

ing such energetic exertion, as the first. To the repetition, however, is superadded, upstairs, the folding of thousands of single papers for the post. But as this is the same operation as is practised at the publication offices of the widely-circulated journals, I will not enter into particulars. The stupendousness of the effort, and the effect of the production, are the great elements which impress themselves on the mind; and perhaps the most gratifying conclusion from the result is the intense satisfaction derived from the view of well-deserving individual enterprise meeting with its just recompense, while its contributive stream flows on to swell the great flood-tide of national wealth, prosperity, and power. It is one of those centres which the spirit of the age calls into being; consistently with progressive development. A free and cheap press—the diffusion and demand for information—the growth of intelligence in a popular sense—the facilities for intercommunication among all classes of the community, combine to dwarf old methods and customs, and to render new plans, inventions, and extensions necessary. And the country must rejoice to witness, in every branch of its commerce, some of its people rise with the occasion, and, to use a hackneyed phrase, show themselves masters of their situations. Setting aside the electric wire as unapproachable by any other mortal device ever brought into action, it is still marvellous to think that words spoken in Parliament are within two hours rolling from the printing-press in indelible characters, conveyed under excellent arrangements to an establishment so skilfully organized as this of Messrs. Smith, and thence within other two hours committed to the pressure of steam, and spread with incredible rapidity over the limits of the British isles. One hundred miles from the capital, at eight o'clock, country residents are perusing the most important utterances which transpired there only five hours before, and the most recent news from every quarter of the globe are an immediate and daily portion of their common enjoyments.

On this Saturday morning, a hundred and twenty thousand public journals were, between four and nine o'clock, thus transmitted to a hundred and nine railway stations, agreeably to a list published for Messrs. Smith's Subscription Library. All the day long the posting of journals is continued, and the preparations are going forward for the morning effort. The wrappers are addressed and laid in order. I counted fifty or sixty individuals thus employed at noon, and on the evenings of Friday an immense number of what are called Saturday and Sunday papers (though circulated beforehand) are disposed of by the rail; and every day, more or less, according to the times of publication, there is an endless flow from this source to irrigate the land (if I may so express myself) with torrent rapidity, wherever the thirst for intelligence exists. The commanding position of the "Times" secures for it (I believe through some contract with Messrs. Smith) the accommodation of sale at all their railway book-stalls, at the price of fourpence, as daily notified in that journal; others, I fancy, must risk provincial agencies and

news-venders, in the usual old fashion of agreement. But

I opened my eyes,
And I asked with surprise—

"Are no 'Leisure Hours,' no 'Sundays at Home,' no 'All the Year Rounds,' no 'Once a Weeks' sold out of London?" "Oh, yes," was the response; "but they come within the category of books, and are sent with all the new works in Library Parcels."

I procured a catalogue, and, to my astonishment, found that, in addition to the gigantic undertaking, the management and direction of which I had just witnessed, this firm had established a circulating library in connection with their numerous railway bookstalls, with a continual change of books free from charge beyond the subscription; and that, in fact, readers living three hundred miles off were, by means of their machinery and capabilities, made next door neighbours, for accommodation, to Paternoster Row. And I said to myself, "When will wonders cease? Here is another of the gratifying examples of the best spirit of the age."

THE PUZZLES OF PARTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN AMERICA."

UNTIL the middle of November, when the presidential election will be held, America will continue in an ever-increasing frenzy of excitement. The election of a chief magistrate is in itself important; but mammon enters into the contest, for 22,000 offices, with their lawful gains and unlawful spoils, may change occupants with the election, from the white-haired minister who represents the genius of republicanism at St. James's, to the semi-barbarian post-master who dispenses letters and corn spirit in the western wilds. It is not an unfitting time for the heir of the mightiest of earth's monarchies to witness the working of republican institutions. The "nominations" are over, and the contest has begun. To the partial exclusion even of dollars, the election is the all-engrossing topic of conversation. The country is divided into hostile camps. "Wide-awake" and other clubs for electioneering purposes are formed everywhere; popular orators "stump" every State, and rave about the American eagle; "mass meetings" are held in monster "wigwams" and in the open air; torch-light processions, two miles in length, parade the cities, with bands of music and yells of triumph and defiance; huge flags from countless committee-rooms are hung across the streets; the air is filled with the sounds of national music, the roar of guns, and the ravings of frenzied orators; expectants of thousands of government offices raise the ardour of faction to furnace heat; the whole nation throbs with excitement; "campaign" journals start into being; the papers run wild; language loses its meaning, and all ordinary forms are broken through. The frenzy is focussed at New York, which is kept alive during the torrid heat of this season by campaign orations, the ravings of

"Tammany Hall," the doings of the "Empire Club," and the roar of Marshal Rynders's gun. "Union-saving" speeches and threats of disunion abound on all sides, and, to a superficial observer, the unwieldy republic may seem on the verge of severance.

Now all this is nothing but a chaos to most readers; and the American news in the "Times" is "confusion worse confounded," owing mainly to the singular and often unmeaning nomenclature of political parties. A person looking into the letters of an American special correspondent is puzzled by the terms "Democrat, Republican, Know-nothings," and, after querying what choice of evils lies between "Democrat" and "Republican," is reluctantly compelled to class himself with the "Know-nothings." He is disgusted as well as mystified by the barbarous jargon of any American paper to which he turns for aid, when he finds men classed as "South Americans, Old Line Whigs, Federalists, Garrisonians, Hunkers, Hard Shells, Soft Shells, National Unionists, Loco-focos," etc. In reality, the grand features of American politics are *very simple*, and we shall offer such explanations of their apparent complexity as will enable our readers to take an intelligent interest in the coming quadrennial crisis. These numerous erratic designations apply merely to sections of the two great parties, the Democratic and the Republican, and to the multifarious components of the "Constitutional Union" party. They may therefore be disregarded, as the contest lies between the Democrats and Republicans, each aided or embarrassed by the Constitutional Unionists.

The *Democratic* party, which, in 1856, elected Buchanan, until recently was united and compact, and is very powerful. It can command nearly the whole south, and is by no means feeble in the north and west. It has conservative traditions, hereditary influence, and a large share of ability. Its policy is strictly defined, and its organization complete. Its aims (some of which are partially carried out) are to acquire Mexico for new slave states, to conquer or buy Cuba, to abolish every geographical limit to slavery, to carry slavery into the territories by means of the "Dred Scott" decision, to procure a congressional code to protect it from the "unfriendly legislation" of territorial legislatures, and to make the executive power the instrument of pro-slavery aggression. It is the *pro-slavery* party, and is honest in the avowal of its tactics. Three months ago it broke into two parts, and the *ultra-slavery* portion nominated as its presidential candidate Vice-President Breckenridge, while the more moderate section, composed principally of the northern democracy, selected Judge Douglas. This division of course is a cause of weakness.

The *Republican* party, which, in 1856, ran Colonel Fremont for the presidency, has neither traditions nor inheritance, and a very recent organization. It is based upon the principles of freedom laid down in the constitution, and expounded by Washington and Jefferson; and it had its origin in the alarm felt at the encroachments of the slave power. Its policy is to restore the geographical limits of

slavery, and keep it within them, and to oppose the aggressions of the slave-owners on the free States and territories of the Union. It numbers in its ranks a large proportion of the aspiring and enthusiastic youth of the northern States. It is eminently constitutional and conservative, and its aims must not be confounded with those of the extreme Abolitionists. Its strength lies in the western and northern States, especially in New England. It has lately largely increased in power, both in and out of Congress, and is recognised as the constitutional Anti-slavery party of the United States. It has unanimously nominated Abram Lincoln, or "Honest Old Abe," as he is usually called, for its presidential candidate.

The American, or Know-nothing party, which nominated Fillmore in 1856, rose, a few years ago, with the object of excluding foreigners from exercising the elective franchise for twenty-one years after their arrival. It is now a comparatively small third party in the Free States, and its only reliable popular strength is in two or three of the northern Slave States. It has recently effected a temporary fusion between South Americans, Old Line Whigs, Conservatives, etc., and the resulting conglomerate is called the "*Constitutional Union Party*." It has nominated Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, as its presidential candidate, but it has no defined platform on public questions.

The "tug of war" will be over early in November, and up to the very day of election it would be unsafe to predict results. The real conflict is between north and south on the battle-ground of slavery, and the magnitude of the issue can hardly be over-estimated. There will be much talk about disunion, but we have little fear of it at present. The north has no desire for severance, and the south has "axes to grind" still at Washington.

HIGHLAND SPORTS.

It was my good fortune in 1855, after taking my degree at Oxford, to spend some time in one of the finest parts of Perthshire, and to have the range of a very considerable tract of country abounding in all sorts of game. A few recollections of that time may be interesting to lowland readers. We stopped for a day on our way northwards, to explore the quaint old city of York, with its glorious minster, and lingered for some weeks among the beauties of Edinburgh, "the modern Athens," which I shall not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that we did not omit to climb to the top of Arthur's Seat before breakfast, and were well repaid by the view. Sir Walter Scott (no mean authority) used to say that, of all the streets he had seen in Europe, he knew none that surpassed Princes Street, Edinburgh, excepting the High Street at Oxford. Pursuing our journey, the railway took us past the Bridge of Allan, Bannockburn, and Stirling, as far as Perth, from whence we posted up the country in open barouches. We soon found ourselves among the Highlands and their Gaelic inhabitants, whose dwellings, appearance, and speech were quite novel to most of us. Passing Scone, with its historical