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Chapter 1 : 16 People On Things They Couldn't Believe About America Until They Moved Here | Thou

Covering a span of over years in North, Central and South America as well as the Caribbean, this collection highlights the society, politics, religious beliefs, culture, contemporary opinions and momentous events of the time.

I enjoy interacting with new people very much. I have dreamed of studying abroad since my childhood and I am pretty sure that many students from different countries have the same feeling. My name is Zhamal. I am 17 and I am here to make a difference in my life. I will never forget my first day in the United States. I was so excited to come here. My friend Kasiet and I had a long trip to California via London. We arrived at the Los Angeles airport at 9 PM. We found our friend who was supposed to meet us at the international terminal, and we headed into the city. Los Angeles is an amazing city, especially at night when it is sparkling with lights all around. Two days after leaving my home town I got to my college town of Oceanside, California. They were very nice people and they tried to help me in many ways. During this short while I was away from Kyrgyzstan for the first time, I felt I had learned one first very important thing for myself. The next hurdle was getting registered in my classes for the fall semester. It was hard to find available open classes that I should take for my major as I started registering late – just 3 days before my classes started. Most of the other students had registered much further in advance, but I could not do this beforehand from my country. Finally and hopefully, I got registered in 3 basic classes Math, English, and Accounting for the fall semester. Then my first college classes started! At my college there are so many students of different nationalities. It was quite exciting to meet people from all around the world. You find many interesting things to talk about, and I ended up talking a lot about my own culture and tradition because most of the students I met had no idea about my country. My new friends got interested to know more about our culture and traditions. Now I understand how it is amazing to represent your own country and explain many things about it to people who have never heard of it. It made me proud of being a representative of my little country here in the US. So far I have found that people living in the US are very friendly and communicative. I like being in such a friendly atmosphere very much. In my home country it is different. People seem to be too busy with their own things and are rushed too much. We do have friendly and good people in Kyrgyzstan too, but it seems now to me not as much as here. In conclusion, I would like to say that it is wonderful to be an international student in a foreign country like USA. And I am pretty confident that I will succeed with my dreams and I will do my best to help other students like me by giving my best advice and suggestions.

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Chapter 2 : 15 immigrants give their first impressions of America

Great Cities of the United States Historical, Descriptive, Commercial Industrial by Gertrude van Duyn Southworth The Story of Manhattan by Charles Hemstreet Proceedings of the First National Housing Conference Held in New York, June 3, 5, and 6, by National Housing Association.

The gaudy leonine sunflower Hangs black and barren on its stalk, And down the windy garden walk The dead leaves scatter,â€™hour by hour. Pale privet-petals white as milk Are blown into a snowy mass; The roses lie upon the grass, Like little shreds of crimson silk. The muffled steersman at the wheel Is but a shadow in the gloom;â€™ And in the throbbing engine room Leap the long rods of polished steel. The shattered storm has left its trace Upon this huge and heaving dome, For the thin threads of yellow foam Float on the waves like ravelled lace. Oscar Wilde visited America in the year On landing he was bombarded by journalists eager to interview the distinguished stranger. Wilde is seen no more. Far from Piccadilly banished, He to Omaha has vanished. Horrid place, which swells ignore. Legs Apollo might have sighed for, Or great Hercules have died for, His knee breeches now display. His lectures dealt almost exclusively with the subjects of Art and Dress Reform. In the course of one lecture he remarked that the most impressive room he had yet entered in America was the one in Camden Town where he met Walt Whitman. It contained plenty of fresh air and sunlight. On the table was a simple cruse of water. Wilde is called Narcissus and Whitman Paumanokides. Of the lectures which he delivered in America only one has been preserved, namely that on the English Renaissance. This was his first lecture, and it was delivered in New York on January 9th, Of his visit there we have no record except an amusing interview described in a local paper a few days later. He was dressed in a velvet jacket with an ordinary linen collar and neck tie and he wore trousers. The subject he had selected to speak on was the Mission of Art in the Nineteenth Century. Speed, the daughter of George Keats, and she invited the lecturer to come and examine the Keats manuscripts in her possession. Some months afterwards when lecturing in California he received a letter from this lady asking him to accept the original manuscript of the sonnet which he had quoted. The piece was not a successâ€™it was, indeed, the only failure Wilde had. An authorised German translation was made by Max Meyerfeld and the first performance took place at the German Theatre in Hamburg about a year ago. An English version is advertised from a piratical publisher in Paris but it is only a translation from the German back into English. He spoke with great fluency, in a voice now and then singularly musical, and only once or twice made a scarcely perceptible reference to notes. John Park, in introducing the lecturer, said there were two reasons why he was glad to welcome him, and he thought his own feelings would be shared by the audience. They must all plead guilty to a feeling of curiosity, he hoped a laudable one, to see and hear Mr. Wilde for his own sake, and they were also glad to hear about Americaâ€™a country which many might regard as a kind of Elysium. First produced at the Opera Comique, April 23rd, Wilde was burlesqued as Reginald Bunthorne, a Fleshly Poet. Wilde repeated this lecture throughout the States during his tour. At Rochester, on February 7th, he met with a most disorderly reception on the part of the College Students. Two days later Mr. Joaquin Miller, of St. I fear I cannot picture America as altogether an Elysiumâ€™perhaps, from the ordinary standpoint I know but little about the country. I cannot give its latitude or longitude; I cannot compute the value of its dry goods, and I have no very close acquaintance with its politics. These are matters which may not interest you, and they certainly are not interesting to me. The first thing that struck me on landing in America was that if the Americans are not the most well-dressed people in the world, they are the most comfortably dressed. Men are seen there with the dreadful chimney-pot hat, but there are very few hatless men; men wear the shocking swallow-tail coat, but few are to be seen with no coat at all. There is an air of comfort in the appearance of the people which is a marked contrast to that seen in this country, where, too often, people are seen in close contact with rags. The next thing particularly noticeable is that everybody seems in a hurry to catch a train. This is a state of things which is not favourable to poetry or romance. Had Romeo or Juliet been in a constant state of anxiety about trains, or had their minds been agitated

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by the question of return-tickets, Shakespeare could not have given us those lovely balcony scenes which are so full of poetry and pathos. America is the noisiest country that ever existed. One is waked up in the morning, not by the singing of the nightingale, but by the steam whistle. It is surprising that the sound practical sense of the Americans does not reduce this intolerable noise. All Art depends upon exquisite and delicate sensibility, and such continual turmoil must ultimately be destructive of the musical faculty. There is not so much beauty to be found in American cities as in Oxford, Cambridge, Salisbury or Winchester, where are lovely relics of a beautiful age; but still there is a good deal of beauty to be seen in them now and then, but only where the American has not attempted to create it. Where the Americans have attempted to produce beauty they have signally failed. A remarkable characteristic of the Americans is the manner in which they have applied science to modern life. This is apparent in the most cursory stroll through New York. In England an inventor is regarded almost as a crazy man, and in too many instances invention ends in disappointment and poverty. In America an inventor is honoured, help is forthcoming, and the exercise of ingenuity, the application of science to the work of man, is there the shortest road to wealth. There is no country in the world where machinery is so lovely as in America. I have always wished to believe that the line of strength and the line of beauty are one. That wish was realised when I contemplated American machinery. It was not until I had seen the water-works at Chicago that I realised the wonders of machinery; the rise and fall of the steel rods, the symmetrical motion of the great wheels is the most beautifully rhythmic thing I have ever seen. The country seems to try to bully one into a belief in its power by its impressive bigness. I was disappointed with Niagara—most people must be disappointed with Niagara. Every American bride is taken there, and the sight of the stupendous waterfall must be one of the earliest, if not the keenest, disappointments in American married life. One sees it under bad conditions, very far away, the point of view not showing the splendour of the water. To appreciate it really one has to see it from underneath the fall, and to do that it is necessary to be dressed in a yellow oil-skin, which is as ugly as a mackintosh—and I hope none of you ever wears one. It is a consolation to know, however, that such an artist as Madame Bernhardt has not only worn that yellow, ugly dress, but has been photographed in it. Perhaps the most beautiful part of America is the West, to reach which, however, involves a journey by rail of six days, racing along tied to an ugly tin-kettle of a steam engine. I found but poor consolation for this journey in the fact that the boys who infest the cars and sell everything that one can eat—or should not eat—were selling editions of my poems vilely printed on a kind of grey blotting paper, for the low price of ten cents. The invariable reply that they made was that they themselves made a profit out of the transaction and that was all they cared about. It is, perhaps, worth while to note that what many people call Americanisms are really old English expressions which have lingered in our colonies while they have been lost in our own country. If one wants to realise what English Puritanism is—not at its worst when it is very bad, but at its best, and then it is not very good—I do not think one can find much of it in England, but much can be found about Boston and Massachusetts. We have got rid of it. America still preserves it, to be, I hope, a short-lived curiosity. San Francisco is a really beautiful city. China Town, peopled by Chinese labourers, is the most artistic town I have ever come across. The people—strange, melancholy Orientals, whom many people would call common, and they are certainly very poor—have determined that they will have nothing about them that is not beautiful. In the Chinese restaurant, where these navvies meet to have supper in the evening, I found them drinking tea out of china cups as delicate as the petals of a rose-leaf, whereas at the gaudy hotels I was supplied with a delf cup an inch and a half thick. When the Chinese bill was presented it was made out on rice paper, the account being done in Indian ink as fantastically as if an artist had been etching little birds on a fan. Salt Lake City contains only two buildings of note, the chief being the Tabernacle, which is in the shape of a soup-kettle. It is decorated by the only native artist, and he has treated religious subjects in the naive spirit of the early Florentine painters, representing people of our own day in the dress of the period side by side with people of Biblical history who are clothed in some romantic costume. When he died the present president of the Mormons stood up in the Tabernacle and said that it had been revealed to him that he was to have the Amelia Palace, and that on this subject there were to be no more

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revelations of any kind! From Salt Lake City one travels over the great plains of Colorado and up the Rocky Mountains, on the top of which is Leadville, the richest city in the world. It has also got the reputation of being the roughest, and every man carries a revolver. I was told that if I went there they would be sure to shoot me or my travelling manager. I wrote and told them that nothing that they could do to my travelling manager would intimidate me. They are miners—men working in metals, so I lectured to them on the Ethics of Art. I read them passages from the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini and they seemed much delighted. I was reproved by my hearers for not having brought him with me. They afterwards took me to a dancing saloon where I saw the only rational method of art criticism I have ever come across. Over the piano was printed a notice: The mortality among pianists in that place is marvellous. Then they asked me to supper, and having accepted, I had to descend a mine in a rickety bucket in which it was impossible to be graceful. Having got into the heart of the mountain I had supper, the first course being whisky, the second whisky and the third whisky. But I found these miners very charming and not at all rough. Among the more elderly inhabitants of the South I found a melancholy tendency to date every event of importance by the late war. And, what is more surprising still, he gained his case and the damages. Pennsylvania, with its rocky gorges and woodland scenery, reminded me of Switzerland. The prairie reminded me of a piece of blotting-paper. The Spanish and French have left behind them memorials in the beauty of their names. All the cities that have beautiful names derive them from the Spanish or the French. The English people give intensely ugly names to places.

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Chapter 3 : First Impressions: Arriving, Getting Settled and Meeting My New Country

Title: The Great Country; or, Impressions of America. Publisher: British Library, Historical Print Editions The British Library is the national library of the United Kingdom. It is one of the world's largest research libraries holding over million items in all known languages and formats: books, journals, newspapers, sound recordings.

Huxley was present at the Buffalo meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. On the morning of Friday, Aug. Huxley replied as follows: But I thank you for this hearty welcome. You will forgive me if my words are inadequate to express how much I feel on this occasion. I am not by nature a man of many words, and have thought the highest eloquence was in condensing what one has to say. Also, I have no scientific matter especially to communicate here; and I am quite unprepared to occupy your attention on such an occasion as this. Since my arrival in America I have discovered that the great instinct of curiosity is not altogether undeveloped among you. I experienced something of this at the time of my landing, by being interviewed by two active and intelligent representatives of your press. They were good enough to put before me in writing a series of inquiries of deepest and most profound interest, each of which would require a treatise in reply; and I am afraid I had to dismiss them with scant courtesy. It may satisfy this curiosity if I state briefly some of my general impressions of this country. Since my arrival I have learned a great many things, more, I think, than ever before in an equal space of time in my life. In England we have always taken a lively interest in America, and have our occasional controversies with her; but I think that no Englishman who has not had the good fortune to visit this country can form a real idea of what that word America means. We have no adequate idea of the extent of your country, its enormous resources, the distances from center to center of population, and we least of all understand how identical is the great basis of character on both sides of the Atlantic. A friend of mine in England went abroad for the purpose of seeing foreign countries, and has come to America. I have been talking with him since my arrival here. The great features of your country are all such as I am familiar with in parts of England and Scotland. Your beautiful Hudson reminds me of a Scotch lake. The marks of glaciation in your hills remind me of those in Scottish high lands. I had heard of the degeneration of your stock from the English type. I have not perceived it. Some years ago one of your most distinguished men of letters, equally loved and admired in England and America, expressed an. He said our English women were "beefy. Well, I have studied the aspect of the people that I have met here in steamboats and railway carriages, and I meet with just the same faces. As to stature, perhaps your men have rather the best of ours. Though I should be sorry to use the word which Hawthorne did, yet in respect to the size of your fine portly women, I think the average here fully as great as on the other side. Some people talk of the injurious influence of climate. You have among you the virtue which is most notable among savages. You entertain us with your best, and not only give us a good dinner, but are not quite happy unless we take the spoons and plates away with us. Another feature has impressed itself upon me. I have visited some of your great universities, and meet men as well known in the old world as in the new. I find certain differences here. The English universities are the product of Government, yours of private munificence. The latter among us is almost unknown. The general notion of an Englishman when he gets rich is to found an estate and benefit his family. The general notion of an American, when fortunate, is to do something for the good of the people and from which benefits shall continue to flow. I need hardly say which I regard as the nobler of these ambitions. It is commonly said there are no antiquities in America, and you have to come to the old world to see the past. That may be, so far as regards the trumpery 3, or 4, years of human history. But in the larger sense, referring to the times before man made his momentary appearance on the globe, America is the country to study antiquity. I confess that the reality has somewhat exceeded my expectations. It was my great good fortune to study in New Haven the excellent collection made by my good friend, Prof. There does not exist in Europe anything approaching it as regards extent, and the geological time it covers, and the wonderful [3] light it throws on the problem of evolution, which has been so ably discussed before you by Prof. Before the gathering of such

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materials as those to which I have referred, evolution was more a matter of speculation and argument, though we who adhered to the doctrine had good grounds for our belief. Now things are changed, and it has become a matter of fact and history as much as the monuments of Egypt. In that collection are the facts of the succession of forms and the history of their evolution. All that now remains to be asked is how the development was effected, and that is a subordinate question. With such matters as this before my mind, You will excuse me if I cannot find thoughts appropriate to this occasion. I would that I might have offered something more worthy. Again I thank you for your excessive courtesy, and, I may almost say, affectionate reception. On the evening of Sept. Huxley delivered a lecture at Nashville, Tenn. The appearance of the distinguished visitor before you to-night is an event of no ordinary occurrence in the annals of our city. We welcome him to our midst, and trust the magnetic influence of his person and his speech may awaken impulses which have been already kindled by the electric fire of his ready pen. No eulogium is needed from me. Upon this occasion an introduction is a grand impertinence. It is therefore to me a profound pleasure, as it is a distinguished honor, to present to you, without further remarks, the great apostle of modern science, Thomas Henry Huxley. When I left England some five weeks ago, I did so with very many determined resolutions as to the manner in which I would spend my holidays in the United States. Having just completed a season of long and laborious work of various kinds, I was more than willing to look upon this journey of mine as one in part dictated by the desire to renew family ties which had been interrupted, though unbroken, for a space of the ordinary life of a generation of men. I found, however, it would not be best for me to leave this country without addressing an audience of Americans, though it certainly did not enter into my plans to have the honor of making an appearance before the citizens of Nashville. The signal kindness and courtesy, however, with which I have been received here, would have prevailed upon me; indeed, it would have been unbecoming of me not to have met your wishes in any way that would have been practicable; and, therefore, seeing that it is your strong desire that I should address you, I have undertaken to do so this evening. I think I made that engagement with the proviso that I had no set speech or address to make, and that all I would undertake to do would be to communicate to you such observations and such reflections as had suggested themselves to me during my unfortunately brief residence here. In my visits to the institutions of your city, I have become acquainted with your admirable schools, have seen there expressions of intelligence upon the faces of the children and the young men and women who are being educated; I have seen enough of your population to convince me that, in addition to those material resources, those possibilities of wealth and well-being, there is that human element of intelligence and labor which is needed to stir such resources to sufficient development. Whether under these circumstances, the wealth placed at your disposal is to be turned to its best account, must undoubtedly depend upon the education which you are giving your young people. Whether it is important to the development of your agriculture; whether it is important to the development of your mineral resources; whether it is important to the development of your mines; whether it is important for improving your means of transportation, or under whatever other aspect you choose to consider the means by which these resources can be brought to their full account, a little reflection will convince you that the development of these resources turns entirely upon the intelligent application of physical science whether it be the practice of mechanics, chemistry or biology. My opportunity of examining is far too slight to render it otherwise than presumptuous for me to say whether the measures you have taken are sufficient for their purpose or not. I hope you will permit me to insist upon the fact that it is only by the increase and development of the kind of education I have mentioned that these resources can be turned to a thorough and effectual account. And there is no difficulty. There the system by which the elements of physical science are taught in all the primary schools that have been in active operation, has scarcely acquired perfect development until now. In some branches we have 5., 7., and 12, or more young people under examination annually. We have organized methods of instruction. Our elementary teachers have been so instructed in the means of teaching, that at length I think it may be said that we have organized machinery by which elementary scientific teaching has been secured through the length and breadth of the land. It is for you to say whether the same thing shall be done, whether your population will be placed in

n position to enable them to take advantage of these vast material resources which are placed within your reach. No doubt such advantages as these are not to be despised; no doubt the increase in wealth and in material well-being is a great and important object to the legislator and the citizen who wishes well for his nationality; but there is another aspect under which the widespread training in the elements of the physical sciences is to be considered, and in urging upon you the importance of developing that mode of teaching in your schools, I should like to illustrate, as far as I may, this side of the question.. Now, there are two sources from which we obtain a knowledge of the past history of things. It is upon that we depend for the greater part of our knowledge of the doings of the past. I should like to state to you, in the first place, on what principles our convictions as to the validity of historical evidence depend, because there is often a broad distinction drawn between different kinds of evidence. That which justifies us in our belief in conclusions drawn from historical evidence is, if you can sift it, but at the bottom the uniformity of nature. Ramsey was actuated by the same sort of motives that men are now, and that all the persons from whom Mr. Ramsey derived his information were actuated by the same sort of motives; in other words, that the men from whom he derived this information, and he himself, were, like ourselves, not inclined to make false statements, at any rate when such statements would be detected, and we might apply to them the same standards of truth and falsehood as we apply to ourselves. You take his testimony upon this. You feel that Caesar would not have made those statements unless he had believed them to be true. If it were possible to suppose that at any time the past history of the order of nature, so far as regards men, was different; if it were possible to suppose that men did not [5] care about the truth, or about the detection of falsehood, then you would know that their testimony could not be depended upon. So you see that a belief in testimony implies a belief in the constant order of nature. But now let us consider the other sources of information and what has taken place in a country of this kind. These flints are plainly, obviously worked by the hand or man. There are also bones and tools of various kinds that are testimony as to the former population. If the former inhabitants had died out and become lost, the discovery of these implements in the soil would, notwithstanding, be evidence of the existence of a population totally distinct from that which colonized it of late years. We might with a degree of certainty draw a conclusion from the character of these implements as to the nature of the people who were their fabricators, and the order of succession or the time of that operation could be defined by the mode of their construction. So, again, scattered over the surface of your State there are mounds wherein is exhibited the work of the so-called "Mound Builders," that has been built up by human ingenuity. They are indications of the existence of men different from those who now inhabit the land, and open some of these mounds are found growing great trees which have taken several hundred years for their development, and it is quite clear that the "Mound Builders" had finished their work long before the time when those trees had planted themselves and grown to their present development. Now that evidence of the past history of this country is archaeological. I do not mean to say that ingenious people may not fabricate these stones, and I do not mean to say that people may not make mounds, but surely the fabricators would not distribute these stones over the breadth and depth of the land, nor would they employ an army of navvies to go all over this country and erect mounds. And although the archaeological evidence is scantier than the historical, it is the surer evidence of the two. It might be that the different indications of those who inhabited this country before white immigration have been falsified or modified by the persons who wrote the history; but these difficulties cannot affect the conclusions we draw from such monuments evidence as that of mounds and of marked stones. The rocky soil upon which the city stands is full of evidence of that kind. It is, as you are aware, a hard limestone. That hard limestone contains an abundance of fossils which bear more or less resemblance to animals which are living at the present day. Examine your museum and you can find any quantity of these remains.

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Chapter 5 : The Great Country, or Impressions of America

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Chapter 7 : Impressionist (entertainment) - Wikipedia

The great features of your country are all such as I am familiar with in parts of England and Scotland. Your beautiful Hudson reminds me of a Scotch lake. The marks of glaciation in your hills remind me of those in Scottish high lands.

Chapter 8 : The great country: -- Brittle books from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign

15 immigrants give their first impressions of America. or first impression along with a photo, country of of me was a really great way to reflect on my own.

Chapter 9 : Impressions Of America by Patrick Doyle on Amazon Music Unlimited

impressions of america. I fear I cannot picture America as altogether an Elysium"perhaps, from the ordinary standpoint I know but little about the country. I cannot give its latitude or longitude; I cannot compute the value of its dry goods, and I have no very close acquaintance with its politics.