

State, and the English Empire would hardly survive even a slight fit of political paralysis. The President, again, is, as has been pointed out by Bagehot and Maine, a sort of historical survival. He is a reproduction of an English King such as was an English King in the time of George III. The Presidency is inconsistent with the monarchy, and, at the present moment, the last institution which the majority of Englishmen are prepared to abolish is the Crown. If the Executive is to be placed to any extent above the reach of party, the result can in England be attained, if at all, only by some increase in the royal power. Whether this method of freeing the nation from the evils, such as they are, of party government be practicable, is, to say the least, most uncertain. But it would do less violence to English habits than to attempt to imitate Presidential government. Moreover, the Presidency does not appear, to any student of American history, to be the strong point of your Constitutionalism. The office has, in more ways than one, frustrated the expectations of its creators. It is curious that at the very moment when English thinkers are dwelling on the evils of the connection between the Executive and party, American theorists note with dissatisfaction the disconnection between the President and the Legislature.

To an English observer, if the Presidency seems the least satisfactory, the Senate certainly appears the most original and the most successful among the creations of American statesmanship. The Senate and the House of Lords are the only existing bodies which perform with any effect the functions attributed by theorists to a second chamber; and no competent judge can doubt that the Senate is in efficiency and authority far superior to the existing House of Peers. The American second chamber lacks, it is true, the dignity of age and the augustness conferred by historical prestige; but though it has not existed for a century, the Senate is based on a far firmer foundation than the House of Lords, and it is not rash to anticipate that the constitution of the American second chamber may remain unchanged long after our upper house has been either abolished or so modified as to lose its identity. The reason of this difference is palpable to every one. The Senate is in reality, if not the most powerful, certainly one of the most powerful, of the members of the American Constitution. It contains within its body the ablest statesmen of the country; it combines executive with legislative functions, and exercises a constant and (unless I am mistaken) an increasing influence on the course of public affairs. It is in reality superior to the House of Representatives both in dignity and in authority. All this is of course well known to your readers. I dwell upon it in order to bring out the contrast between the American and the English second chamber. The House of Lords contains within it many eminent men, but of these eminent persons some, like many of the law lords, or like officers ennobled for success in war, are not expected to play a leading part in politics. The statesmen, such as Lord Salisbury, Lord Derby, or the Duke of Argyll, who add distinction to the peerage, are involuntary exiles from the House of Commons, which is their natural sphere of action. It is absolutely certain that any one of these three peers would, if the course were open to him, stand for a seat in the House of Commons and be at once elected. The House of Peers is the tomb of statesmen, and Mr. Gladstone's elevation to an earldom would be welcomed by his opponents as equivalent to political death. The members of the House who themselves gain from being part of it are a dead loss to the House itself. No statesman, speaking generally, wishes to be a peer whom any admirer of

the peerage would wish to have a seat in the House of Lords.

This house, again, is, from one cause or another, becoming more and more detached from connection with the really important questions of the day. Of administrative authority it has none. Its legislative weight is far less than any one would expect it to be who ran through the list of eminent lawyers who now as at all times add lustre to the peerage. Our upper house suffers from two all but irremediable defects. It is based on the hereditary principle, and the idea that the discharge of serious public functions should depend upon birth is out of harmony with the spirit of the time. It has, during the last hundred years, become what it certainly at one time was not—the representative not of the nation nor even of a class, but of a party. Since 1784 the majority of the House of Lords has invariably belonged to the Tory or Conservative party of the day. The House of Commons represents the electors; the Crown in a sense represents the unity of the State; the upper house, as things now stand, represents neither the nation nor the empire, but the will of the Tory leaders. No doubt this condition of affairs does not in England produce all the evil that might be anticipated from it. Party rarely leads statesmen to forget all the claims of common sense and of patriotism; but the Conservatism of the House fatally weakens its influence. The Peers are uncertain whether they represent the nation or not, and hence dare not resist any measure which even appears to command popular support. A strange result follows. The House can and does delay reform, but it never resists for a moment anything which appears like revolution. The body which is intended to preserve the Constitution, stimulates that kind of systematic agitation which is most dangerous to the political stability of our institutions. It has been compared often enough to a drag, but it is a drag which is kept on while the coach is going up hill, and is of necessity taken off when the horses threaten to rush down hill.

To Englishmen who note the prestige and the defects of the House of Lords, the idea naturally occurs that the dignity of its associations may be retained and its political defects removed by turning it into a body like the Senate. The difficulties in the way of such a transformation are, however, immense. The members of the House of Lords are between five and six times as numerous as those of the Senate. The House has no connection with the Executive Government. It might, perhaps, by the adoption of Lord Palmerston's proposal, have been insensibly changed into a body of officials holding peerages for life; but such an assembly, whatever its merits, bears no resemblance to the Senate. The essential obstacle, however, to any Americanization, so to speak, of the peerage, lies in the very nature of things. The strength of the Senate consists in its representing the rights of the States. In the United Kingdom there are no States or anything corresponding to States for the upper house to represent. If, indeed, the British Empire should at any time develop into an imperial confederacy, the House of Lords might conceivably be the name of a body analogous to the American Senate. If the United Kingdom were to be split up into a Federation consisting of three or four States, the House of Lords might again possibly become to some degree the representative of the members of the Federation. But such revolutions as these would, it is more likely, involve the fall of the peerage. In any case, the question now to be considered is, not how far the upper house might form the Senate of a Federal State, but how far—the United Kingdom, being what it is—the House might be reformed so as in some degree to reproduce the features of the American Senate. It were

rash to say of such a reform that it is an impossibility; it is safe to assert that nothing at the present moment seems less probable than that it should be even attempted.

Is it, lastly, possible to give to the fundamental laws of the British Constitution the kind of immutability possessed by the articles of the American Constitution? Attention to the current of opinion shows that some thinkers are prepared to answer this question in the affirmative. In favor of such a reply, take the obvious consideration that the mutability or flexibility of our Constitution is an attribute hardly to be found in the State system of any great country except England. It is natural enough to infer that if the Americans, the Swiss, and the French have all founded constitutions of a more or less rigid character, there is no insuperable reason why Englishmen should not confer upon their time-honored Constitution the quality of immutability; nor can any one who notes either the tendencies of democratic government or the special difficulties which England is required to meet at the present day, deny that much would be gained if the fundamental laws of the State could be placed for a time—in theory, at least—beyond the reach of discussion.

It would take far more than the space at my disposal, toward the end of an already long letter, to discuss the possibility of the proposed revolution. Three observations, however, are worth making, and should be borne in mind throughout the whole of a discussion which has only just begun to interest the public, and may well be destined to last for years. The proposed alteration is, in the first place, essentially a revolution: if adopted, it will change from top to bottom the whole character of the British Constitution. It cuts far deeper, so to speak, into the body of the Constitution than would the transition from a monarchy to a republic. The rigidity of the Constitution means the destruction of that kind of pliancy which has hitherto been the strength of the English State. It is impossible, in the second place, to give to any laws the fixity possessed by the articles of the American Constitution, without also conferring on the courts the powers possessed by the judiciary of the United States. To do this is to give to the judges an authority never yet possessed by any English tribunal. It is, lastly, a mistake to consider that anything like universal experience tells in favor of rigid or inflexible constitutions. The experience of the United States points in one direction, the experience of Continental Europe points in another. The Constitution of the American republic has been changeable, and has therefore not been changed. French constitutions have in general been immutable, and therefore have lasted on an average about six and a half years. The stability, moreover, which thinkers desire to confer upon the Constitution of England is given to the fundamental laws of the Swiss Federation by methods differing considerably from those adopted by the founders of the Union for giving permanence to its Constitution; and it is at least open to argument that in this matter English innovators or reformers may learn more from the Swiss Confederation than from the American republic.

A. V. DICEY.

A MÆDLÆVAL CUSTOM-HOUSE.

ITALY, January 5, 1886.

An incident from the Middle Ages may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Nation*.

On buying tickets from Geneva to Genoa, I was advised to register luggage to the end, and was told that it would be in waiting on our arrival at the Italian frontier. At the northern end of the Mount Cenis Tunnel our basket-trunk and valise, which were all that we took for a

short stay in Italy, should have been opened, but I was told that they had been sent forward for examination at Turin. We got to Turin in the evening in a snow storm, and saw several travellers undergoing examination. As there were not enough passengers to go round, they fared badly—three or four officials working one poor traveller. An East Indian gentleman had his wardrobe much tossed about, and gave the officials some amusement by his vehement protestations in bad English: "No smuggly! No smuggly! Italians! Ugh!" The porter who took me in charge, after some searching, informed me that my luggage had gone forward to Genoa. The next day, which was Christmas, we reached Genoa, and, after much bother about it at the station, I was told that the luggage had not yet come, and that it had no doubt been sent to the "Coast-house." If I would only come back the next day or the day after! Everybody was polite; there was no irritation; there was no hurry; nobody was surprised; it was taken quite as a matter of course that baggage should be detained, and that travellers should wait for it. Would it certainly come? "O! it's got to," answered a hotel porter who stood by and kindly interested himself in my affair.

That night I rested at Nervi, where no snow storm ever comes, and spent the morning wandering in the very perpendicular garden of our villa, the walks of which are mostly stairways in the cliffs running down hundreds of feet to the edge of the sea, with halting places in thatched summer-houses at almost every angle of the paths or stairs. In the garden grow aloes, palms, and palmettoes, as well as pines; orange and lemon trees are here loaded with ripening fruit, and in one of the summer-houses near the water I sat and listened to the ludicrous stories of a party of friends whose baggage had also been involved in the costly meshes of Italian red-tape. Reluctantly leaving our sunny garden at eleven o'clock, I started into Genoa; and after some unavailing search for the American Consul, who had "changed house," as I was told, I gave over the notion of asking advice, and made my way from the Via Roma to the water through those narrow gorges between high buildings that seem so little like streets. Arrived at the *Porte della Mercanzia*, I was directed to the *Dogana*. On making inquiry of some uniformed porters, I was put into the charge of a man whom they called (as it sounded to my ears) "Mary Ann"; probably they would spell it Merian. He was an old man, and had perhaps been long in the Custom-house. No doubt he had once been able to walk like a man; he might even once have been a boy, and played at the sprightly Genoese game of bowls that one sees so often; but year by year all notion of vigor in motion had disappeared from his mind, and Mary Ann had now what might be called the custom-house gait developed in ideal perfection. With a delicious languor, he led me a leisurely ramble through a wilderness of heaped-up merchandise, along one warehouse and across into another, much as Virgil's ghost, having all eternity before him, may have conducted a brother-poet through the land of shades. At length my guide paused at the foot of a stairway, up which he had evidently no notion of climbing: it was not the way of a customs porter. He told me to mount to the top and then go to the other end of the building, where I should find a door. As I went up the stairs, whose steps were deeply worn, I saw my guide placidly wending his way back through the labyrinth toward the place whence he came, intent only on consuming as peacefully as possible the hours until closing time, and I wondered whether even some *centesimi* could have quickened his pace.

I reached at last the mysterious door, which was locked, and I knocked in vain. There were

several men in this upper story engaged in slowly taking merchandise out of boxes and spreading it over the floor as though they might have some intention of counting the parcels to-morrow. Addressing myself to one of these, he sent me to another, who explained to me in tolerable French that railway baggage was never sent to this place, but to the other custom-house at the *Porto Salomi*, half a mile away. When I reached this other custom-house I saw a pile of luggage, newly received, by the side of which lay my large valise, tied up with custom-house cord and sealed with a lead seal. The trunk, which should have accompanied it, was nowhere in sight. There was a watchman in charge of this heap of goods, sleeping peacefully on one of the boxes. I was obliged to disturb him in trying to find my trunk.

Distrusting my knowledge of spoken Italian, I inquired for some one who could speak French, and was sent up stairs. Here a lad of fifteen years offered to take charge of my case, but I insisted on finding some one capable of speaking French, and the lad brought me another *expéditeur*, as he called himself in French, a custom-house attaché and a commissionaire in one. This man was the only person I saw about the place capable of despatch. He took my luggage ticket and immediately conjectured that my wicker trunk was in a large willow receptacle lying locked near the valise. To verify his hypothesis he tried hard to peep through the cracks of this great basket, for it seemed that there was no man high or low who had authority to unlock it at the present stage of the game. The formalities must be observed, and the *spedizioniere* told me there were "*beaucoup de formalités*." Acting on the presumption that the rest of my luggage was in the great wicker case, he hurried off with me to the railway station, calling my attention as an American to the statue of Christopher Columbus, whose vigorous soul must also have known the vexations of a Genoese custom-house. Arrived at the station, we waited half an hour for those who were ahead of us at the window on similar business, but the *spedizioniere* at length recognized a friend within and so got himself admitted behind the window, and, after paying four francs and a fraction for a beginning, got my little yellow paper changed for a blue paper and a white one and a red one. The red one he kept himself, the other two he gave to me.

We now went back to the custom-house, where he informed me we must wait "a moment": other freight had the start. Moments grew to minutes, and nearly an hour passed before my valise was brought in by the porters, who all walked like Mary Ann, as though their legs were moved, without volition, by slow-going clock-work not to be accelerated in the least degree without a probable dislocation of the machine. I saw my *spedizioniere* pay small fees now and then in the vain hope of getting things along; I even saw the young rascal who had brought this particular man to me exact money from him, apparently as pay for the introduction to a client. But at length the long agony seemed nearly over. It had taken about an hour to handle half-a-dozen packages, and the big wicker was brought in last and duly weighed, and then, after a pause, unlocked. My trunk was not there! The *spedizioniere* made a wry face, asked me to remain where I was, and darted away again to the railway station half a mile off. I sat down on a bench with the porters, and watched the lagging movements of the officials. After awhile there entered a chief of some sort, who had probably been three hours at dinner, and who now flew around with a kind of purposeless energy. Seeing me there waiting, he began to scold in resonant Italian. The Italian is a beautiful language for scolding, the open vowels ring so long and

exasperatingly. The case was explained to this man and he subsided. Thinking I might expedite a little on my own account, I arose and told him my predicament, and the importance of my getting through in time for a late afternoon train. I begged that my papers might be made out and my valise examined before the arrival of the trunk. He shook his head. The *expéditeur* had the red paper. I showed him the blue paper and the white paper, but nothing could be done without the all-important red paper. So I sat me down upon my bench again.

The hour of closing was drawing near. One of the porters asked me the time of day—there was no clock; another got out a leathern bag from which he began to take iron keys, in pleasing anticipation of the hour when no imaginary duties should detain him from the *caffè*. I knew that closing was the one thing about which these men were punctual, but I inwardly resolved that I would not leave without my luggage. At length the *spedizioniere* plunged "into our midst," and dashed impetuously up the long stairs, crying to me like a madman, "*Enfin! enfin!*" and the porters gently nodded to me in placid congratulation. Five minutes later my trunk was wheeled in. With what knotty formalities the poor *spedizioniere* was wrestling above stairs I know not, but it was a quarter of an hour before he appeared again, when he came flying down stairs with two large papers in each hand. These he thrust under the nose of a man who sat at a rough desk by a side door. The man wrote something on them, and the *spedizioniere* rushed wildly up the long stairway again. This time he was gone twenty long minutes, during which the porter put keys in the doors and tried the locks, and the entire force sat down to wait for the fulfilment of the solemn rites necessary to release my two pieces of luggage from durance. At length the *spedizioniere* came down nodding to me in triumph. The chief came too. The clerks and porters gathered about in a pleased group. The valise was put in a large hay-scale and weighed and then set aside. The trunk was also weighed and set aside. Then the *spedizioniere* borrowed a jack-knife from a porter, and cut the rope that enclosed my valise, and handed it with the lead seal to another man. I unlocked both pieces, and the actual examination did not take two minutes. It had taken the whole afternoon, however, to get to it, and half-a-dozen men had waited an hour, impotently entangled in their own formalities: One of the employees now dipped a brush in some indescribable paste or glue, and smeared a paper ticket with it, and slowly stuck it on my valise. This ticket was numbered, another number was stuck to my trunk, and then both pieces were mounted on a hand-truck. A porter wheeled this slowly down the length of the custom-house to the front. The *spedizioniere* followed him. I followed the expeditor. At the door a man took off the numbered papers and threw them away. The last ceremony was now concluded, and my luggage was free; the relieved officials were already locking the great doors.

It remained to settle the bill. There was no duty on anything in my trunk or valise, only petty fees. There was a custom-house fee charged at the frontier, for not doing anything, I suppose. There was a charge also at the frontier for portage, another for tying up my valise, another for the rope itself, and one for the lead seal on the rope. Then there were charges for the bills which specified the charges. There were eighty *centesimi* for *commissione*, whatever that may mean. There was two cents for a stamp, and then a parallel set of charges for what had been done at the coast-house. Last of all, there were four francs to pay for *spedizione*. If this word be taken to mean speed, the charge

was too high; if it stands for the work done by the *spedizioniere*, it was dog-cheap.

It only remains to add that Genoa is the chief port of Italy. E. E.

Correspondence.

GEORGE BORROW'S WORKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps you will kindly permit me to interview your public so far as to ask them, or some one curious in these matters, whether any of the works of the late George Borrow not included in the subjoined list are known. Allibone's meagre mention of Borrow gives an 'Autobiography' under date of 1851, which, however, can only be the 'Lavengro' of that year and not a separate book. The 'Celebrated Trials from 1400 to 1825' were in part compiled by Borrow, and published at London in 6 vols., 8vo, in the latter year, I believe. Lowndes does not speak in high terms of them, doubtless because he knew not the charitable influence of Taggart's snuff-box. At the end of the second volume of 'Romany Rye' (2d ed., London, 1858), there are announced a number of titles of inedited works by Borrow, some of which have appeared under the ægis of "Glorious John," and others have not as yet been printed. These are: 'Celtic Bards,' 2 vols.; 'Songs of Europe,' 2 vols.; 'Kœmpe Viser' (Danish Ballads), 2 vols.; 'Penquite and Pentyre,' 2 vols.; 'Russian Popular Tales,' 1 vol.; 'Northern Skalds,' 2 vols. (unfinished); 'Death of Balder'; 'Bayr Jairgey and Glion Doo.' The published volumes that I possess are the following:

1. Romantic Ballads. Norwich, 1826. 8vo.
2. Targum. (Poet. transl. from thirty languages.) St. Petersburg, 1835. 8vo.
3. The Talisman (from Pushkin). St. Petersburg, 1835. 8vo.
4. El Nuevo Testamento (Scio's version). Madrid, 1837. 8vo.
5. Gypsy Version of St. Luke. Madrid, 1837. 12mo.
6. Basque Version of St. Luke. Madrid, 1838. 12mo.
7. Gypsies of Spain. London, 1841. 2 vols., 8vo.
8. Bible in Spain. London, 1842. 3 vols., 8vo.
9. Lavengro. London, 1851. 3 vols., 8vo.
10. Romany Rye. London, 1857. 2 vols., 8vo.
11. The Sleeping Bard. London, 1860. 8vo.
12. Wild Wiles. London, 1862. 3 vols., 8vo.
13. Romano Lavo-Lil (Gypsy Dict.). London, 1874. 8vo.
14. The Turkish Jester. Ipswich, 1884. 8vo. (Posthumous.)

I should be glad of any note or information that would complete this collection as far as possible. W. I. KNAPP.

YALE COLLEGE, January 19, 1886.

THE BOYCOTTING OF POSTMASTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on the boycotting of fourth-class postmasters seems to recognize no possible motive but the desire to gratify "a petty political spite."

I know a little village with only one public store or office, and that the only suitable place for the post-office. I am told that all the Republicans and a majority of the Democrats opposed a change. But a Democrat wanted the office, and had to have it. He is shiftless, addicted to the use of liquor, and generally considered dishonest.

I know another village—one that has grown up around a college. The college is unanimously Republican, the precinct heavily so, and the

college makes the work of the post-office. There is a man in the village who was a rebel during the war, was captured, took the oath not to bear arms against the Government, and then reenlisted in the Confederate service. His business at present is illicit whiskey vending. He neither fears God nor regards man. He is openly accused, by those who know his past, of arson and robbery, and is suspected of other crimes; and I doubt if his best friend would not consider it flattery to call him dishonest. A change is daily expected which will practically make that man postmaster. Every Republican and almost every Democrat will oppose it. But what is to be done when every Democrat becomes a would-be P. M., and the Democratic M. C. determines to make a "clean sweep," and the present incumbent is an "offensive partisan"? Clearly, civil-service reform demands a change.

These are extreme cases, but your article admits that boycotting has been generally introduced where the will of the majority of the people has been disregarded. But when a Democratic Congressman determines to reward his faithful rural friend by securing for him the cross-roads post-office, and the powers that be are deaf to the voice of the people, and grossly incompetent and unworthy men, are placed in offices in which every citizen is interested, what remedy have the people but to reduce the postmaster's income with a view to compelling him to give up the office? I do not know any post-offices where boycotting prevails to any considerable extent. I doubt not there are a few men unreasonable enough to try the method in almost any rural community—indeed, I have long since known families, who took some offence at a village postmaster, to mail all their letters on the trains. But where any considerable number of the citizens unite in so doing, it is safe to admit the possibility of some other cause than ultra-party spirit. And when a majority of good citizens combine in "such performances," it is safe to conclude that, whether their manner of redress be justifiable or not, there is at least just cause for complaint. The Republican majority generally represents at least half the good sense of a community, and the presumption is in their favor.

Respectfully, W. E. BARTON.
ROBBINS, TENN., January 19, 1886.

A DRIVE FOR TROTTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having been a constant reader of the *Nation* since its inception, attracted mainly by the breadth of its views, it was a surprise to see so much narrowness expressed in an article of the above caption.

This part of our continent (the blue-grass region of Kentucky) is visited by many foreigners, attracted doubtless by its park-like beauty; but what engrosses their attention when here is the trotting horse. His high finish, his great speed, his light and airy rig, are all marvels to them. It is the one thing that is, strikingly American, and on that account particularly entertaining. One of my guests, an Englishman of position, after a spin behind a fast roadster, said to me: "If the Prince of Wales had a span of such horses, he would drive nothing else, and then America could not breed trotting horses enough to supply the English demand." As it is, not enough can now be bred to supply the home demand, and men of means have for years been purchasing colts and keeping them until they were old enough to use—laying them in as they do their wines—because the matured could not be obtained at reasonable prices.

No amount of cold water thrown on this recreation can abate the fever. Let us, then, make the best of it, and so arrange for its enjoyment

that harm cannot come from it. If "roads frequented by trotters are sure to be lined with grogeries," let your Park drive be exempt from this evil, and by those who must "needs fill themselves with rum, gin, brandy, or whiskey," some other drive would be sought. The Park drive would neither foster nor hasten the "kidney trouble" among highly-fed business men, for the frequent drinks on that road could not be obtained. But why driving a horse in New York faster than a jog should create such an abnormal thirst, needs some explanation. It certainly does not have that effect elsewhere, not even in a country where whiskey is supposed to flow as water.

But your very provincial idea of "a race course with all that its name implies," is as striking to one living outside of your bailiwick as your bibulous argument. At our fair in this place, the trotting races have been attended for years by from five to six thousand spectators, more than one-half of whom are females, and the divines of every denomination are present. Not a drink of liquor has ever been sold on the grounds, not a drunken person has ever been seen there, and not a cent has ever been wagered on a race. Neither "grass, nor trees, nor shrubbery" in this park have been injured, and "women and children and quiet men" are not driven away, but in increased numbers seek this place, when the trotting race is expected. No quarrel, no profane language, and no bluster has ever been heard there, and this crowd is composed of "lawless Kentuckians." Surely sedate, Christian New Yorkers might contain themselves even if Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See were flying past them.

Your "moral view of the trotting horse" is even more startling than that of the race course; it surpasses the Methodist mountaineer's belief, that the devil is in a fiddle, or that a pack of cards is a coal of fire from hell. Would it not be advisable to have guardians appointed for those "poor young men who have a taste for trotters"? for if deprived of a place to trot their horses they will, without doubt, find some other adequate means of making their "banks or tills suffer sooner or later." Such idiots are made conspicuous because they are seen behind fast horses. Your city is full of just such men who go to the bad without ever having driven a trotter. An ambition to improve one's dwelling, as well as to improve one's horse, makes the tills of many weak men unduly suffer, but handsome dwellings should not on this account be tabooed.

To deprive your hard-worked merchant, whose tax for the benefit of the Park is often princely, of his innocent and healthful recreation, when he has grown too old to straddle a bang-tailed Anglicized American plug, and bob up and down with your host of badly-seated and ill-at-ease horseback riders, because some loud fellows prefer white coats and gin-cocktails when they drive, is hardly reasonable.

No part of your Park would be so entertaining to your visitors, be they native or foreign, as your trotting drive. To see the action and poise of the finest and most tractable horses ever produced in any land, driven by men some of whom are known to fame, and who have a reputation outside of their city not appreciated by their fellow-townsmen, would be worth a visit to New York if nothing else could be seen.

That driving fast horses is immoral cannot be maintained, and that the amusement is low can only be supported because it is American. That nothing is more exhilarating and refreshing to closely-confined mental workers than the rapid motion of the horse, either ridden or driven, is well known. To enjoy horseback exercise one must be a rider, an art only acquired by constant practice in youth, and few of our youths have an