

have had a common tongue to convey their carpings, scoffings, and gibings to each other. English travellers come scurrying over the United States with notions gathered from Martin Chuzzlewit, seeing only the cities, where all that is least American and least worthy is apt to be gathered, not the farms and villages, in which largely reside the pith, force, and virtue of the nation; ignorant of the modes of living and travelling, running their heads against social custom, carrying about their own bath-tubs, and dressing as though they were among hunter tribes. Then they go home and write magazine articles about American society and life. Americans go to England full of Republican prejudice and sensitiveness, with minds made up to seeing nothing but tyranny or servility on all sides,—ignorant, they also, of the ways of the society in which they find themselves, construing every oversight and every word that they do not understand as a studied insult not only to themselves but to their Republic. I was reading the other day a book on British Aristocracy by a distinguished American, the lion's provider to one still more distinguished. He was so far free from prejudice as to admit that English judges did not often take bribes. But, in English society, he found a repulsive mass of aristocratic insolence on one side and of abject flunkysim on the other. The position of the men of intellect, the Tennysons, Brownings, Thackerays, Macaulays, Darwins, Huxleys, and Tyndalls he found to be that of the Russian serf, who holds the heads of his master's horses while his master flogs him. He represents the leaders of English society as going upon their knees for admission to his parties, which ought to have mollified him, but did not. It seems that when he was