

ENGLISH CHARACTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

August 30, 1872.

To the Editor of Appletons' Journal:

I see you are disposed to take down a little my account of the "Britishers," in number 180 of the *Journal*. There is, no doubt, justness and fitness in what you say. Most Americans, I imagine, judging from their experience with Englishmen in this country, will marvel not a little at my statements. I myself have never been in love with the typical Englishman as he has appeared upon our shores. Indeed, I have cordially disliked him. He is too generally arrogant, fault-finding, and supercilious. The very traits of loudness, sharpness, and unlearnedness which I complain of in our national manners, he very frequently exemplifies in an exaggerated form. I feel, and have always felt, more congeniality toward the German or Scotchman, more *en rapport* with him; and, no doubt, these elements fuse and mix into our nationality much more readily than the purely English. The Englishman will not adapt himself to his surroundings; he is not the least bit an imitative animal; he will be nothing but an Englishman, and is out of place—an anomaly—in any country but his own. To understand him you must see him at home in the British Islands, where he grew, where he belongs, where he has expressed himself and justified himself, and his interior, unconscious characteristics are revealed. There he is quite a different creature from what he is abroad. There he is "sweet," but he sours the moment he steps off the island.

Still I did not fall in love with any individual Englishman while abroad, but rather with the general tone and atmosphere that prevailed, and with the manners of the people as a whole. You feel the past there as you cannot feel it here; and, along with impressions of the present, one gets the flavor and influence of earlier, simpler times, which, no doubt, is a potent charm, and one source of the "rose-color," which you find in my article, as the absence of it is one cause of the raw, acrid, unlovely character of much there is in this country. If the English are the old wine, we are the new. We are not yet thoroughly leavened as a people, nor have we more than begun to transmute and humanize our surroundings; and, as the digestive and assimilative powers of the American are clearly less than those of the Englishman; as we are more heady and less stomachic than our cousins across the water, having less blood and unction and fluidity of character, to say nothing of our harsher, more violent climate, I have no idea that ours can ever become the mellow land that Britain is.

As for the charge of brutality, there is, doubtless, good ground for it, though I actually saw very little of it during five-weeks' residence in London, and I poked about into all the dens and corners I could find, and perambulated the streets at nearly all hours of the night and day. Yet I am persuaded there is a kind of brutality among the lower orders in England that does not exist in the same measure in this country—an ignorant animal coarseness and insensibility, which gives rise to wife-beating and kindred offences. But the brutality of ignorance and stolidity is not the worst form. It is good material to make something better of. It is an excess, and not a perversion. It is not man fallen, but man undeveloped. Beware, rather, that refined, subsidized brutality; that thin, depleted, moral consciousness; or that contemptuous, cankerous, euphemistic brutality, of which, I believe, we can show vastly more samples than Great Britain. Indeed, I believe, for the most part, that the brutality of the English people is only the excess and plethora of that healthful, muscular robustness and full-bloodedness for which the nation has always been famous, and which it should prize beyond almost any thing else. But for our brutality, our recklessness of life and property, the brazen ruffianism in our great cities, the hellish greed and robbery and plunder in high places, I should have to look a long time to find so plausible an excuse.

If there is any class that may be expected to reflect the worst phases of the morals and manners of a people, it seems to me it is the sporting gentry, the prize-fighters; and yet, if we can credit a writer in the *London News*, who recently paid a visit to the headquarters of the profession in the British metropolis, the cockney bruisers are singularly simple and innocuous characters. There was plenty of hard hitting from the shoulder and hearty enjoyment of the sport, but the songs, jests, amusements, and, I judged, the whole

atmosphere of the place, were healthful and good. There was no swearing or swaggering or ribaldry to be heard.

That I may not seem alone in this view of our British cousins, I will cite the opinion of Hawthorne, who, though less taken with things in the mother-country than I was, was yet forced to admit that they were a "franker and simpler people, from peer to peasant," than we are; and that they had not yet wandered so far from that "healthful and primitive simplicity in which man was created," as have their descendants in this country.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

—*Appletons' Journal*.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

The large delegations of Indians from Texas and from the far north at Washington or on the way thither attract fresh attention to the peace policy, and are of course the signal for a movement all along the line of border ruffianism and land stealing organizations against it. The telegraph has been again set in motion to circulate falsehoods about the views of General Sherman, and about the peril of impending wars in Dakota and Texas. There is not the slightest cause to fear an Indian war this year; nor do we believe the report that General Sherman thinks there is or that he said so. Indian wars never begin at this season, more especially not so far north as Dakota. Moreover, there are no signs of that extreme dissatisfaction, either north or south, which augurs war. The Sioux have been quieted by the peace policy, and their leading chiefs are now either in Washington talking peace or at home doing what they can to carry it out amongst their people. Our St. Louis dispatches of Sunday show a like situation among the tribes of Texas. The Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahoes, and even the New Mexican Apaches, are sending their braves and head men to confer with the President, and give the most reliable pledges that they will hold their people to the peace policy, and do their best to train them into the white man's ways of labor for a subsistence. "But," says the opponent of the peace policy, "the Utes are stealing cattle and killing herders in Southern Utah, and the Apaches have just proved so vicious upon one of their reservations that General Crook was obliged in self-defense to turn his back on the peace policy and apply force with great rigor. What have you to say to this?" We have to say that, so far as the Utes are concerned, from the best information we can collect, they have been badly dealt with by the agent set over them; that they are in a starving condition, when they ought to be fed and clad by the United States; and that we believe there was money enough squandered to have fed and clad them and prevent the war which is threatened in southern Utah. The settlers are not to blame in this case, but the Government, partially for neglecting to keep an eye upon the changing condition of the Indians and partly on account of its agents. It has been told us that in a late interview with Secretary Delano, Brigham Young informed the Secretary that if the Government would give him the use of \$4,000 he would do more with it to pacify the Sanpete Indians than the agents with ten times the amount; and that Delano replied he believed the statement. Of course it would not do to trust our Indian affairs with a Mormon, at a time when we are threatened with Mormon difficulties. But the fact is worth something as showing that the apprehensions made to preserve the peace by feeding and clothing the savages must be wasted upon speculators, and speculators, to the neglect of the duty of first importance to settlers and the honor of the Government. As to the Arizona Apaches and the late affair of General Crook, we have only to say that the General did his duty. We do not understand that the peace policy binds the hands of the whites when the Indian is striking, or that it means peace on our side with the privilege of war on theirs. That view is the one falsely circulated by those who really desire a war of extermination, and with the purpose of bringing the peace policy into popular contempt. They circulate it hand-in-hand with their inflated stories of impending Indian wars, and make it the pretext for all their assaults upon the Quaker agents and the plausible excuse for every scheme of the railway land thieves.—*Sacramento Union*, Oct. 1.

The New York confectioner, who a few years ago, taught his parrot to say "pretty creature" to every lady who entered his store, is now very rich.

The reign of the servant girls has commenced. A gentleman sent to an intelligence office to obtain a "young lady" to look on while his wife did the work. The fair creature who was offered for the place, after asking some fifty questions about whether they had "tubs set," whether the "kitchen was down stairs," etc., asked how many evenings she could have "out." "Well," said the gentleman, "I don't see how we can let you have more than seven." "How many children have you?" said the handmaiden. "Only one boy, eight years old, but we will drown him if you think he'd be in the way."

It was after a long day in India that Sir Harry Smith drew up to allow his command to march past him into their quarters. The infantry were the first to arrive, and to them Sir Harry said: "Aha! the infantry! yes, you are the infantry; yes, the foot soldier is a lucky fellow. The infantry boy for me; none of your nasty horses to clean. Get into camp, lie down, eat; there you are. Yes the infantry man is a lucky fellow." And so they passed. Not long after the cavalry came up, whereupon Sir Harry addressed them, too, in turn: "Aha! the cavalry! yes, the cavalry. Aha! you are the boys; you are the lucky fellows; none of your foot sore, tired, dusty infantry men, but a smart chap with a horse, a real gentleman; yes, you are the fellows for me; fresh as larks; that's it; go along. The cavalry man is a lucky fellow."

Workmen in Italy.

The working men of Italy appear to possess a larger stock of moderation and good sense than their fellow laborers in many other countries. Hitherto strikes have been almost unknown among them, though of late they have tried the experiment in some of the large towns. But the men have carried on operations in a most orderly and pacific manner. They have applied to the authorities, to whom they pour out their griefs, and beg their aid in order to adjust matters quietly with the employers, who in turn generally show themselves open to reason. The result is that the workmen have, through a moderate statement of their demands, as a rule succeeded in securing what they asked for; whether it was a slight increase of wages owing to the heavier cost of lodgings and living, or a diminution of the hours of work. The Roman correspondent of the *Independence Belge* tells of some abortive attempts to induce the Roman workmen to turn out. A meeting had been convoked to urge the men—the operative masses—to strike. "But who will pay me for my idle time while I am out of work?" asked one of them. "The trade-union funds," was the reply. "How long will these funds maintain me in idleness?" "Five days," said one, and "thirty days," said another. "And what after the five or thirty days have expired?" To this query there was no reply; a murmur went round the meeting, then the men flocked round the questioner, applauded and congratulated him. "He is right," was the exclamation; "let us think of our wives and our children—no strike." This was the general cry; the meeting separated and the masons returned to their employment.

MONTANA PROSPECTS.

We have just made a two weeks' trip through a part of Southern Montana, and made some notes on the same, which we publish for the information of the public.

Virginia City, which was the first point of interest visited, we found in the midst of the late severe equinoctial storm, and under unfavorable circumstances. Of course it was duller than usual, but the people appear cosmopolitan and contented, and still deserve the sobriquet of "social." The mines along Alder gulch, and in other parts of Madison county, are paying and will continue to pay for many years, a fair remuneration to the owners and laborers. The dust finds its way to the bankers and merchants of Virginia City, which supports their business immensely, and will continue to do so for a long time.

With the present population of Montana, farming seems to be overdone, especially in Madison county, where the crops, especially wheat, are very great and the prices consequently low. Flour of the best quality was selling at Sheridan for \$4 50 per 100 pounds. But little oats were sown this year, and of course this crop was short, and is scarce

in that part of Montana. It finds a ready sale at \$2 50 per 100 pounds.

Corn matured very well this year on Passamaria, but most vegetables, owing to the cold summer, were cut short.

Apples matured on John Redfern's ranch, and our opinion is clear that hardy varieties may be successfully raised in Montana.

We took particular pains to become posted on quartz and quartz mining, and we are more than ever satisfied that this interest will be very great in this Territory as soon as men of capital and enterprise take hold. We believe that when this interest is developed, Montana will stand at the head of the list of mineral States and Territories. Great faith still exists in the future development of quartz mines in Madison and Beaverhead counties. The Fry lode on Mill Creek, in the former county, is believed to be one of the best mines in the world. It has been visited by miners from Nevada and Utah Territories, who say it is superior to many of the far famed mines of these Territories. Messrs. Fry and Purvine, the discoverers and owners, have gone to work in a proper manner to develop this lode. It was discovered at the bottom of the gulch, in the bed-rock, 800 feet below the tops of the adjacent mountains. A tunnel 240 feet long strikes it sixty feet below the surface of the discovery. The crevice stands at a perpendicular angle, and where the tunnel cut it, it is fourteen feet thick, with good pay between the wall rocks, which are porphyry; and the rock or quartz prospects well in free gold. Fifty tons of ore was mined from the lode in going through the tunnel. It is the opinion of the owners that from 100,000 to 200,000 tons of ore can be mined from the present level. A small mill will be erected to work this mine next season. Capitalists from abroad should not fail to inspect this lode, as it is probably a fair index to many others in the same district. It can be traced by its croppings, at intervals, for a distance of four miles.

Bannack was quite dull when we visited it; still a better time is in store for this "ancient and honorable" camp, as there can be no mistake about the richness of the quartz in its vicinity. The Arastras are doing very well; we saw a lump of gold bullion of 40 ozs. from Mr. Sheenan's arastra below town, produced by one week's run, and we believe without stamps. This arastra is run by water, and with very little expense. I was told that the last run is about the average for the season. The machine runs itself and the tender smokes his pipe, pitches in the rock, raises his dam a little higher, and rests three-fourths of his time. Messrs. Geo. Brown & Co., above Bannock, I was informed, were doing even better than Sheenan, but owing to ill health I was unable to inspect their works.

In the neighborhood of Argenta mining is going on, although the smelters have stopped. I heard that Wash. Stapleton was shipping ore to Corinne, by wagon from the Blue Wing, and is prepared to run his smelter next summer.

Coming down to Iron Rod and Silver Star I found that quartz mining is still prosecuted with vigor, and that it proves up better than ever before. At Trip & Ainslie's little six stamp mill we saw 125 ozs. of good rector (worth at least \$2,000) cleaned up from 24 tons of ore from the Clipper lode. The Iron Rod, Green Campbell, and other old and well known lodes, still hold the confidence of the local miners. Contracts are out for considerable mining this winter.

From all the facts and hearings in the case, supported by the most intelligent and best posted people of Montana, quartz mining in the future must be immense and successful.

At Jefferson City we learned that the smelter in that vicinity was running successfully and constantly, and that they expected to clean up \$4,000 worth of silver this week from a week's run. They are shipping ore to Corinne, for reduction in the East, from the Legal Tender, and if it will pay for the shipment of ores East, it will certainly pay for their reduction at home.—*Helena Gazette*, Oct. 11.

Odd again—It was the first pair that ate the first apple.

It being rumored that one of the Crittendens threatened to shoot Mrs. Fair if she was acquitted, it was thought best for her to retire to her old quarters in the jail for a time, and she is now there.—*Sacramento Union*, Oct. 1.