fixins!"

Two tailors, whose bills had been paid with unusual promptitude, resolved upon spending their unexpected profits in a tour to Paris. As they had naturally provided themselves with the best their shops could afford, they saw no reason why, with their exteriors done up according to the latest style, they should not present themselves as men of fashion and rank. They accordingly determined to sink the shop and pass in the gay capital as two English *milords*. On arriving in Paris and entering a restaurant they managed to make known to the waiter that they wanted dinner. "*Tout à l'heure*" (which sounds very like, when pronounced by a French tongue, *two tailors*), immediately answered the *garçon*. Thinking that their disguise was penetrated, the would-be *milords* left the restaurant at once and entered another, with the hope of better luck. On ordering their dinner they were a second time met with the ordinary response: "*Tout à l'heure*" (two tailor). They now gave up all further designs upon the supposed credulity of Parisian waiters, and hurried back to their shops in Broadway.

Another traveler, who had not made much progress in his Ollendorf, and had left his French dictionary at home, was taking his dinner in a French eating-house, when he thought he would fancy a pigeon. Having forgotten the French for the word, and seeing upon the painted walls a bird which looked like the one he wanted, he asked, pointing it out to the *garçon*, "*Qu'est ce, que c'est ça en Français?*" "*Un St. Esprit, Monsieur*," replied the man, for it happened to be a dove, emblematical of the Holy Ghost. "*Donnez-moi deux St. Esprits*," rejoined the unintentionally-profane diner, much to the confusion

of the *garçon*, who, though his infinite complacency would have undertaken to supply almost any thing else, found his powers of compliance suddenly arrested by this extraordinary order.

CONTRAST.

HELEN was rich, nineteen, and beautiful. Nor did the catalogue of her gifts end thus abruptly; a generous heart and intellect of no mean order had been added. Aspirations noble and lovely, if somewhat vague, filled her spirit. To be, to do, to suffer, if need were, in defense of truth, in service to her kind—this was her theory of life.

She stood at her window one perfect summer morning, the soft air freshening her peachy cheeks, and let all the beauty of the time sink slowly into her soul. A calm ecstasy possessed her; her eyes filled with tears of gratitude and delight. As through this mood she seemed to view the burdened, suffering millions of earth, her heart went out to them in tenderest compassion. The roll of wheels aroused her from this trance of feeling. Looking in the direction of the sound, she saw a rude establishment advancing down the street—a one-horse wagon of the homeliest pattern, drawn by an ancient steed, whose halting gait and high development of bone were quite unmatched in her experience. On the hard seat, bringing the springs well together, sat a stout pair, in whom she recognized Mr. Bowen, the Methodist minister, and his wife. Just opposite her window they paused.

"Good-morning, Brother Porter!" said the pastor's cheery voice to an acquaintance on the sidewalk.

"Good-morning, Sir! And how do you do, Sister Bowen?" responded the person addressed, as he came to the side of the wagon and shook hands with its occupants.

"Oh, I'm always well, you know," said Mrs. Bowen, heartily. "And how's Sister Porter and Luransy?"

"Usually well, thank you. Singing-class meet to-night, Brother Bowen?"

"Yes—at early candle-light; and that's why I stopped you. You'll be down?"

"I'll try my best to."

"Well, don't forget those tunes—'Delight' and 'The Love Feast.' They'll be the very thing for the children." And with cordial farewells the friends departed on their separate ways.

This Vandal irruption of the commonest life put to flight all Helen's high, enthusiastic musings. "I wonder where they are going," she thought, looking after the crazy vehicle—"to spend the day somewhere, I suppose. What an endless round of visiting some people do keep up!" This aimless, profitless intercourse was her particular abhorrence. She wasted a few conjectures as to what could be its object—what food could be found in it for any thing except the body. Then, taking a handsome volume