

And greatly pleased we were, and much we wondered and admired.

How a day *can* pass in any of those iron-works without some fearful accident, is beyond my power of comprehension. There are fearful ones at times, it is true; but much less frequently than might be suspected. Our guide quite pooh-poo'd the idea of danger; but he was an old hand, and even he, indeed, had not passed altogether unscathed. I asked him how many there were at work there. "Hard upon a thousand," was the answer. Hard upon a thousand! I thought of the speech of Bolton, the partner with Watt of the steam engine, as he looked round upon his seven hundred men at work: "We sell here, sir, what all men desire to have—*power!*"

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN AMERICA.

HONEST OLD ABE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN AMERICA."

It was a "crush night" at the house of the British minister at Washington, and all the *élite*, and not a few of the *non-élite* of the society of the capital were present. The literary and political celebrities of the country, and foreign ministers glittering with orders, were borne into the reception-room upon a surge of crinolined beauty, and names which possess a world-wide influence and reputation, were whispered into our ears by our *cicerone* senator, Seward. Suddenly our attention was attracted by a singular figure, apparently singularly out of place, which seemed impelled along by those behind it, rather than by its own powers of volition. This was a man six feet three inches in height, long, lean, and wiry. His long thin arms and legs seemed rather suspended to his figure than to belong to it. His face was long in proportion, and his complexion seamed and bronzed. His hair was slightly tinged with gray, his forehead good, his eyes small, his nose long and like the beak of a bird, his nostrils of the shape which Napoleon loved to see in his generals, high cheek-bones, and a large and very mobile mouth. His movements had a great deal of the awkwardness and elasticity which indicate the rough training of western life, and these, coupled with his uncouth attire, and his strong western pronunciation and idioms, disposed us to the conclusion that he found himself in the gay assemblage by mistake. We pointed out this figure to the vice-president, and he replied to our query, "That's Mr. Lincoln of Illinois, a third-rate lawyer, not in public life;" but on addressing the same question to the Count Sartiges, the French minister, he answered, "A man of great ability, not yet developed by circumstances, but destined to rise above them." This was all we ever heard of Abraham Lincoln; and two years of subsequent obscurity, during which his name rarely reached the public, even outside of his own State, seemed almost to stamp him with the seal of mediocrity.

Two years, however, have passed, and Abraham Lincoln, or "Honest Old Abe," as he is familiarly called, occupies at the present time the foremost

place in the attention of his countrymen; and, in the opinion of many, he has the best chance of being elected to the presidential chair, having received the unanimous nomination of the great Republican party. This career presents such an illustration of the openings which are offered to industry in the western States of America, that we do not hesitate to sketch it for our readers. Mr. Lincoln was born in Kentucky in 1809. His parents were respectable working people in poor circumstances, and were only able to give him a very limited education. In 1816, they removed to Indiana, and in 1830, he went to Illinois, where he has been located ever since. Here his indomitable character began to develop itself. He engaged himself to a backwoods farmer, and amassed his first savings by "rail-splitting." This part of his history has furnished his supporters with an electioneering device, and their candidate is familiarly termed the "rail-splitter." After leaving the farm, he became clerk in one of those miscellaneous frontier stores, in which everything is sold, from a plough to a pin; and afterwards he served as captain of a "flat boat" on the Mississippi, an occupation requiring great nerve, firmness, and knowledge of border life and character. When the Black Hawk war broke out, he was elected captain of a volunteer company, and served with distinction until the conclusion of peace. After the campaign, he became a village pedagogue, on a very small stock of learning at first, but one daily added to by industrious application. In 1833, he became a candidate for the State Legislature, but was defeated. The next three biennial elections he was placed in the legislature by the Whig party, and was soon recognised as one of the most telling speakers in the House. During the vacation he worked hard for a living, and during the session he studied law, with so much assiduity that in 1849 he opened a "law office" in Springfield, and has a very considerable practice.

A political life was the one that he had always aspired after, whether as the rail-splitter on a backwoods farm, or as the humble pedagogue in an illiterate village; and not long after he entered it he became nearly the leading man in Illinois, the "Empire State" of the mighty West. He was elected to Congress in 1847; but it was not till his contest with the "Little Giant," Judge Douglas, in 1858, for the grand prize of the U. S. senatorship, that the country at large became acquainted with his name. The speeches he made during the contest are now published as a campaign document, and give evidence of an intellectual power, a mastery of debate, a legal acumen, and an intimate knowledge of American political history, truly wonderful in a man who received such a limited education. It was hardly less wonderful that he should come off the acknowledged conqueror in argument of one of the most powerful and adroit politicians of the age.

In May of this year, he received the unanimous nomination of the Republican party, at its convention in Chicago. His name had scarcely been mentioned in connection with the presidency; and when it rose higher and higher on the balloting lists, and finally was shouted in triumph by 10,000 voices,

the probable president was unconscious of the honour which awaited him. The deputation from the Convention found him in homely guise, with coat sleeves turned up, interested to hear whether Seward or Banks were the nominee; and when the paper was put into his hand which gave him a fair chance of the highest office in his country, his only remark was, as he turned towards his humble dwelling, "There's a little woman at home who'll be pleased to hear this."

Mr. Lincoln is a man of temperate simple habits. He resides in a two-story wooden house, without garden or ornament, and in the evening sits upon his door-steps in his shirt-sleeves and talks with his neighbours. Although he has hewed his way from manual labour to a learned profession, his abilities are by no means of the highest order. His *forte* is political strategy and stump oratory, singularly combined with a downright honesty which has never been impugned, and which has earned for him, through all the West, the *sobriquet* of "Honest old Abe." As a speaker he is ready, precise, and fluent. His manner before a popular assembly is either superlatively ludicrous or deeply impressive. He employs but little gesticulation; but when he desires to "make a point," he produces a shrug of his shoulders, an elevation of his eyebrows, a depression of his mouth, and a general malformation of countenance so comically awkward as to excite a merriment which his words could never produce. His oratory became famous last winter, when he delivered political stump speeches in the Eastern States, charging a shilling per head for admission—a thing previously unknown—and which drew down severe censure. His political creed is strongly anti-slavery, and he regards "an irrepressible conflict" between North and South as a necessity.

The Republicans throughout the country are now pressing forward the campaign with redoubled energy, and with daily increasing hopes of success, and it is expected that Lincoln, with his romantic antecedents, will carry the votes of the whole North-West with a rush. "Wide Awake" or "Rail-splitting" clubs, equipped in long capes and large visored caps, and bearing torches and rails, in emulation of the early feats of their backwoodsman candidate, march in vast processions, and hold their political festivities in their "wigwags," in almost every town and village, emulous of the excitement of the Harrison canvass of 1840, when the "log-cabin" and "hard-cider" of a presidential aspirant were adopted as the rallying symbols of the victorious party. No event would be more characteristic of the genius of the mighty Republic than the election of this backwoodsman politician to the presidential chair.

A RAMBLE IN THE CALABRIAS.

GARIBALDI'S advance upon Naples will be remembered in history with Napoleon's progress to Paris after the return from Elba. In rapid triumph, the two events were alike; but in true grandeur, the march of Garibaldi excelled, as far as dis-

interested patriotism is above selfish ambition. The stages of that memorable progress through Calabria were observed by the writer with the greater interest, from being familiar with the road, over which the journey had been made not many months before. In hope of giving similar pleasure to others, I have referred to the notes of each day's journey, made at the time, and arranged them in this form, though our route was from Naples to the Calabrias—the reverse of Garibaldi's course from Reggio to Naples.

We left Bella Napoli (beautiful Naples) early in the month of May, well provided with letters of introduction, as we had been assured that many of the villages were most miserable, and that one seldom, in those wilder regions, met with any inns that made even a pretence of lodging travellers for the night. The whole of this country is most striking, whether we consider the grandeur of the scenery, the very great antiquity of some of the towns, or the fine people who inhabit it, who show unmistakable signs of their Grecian origin, in the regularity of their features, and the high order of beauty to be met with amongst even the lowest classes of the Calabrians.

Our first point after leaving Naples was Cosenza. The river Busento, which one passes just before entering the town, flows over the grave of Alaric, the King of the Goths. The singular account of his funeral will be read with wonder. The barbarians employed a captive multitude forcibly to divert the course of the river, and then the royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid trophies and spoils of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric were deposited was thought to have been for ever concealed by the massacre of the prisoners. To those interested in classic researches, the whole of Calabria teems with remains and spots connected with those times. The excursions to be made from Cosenza are numerous, especially that to explore the table-land called La Silla, less known than any mountain district in Europe. It stretches nearly as far as Catanzaro, and is most beautiful, presenting a succession of rich pastoral plains divided by beautiful ravines, with rapid streams watering it in all directions, while the mountains are clothed with impenetrable forests of fir, oak, and beech.

The inhabitants of this district are very peculiar and interesting; we spent many days amongst them, getting thoroughly acquainted with the women and their families. The men were almost all higher up, with their flocks, as this region is used as a summer pasture-land; and at the breaking up of the winter, not only the shepherds, but many of the landowners, remove to La Silla, whole families accompanying this annual migration. We were fortunate enough to witness some of these parties making their summer progress, and indeed frequently joined them on the route. Nothing can be more completely pastoral and simple than their mode of life, and they seem a most contented people. They have but two sources of alarm: the one, the constant visitations of earthquakes; and the other, the fear of the inroads of banditti; but this latter