

**A WORD FROM THE NORTH-WEST
TO DR. RUSSELL,
SOMETIME AMERICAN
CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES"**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649239139

A word from the North-West to Dr. Russell, sometime american correspondent of "The Times"
by Andrew Dickson White

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE

**A WORD FROM THE NORTH-WEST
TO DR. RUSSELL,
SOMETIME AMERICAN
CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES"**

225-Red

From Dr. Engel's daughter

May 19 60

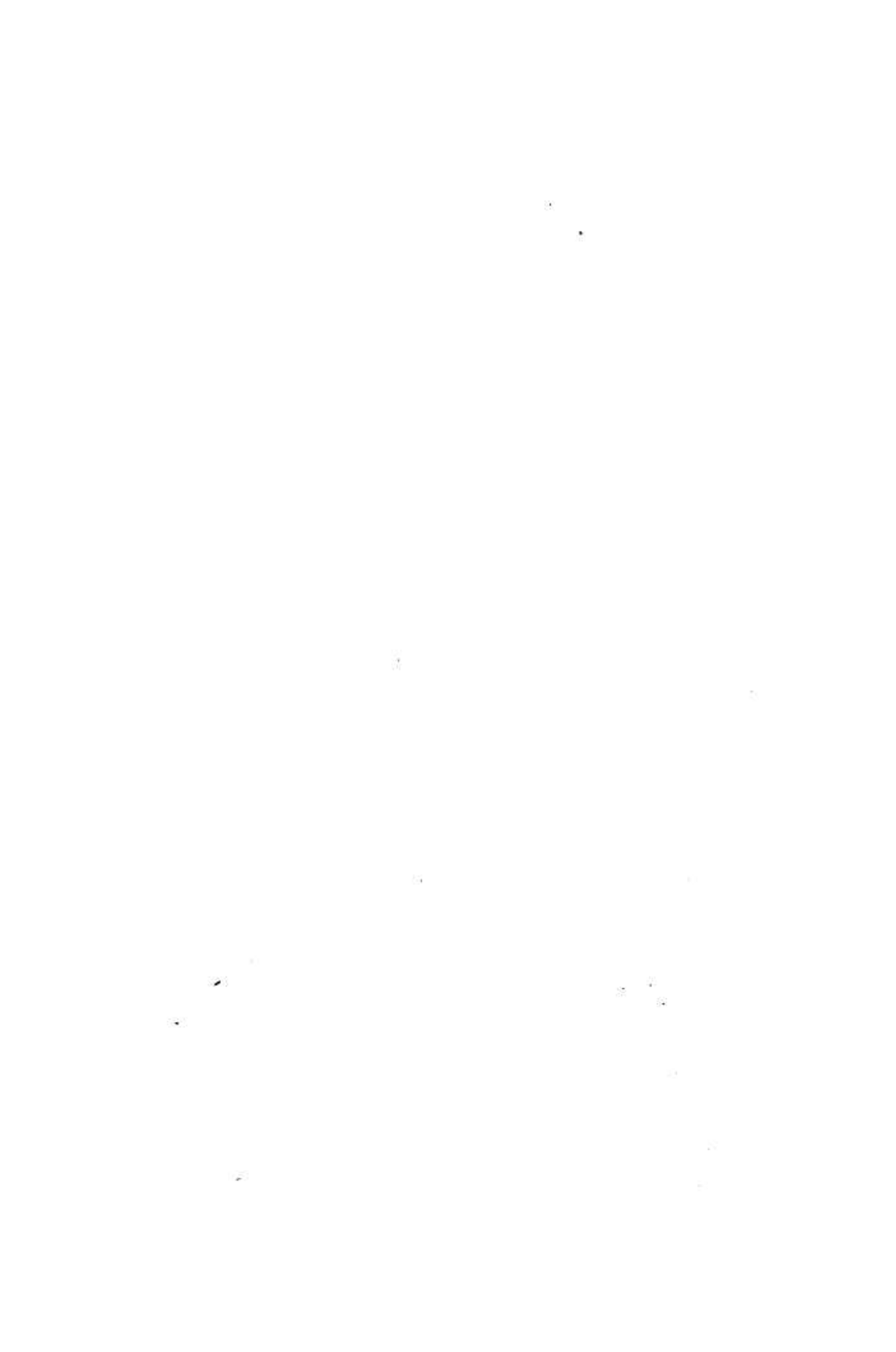
225-Red
813
814
815

A WORD FROM THE NORTH-WEST

TO DR. RUSSELL,

SOMETIME AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT OF

"THE TIMES"



A LETTER.

SIR,

A RECENT writer in a London journal, having sketched the tricks of a Parisian juggler, spake on this wise :—" M. Edmond might have been a Spurgeon, a Cumming, a Hume, a Morrison (of the pills), a Montalembert, a D'Israeli, or a newspaper correspondent."

This bit of phrasing is, as you see, in the most approved London style—jaunty, knowing, and so thrown as to befoul slightly two men of whom Europe has reason to be proud, and who were not in the least concerned in the subject discussed. But it is chiefly interesting as a confession regarding the worth of much of the famed correspondence published in certain London newspapers—a confession from one of those who know it best.

From such eminent authority I dare not dissent as regards the manufacture of London correspondence in general; but it is precisely because I have dissented in regard to your correspondence in particular, and because you have not generally been placed in the same category with your quackish imitators that I take the liberty of writing you upon your "Diary North and South."

No sane man cares to answer the letters which your successors are writing from America. It would be absurd to refute them when they so abundantly refute themselves; and it would be unjust to blame them when they merely manufacture the exact article for which they are paid. But the justification for writing you is simple. Your "Diary," while it gives lessons for which thoughtful Americans thank you, contains errors in observation, deduction, and, worst of all, in preliminary judgment, which ought to be shown.

My excuse for writing at so late a day is that I have

hoped to see you opposed by some champion better armed.

To clear the way toward your smaller errors let me show what Americans think your great error.

This great mistake—mother of a vast brood of wrong judgments—is that, before the present war, there was throughout the United States a hate for everything English; that it had become morbid; that the present bitterness is but that old chronic hate made acute by disappointments in our civil war.

The importance of a right understanding is my excuse for asking you to look back along our common history.

No candid man can wonder that an anti-English spirit lingered in America after the War of Independence. Every statesman's mind bore remembrances of that peculiarly English series of insults of which Wedderburn's treatment of Franklin was the climax; every hamlet had its traditions of the allied British and Indians. No man could forget that at Wyoming the British were to the Indians as three to one.

No more is it matter for surprise that the war of 1812 and the policy which led to it, revived the old spirit. In the light of their own feelings at the "Trent" affair—the unauthorized seizure of two men not British subjects, from a packet ship, in a distant sea, Englishmen can hardly be surprised that the Americans were exasperated at the "Chesapeake" affair—the authorized seizure of their own citizens, upon their own coasts, from an imperfectly equipped American frigate.

Nor can it be wondered at that English employment of Indians in this second war, after the dreadful experiences of the first; and the abuse heaped by the greater portion of the English press on everything which Americans venerated, made matters still worse. When bitter things are said in America of the British Government, it would, perhaps, but be fair to remember that many men are still living who saw the mangled bodies of women and children—victims of the British allies; and that there are thousands who remember seeing even worse names applied by English journals to Jackson and Clay than the same journals gave, a few years since, to

Napoleon the Third; or than they now give to Lincoln, Butler, and Seward.

And, even if all this could have been forgotten in a day (would that it might have been!), what chance has since been given for any growth of good feeling?

Look at the tourists who have preceded you!—and at their books!

Two or three have been kindly and fair. One was so witty that, though we winced as he stung us, we joined in the world's laugh afterward and confessed ourselves foolish ever to have been offended. But the others—poor souls!—a week in one great state, a day in another, an hour in a third—pirouetting from great city to great city—not deigning to look at the vast intervening spaces where the strongest elements in the new civilization were developing—gathering husks and rinds to be paraded in England as fruit—too dignified to suffer acquaintance with the sturdy men who were grappling with the great problems presented; only condescending in noting the idioms of wagon-drivers and bar-keepers; too careless to reason upon the great work going on; only careful to blame the nation for not abolishing slavery, despite the Constitution, as they now blame us for having striven to restrict it, in accordance with the Constitution; too blind to see that a country might be, in many details, unlike England and yet have some life; only keen in seeing spittle, and hearing the nasal twang. Candidly, Sir, can you wonder that a nation, new, and pardonably sensitive to the opinion of the world, should be irritated against a nation of whom these were almost the only representatives it knew?

Even if the dislike had been far deeper, would it have been at all strange, seeing that thereby Americans would but have ranged themselves with almost all other nations? Leaving out of the question Germany, Spain, and Italy, where it can hardly be pretended that love for England is very hearty, take the great ally—France. Choose your Frenchman as Carlyle would have you choose a statesman—the first specimen hit with random orange-peel. Get under the surface of his thoughts—bring out his pet ideas—and, be he a *gamin* of the Faubourg St.

Antoine, or a rag-picker of the Faubourg St. Marceau, or a bluff merchant of the Faubourg Montmartre, or a noble of the Faubourg St. Germain—Legitimist, Orleanist, Napoleonist, or Republican, you find that the idea he at this moment fondles most is that "the Emperor, remembering 1815, has humbled Russia, has punished Austria, and is now making ready to take revenge on England."

Or take Russia, bound to England by many common struggles and interests. It was my fortune, during the Crimean war, to look out on Russian things and thoughts with whatever advantages were then given those attached to the American Legation, and it was no small surprise to find that, though all Russians allowed that France was striking far harder blows than England, France was respected and England hated.

And the last news from Rio!—Mr. Christie in his glory, and the Brazilians running through the streets crying "Death to the English!"

May it not be that England has been somewhat in fault? May not the reasons for this American dislike, which is seen to be shared by so many other nations, be found quite as much in certain English ways of dealing with the world as in the utter perverseness of all other nations?

So much to show how that American dislike was born—how it was fed—how it was not the morbid thing you seem to suppose. Now let me show how it was dying out—nay, how that old dislike was killed before the present civil war commenced.

And, first, the common language, when a chance was given it, did its work in uniting the Free States to England, and I cannot but be surprised that one who rejoices in so learned a title as yours should have been content with so superficial a view as that contained in the statement that "Their language is the sole link between England and the United States, and it only binds the England of 1770 to the American of 1860.*"

The *sole link!*—even grant that—but do you not see, Dr. Russell, that a common language gives something

* Vol. ii. p. 37-8.