

it everybody will do it." But everybody does not do it. England is a country where nothing leads to anything, and anything leads to nothing.

Three centuries ago the Reformation broke out, when it was predicted that everybody would come to have ideas of his own. A few new creeds flew into the air and alighted upon ledges in the old rocks of opinion, where they have nestled in inadvertent content, and the groves of thought have seldom since been enlivened by new brightness of plumage or cheered by varieties of song. The republican equality and the republican freedom of America, with their infinite incentives and fertility of aspirations, were to me as a land of new color and new notes, where the minds of the people, like keyless watches, wind themselves up and always keep going. I should have been glad to live there for years, so as to write about it; as it is, I content myself with relating a few of the things which I noticed.

It is not intended that these papers, now collected into a book form, should be regarded as a "book upon America." That would be a very absurd pretension. These pages are the story of nearly four months travel, and if I had been in America four years I should not think myself competent to write a "book about America." Only an ex-President could write that in a complete way. When I returned home my friends naturally asked me what I thought of a country I had never seen before. What I have written is what I told them. It is a mere fireside story of what interested me.

G. J. H.

NEWCASTLE CHAMBERS, }
Essex St., Temple Bar. }

London, April, 1881.