**Charles William Janson, The Stranger in America (1807)**

*Charles William Janson arrived in the United States from England in the summer of 1793. Comparing society and politics of the new nation with those of Great Britain, he decried the loss of social subordination, which, he argued, caused the “rabble” to reinterpret liberty and equality as licentiousness. Janson found the poor whites extremely jealous of their republican rights and liberties and disrespectful of their “betters.” He left the United States after thirteen years (and several business failures), stating that he had been duped at every turn while in the country.*

Arrived at your inn, let me suppose, like myself, you had fallen in with a landlord, who at the moment would condescend to take the trouble to procure you refreshment after the family hour, and that no pig, or other trifling circumstance called off his attention, he will sit by your side, and enter in the most familiar manner into conversation; which is prefaced, of course, with a demand of your business, and so forth. He will then start a political question (for here every individual is a politican), force your answer, contradict, deny, and, finally, be ripe for a quarrel, should you not acquiesce in all his opinions. When the homely meal is served up, he will often place himself opposite to you at the table, at the same time declaring, that "though he thought he had eaten a hearty dinner, yet he will pick a bit with you." Thus will he sit, drinking out of your glass, and of the liquor you are to pay for, belching in your face, and committing other excesses still more indelicate and disgusting. Perfectly inattentive to your accommodation, and regardless of your appetite, he will dart his fork into the best of the dish, and leave you to take the next cut. If you arrive at the dinner-hour, you are seated with "mine hostess" and her dirty children, with whom you have often to scramble for a plate, and even the servants of the inn; for liberty and equality level all ranks upon the road, from the host to the hostler. The children, imitative of their free and polite papa, will also seize your drink, slobber in it, and often snatch a dainty bit from your plate. This is esteemed wit, and consequently provokes a laugh, at the expence of those who are paying for the board. No check must be given to these demonstrations of unsophisticated nature; for the smallest rebuke will bring down a severe animadversion from the parent. Many are the instances that could be pointed out, where the writer has undergone these mortifications, and if Mr. Winterbottom has ever travelled in the country parts of the United States, he can, if he pleases, attest the truth of these observations.

"The American farmer, (says this gentleman) has more simplicity and honesty-we more art and chicanery; they have more of nature, and we more of the world. Nature, indeed, formed our features and intellects very much alike; but while we have metamorphosed the one, and contaminated the other, they have retained and preserved the natural symbols of both."

If we credit these assertions, we must admit that the inhabitants of the new world, far excel us, also, in mental acquirements; but I take the very contrary to be the fact. A republican spirit makes them forward and impertinent-a spirit of trade renders them full of chicanery-and under a shew of liberty, they are commonly tyrants to each other. This is observable at their public meetings, when the fumes of whisky or apple-brandy begin to operate-the more opulent will lord it over his poor neighbor; while the robust will attack the weak, till the whole exhibits a scene of riot, blasphemy, and intoxication. . . .

Among the females, a stranger may soon discover the pertness of republican principles. Divested, from that cause, of the blushing modesty of the country girls of Europe, they will answer a familiar question from the other sex with the confidence of a French Mademoiselle. I would not, however, be understood to question their chastity, of which they have as large a portion as Europeans; my object is merely to shew the force of habit, and the result of education.

The arrogance of domestics in this land of republican liberty and equality, is particularly calculated to excite the astonishment of strangers. To call persons of this description servants, or to speak of their master or mistress, is a grievous affront. Having called one day at the house of a gentleman of my acquaintance, on knocking at the door, it was opened by a servant-maid, whom I had never before seen, as she had not been long in his family. The following is the dialogue, word for word, which took place on this occasion:-"Is your master at home?"-"I have no master."-"Don't you live here?"-"I stay here."-"And who are you then?"-"Why, I am Mr. ---'s help. I'd have you to know, man, that I am no sarvant; none but negers are sarvants." . . .

To return to the city of Washington-I have remarked, that on my return to London, the first general enquiry of my friends is respecting this far-famed place. The description given of it by interested scribblers, may well serve to raise an Englishman's curiosity, and lead him to fancy the capital of Columbia a terrestrial paradise.

The entrance, or avenues, as they are pompously called, which lead to the American seat of government, are the worst roads I passed in the country; and I appeal to every citizen who has been unlucky enough to travel the stages north and south leading to the city, for the truth of the assertion. I particularly allude to the mail stage road from Bladensburg to Washington, and from thence to Alexandria. In the winter season, during the sitting of Congress, every turn of your waggon wheel (for I must again observe, that there is no such thing in the country as what we call a stage coach, or a postchaise,) is for many miles attended with danger. The roads are never repaired; deep ruts, rocks, and stumps of trees, every minute impede your progress, and often threaten your limbs with dislocation.

Arrived at the city, you are struck with its grotesque appearance. In one view from the capitol hill, the eye fixes upon a row of uniform houses, ten or twelve in number, while it faintly discovers the adjacent tenements to be miserable wooden structures, consisting, when you approach them, of two or three rooms one above another. Again, you see the hotel, which was vauntingly promised, on laying the foundation, to rival the large inns in England. This, like every other private adventure, failed: the walls and the roof remain, but not a window! and, instead of accommodating the members of Contress, and travellers of distinction, as proposed, a number of the lowest order of Irish have long held the title of naked possession, from which, were it ever to become an object, it would be difficult to eject them. Turning the eye, a well finished edifice presents itself, surrounded by lofty trees, which never felt the stroke of the axe. The president's house, the offices of state, and a little theatre, where an itinerant company repeated, during a part of the last year, the lines of Shakespeare, Otway, and Dryden, to empty benches, terminate the view of the Pennsylvania, or Grand Avenue.

Speculation, the life of the American, embraced the design of the new city. Several companies of speculators purchased lots, and began to build handsome streets, with an ardor that soon promised a large and populous city. Before they arrived at the attic story, the failure was manifest; and in that state at this moment are the walls of many scores of houses begun on a plan of elegance. In some parts, purchasers have cleared the wood from their grounds, and erected temporary wooden buildings; others have fenced in their lots, and attempted to cultivate them; but the sterility of the land laid out for the city is such, that this plan has also failed. The country adjoining consists of woods in a state of nature, and in some places of mere swamps, which give the scene a curious patch-work appearance. The view of the noble river Potomack, which the eye can trace till it terminates at Alexandria, is very fine. The navigation of the river is good from the bay of Chesapeak, till the near approach to the city, where bars of sand are formed, which every year encroach considerably on the channel. The frigate which brought the Tunisian embassy, grounded on one of these shoals, and the barbarians were obliged to be landed in boats. This is another great disadvantage tothe growth of the city. It never can become a place of commerce, while Baltimore lies on one side, and Alexandria on the other; even admitting the navigation to be equally good-nor can the wild and uneven spot laid out into streets be cleared and levelled for building upon, for many years, even with the most indefatigable exertions.

The capitol, of which two wings are now finished, is of hewn stone, and will be a superb edifice, worthy of its name. The architect who built the first wing, left the country soon after its completion; the corresponding part was carried on under the direction of Mr. Latrobe, an Englishman; from whose taste and judgment much may be expected in finishing the centre of the building: the design of which, as shewn to me by Doctor Thornton, is truly elegant.

The president's house, of which a correct view is given in the frontispiece to this volume, is situated one mile from the Capitol, at the extremity of Pennsylvania Avenue. The contemplated streets of this embryo city are called avenues, and every state gives name to one. That of Pennsylvania is the largest; in fact I never heard of more than that and the New Jersey Avenue, except some houses uniformly built, in one of which lives Mr. Jefferson's printer, John Harrison Smith, a few more of inferior note, with some public-houses, and here and there a little grog-shop, this boasted avenue is as much a wilderness as Kentucky, with this disadvantage, that the soil is good for nothing. Some half-starved cattle browzing among the bushes, present a melancholy spectacle to a stranger, whose expectation has been wound up by the illusive description of speculative writers. So very thinly is the city peopled, and so little is it frequented, that quails and other birds are constantly shot within a hundred yards of the Capitol, and even during the sitting of the houses of congress. . . .

Neither park, nor mall, neither churches, theatres, nor colleges, could I discover so lately as the summer of 1806. A small place has indeed been erected since in the Pennsylvania Avenue, called a theatre, in which Mr. Green and the Virginia company of comedians were nearly starved the only season it was occupied, and were obliged to go off to Richmond during the very height of the sitting of congress. Public offices on each side of the president's house, uniformly built of brick, may also, perhaps, have been built subsequent to that period. That great man who planned the city, and after whom it is named, certainly entertained the hopes that it would at some future period equal ancient Rome in splendor and magnificence. Among the regulations for building were these-that the houses should be of brick or stone-the walls to be at least thirty feet high, and to be built parallel to the line of the street.

The president's house is certainly a neat but plain piece of architecture, built of hewn stone, said to be of a better quality than Portland stone, as it will cut like marble, and resist the change of the seasons in a superior degree. Only part of it is furnished; the whole salary of the president would be inadequate to the expence of completing it in a style of suitable elegance. Rooms are fitted up for himself, an audience chamber, and apartments for Mr. Thomas Man Randolph, and Mr. Epps, and their respective families, who married two of his daughters, and are members of the house of representatives.

The ground around it, instead of being laid out in a suitable style, remains in its ancient rude state, so that, in a dark night, instead of finding your way to the house, you may, perchance, fall into a pit, or stumble over a heap of rubbish. The fence round the house is of the meanest sort; a common post and rail enclosure. This parsimony destroys every sentiment of pleasure that arises in the mind, in viewing the residence of the president of a nation, and is a disgrace to the country.

Though the permanent seat of government has been fixed at Washington, its progress has been proved to be less rapid than any other new settlement supported only by trade. The stimulus held out by the presence of congress has proved artificial and unnatural. After enumerating the public buildings, the private dwelling-houses of the officers of government, the accommodations set apart for the members of the legislature, and the temporary tenements of those dependent on them, the remainder of this boasted city is a mere wilderness of wood and stunted shrubs, the occupants of barren land. Strangers after viewing the offices of state, are apt to enquire for the city, while they are in its very centre.

One of the greatest evils of a republican form of government is a loss of that subordination in society which is essentially necessary to render a country agreeable to foreigners. To the well-informed, this defect is irksome, and no remedy for it can be applied. The meaning of liberty and equality, in the opinion of the vulgar, consists in impudent freedom, and uncontrolled licentiousness; while boys assume the airs of full-grown coxcombs. This is not to be wondered at, where most parents make it a principle never to check those ungovernable passions which are born with us, or to correct the growing vices of their children. Often have I, with horror, seen boys, whose dress indicated wealthy parents, intoxicated, shouting and swearing in the public streets. In the use of that stupefying weed, tobacco, apeing their fathers, they smoke segars to so immoderate a degree, that sickness, and even death, has been the consequence. . . .

Literature is yet at a low ebb in the United States. During my stay in Philadelphia, where the small portion of genius is chiefly to be found, I heard of very few literary characters, superior to the political scribblers of the day. Joseph Dennie, and Mr. Brown, of that city, with Mr. Fessenden, of Boston, are men of genius. The former is editor of a literary periodical paper, called "The Port-Folio," a publication which would do credit to the most polished nation in Europe. Its contemporary prints make politics their principal object; the Port-Folio embraces the belles lettres, and cultivates the arts and sciences. The editor, when he touches upon the state of his country, speaks in the cause of federalism; and, from his great abilities, he is consequently obnoxious to the ruling party. The government had long endeavored to control the federal prints, and had already ineffectually prosecuted some of the editors. At length, they denounced Mr. Dennie, who was indicted and tried at Philadelphia, for publishing the following political strictures:-

"A democracy is scarcely tolerable at any period of national history. Its omens are always sinister, and its powers are unpropitious. With all the lights of experience blazing before our eyes, it is impossible not to discern the futility of this form of government. It was weak and wicked in Athens. It was bad in Sparta, and worse in Rome. It has been tried in France, and has terminated in despotism. It was tried in England, and rejected with the utmost loathing and abhorrence. It is on its trial here, and the issue will be civil war, desolation, and anarchy. No wise man but discerns its imperfections; no good man but shudders at its miseries; no honest man but proclaims its fraud; and no brave man but draws his sword against its force. The institution of a scheme of polity, so radically contemptible and vicious, is a memorable example of what the villainy of some men can devise, the folly of others receive, and both establish, in despite of reason, reflection, and sensation."

This paragraph was copied into the federal papers throughout the union, and it became extremely obnoxious to the democratic party. The trial greatly interested all ranks; but, after much time being consumed, and much party spirit evinced by the contending advocates, Mr. Dennie was acquitted. He gives a sketch of the trial in the Port-Folio, and thus concludes:- "The causes of this prosecution, the spirit of the times, and the genius of the commonwealth, must be obvious to every observer. The editor inscribes vici on the white shield of his innocence, but is wholly incapable of vaunting at the victory!" . . .

Printing and bookselling have of late years been extended to the most remote parts of the country. Several newspapers are printed in Kentucky; and almost every town of more than a few score houses, in every state, has a printing-office, from which the news is disseminated. There is no tax whatever on the press, and consequently every owner of one can print a newspaper with little risk, among a people who are all politicians. These sheets are the utmost limits of literature in most country towns, and they furnish ample food for disputation. Several hundred different newspapers are daily distributed by the public mail, in all parts, to subscribers, at the small charge of one or two cents, at most, for postage; but printers exchange their papers with each other, by that mode, free of any charge. I have often seen a printer receive as many newspapers by one mail, as would fill the room of several hundred letters.

**Michel Chevalier, Society, Manners and Politics in the United States (1834)**

*Like Alexis de Tocqueville, Michel Chevalier visited the United States during the Jacksonian era. The excerpts reproduced below convey some of his impressions of the young republic.*

Public opinion has not the same arbiters here as in European societies; what is called public opinion in Europe, is the generally current opinion among the middling and higher classes, that of the merchants, manufacturers, men of letters, and statesmen, of those who, having inherited a competency, devote their time to study, the fine arts, and unfortunately too often, to idleness. These are the persons who govern public opinion in Europe, who have seats in the chambers, fill public offices, and manage or direct the most powerful organs of the press. They are the polite and cultivated, who are accustomed to self-control, most inclined to scepticism from fanaticism, and on their guard against the impulses of enthusiasm; to whose feelings all violence is repugnant, all rudeness and all brutality offensive; who cherish moderation often even to excess and prefer compromises and half-measures. . . .

The minority, which in Europe decides public opinion and by this means is sovereign, is here deposed, and having been successively driven from post to post, had come to influence opinion only in a few saloons in the large cities, and to be itself under as strict guardianship as minors, women, and idiots. Until the accession of General Jackson, it had, however, exercised some influence over all the Presidents, who were generally scholars, and all of whom, aside from their party connections, were attached to it by family and social relations, and by their habits of life. Up to the present time, this class had also preserved some influence over the two houses; but it has now completely broken with the President, or rather the President has broken with it; it has no longer any credit, except with one of the Houses, because the Senate still consists of men whom it may claim as belonging to it by their superior intelligence, education, and property. The democracy does not fail, therefore, to stigmatize the Senate as an aristocratic body, and to call it the House of Lords The mass, which in Europe bears the pack and receives the law, has here put the pack on the back of the enlightened and cultivated class, which among us on the other hand, has the upper hand. The farmer and the mechanic are the lords of the New World; public opinion is *their* opinion; the public will is *their* will; the President is their choice, *their* agent, *their* servant. If it is true that the depositaries of power in Europe have been too much exposed to use it in promoting their own interests, without consulting the wishes and the welfare of the mass beneath them, it is no less true that the classes which held the sceptre in America are equally tainted with selfishness, and that they take less pains to disguise it. In a word, North America is Europe with its head down and its feet up. European society, in London and Paris as well as at St. Petersburg, in the Swiss republic as well as in the Austrian empire, is aristocratical in this sense, that, even after all the great changes of the last fifty years, it is still founded more or less absolutely on the principle of inequality or a different of ranks. American society is essentially and radically a democracy, not in name merely but in deed. In the United States the democratic spirit is infused into all the national habits, and all the customs of society; it besets and startles at every step the foreigner, who, before landing in the country, had no suspicion to what a degree every nerve and fibre had been steeped in aristocracy by a European education. It has effaced all distinctions, except that of colour; for here a shade in the hue of the skin separates men more widely than in any other country in the world. It pervades all places, one only excepted, and that the very one which in Catholic Europe is consecrated to equality, the church; here all whites are equal, every where, except in the presence of Him, in whose eyes, the distinctions of this world are vanity and nothingness. Strange inconsistency! Or rather solemn protest, attesting that the principle of rank is firmly seated in the human heart by the side of the principle of equality, that it must have its place in all countries and under all circumstances!

Democracy everywhere has no soft words, no suppleness of forms; it has little address, little of management it is apt to confound moderation with weakness, violence with heroism. Little used to self-control, it gives itself unreservedly to its friends, and sets them up as idols to whom it burns incense; it utters its indignation and its suspicions against those of whom it thinks that it has cause for complaint, rudely, and in a tone of anger and menace. It is intolerant towards foreign nations: the American democracy in particular, bred up in the belief that the nations of Europe groan ignobly under the yoke of absolute despots, looks upon them with a mixture of pity and contempt. When it throws a glance beyond the Atlantic it affects the superior air of a freeman looking upon a herd of slaves. Its pride kindles at the idea of humbling the monarchical principle in the person of the "tyrants who tread Europe under foot." . . .

**Selections from Alexis de Tocqueville’s *Democracy in America* (1835)**

*Alexis de Tocqueville was a French political thinker and historian who traveled throughout the United States in the early 1830s. Upon his return to France, he published Democracy in America, a work examining American society and government. The book became renowned for its often brilliant analysis of American culture in the early 19th century.*

- - - - - - - - - - -

[On equality] “Among the novel objects that attracted my attention during my stay in the United States, nothing struck me more forcibly than the general equality of condition among the people. I readily discovered the prodigious influence that this primary fact exercises on the whole course of society; it gives a peculiar direction to public opinion and a peculiar tenor to the laws; it imparts new maxims to the governing authorities and peculiar habits to the governed.

I soon perceived that the influence of this fact extends far beyond the political character and the laws of the country, and that it has no less effect on civil society than on the government; it creates opinions, gives birth to new sentiments, founds novel customs, and modifies whatever it does not produce. The more I advanced in the study of American society, the more I perceived that this equality of condition is the fundamental fact from which all others seem to be derived and the central point at which all my observations constantly terminated.”

- - - - - - - - - - -

[On work] Among a democratic people, where there is no hereditary wealth, every man works to earn a living, or has worked, or is born of parents who have worked. The notion of labor is therefore presented to the mind, on every side, as the necessary, natural, and honest condition of human existence. Not only is labor not dishonorable among such a people, but it is held in honor; the prejudice is not against it, but in its favor. In the United States a wealthy man thinks that he owes it to public opinion to devote his leisure to some kind of industrial or commercial pursuit or to public business. He would think himself in bad repute if he employed his life solely in living. It is for the purpose of escaping this obligation to work that so many rich Americans come to Europe, where they find some scattered remains of aristocratic society, among whom idleness is still held in honor.

- - - - - - - - - - -

[On American restlessness] It is strange to see with what feverish ardor the Americans pursue their own welfare, and to watch the vague dread that constantly torments them lest they should not have chosen the shortest path which may lead to it.

A native of the United States clings to this world's goods as if he were certain never to die; and he is so hasty in grasping at all within his reach that one would suppose he was constantly afraid of not living long enough to enjoy them. He clutches everything, he holds nothing fast, but soon loosens his grasp to pursue fresh gratifications.

In the United States a man builds a house in which to spend his old age, and he sells it before the roof is on; he plants a garden and lets it just as the trees are coming into bearing; he brings a field into tillage and leaves other men to gather the crops; he embraces a profession and gives it up; he settles in a place, which he soon afterwards leaves to carry his changeable longings elsewhere. If his private affairs leave him any leisure, he instantly plunges into the vortex of politics; and if at the end of a year of unremitting labor he finds he has a few days' vacation, his eager curiosity whirls him over the vast extent of the United States, and he will travel fifteen hundred miles in a few days to shake off his happiness. Death at length overtakes him, but it is before he is weary of his bootless chase of that complete felicity which forever escapes him.

At first sight there is something surprising in this strange unrest of so many happy men, restless in the midst of abundance….

Among democratic nations, men easily attain a certain equality of condition, but they can never attain as much as they desire. It perpetually retires from before them, yet without hiding itself from their sight, and in retiring draws them on. At every moment they think they are about to grasp it; it escapes at every moment from their hold. They are near enough to see its charms, but too far off to enjoy them; and before they have fully tasted its delights, they die.

- - - - - - - - - - -

[On religion] In the United States on the seventh day of every week the trading and working life of the nation seems suspended; all noises cease; a deep tranquility...succeeds the turmoil of the week, and the soul resumes possession and contemplation of itself. On this day the marts of traffic are deserted; every member of the community, accompanied by his children, goes to church, where he listens to strange language which would seem unsuited to his ear. He is told of the countless evils caused by pride and covetousness; he is reminded of the necessity of checking his desires, of the finer pleasures that belong to virtue alone, and of the true happiness that attends it. On his return home he does not turn to the ledgers of his business, but he opens the book of Holy Scripture; there he meets with sublime and affecting descriptions of the greatness and goodness of the Creator, of the infinite magnificence of the handiwork of God, and of the lofty destinies of man, his duties, and his immortal privileges.

**Selections from Frances Trollope, *Domestic Manners of the Americans***

*Francis Trollope was an English writer who traveled to America in the 1820s. She, her husband, and their children lived for a few years in Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1832, after her return to England, Mrs. Trollope published* Domestic Manners of the Americans*, a scathing critique of Americans, whom she described as coarse, selfish, indelicate, and generally ridiculous. English readers loved the book. American readers, not surprisingly, did not.*

[On board a public steamboat on the Mississippi River]

The total want of all the usual courtesies of the table, the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured, the strange uncouth phrases and pronunciation; the

loathsome spitting, from the contamination of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses; the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth; and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket knife, soon forced us to feel that we were not surrounded by the generals, colonels, and majors of the old world; and that the dinner hour was to be any thing rather than an hour of enjoyment.

The little conversation that went forward while we remained in the room, was entirely political, and the respective claims of Adams and Jackson to the presidency were argued with more oaths

and more vehemence than it had ever been my lot to hear.

- - - - - - - - - - -

[Concerning a religious revival in Cincinnati]

It was at the …Presbyterian church that I was twice witness to scenes that made me shudder;

It was in the middle of summer, but the service we were recommended to attend did not begin till it was dark. The church was well lighted, and crowded almost to suffocation. The [preacher] was praying; the prayer was extravagantly vehement…The sermon had considerable eloquence, but of a frightful kind. The preacher described, with ghastly minuteness, the last feeble fainting moments of human life, and then the gradual progress of decay after death…Suddenly changing his tone…into the shrill voice of horror, he bent forward his head, as if to gaze on some object

beneath the pulpit. The preacher made known to us what he saw in the pit [of hell] that seemed to open before him…No image that fire, flame, brimestone, molten lead, or red-hot pincers could supply; with flesh, nerves, and sinews quivering under them, was omitted. The perspiration ran in streams from the face of the preacher; his eyes rolled, his lips were covered with foam, and every feature had the deep expression of horror it would have borne, had he, in truth, been gazing at the scene he described.

When the singing ended, another took the centre place, and began in a sort of coaxing affectionate tone, to ask the congregation if what their dear brother had spoken had reached their hearts? Whether they would avoid the hell he had made them see? "Come, then!" he continued, stretching out his arms towards them.

And now in every part of the church a movement was perceptible, slight at first, but by degrees becoming more decided. Young girls arose, and sat down, and rose again; and then the pews opened, and several came tottering out, their hands clasped, their heads hanging on their bosoms, and every limb trembling, and still the hymn went on; but as the poor creatures approached the rail their sobs and groans became audible. They seated themselves on the "anxious benches;" the hymn ceased, and two of the three priests walked down from the tribune, and going, one to the right, and the other to the left, began whispering to the poor tremblers seated there. These whispers were inaudible to us, but the sobs and groans increased to a frightful excess.Young creatures, with features pale and distorted, fell on their knees on the pavement, and soon sunk forward on their faces; the most violent cries and shrieks followed, while from time to time a voice was heard in convulsive accents, exclaiming, "Oh Lord!" "Oh Lord Jesus!" "Help me, Jesus!" and the like.

- - - - - - - - - - -

[On the overly familiar behavior of her Cincinnati neighbors. Mrs. Trollope, as a well-bred English women, was accustomed to poorer people in England treating her as their “superior,” by bowing to her, never “presuming” to shake hands, and addressing her in formal tones. She didn’t appreciate the friendliness and familiarity she found among the poor in America.]

The extraordinary familiarity of our poor neighbours startled us at first, and we hardly knew how to receive their uncouth advances, or what was expected of us in return.[One neighbor woman] lived but a short distance from us, and I am sure intended to be a very good neighbour; but her violent intimacy made me dread to pass her door; my children, including my sons, she always addressed by their Christian names [i.e.”Johnny” instead of “Master Trollope”] excepting

when she substituted the word "honey;" this familiarity of address, however, I afterwards found was universal throughout all ranks in the United States.

In America ..any man's son may become the equal of any other man's son, and the consciousness of this is certainly a spur to exertion; on the other hand, it is also a spur to that coarse familiarity, untempered by any shadow of respect, which is assumed by the grossest and the lowest in

their intercourse with the highest and most refined. This is a positive evil, and, I think, more than balances its advantages.

- - - - - - - - - - -

[Her interactions with Nick, a 10-year-old boy with his own chicken business]

"Have you chicken to sell, my boy?"

"Yes, and eggs too, more nor what you'll buy."

Having enquired price, condition, and so on, I recollected that I had been used to give the same price at market, the feathers plucked, and the chicken prepared for the table, and I told him

that he ought not to charge the same.

"Oh for that, I expect I can fix 'em as well as ever them was, what you got in market."

"You fix them?"

"Yes to be sure, why not?"

"I thought you were too fond of marbles."

He gave me a keen glance, and said, "You don't know I.--When will you be wanting the chickens?"

He brought them at the time directed, extremely well "fixed," and I often dealt with him afterwards. When I paid him, he always thrust his hand into his breaches pocket, which I presume, as being \_the keep\_, was fortified more strongly than the dilapidated outworks, and drew from thence rather more dollars, half-dollars, levies, and fips, than his dirty little hand could well hold. My curiosity was excited, and though I felt an involuntary disgust towards the young Jew, I repeatedly conversed with him.

"You are very rich, Nick," I said to him one day, on his making an ostentatious display of change, as he called it; he sneered with a most unchildish expression of countenance, and replied, "I guess 'twould be a bad job for I, if that was all I'd got to shew."

I asked him how he managed his business. He told me that he bought eggs by the hundred, and lean chicken by the score, from the waggons that passed their door on the way to market; that he

fatted the latter in coops he had made himself, and could easily double their price, and that his eggs answered well too, when he sold them out by the dozen.

"And do you give the money to your mother?"

"I expect not," was the answer, with another sharp glance of his ugly blue eyes.

"What do you do with it. Nick?"

His look said plainly, what is that to you? but he only answered, quaintly enough, "I takes care of it."

How Nick got his first dollar is very doubtful; I was told that when he entered the village store, the person serving always called in another pair of eyes; but having obtained it, the spirit, activity, and industry, with which he caused it to increase and multiply, would have been delightful in one of Miss Edgeworth's dear little clean bright-looking boys, who would have

carried all he got to his mother; but in Nick it was detestable. No human feeling seemed to warm his young heart, not even the love of self-indulgence, for he was not only ragged and dirty,

but looked considerably more than half starved, and I doubt not his dinners and suppers half fed his fat chickens.

I by no means give this history of Nick, the chicken merchant, as an anecdote characteristic in all respects of America; the only part of the story which is so, is the independence of the little

man, and is one instance out of a thousand, of the hard, dry, calculating character that is the result of it. Probably Nick will be very rich; perhaps he will be President. I once got so

heartily scolded for saying, that I did not think all American citizens were equally eligible to that office, that I shall never again venture to doubt it.