

**AN AMERICAN  
JOURNEY, NO. 223**

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An American journey, No. 223 by Edward Aveling

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**EDWARD AVELING**

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JOURNEY, NO. 223**



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# AN AMERICAN JOURNEY

BY

*Bibbins*

EDWARD AVELING



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*28.10.47*

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## PREFACE.

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THE writer of the notes upon America that follow left Liverpool on August 31, 1886, and returned to Liverpool on January 3, 1887. During the fifteen weeks' stay in the United States, forty-four towns in all were visited, and in his capacity as lecturer, journalist, and dramatic critic, the writer came into contact with a great number of Americans of all grades of society, and all shades of opinion. He only claims for his notes that they are the unprejudiced record, made at the time and on the spot, of things as they appeared to him. He is conscious that in many cases they are the results of first impressions; but, at all events, first impressions are more frequent than any other, and it may not be useless for Americans to see, not now for the first time, how they strike a stranger coming in their midst.

Almost the whole of these sketches are reprints from articles sent to England during the writer's stay in America. He desires to express his thanks to the editors of the *New York World*, *Boston Herald*, *Topical Times*, *Court and Society Review*, *Journalist*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Journal of Education*, of London, and the *Sunday Chronicle*, of Manchester, for permission to use his contributions to their respective journals.

EDWARD AVELING.

65 CHANCERY LANE, W. C.

#### DISTANCES IN CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

From the Rock Light, Liverpool, to the Bar at the mouth of the Mersey, 11 miles.

From the Landing Stage to the Bar, 14 miles.

From the Bar Light-ship to Holyhead, 60 miles.

From Holyhead to Tusca Rock, 86 miles.

From Tusca Rock to Queenstown, 84 miles.

From Queenstown to Fastnet Rock, 60 miles.

From Fastnet Rock to Sandy Hook, 2,828 miles, going south ; 2,730 miles, going north.

These are nautical miles.

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# AN AMERICAN JOURNEY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### ON BOARD SHIP.

On the morning of Tuesday, the last day of August, 1886, I left Manchester for America. I had taken the rainy town on my way from London to Liverpool, and had spent my last night in England in the company of the most genial of barristers, mathematicians, and translators from the German, of Wilson Barrett and *Hamlet*, of Mary Eastlake and *Ophelia*.

I left Manchester early on the morning in whose earliest hours I was talking to the youngest Hamlet, fetched a compass, or, in modern parlance, took a train and came to Liverpool, upon whose platform I was taken in tow by a market-porter, with delicious Irish eyes and voice. He was something magisterial in his manner—quite a lord of the manner, in fact—and spoke after the similitude of the centurion in the Scriptures. Under his genial but firm orders, I took one particular side of the street, while he and my baggage skirted the other. I did not take it farther than the docks, as I was not anxious to deprive the city of any portion of its pavement. No. 36, but for the gently imperious way in which he made me, for the time being, his bond-slave, or, maybe, in consequence of this, was delightful. He

saw to my things, found out about the tender's starting, did everything for me except pay the balance of my passage-money, and left me at last with the remembrance of one of the pleasantest and frankest of the many casual acquaintances of my life.

At four the tender left the landing-stage, where, for some deal of time before I had been watching the multitudinous porters—still mostly Milesian—whose idea of exercise seems to be walking about with a ton or two of boxes on their backs. The tender only took us humans and our light luggage. The heavy latter followed in a barge. Hence from the uninitiate, who thought they and theirs were eternally separated, yells of distress and attempted bisection of bodies by the taffrail, as their owners leaned over to gesticulate. They were not leaning to their own understanding, for, as aforesaid, their belongings were not long in following them.

On board the air reeked of Americans. One or two faithful English, after a voyage of discovery for berths, came on deck and took a tender farewell of their native land. The pathetic beauty of this was marred in some measure by the fact that the vessel did not start until four hours later. It was eight P.M. when we set steam. The reason of this delay was the dread that there would not be enough water over the bar at the Mersey mouth. That delay, whose sister bears the exceedingly ugly name of Raw Haste, was a bountiful dispensation of Providence to all concerned, except the commissariat. For everyone came up smiling hungrily to dinner. Said the licensed jester of the company, "At this present dinner there is hardly an absentee."

Sixty miles from Liverpool to Holyhead, ninety more to Tusca—which sounds like an elephant, but is only a lighthouse on a rock—ninety more to Queens-