



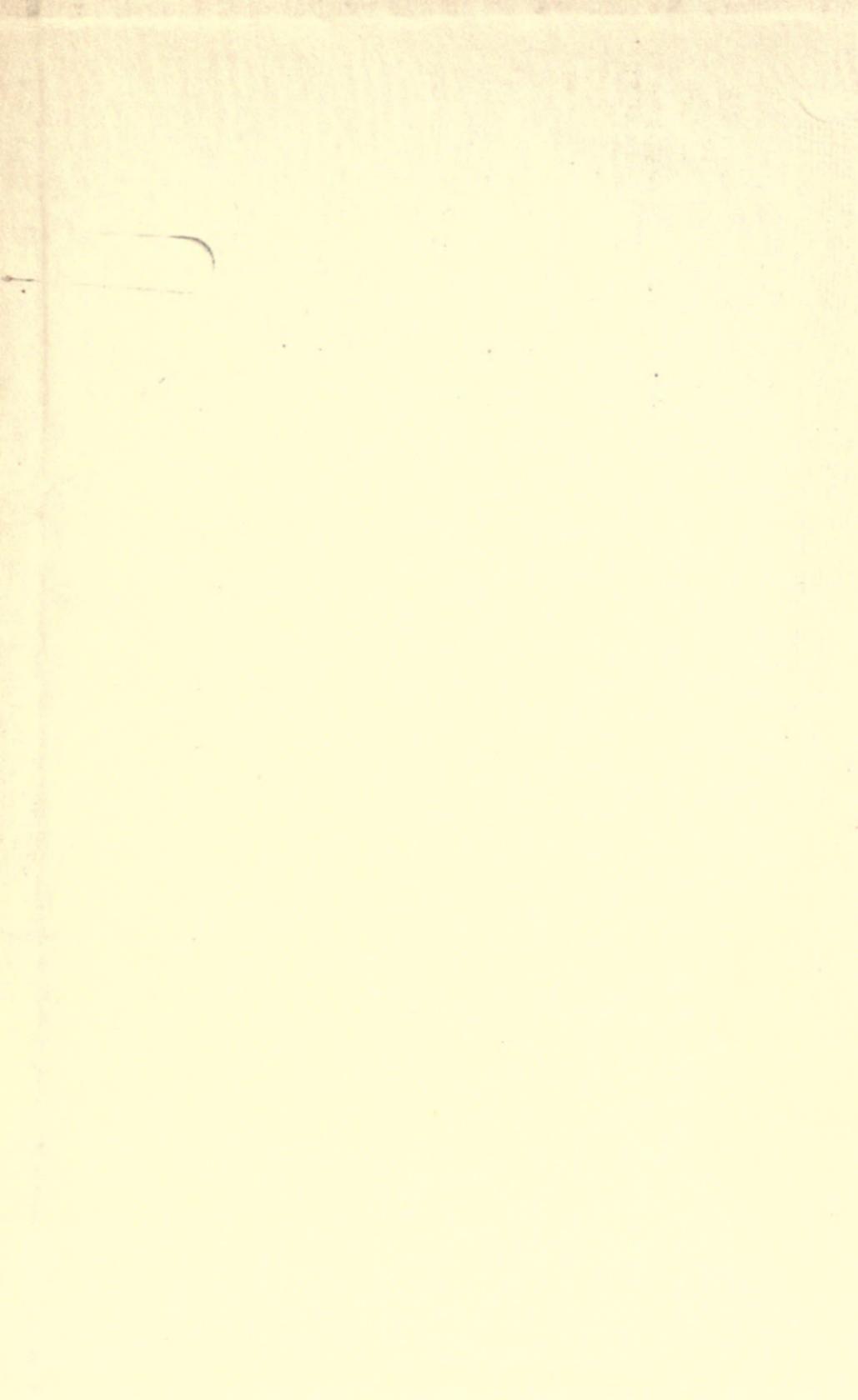
A PARISIEN IN AMERICA



S. C. de SOISSONS

nia
al





mi
1.

1st Ed. 1.40

A PARISIAN IN AMERICA

A PARISIAN IN AMERICA

BY

S. C. DE SOISSONS

AUTHOR OF

“BOSTON ARTISTS”



BOSTON
ESTES AND LAURIAT
PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1896

BY ESTES AND LAURIAT

To Her Majesty, the American
Woman

Mr. W. D. Howells said once that in America a book's fate is in the hands of the women.

"If they do not know what is good," said he, "they do know what pleases them, and it is useless to quarrel with their decisions, for there is no appeal from them."

Besides being a great admirer of her sex — as without woman civilization would be impossible — I also have an exalted opinion of her good taste and exquisite refinement, and, therefore, I entrust the fortunes of this book to her gentle hands.

S. C. de SOISSONS.

Newport, July 15, 1895.

*“And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;
With pleasure drugg’d he almost long’d for wo,
And e’en for change of scene would seek the shades below.”*

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	ix
I. WOMAN	I
II. MEN IN AMERICA	24
III. FRANCE IN AMERICA	52
IV. MILLIONAIRES	73
V. AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS	102
VI. THE IDEAL OF THE AMERICANS	126
VII. COLUMBIAN FAIR	131
VIII. ART	144
IX. ARCHITECTURE	159
X. LITERATURE	174
XI. MUSIC	186
XII. PROTESTANTISM	194
XIII. SECTS	203
XIV. IMMIGRATION	215
XV. ORIGINALITY	226
XVI. NEW ENGLAND	235
XVII. CONCLUSION	245

INTRODUCTION.

IT was in the afternoon of the tenth of September, 1889; I was sitting in the room which looks out upon the Opera, in the *Café de la Paix*, sipping with my friend, Baron de Pierpont, a glass of old Madeira, when we perceived, coming in, Viscount de Maupeou, conductor of the cotillon, celebrated in the Faubourg St. Germain, who had disappeared, we thought, from Parisian life.

“Well, where do you come from?” said I. “Have you been to the North Pole?”

“*Vous n’y êtes pas, mon cher*, I have been to the antipodes.”

“What! You have been in the country of millionaires; oh! that’s *pschutt!*—*Voyons!* tell us something about it.”

“I can’t,” said he, “for the simple reason that I went only to New York, and since I found Gotham, as those Yankees call this Mecca of all possible nations, very dirty, I did not think it would be agreeable to continue my wanderings farther. So I came back, and *me voilà sur les boulevards.*”

I was amazed by this bold statement of my elegant friend, especially as I had heard from Miss Merrill, a very *chic* American girl, with whom I had often waltzed last season, about the splendor of the American world; I determined to see with my own eyes who was right—and that is the reason why I am in this country.

Se non è vero è ben trovato, and everybody will accept more easily my motive for coming to America, than they will the motive of a certain Gascon, who, at a banquet of the French colony in Boston, said:

“After the Franco-Prussian War there were only two men in France: myself and Gambetta. France was too small for both of us, just as the Roman Empire was too small for two Cæsars, so I left my country and found myself in America.”

Surely investigation is a better motive than conceit.

Of course I was acquainted with the economic forces of this immensely rich country, from the letters written and published some ten years ago, by my friend and distinguished economist, M. de Molinari; I found an excellent explanation of the effects of democracy on manners and on the working of the governmental machinery by my study of the great work of Alexis de Tocqueville; I

knew the exact means and appliances by which in America freedom is preserved from generation to generation, against the encroachments of political power and the storms of popular passions, from the writings of M. Adolphe de Chambrun ; finally, I knew from *Paris en Amérique*, by my professor, M. Laboulaye, that America has the best fire department in the world ; of its richness of vegetation and marvels of landscape I learned from the brilliant pages of Count de Châteaubriand ; the grandson of Madame de Staël, Count d'Haussonville, in evening dress of faultless cut, with immaculate linen, with a gardenia in his buttonhole, and gloves of most fashionable hue, guided by a detective toward the slums of the Bowery, through the narrow aisles and dirty courtyards of the Jewish quarter in New York, had described these features to me most vividly ; the most serious and dignified aspects of America were set forth in the heavy work of James Bryce, while the sparkling wit of Max O'Rell furnished me all the anecdotes of Chauncey Depew, and told me as well how many millionaires there are in America.

Yet, notwithstanding all these sources of knowledge, I wanted to see for myself this Puritanic country where, according to Charles Dickens, the

legs of pianos are modestly covered, and where one can be married and divorced in twenty-four hours.

And what I wanted to see, before all else, was the American woman — “The Queen of the United States,” the despotic ruler of these free people, who do not suffer any supremacy, but tolerate, nevertheless, with sweet smiles, the tyranny of several millions of the fair sex.

To my great satisfaction I found the American woman not only *fin-de-siècle*, but even more than that — *fin-de-globe* !

A PARISIAN IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

WOMAN.

A STRANGE phenomenon which I have observed is, that notwithstanding her prominent position in the social life of this country, woman does not occupy, as it seems, the same great place in the hearts, minds, imagination, and passion of the American artists and poets.

In the first place, among the many American painters, there are only a few who paint women. Kenyon Cox represents her —

“In the pride of her beauty,”

as Byron says; he admires in her those graceful and exquisite lines of beauty, which appeal more strongly to the artist than to her “proud lord.”

Thomas W. Dewing has succeeded in giving us pictures of woman that might stand for the ideal

American type. He represents beautiful ladies, mostly mature women of thirty.

He has lived for a time in New England, and those tall, languid girls of Puritan descent, entirely out of place in the prosaic, tight-buttoned, keep-up-your-appearance society, have undoubtedly left a lasting impression upon him. Their long, erect necks, blonde hair, pale, wistful faces, with prominent noses, and their well-modelled lips, must have a strange fascination for the painter. Also as models they must possess a peculiar charm. Their build is firm and round, mature around the hips, with undeveloped busts, natural waist, and an increased length from hip to knee, as a striking peculiarity.

Still a few years ago they lived in Boston, in the old haunts of the New England *bourgeoisie*, around Chester Park, but now, like the Dryads, they have fled before the invasion of boarding-house civilization.

Pictures representing nude women, by Mr. Davies, are not known on account of hypocritical ideas, but they are keen studies of womanhood.

Of course other painters, as Tarbell, Sargent, and Chase, sometimes represent woman, but they display the beauty of her toilet, rather than of her body.

The same strange phenomenon is observed among American statuaries: St. Gaudens, H. H. Kitson, Proctor, Dallin, are famous chiefly for the boldness of their works representing man and not woman.

I have before me a book, entitled "Songs of Three Centuries," edited by John G. Whittier, for the use of the American public.

This volume contains several hundred poetical compositions of the world-renowned American poets, but only a few, and those very tame and insignificant poems, are inspired by woman.

Take the complete edition of your greatest poets: the same fact, the very small place given to woman, strikes you immediately. Certainly Longfellow's "Evangeline" pays high homage to woman for her constant faith in love, but he sings of sentiment rather than of her physical beauty.

"Ah! She was fair, exceedingly fair to behold, as she
stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her
chamber!"

This is all that he said about her physical beauty.

To his idyl of old colonial times he gives the name, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," still keeping the woman well out of sight. Pretty Priscilla occupies a very small place in it.

My assertion as to the inferior place which your writers have accorded to woman might require a volume of proof; but I prefer to turn the attention of my readers to Europe, and especially to France, to Paris, where woman is at her apotheosis, in thousands of pictures, statues and poems, written, sculptured, and painted in her worship.

Some, who prefer to admire the costumes of Redfern and Worth, and the hats of Heitz-Boyer, instead of God's masterpiece, cry out against this profusion of the nude; but these Philistines seem to forget that the masterpiece of Titian is a nude figure. So is the masterpiece of Correggio, and, in our own times, the masterpiece of Ingres. The nude is a definite standard by which are measured the knowledge and genius of the painter.

The same is true of the sculptor. Falguière became famous only by his sculptures of women.

Then why, — why do American poets, painters, and sculptors refuse to worship the American woman, before whom the whole country is on its knees?

An explanation of this fact would be to consider it one of those strange things which can be accounted for only by referring it to some peculiarity of the land in which one lives, just as the Greeks were compelled to admire the nude in all its splendor, as the most finished masterpiece of nature.

The names of Homer and Victor Hugo, who chanted the praises of feminine beauty, will remain forever written in letters of light, will dominate the ages and render Greece and France immortal when other countries shall have been lost to the memory of mankind!

Yes! Let us all sing as a religious hymn, pure as the incense before the altar, the praises of feminine beauty, which comes to us as a fleeting and charming dream, and brings only loveliness and purity.

O woman! Most beautiful creation in all of Nature's realms, 'tis thus you come forth from the distant dreams of my youth!

“The might — the majesty of loveliness!”

In America, they are far from being the sentimental and tender heroines of some European countries, timid and submissive young girls, pretty society women, lazy, languid, living on the

tea of sentiment, and dreaming — until they die of it — of aristocratic and forbidden love.

This gracious hive of women, so fair, so delicate, too ideal perhaps, like Shakespeare's Ophelia, but worthy of adoration, however, is replaced by a solid little battalion of modern women. The American woman is neither languishing, nor romantic; she lives on rare meat and live doings, and does n't have much time for dreaming; she is vigorous and practical, sometimes complicated, provided, however, that complication does not turn her from her aim. She has much head, but little heart. She cares less to be beautiful than do the women in certain European countries, but she wishes much more to have brains. She is also more susceptible to goodness, honesty, and friendship.

She does admit that the men like to live in her intimacy and like her society, without throwing themselves at her feet, through love. Her coquetry is very stylish, without any insignificant grimaces or childish language.

And then, love plays a very little part in the life of the American woman. In older time it was the only occupation of woman; to-day, her occupations are diversified.

The times when the feeble and fair creatures,

stretched out in hammocks and couches, dreamed of the "spoony" pressings of hands, which occurred to them days before, have passed away. Modern woman, especially the American type, has no time to dream. Horses, tennis, hunting, garden parties, skating, etc., etc., absorb all of her time without leaving a moment of day-dreaming.

Little by little, then, man was obliged to renounce the *rôle* of protector, so dear to his vanity in Europe; since the American woman, fencing, boxing, swimming, rowing, marching, feeling herself full of suppleness and elasticity, does not care for protection.

The American woman does not allow herself to be carried over the brook, — she jumps over it, and often more cleverly than those to whom she would be obliged to trust herself otherwise. She is also, if not more intelligent, at least more "personal." Her house, her conversation, her dresses, are not copied exactly after the dress, conversation and house of her neighbor on the left, and in turn would not be copied by her neighbor on the right. Only parvenues and stupids follow slavishly the fashion without a care to know whether the fashion is pretty.

She does not consider love as her sole affair, and she does not repeat with Schiller :

“O das sie ewig grünen bliebe
Die schöne Zeit der ersten Liebe.”

Why? Because she loves more often and quickly, and she prefers to repeat with her own poet :

“I knew, I knew it could not last;
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly — but 'tis past.”

The American woman is generally gracious, elegant, *reussie*. She likes to remain fresh and young, and to please a long time after the “limit of age.”

She is artistic, refined, and cultivated also; she is willing to look and listen, and oftentimes she really understands the artistic. There is no lack of “woman painters,” but there is a lacking of “paintings by woman.”

If one leave in the shadow certain exceptions, one will see that a modern American woman is charming and almost superior to the majority of European women. She is more amusing, more frank, more funny,—and has infinite variety; she is more serious also. She likes noise and pleasure; *chiffons* and even love; she likes children, too,—but not too many of them. One may even say that she prefers other people's

children ; but she makes a good, intelligent, and affectionate mother.

It is related that Demosthenes, subdued by a woman, said : "That which he thought in a year, a woman overturned in a night." The history of Greek woman would be almost the history of Greece ; and in America, as in France, the history which does not follow woman loses its way.

There is a descending ladder : on the top in the White House we see the influence of a woman ; not far from the heights we find a woman forcing men to vote on the no-license question. Wherever she appears she dictates the laws, she imposes her fancies, she urges her despotism.

An American writer, Mr. O. F. Adams, says that American democracy, the pretended apostles of equality, the levellers of privileges, have finished by establishing inequality for the benefit of woman, by making her a privileged person *par excellence*, and, reversing the Asiatic conception, have made her a despot, and men her subjects.

The American woman is always in the fashion, — no matter what she may do, — no matter what the barbarism of her dress may be. It is seldom that she adorns her dress, — it is the dress that adorns her.

The Queen promised to the bride of Prince Geraint that she —

“Will clothe her for her bridals like the sun.”

For the American woman every day is her “bridals.” Every day she shines like the sun; more, the sun does not shine in the night, while the American is still prettier in her light evening dress.

“When I was about twelve years old,” said a young girl to me, “I dreamed of receiving from my pa a diamond ring, sealskin jacket, and money for a trip to Europe. I have the ring and jacket already, and I expect to go to Europe soon.”

In fact, all American girls dream of these three things.

The beauty of the American woman is fascinating; but this beauty, which lasts only three seasons with a German woman, lasts a quarter of a century with an American woman.

The American woman is not beautiful from a sculptural point of view. If a painter had a magical palette he might make her beautiful; he would find in her the beginnings of all beauties; she is neither from the North, nor from the South; she blends the paleness of the snow with the

olive of the sun. She has the composite grace of the American eye, the German romanticism, the English gluttony, Sevillian petulance, Italian *brio*; she is all; that is to say, enchantment, surprise, malice, coquetry, abandon; she has all the virtues of woman; but, perhaps, she is also a cleverly-set snare.

It is from the sources of universal and physical beauty that the American woman has drawn her charms. Her father and mother, united when young in marriage for love, have transmitted the gifts which nature lavishes upon the children of youth and of love. Then, too, immigration has introduced a new factor, a factor which has modified and not deformed the primitive type.

“The Hibernian, French, Italian, German strains, mingled in her veins with the blood of the Anglo-Saxon, have tempered with vivacity or with *morbidezza*, with grace or with languor, the settled characteristics which she has inherited from her ancestors. So one can find in this country nearly every kind of plastic beauty,—the voluptuous nonchalance of the Creole, the aristocratic purity of lines of the Englishwoman, the expressive and changeable physiognomy of the Frenchwoman, the dazzling complexion of the Irish girl. (This is the country of delicate complexions.

There are very good ones in England, in Holland ; but they are very apt to be coarse. There is too much red.)”

From those different nationalities she has borrowed the characteristic excellence of each ; youth and love have done their work of elimination, since, as we must remember, marriage in the United States is the result of an instinctive affinity, much more than in other countries.

Her penchant pushes her to cleanliness, but still she does not die when she sees her white tunic soiled, as does the ermine ; she prefers to change it, if possible, for a gold dress.

She likes to dress her hair, to perfume it with intoxicating fragrance, to brush her pink nails, to cut them in the form of almonds, and to bathe often.

She does not like marriage, because it tends to spoil her figure, but she delivers herself up to it because it promises happiness. If children come it is by chance only.

When I told Miss X—— that I intended to write of American women, she said to me :

“ You must not forget one thing.”

“ What one ? ” I asked, anxiously.

“ You must not forget our grandmothers.”

“ Your grandmothers ? ”

“Well, I will explain to you what I mean : the other day my mother was telling a mutual friend that their dear Mrs. F—— had a baby.

“‘Ah!’ exclaimed the friend, ‘how happy the baby’s grandmother will be!’”

Are you “in it,” my charming readers? Would you agree with your enthusiastic admirer, that your mothers, and, perhaps, even more, your grandmothers, like children better than you do?

And why? I pray you.

You who admire Napoleon the First, you who know his history better than that of any other European hero, who go by thousands to visit his majestic tomb, forget what he said about woman, when asked by Madame de Staël what woman he admired the most :

“Madame,” was the reply of this great general and deep thinker, “the woman who has the most children.”

Of course, it is an old story, but it is a good one. If I were a preacher, I would often deliver sermons upon the text :

“Qui habitare sterilem in domo facit, matrem filiorum lætantem.”

The American woman does not know snobbism,

that moral sickness of all time ; her gracious affability puts everybody at ease, assuring the timid ones and encouraging the silent.

She knows many things, not only by intuition, as the women of other nations, but also by study, appropriating to herself the literature and poetry of all nations, and showing in all the intense life which is in her.

She likes to travel continually—it is for her a necessity and happiness. It is a traditional instinct of her people, with a taste for the nomadic, which recalls the large plains, the great forests, the melancholy rivers, and gray sands of their own country, and causes them to feel crowded.

Her nature is impressionable for all kinds of pleasure ; she is lively, often fantastic, and vehement as a girl.

She is well equipped for the combat in which she must engage in this country.

“As a child, the school is open to her, and from the earliest age her sex and her charms win for her protection and admirers among her school-mates. As a young girl she has complete control of herself. As a wife, divorce permits her to break the oppressing chains.”

Public opinion follows her, and protects her in all the successive halting-places of her life.

Twice a queen, the power at her command intoxicates her; the worship that men render to her, the homage that they pay her, justify, in her eyes, her caprices and her demands.

“Assured of respectful treatment by all men, certain to find in every man, no matter who he is, a protector and defender, feeling that she confers a favor by asking a service, she carries herself with ease in an atmosphere of gallantry, a gallantry which is extended more to her sex than to her individuality, and she does not hesitate to claim all the privileges.”

The insatiable dream of fortune occupies her soul, and her ambition takes from her, from the beginning of her life, the power to love.

Very often she is beautiful; she is a great charmer always, as she has the consciousness of her strength; her thoughts cannot be divined from her expression, but, if she wishes, she has the caressing sweetness of voice with which she captivates you; she is a precipice covered with flowers!

She preserves her deceiving quietness even when moved by hatred; and, in deepest calculations, she follows her way with an air of candor, sowing discords which are useful to her, and never losing sight of her object.

She is very practical in her home life and works — more than the European woman ; nowhere do you see so many girls working for their living, and often only to have more money to spend, as you see in America. This struggle for life, this continuous contact with men in business offices all day long, the gymnastic exercises so much practised in this country by the women, even of the best society, impart to the American woman a certain masculine character, which is evident in her movements, in her manners, and in her energy.

Her movements are original, so different from the movements of European women ! How lovely is the undulation of her body ! How pretty is the swinging of her arms !

You know, and if not, you will know, the whim of M. Marivaux, who was one evening in bad humour : “ It is impossible to escape from the daughters of Eve. And yet, if one would look at them fixedly from a certain side, they would appear too ridiculous to make any impression on our hearts ; they would cease to be amiable and be no more than necessary.”

But it is just this necessity that makes the gentle sex so much a reality, and it is not neces-

sary to look from a "*Certain side*," as the author of "*Faussés Confidences*" has said.

The American woman has understood the secret of domination better than any woman from any other country. She understands the charm that dominates us, that makes us her slaves, the tenderness that bewitches us, the exigency that makes us extremely fond of her.

She is at every turn the stimulant and main-spring; for her we lose ourselves and we save ourselves.

Do not protest, it is so.

A complete explanation of this state of things would fill volumes, and it would be interesting, too.

Then, certainly, the American woman is very "smart" in knowing how to exploit her supremacy. But how would you explain to me her almost unrestrained penchant for Germans? Is it possible that, fascinated by a juggled victory over a nation which is most chivalrous towards her, she forgets the position of the German woman?

The greatest philosopher-misogynist was German.

"Oh, you that are wise and profound in knowledge, you that have meditated, that know where, when, and how everything is united in nature, tell

me, why those loves, why those kisses? Put to the torture your mind, and tell me where, when, and how it happened to me to love, why it happened to me to love?"

Such is the exclamation of Schopenhauer; and then he asks himself in what this mysterious empire consists, the most powerful and the most active of all empires. It astonished him to realize that woman puts the greatest minds upside down; that she intercedes, that she troubles them with her trifles in diplomatic negotiation; that she can slip her *billets doux* and her locks of hair into the portfolios of statesmen; that she can overturn everything, embroil everything. And he is incessant against "this being with large hips, long hair, and short ideas." Instead of fair sex, he would have us read "unæsthetic sex."

That is from the physical standpoint.

Ask for the intellectual and moral sides, here is his opinion :

"Nature, when she refused strength to woman, gave her, in order to protect her in her weakness, consummate trickery. The lion has teeth and claws, the elephant and wild boar their means of defence, the ox his horns; the woman has dissimulation, innate in the most intelligent as well as the most stupid."

Explain, who can, this Egyptian Sphinx called woman! And explain, if you can, the American woman who prefers the grossness of the Teutonic race to the politeness of the Latin race, singing with its old poet :

*“ Le bonheur c'est l'amour
Buvons à la plus belle.”*

The American woman, like her Parisian sister, likes to shine in society, but I must establish a little shade of difference in this respect between the two women. While the Parisian makes all possible efforts to attract and please the men, the American woman is sufficient to herself and can get along quite well with the society of her own sex; at least she leads one to think that she can.

Often one of my fair friends has said to me :

“ I was at a whist party yesterday.”

“ Who were there ? ” I asked.

“ Oh, only ladies.”

“ And did you enjoy it ? ”

“ Oh, we had a lovely time.”

Just think of it, such a lovely time and without the men! A Parisian would never say that; in Paris a woman does not understand pleasure without the society of men any more than a

man understands pleasure without the society of women.

But very often the American woman, by her demands and her prodigalities, is the despair of her too indulgent and compliant husband, who is always ready to yield to her, and never succeeds in satisfying her fancies.

The proof of it is in an unfinished letter that I found in a hotel in Boston, and which I copied in all its dolorous bewilderment and poignant simplicity for the consideration of my beautiful readers :

“DEAR NELLIE:—

“I have received your letter, the first that you have written to me since I left home, and I must say that you have money ‘on the brain.’ I cannot see why you are obliged to go to any one else for money, as I am sure that you have for your personal expenses as much money as nine women out of ten have; when I had money I am sure that you received as much as you wanted. As for continually reproaching me for not furnishing you more, when you know how hard I am struggling to provide for our living, and to pay interest on my debts, your actions, to say the least, are far from encouraging.

“In spite of your fears, I hope not to die so soon as to leave you so poorly situated as your mother was left. I expect to leave for Montana tomorrow . . . ”

He went to the wild and woolly West to seek a fortune for an ingrate.

One can read between the lines a whole domestic tragedy.

If all American women were like "Dear Nellie," my English friend, Mr. MacLawrence, perhaps, would have been right when he said to me :

"The American woman! She considers her husband simply as a machine for making money."

But this is an opinion of an Englishman—don't you know?—and those fellows ever since Yorktown, when the immortal Washington, with the assistance of a few French friends, was, as Longfellow says,—

"Chasing the red-coats,"

find everything wrong in the United States.

As for me, I prefer to believe that there is in America much of the strong, womanly character which is so masterfully presented in the short stories of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, and that such women as "Dear Nellie" are only exceptions, perhaps numerous, but nevertheless exceptions.

If I were an American girl, undoubtedly I would go to Wellesley College and study, as

Goethe's Faust, "the marvels of civilization." I would gather, as he did, "the treasure of human spirit," but perhaps, as he did also, I would like to leave everything for love, and I would say :

"Un regard de tes yeux, un mot de ta bouche, ont plus de charmes pour moi que toute sagesse de l'Univers."

But for the present, let me rather say with Klopstock, in honor of the Wellesley girls :

"Your look is brighter than a spring morning, your eyes are more brilliant than stars, when, full of youth, they balance themselves near the celestial thrones with all their waves of light."

To describe the charms of nature in the midst of which this school for the American girl is situated, I would be obliged to borrow some of the talent of Burns. But its beautiful situation is so well known that my readers will not be disappointed if I do not give them a description of it, and I will only express my enthusiastic admiration for it.

How I envy the fair sex in having a school so peaceful and well adapted to study! What a contrast with the gray walls of our convents!

But what is more charming in Wellesley is the feminine movement, the flitting of pretty butterflies, the rustling of soft garments, the presence

of the *senteur de la femme*, that reminds you of the exclamation of the poet :

“The light of life is woman, the love of life is the love of woman ; the light that pales not, the life that cannot die, the love that can know no ending ; my light, my life, and my love.”

Or the other :

*“ Ehret die Frauen ! Sie flechten und weben
Himmlische Rosen ins irdische Leben.”*

What a dazzling spectacle those young girls present, dressed in “cap and gown!” Those modern Dryads in light dresses wandering in the midst of green woods, those modern Naiads gliding slowly in their pretty, dainty boats upon the crystalline surface of the blue lake.

While looking on the lake, on which many young misses were rowing, I thought of Dumas le Grand, who, at the age of seventy, wrote this thought :

*“ Qui s'embarque avec des femmes s'embarque
avec la tempête. Mais elles sont elle-mêmes les
barques de sauvetage.”*

In Wellesley as elsewhere, and perhaps more than elsewhere, the charming *nonchalance* of the American girl, her perfect *aise*, her sureness of movements and action, are well shown.

CHAPTER II.

MEN IN AMERICA.

“HOW do you do?”
“Very well, thank you; how is business?”

“Very good, very good. How is it with you?”
“First-rate!”

The above conversation between any two Americans I am not giving in order to poke fun, but because it is so typical that it will help me to characterize the American, and also because it has a deeper meaning than at first appears.

The whole character of a nation is shown in its greeting. So we Frenchmen say: “*Comment vous portez-vous?*” —because we care so much about our appearance; in fact we are the most vain nation in the world.

The Germans say: “*Wie geht's Ihnen?*” —and, indeed, they do go very slow but sure.

The Italians: “*Come stàte?*” (How do you stay?) —and you know how they stay, especially in these days with their army and wretched finances.

The Russians: "*Kak pagiviyetyeh?*" (How do you live?)—because they are so fond of good material living.

But the Anglo-Saxons say: "How do you do?"—because all their faculties are concentrated upon their work, upon hard work, from morning till night; that is the secret of their prosperity.

The American says still more: he asks immediately about business. They do not care about their health, about their living; their great care is about business; they kill themselves with hard work, they neglect their physical and mental life, but they make business flourishing and booming.

The silent and cold activity of the American man is exercised in every sense over this vast continent, upon this very fertile soil, which repays his efforts a hundred fold.

Cold by disposition, reserved by instinct, an indefatigable worker, ambitious for fortune and power, from earliest youth he concentrates all his faculties upon one aim,—to succeed. His ambition is without limit, as is the field in which it is exercised. No one, no matter how humble is his beginning, but can aspire to the highest position and hope for the greatest wealth.

"Farmer or wood-cutter, artisan or salesman, he

can become a member of Congress, Senator, Ambassador, Secretary of State, President of the Republic. In the liberal professions nothing bars his way. He is not forced to wait during a long and costly period between his course of study and his admission to the bar; there are no annoying conditions of advancement, no social distinctions which confine and paralyze his efforts and retard his promotion. The system of education which regards all students as equals is continued even after graduation, and no one has an advantage in practice which does not arise from the superiority of the man himself, a superiority which often lies in greater determination and energy."

The ambitious man knows this, and often strains his power beyond the point of endurance; he avoids by instinct everything which will turn him from his purpose, and cares but little for forms and appearances.

Foreigners reproach him for his lack of urbanity, very often for his rough ways, his somewhat coarse disdain. Certainly there are numerous and brilliant exceptions, but in many cases the reproach is justified. The majority have the time neither to be polished, nor to seek the society of woman. They have other things to attend to. With no expectation of dowry, they are obliged to win

their own fortunes to support their wives and families.

Rich or poor, having attained success or striving for it, they are very seldom idle ; and one must have leisure to cultivate the society of woman. Of all occupations this one of cultivating the society of woman needs the most time and attention.

“ Finally, in the United States the drawing-rooms, are not, as in Europe, one of the highways to success ; they are not frequented by the ambitious in search of assistance, recommendation and influence, the centre where intrigues commence, where plans are formed, where bargains are concluded. Even in Washington, the crowds who besiege the White House very seldom have *entrée* to the drawing-rooms, even to the political ones, and it would be difficult to give the name of a statesman, a financier, a lawyer, a millionaire, who has advanced to success over the carpet of the drawing-room.”

By a singular contrast, the love of luxury is as little characteristic of the American man as the need of it is innate in the American woman ; he, indifferent to appearances, full of care for realities, likes money, and consecrates all his faculties to its possession, because money is visible and tangible,

and a mark of success; he uses but little and asks but little for himself. His wife, rather than money, is his luxury, and every millionaire's life is incessant work, crushing preoccupation.

To her belongs the glitter of the fortune, the pleasures of society, haughty exclusiveness; to him the power which millions give, a more solid and durable power than that of the President with his modest salary of fifty thousand dollars, with limited powers and a short rule of four years.

So the Americans have the greatest regard for their women, — it is beautiful to see; but I know many women who would like a little less of their respect and a little more of their society.

“Oh! but American men are such good husbands!” a lady said to me.

“They would be perfect,” exclaimed her sister, “if only they would be a little more *à la française*.”

Strange that they are so childlike in their celebration of the Fourth of July. The American who talks so much about dignity and decency, and the “glorious Fourth,” is neither decent nor dignified; the people act as though they were crazy, throwing cartridges under carriages, firing guns in the crowd, howling and yelling. Can you explain such manifestations of joy by people who,

in the smallest matter of business and life, are so serious?

In the American man the characteristic features are brought out more strongly, appear more accentuated and exaggerated, as well by the free play of natural instincts as by the necessity of making a fight for existence.

If one examines the primitive elements which make of the citizen of the United States a type almost distinct from the European from whom he comes, from the Anglo-Saxon and the Dutchman, from the Irishman and Spaniard, from the Frenchman and the German, from the Scandinavian and the Italian, the blood of all of whom mingles in his veins, one is surprised at the very little work which atavism has done in the determination of the race.

On the other hand, the influence of place can be seen and comprehended better nowhere than in America. You can see in the American, as in a mirror, all his faults and his good qualities; you can see, in his conception and in his ideas, the reflection of the soil of the climate, and the first conditions of his existence.

In the first place, the will, the tenacity, the persistency, which mark him, are the same as they were yesterday, are to-day, and will be to-morrow. When it is necessary to accomplish some work, to

overcome obstacles, these traits will appear first, with their inevitable *cortège* of qualities and faults, of firmness and stiffness. The object of his efforts in a constitutionally democratic society, consecrated to the attainment of purely material things, cannot be other than money.

One very often reproaches the citizen of the United States for his worship of the "Mighty Dollar," but one must remember that the dollar is for him the thing that counts.

He has eliminated social distinctions as he claims, but, as human ambition must have some object, he has taken the dollar!

"In hoc signo (\$) vinces."

When, at the Art Museum in Boston, Mr. John J. Enneking, a talented painter, who has sound common sense in addition to his great artistic ability, proposed a money prize for the best picture, he met with very strong objections, based upon the presumptive fact that it is better to give an artist a medal than ready money, because a medal is a greater honour, and, at the same time, increases the value of the pictures of an artist to whom it has been awarded.

Mr. Enneking replied with words worthy of being remembered:

“I have received several medals at our exhibitions, but, I assure you, it has no effect upon the sale of my pictures. Please do not forget that we are not in Paris, — there a medal means a fortune for an artist; here it means nothing, as we are in a country where the almighty dollar alone has value.”

And it is true that, notwithstanding the Jewish influence in France, followed necessarily by a greater power of money, we cannot conceive there a social organization in which money could be sovereign. And now, even more than ever, we have for a great savant, a great artist, a great writer, a descendant of a great race, quite different and much greater esteem than for a rich man, no matter how rich he may be.

Millionaire! Bah! What is it? There have been countless millionaires, and we do not know one of them, except the Medicis; but they were Medicis, — you know their value. And have you Medicis in this country? Certainly you have better, so far as it is a question of money, as I do not think that the Medicis possessed as much money as some of your millionaires; but they are not Medicis whom I admire, — and, with me, all mankind, — not the Medicis to whom the marvellous genius of Michael Angelo built a

monument, whose grandeur is in proportion to the grandeur of such a glorious race.

In this respect, at least, we differ greatly from you ; do you prefer your idol to ours ?

Are you better ?

Are we better ?

That is the question ; which I leave to you to answer.

The Americans are, as we say, "*le peuple bon enfant.*"

They have very good dispositions, without being careless ; the good, unalterable humour of a people who feel happy in living, and who work with a quiet conscience under a clear sky.

But if you would see a man here to advantage, it must be after business hours, in the evening ; in the daytime, unless you have some business with him, he is unpleasant, even rough. The reason is, that his mind is all in his business.

I happened to make the acquaintance of an American in the evening, and I found him to be a very agreeable fellow ; the next day I met him, while he was talking business, and he hardly noticed me ; of course I thought him very rough ; it was only after a longer stay in America that I found that I was unjust, and I even found that

their apparent roughness was one of the secrets of their success.

In order to gain time, the American adopts the most costly inventions, and the most complicated machinery. The American is never in a hurry, at least, he does not appear to be. But, if he has all the appearance of indifference, he has underneath an amount of patience which is proof against everything. In business, in private life, on the street, on the railroad, on the steamer, the feverish agitation which Europeans associate with Americans does not really exist.

James Bryce has tried to show that the American is a fatalist; he counts upon fortune, upon chance, upon the action of time and nature. This does not mean that the American lacks "pluck," the kind of animal courage which is shown in his "cheeky" and enterprising spirit. The American goes forward; he strains all his nerves; if he does not succeed at first, he does not lose his patience, nor is he discouraged; he still thinks that he always has a chance. In him, even in the hours of fatigue and bad luck, a cheerful fatalism and a physical nervous prostration exist together.

This nervous prostration, so general with busi-

ness men, the financiers of large cities, is the result of overwork, and the excess of speculative excitement. The American works very hard, eight or ten hours daily, during nine months of the year, carrying out gigantic projects, then, when the tenth month finds him exhausted, he abandons all, takes a rest, and recommences in the fall.

This fatalism, which follows him everywhere in his life, is a kind of optimism, the dominating feature of the character of these people with whom everything has succeeded so far, even their faults.

The American is feverish in speculation, nervous and excitable in business, and yet, seeing him in his daily life, one concludes that he is never impatient. Look at those big bankers on Broadway, speculators in every line, to whom a minute of delay can sometimes mean the loss of a fortune; if he cannot cross the street on account of the frequent stopping of the teams, he never swears; he waits patiently while things take their regular course.

Henry James was right when he put in the mouth of his hero, a typical American, these words :

“I never lose my temper.”

And in everything else it is the same. In the hotels, the service is horrible. The American waiters serve you as if they were doing you a favor, as slowly as they please; they make you waste much of your time at the table, and yet the American, who is in a hurry, whom his business calls, does not show any displeasure. He is resigned to the inevitable. His manner is just opposite to that of the Englishman in such circumstances. In the station, if the train is late, even several hours, and through the fault of the company, the crowd waits without murmuring, without impatience, without bad humour. In France, the Frenchman would accuse the Government; in England, the British citizen would write a furious letter to the "Times;" the American waits or passes, and, if he does swear, it is to himself.

The Americans are always easily approached, no matter what their social positions or their fortunes may be.

Very much has been said about everybody shaking hands with the President at the White House, about the affability of all public men; but form is not everything; and one feels beneath those habits, which are established so

naturally, a sincere love for the real understanding of equality. American politeness has a kind of pleasing comradeship. The strict formulas of politeness are not always used, but everybody is ready to render you a service, to be useful to his fellow men. There reigns among the people a true democratic feeling, if one excepts the snobbish minority of the "Four Hundred," which every large city possesses now, aping New York.

The American admires success; success justifies everything. A successful man is seldom the object of jealousy, or of the violent hatred of his competitor; nobody thinks that a successful man does him wrong in succeeding. Everybody seems to be convinced that there is a place for himself, that his chance may come, that it will come; another man's success is for him a source of encouragement, and, for the city, town, or village, an ornament.

"Mind your own business!"

It is one of the healthiest maxims in this country, and they are right, because it is better, instead of trying to destroy the building of your neighbour, to build another on your own account.

Happy country, where youth, far from being a

fault, is almost a privilege; where they do not wait until your voice is less clear and your words less ardent, until you have left along your weary route all the illusions of youth, until your back is bent, to have confidence in you, to trust heavy responsibilities to you!

No matter how high one is placed, he receives young people everywhere with favour; he permits them to speak, before he judges them; he does not throw in their face that stupid judgment, which, in many countries, passes for a sentence without appeal, and sets them aside as inexperienced youngsters. The Americans have many good reasons for making so much of youth, for one needs all its freshness, all its flexibility, all its vigour, to go ahead in a country in which the race after fortune has taken on a head-turning rapidity.

If a young man of twenty-three has character, good habits, and intelligence, there is nothing to prevent his being entrusted with the greatest affairs and the heaviest responsibilities. That it is a wise policy is well exemplified.

And it is simply admirable! A nation where a man of thirty can give proof of ability, without being paralyzed by prejudice on account of his youth, has already taken the lead over nations

where age, and the experience that is acquired at the expense of energy, are diplomas of capability.

Grant, Sherman, and twenty other generals, at the outbreak of the War of Secession, were young men.

In Cambridge, Mass., in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, one can see the monument of a Harvard student who was a colonel at twenty-five years of age.

This appreciation of youth is one of the secrets of the great development of a country ; the young Louis XIV., with his youthful followers, had the most brilliant court in the world, and the young generals of Napoleon I. conducted the old soldiers to the most brilliant victories. And we remember France in 1870, when she thought that only old generals were wise !

“The purely material preoccupation of Americans,” Judge Warren A. Reed said to me, “can be compared with the spirit of those times in Europe, when every man, who wished to be somebody, and had enough courage, took his charger and armour and went forth to combat ; the difference observed is that we do not have any opportunity to display our energy, and to use our vitality, except in hard and continuous work in business to make a dollar.”

I think that there is a great deal of truth in this statement, because, in this country, the mighty dollar is so general a criterion of success.

In business offices, you can see such inscriptions in big letters as —

“This is my busy day,”

posted for the benefit of the bore.

In the office of a wealthy real estate man I saw, engraved on marble, the following :

“Three things to be careful of :

Health,
Reputation,
Money.”

I think that, in the trinity of my thrifty friend, money was the first person, since he did all things with a view to increasing his wealth, although he did not have a family to work for.

In fact, the American does anything to make money ; thus it seems very strange to a European to see shoe-brushes and blacking, and even a litter of puppies, for sale in drug stores.

“I bet you a good dinner,” an American once said to me, “that Mr. Cobb has anything you wish to buy in his drug store.”

“I take you,” said I, “and I shall call for a pulpit.”

“All right, old man,” said he, and, turning to the apothecary, he asked:

“Mr. Cobb, have you a pulpit for sale?”

“Come right this way, I can sell you a pulpit,” was the proprietor’s answer.

And I lost my bet, as, in fact, the apothecary had a second-hand pulpit which he had bought at an auction.

I saw an architect marching at the head of a band as a drum-major!

To illustrate how good-hearted the American is, I insert here a letter, accidentally in my possession, from a railroad company, to a ticket-agent:

“MR. L. B. DREW:

“DEAR SIR: Referring to Mr. MacSherry, whom you so kindly ticketed with our excursion last Thursday to Kansas City, you remember you requested me to reserve for him a lower berth in our sleeping-car, which, of course, I did, and saw him aboard the same at the Fitchburg station upon our departure. As I had business out on the road, I accompanied the train a short distance, and, when the Pullman conductor came through to take up the tickets for Pullman space, we discovered that Mr. Mac-

Sherry had but seventy-five cents to his name, which, of course, would not pay for the berth for one night. I found he was rather childish, and disliked very much the idea of having him put in the day-coach, where he would have to change cars several times, and, considering that it was so snowy and stormy, I took pity on him, and arranged to have him stay in the sleeper to Chicago without cost to himself.

“Very truly yours,

“C. A. ANDERSON.”

This letter shows in the best light the kindness of the American, his superiority to the European. In France Mr. MacSherry would be roughly scolded by a ticket-agent, or insulted by the conductor; in Germany he would be arrested and imprisoned; in the beautiful country of America he is provided with the comfort of a sleeping-car.

I could give several examples of such kindness from my personal experience. I do not hesitate to assert that the Americans are the kindest people I have met in my travels, and I have lived a long time in almost every European country. With good reason I have a high regard for the bright, cordial, intelligent, and humane Americans.

While the eminent Russian landscape painter, Ayvasoviky, was here, he said:

“There is a mistaken impression in my country that the Americans are a churlish race. I have found the very opposite to be true. I do not speak of the higher classes only, among whom I have found charming persons, as courteous as anywhere else in the world, but of the masses.

“In no other country have I seen such uniform good-nature.”

And here is an historical anecdote, proving once more my statement :

“Lord and Lady X—— called at the White House during Jackson’s administration, after James Buchanan returned from England, as Minister to the Court of St. James. Mr. Buchanan had known them well abroad, and received them at the Capitol. He went to look for the President, and found him *en déshabillé* in his private room. The chief executive had a dressing-gown thrown over his suit of undergarments, and a pair of carpet slippers encased his stockingless feet.

Mr. Buchanan announced the presence of the distinguished foreigners, and, incidentally, dropped some hints as to the proper attire the President should appear in when he met his guests.

“Look here, Buck,” said the President, affectionately, “I knew a man in my State who got

rich minding his own business. I know what I am about."

Mr. Buchanan retired, and the President arrayed himself in all the splendour of black broadcloth and frilled shirt front.

The story goes that he personally showed his visitors over the White House, and his good-nature drew from Lady X—— the following compliment :

"Mr. Buchanan, we have visited nearly all the courts of the world, but your President has shown himself to be the most courteous and agreeable ruler that it has ever been our privilege to meet."

The honesty of the masses, too, is worthy of notice. In any town you may enter the office of a lawyer, of a dentist, find nobody there, and all books and instruments left about in perfect security.

You can leave linen on the line during the night, and nobody steals it, as would be the case in any country in Europe.

You can leave your papers on the mail-box, and they will be delivered ; in Europe the street boys would take them and destroy them just for the fun of the thing.

Nobody touches your flowers or your fruit in

the garden, although it is not surrounded by a fence or wall.

The Americans seem to remember the advice of Shakespeare, about a good dress, regardless of their means; they are always well dressed. A man must have a new suit every year as the woman must have a new dress for every season.

They are very fond of new things of every kind. Fashion is the supreme argument with them. Emerson, one of the best American writers, said :

“Fashion, which affects to be honour, is often, in all men’s experience, only a ball-room code. Yet, so long as it is the highest circle, in the imagination of the best heads on the planet, there is something necessary and excellent in it; for it is not to be supposed that men have agreed to be the dupes of anything preposterous; and the respect which these mysteries inspire in the most rude and sylvan characters, and the curiosity with which the details of high life are read, betray the universality of the love of cultivated manners.”

Americans remember also that “a gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene;” and, in fact, a real American of the old stock is very quiet,

very easy ; the greatest business transactions are effected in a quiet way.

It is almost impossible to catch Americans in a lie ; they are truthful, both men and women, in the smallest trifles, even to the extent of being sometimes ridiculous. I am talking now about matters of private life ; in big business schemes, they have the cleverest way of representing to you, as a most brilliant enterprise, something in which you will surely lose your money ; but "business is business."

On the other hand, they like exaggeration ; everything is "the most beautiful I ever saw, the most delightful I ever saw, the grandest I ever saw," etc.

In this big country, which seems to be a little astonished at its rapid growth and its extraordinary happiness, the popular orator does not disdain to flatter national pride, and one is surprised at the ridiculous contrast between grandiloquent expressions and commonplace subjects.

Such an example of pompous eloquence is found in the speech delivered by Mr. Noble, Secretary of the Interior, in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, on the occasion of the dedication of the monument to Daguerre, during the national convention of photographers.

“I am proud,” cried he, “to be an American; everything in America is beautiful and grand; more beautiful and more grand than anything else in the world; in the whole universe, it is only the American that counts, and in America the photographers are the most interesting class. Never has Washington beheld a more representative congress!”

His success was complete; the good photographers and their families, overcome by the intense heat, were suddenly magnetized into the activity which well-merited applause requires.

This love of exaggeration can be explained only by the influence of nature; the rivers are enormous; the mountains are gigantic; the territory is immeasurable; and so it must be with everything in the American mind.

The Americans as a people love order and cleanliness. Nothing is more agreeable than to visit small towns in New England, and see those beautiful, well-kept lawns, around the neat dwellings with their shining windows. Enter the house and you find the same order, the same neatness from cellar to garret. The Dutch villages are celebrated for their cleanliness and order, but in America there are many places

inhabited by true Americans which are worthy rivals.

The foreigner finds, somewhat to his surprise, that the houses are mostly of wood, sometimes even very modest and small, but around them there is a carpet of green, clean and brilliant, with here and there a bed of flowers, or a clump of bright shrubbery.

In this respect America surpasses every nation, at least as regards the masses.

Still speaking of the people at large, and not of the wealthy class here, as compared with the wealthy class in Europe, the foreigner is surprised at the elegance of the furniture in the houses; at the taste shown in its arrangement; at the taste and, one might even say, the love of the artistic.

Nothing is more elegant than the table in an American house of even moderate means; there is a profusion of silverware, no matter if it is only plated, the glitter of crystal, scattered on the snow-white table-cloth.

It happened that I was invited once to partake of supper at the modest house of a carpenter, working by the day. I was amazed to see, on the table of these people, a cloth of snowy cleanness, and it was not put on on my account; the table

had been set before my coming, and they did not expect me.

But, on the other hand, they do not know how to cook, nor how to vary their dishes, and I am obliged to state that cooking is the worst thing that I have found in America. I have tried it in the most luxurious hotels in New York, Boston, Newport, Providence, Montreal, not to speak of small cities, as well as of private houses.

When you come to one of those big American hotels to dine, the black "gentleman" hands you a card which, at first glance, would seem to bear an unlimited number of good things; when you examine it more closely, you perceive that there is very little. To express the single item of bread there are about three lines:

"English bread, Vienna bread, rye bread, biscuits, toast, brown bread, corn bread; muffins, rolls, buckwheat cakes, griddle cakes, graham biscuit, wine-crackers, water-crackers."

Truly a *pain*-ful category, or, if you prefer, a pan-full category.

It is the same with potatoes; they are of all kinds, from all countries, and under all possible forms.

It makes a great show on the bill of fare. You

decide, for instance, on roast beef and vegetables. The nigger (how shocking are those Frenchmen!) disappears, and comes back with an army of small dishes. In one, the celebrated roast beef is taking a bath in gravy; the others contain cabbage, peas, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, sweet corn, beets, tips of asparagus — so many courses of vegetables, but only one plate!

He throws the whole “lay-out” at the table, as if he would say:

“It is a shame that such ‘gentlemen’ should serve a common European.”

And now, help yourself with all this army of small dishes, and a little bit of every representative of the vegetable kingdom; one must have the ability of a hen to pick in these little dishes.

They do not serve you wine, but an excellent brand of ice-water, instead; this is to cool off the fire of passion aroused by the fleet-footed waiter, I suppose.

No wonder, then, that every American is sick with dyspepsia, a sickness almost unknown in Europe; at least, in France.

The American is very witty, and very seldom remains in debt for a joke played on him; in fact, everybody jokes in this country. Speeches of a

generally grave nature are often interspersed with witty anecdotes.

Mr. Ben : Perley Poore gathered two volumes of witty "Reminiscences."

The witty genius of Americans finds an excellent representative in Mark Twain. Not long ago, Mark Twain offered some books to the new library in Fair Haven, with this dedication :

"I hope that people will come to see these books, and examine, if not what is within, at least their pretty bindings."

Ziba Bryant, the brother of the poet Bryant, left many witty *bon mots*, which are current in New England. To the bull which stood on the track and snorted defiance at the approaching locomotive, he said :

"Mr. Bull, I admire your courage, but I think very little of your judgment."

The Americans have refined taste even in such little things as visiting-cards and writing-paper ; while Europeans, corresponding to the class of Americans of whom I speak, do not think even to have visiting-cards, in America they have beautiful ones, engraved, and on a fine bristol.

But they are our antipodes in using them ; we leave a card as a sign or indication of our visit

when we do not find the person at home ; Americans leave them when they are received.

They are also our antipodes in very many other things ; their watches are wound in an opposite direction, and the key turns to the other way in the locks.

Do they try to be original by it ?

In the Stowe-house, they smoke in the presence of the Countess of Paris ; in America a "lady" would consider it as an insult.

In Europe everything is for man and woman ; in America everything is for woman ; ladies' entrances at hotels, ladies' waiting-rooms in the railroad stations, ladies' dining-rooms in the restaurants, etc.

Whom shall I pity ? The men or the women ?

CHAPTER III.

FRANCE IN AMERICA.

“ON many occasions,” says M. Adolphe Chambrun,* “it has fallen to my lot to respond to the toast, ‘France: The Ancient Ally of the United States.’ As I did not wish to repeat the old phrases about General de La Fayette, I looked about carefully, but vainly, I confess, for a point of *rapprochement*, or, at least, a point of contact, between the social and political institutions of the two countries. I was not able to discover anything of the kind.”

I am afraid that this glittering figure of De La Fayette and the statue of Liberty enlightening the world, offered by the French sculptor, M. Bartholdi, are the only luminous points in a country where our influence diminishes every day to the profit of a rival's influence. It is true that the best class of people know the part which our patriotism had in the conquest of their liberty,

* “*Droits et Libertés aux États-Unis.*”

and they are polite enough to mention it to you when they know that you are a Frenchman. The heart always has incentives which do not exist with the State. To undertake the adventure which closed at Yorktown, where De La Fayette with six thousand French troops received the final surrender of Lord Cornwallis, it was necessary to be what this brilliant young hero really was in 1777, *un grand enfant*. But never mind, France always had such good-hearted children, and it is for her glory. Egotistical policy needs such examples as the one given in 1683, by Jean Sobieski, King of Poland, who assisted Austria when Vienna was besieged by the Turks, or the later example of Napoleon III. helping Italy.

In payment for assistance in gaining its liberty, what has America given to Europe in general, and to France in particular?

Europe has to thank America in the first place for a very practical and immensely useful gift — potatoes.

Secondly, we are obliged to this New World for tobacco. It is true that this gift is of doubtful value if the question of hygienic advantage alone is considered; but, in the household management of European nations, tobacco has taken

a very prominent place, and it would be difficult now to imagine the European budget without tobacco. It is enough to mention the fact that in the Austrian revenues it represents eighty-five millions of florins, something like forty millions of dollars, and in the revenue of Hungary over forty-six millions of florins, or about twenty-three millions of dollars.

In the third place, although the Republic is, without doubt, a European invention, it has, nevertheless, in later times, and at the most important periods of change, been referred to as an American import.

Now for the benefit to France.

At the same time with the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, which dates from the fourth of August, 1492, when Columbus sailed from the harbor of Palos, the French republic celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her birthday.

I did not notice that on this occasion they emphasized the pedigree of the Convention of September 21, 1792, from the first great Northern Republic of America, proclaimed in the Congress at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776. Yet there is no doubt that, among the many very complicated causes which influenced the fall of the historical

French throne, not one contributed more powerfully than the example of the Americans.

When, in the fall of 1775, Lord Stormont came to Paris as ambassador extraordinary of England, in order to learn the views of the French Court concerning the quarrel of England with her American colonists, Maurepas, as well as Count Vergennes, obstinately denied all sympathy with the American rebels, and emphasized the common interests of both courts.

“What has happened to you to-day in America,” said Count Vergennes, “can not be agreeable to any one.”

Still further, on August 13, 1775, Count Vergennes said to the English ambassador :

“The sympathy of Frenchmen for the Americans is a very great and serious evil.”

Count Vergennes understood very well that the reason of the enthusiasm for the Americans was the antimonarchical and republican spirit — “the unbridled spirit” — which Lord Stormont had seen everywhere in Paris. Notwithstanding his knowledge of the peril, six months after this conversation the same Count Vergennes, yielding to the popular feeling, concluded with the United States a treaty which excited to the highest degree

the republican enthusiasm of the old nobility of Versailles.

The history of France reads like a novel; on the other hand, too, often do the novels and the writers influence the history. Jean Jacques Rousseau had an idea that Voltaire influenced the French Government to conquer Corsica, with no other purpose than that he might keep the "solitary man of Montmorency" from settling in that island. It is certainly true that, in the question of relations between France and America, the comedy writer, Caron de Beaumarchais, took a great part. Won over to the American cause in the house of the celebrated or calumniated John Wilkes, Beaumarchais came back from London to Paris in the fall of 1775; in frequent conversations with Minister Vergennes he tried to show him, by altogether illogical arguments, the necessity of helping the American colonists; on October 21st he presented a memorandum to the king, and then went back to London as French ambassador.

Speaking in the way of parenthesis, Beaumarchais did a poor business in this American drama. In 1776, helped by a subsidy of two millions of francs, which the French Government contributed,

he established, under the name "Rodrigo Hertz et Co.," a business, the aim of which was to furnish to the Americans munitions of war. He did this with such enthusiasm that, in 1777, he furnished them with supplies to the extent of five millions of francs, without receiving a cent from the American Congress. After the war Congress pretended to believe that the action of Beaumarchais was the voluntary help of the French Government. The ruined comedy writer made an appeal to Congress in these eloquent words :

"A nation which has won power and liberty may consider gratitude as a private virtue ; but nothing discharges a State from the duty of righteousness and from paying its debts."

Finally, Congress acknowledged that it owed to Beaumarchais three and a half million francs ; but they delayed the payment of it under the most unreasonable pretext, and, afterwards, positively refused to pay it. As an exile and a beggar, Beaumarchais, on April 10, 1797, spoke to the American Congress from Hamburg :

"Americans ! I served you with enthusiasm, and have nothing to show for it but sorrow ; I die your creditor. Let me at least recommend my daughter to you, and beg of you to give her a dowry from the amount which you owe me."

“*Date obolum Belisario!*”

Congress did not give him even the alms which he needed; and his heirs received, instead of three millions and a half, eight hundred thousand francs!

The worst result of this American enthusiasm fell to the share of Louis XVI. The Declaration of Independence, written by Jefferson, and signed July 4th, 1776, was the example for similar declarations which were published a little later in France. It is true that the republican theories were already *à la mode* in the drawing-rooms. The future deputies knew by heart the declarations of Jean Jacques Rousseau. But it was the first time that those theories had stepped out of books into the stage of real life.

“All men are born free and equal,” said Congress, in Philadelphia. It is no wonder that those theories, innocent enough in America, where one cannot appeal to the historical written laws, excited the highest and most dangerous enthusiasm among the French worshippers of Rousseau.

“Why,” wrote the Abbé Raynal, in his “*Revolu- tion de l’Amérique*,” in 1781, “do I not possess the genius and eloquence of the celebrated orators

of Athens and Rome? With what enthusiasm I would praise the noble men, who, by their passions, intelligence, and courage, built up this monument to liberty? Happy the pen which will preserve their names to posterity." Under the portrait of one they wrote :

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

"In the benefit of the second of these great achievements, all mankind has a part. Heroic country! Old age does not permit me to see you; I shall die without having seen the land of toleration, good customs, laws, virtues, and liberty."

How did such enthusiasm look to the French monarchy? It is easy to guess. It saw the very clever trick resorted to by the American Congress, in order to speak with effect to the antimonarchical tendencies of those times. It accused, in fierce terms, George III., and him alone, of twenty-eight deliberate crimes. If we take into consideration the fact that the English king, of all others, possessed the least liberty to satisfy his love of despotism, and that, if there were some abuses in the relations of England toward the American colonies, the whole responsibility fell upon the English Parliament, then the fierce

polemic of Congress against the English despot looks like a mere manœuvre.

There is no doubt that it was cleverly done. But if in this affair it was a question of tyranny, of the tyranny of the English people towards Americans, then Turgot said with truth :

“Of all tyrannies, the most cruel and most insupportable is the tyranny of the people, because such tyranny does not permit the oppressed people to have any hope. While the despot is influenced by his conscience, interests, and public opinion, the people never have any remorse of conscience, and decree themselves glory by the commission of the most horrid crimes.”

It was, then, in fact, a fight between the American and English peoples ; but the American Congress knew how to turn the question cleverly, and future French Girondists and Jacobins, who were not seeking for the truth, enthusiastically appropriated American phraseology and repeated it in French Parliaments.

To check this republican spirit, to point out to the French nation the road to reforms, and to stay the approach of revolution, was the task of the king and the highest class of society. Unhappily, a weak king, under unhealthy influences, and by

his treaty with the American republicans, had himself helped revolutionary movement and, one can say, approved it.

The nobility, since Louis XIV. had called it to Versailles, and made it dependent on the favors of court, had lost its strength of character and its independence.

In the Parisian *salons*, American republicanism was fashionable.

When, at the end of the year 1776, Franklin, sent by Congress, made his appearance in the drawing-rooms, they made him the idol of the *grand monde*. This disorganized society thought it saw in this Quaker a republican of the days of Plato or Fabius, or the personification of the "man of nature" of Jean Jacques Rousseau. They welcomed him as "the messenger from a New World, and of a better epoch."

As Count Segur affirms, he was visited by the most eminent people of the court and the capital, the philosophers and literati; this last class thought that the progress of free thought in America was the result of their own writings, and their "desire was to become, some day, the legislators of Europe, just as their pupils had become legislators in America."

They were wrong, because the republic in

America, where there are no "old castles," and no historical monarchy, was more the product of the soil, than the fruit of philosophical theories.

Such was the profit to France.

The republic in America has been more stable than its sister in France since 1792. One can explain this difference by historical evolution, or, perhaps, by the different tempers of these two peoples. It is true that to-day we look with pity on the enthusiasm which was excited by the birth of the American Republic, because it has not become the promised land of civic virtues, nor of all those beneficent agencies which tend to lift humanity above the lower level of brutal egotism and material instincts.

Time has wrought the extension of republican ideas through America; the last throne — that of Brazil — fell not long since. But it is difficult to say that this example of the New World presents to-day any attractive features to the ripened European minds.

The restrained liberty of the Americans — the result of successful French intervention in their behalf — is never more in evidence than in the forum. The common and declamatory eloquence of the United States, known as "Spread-eagle

Oratory," is used in invoking the brilliant personality of this "endorser of all revolutions," as the Marquis de La Fayette was called.

But this is all, and even this often repeated, and, by force of repetition, ever present fact, did not prevent General Grant, for instance, from drinking to the prosperity of the German army after the horrid affair of Sedan; nor did it prevent the mob from dragging in the mud, and afterward hanging, the effigy of the unfortunate, but noble-minded, Napoleon III., one of the greatest French monarchs.

Of course, the last fact can be explained by the strength of the German element in New York, but I would like to have an explanation of the action of such a man as Grant.

I met at Newport, in 1894, Mr. Edward W. Very, who was a naval *attaché* of the United States legation at Paris during the Franco-Prussian War. He tried, by hazy arguments, to explain to me, on philanthropic grounds, the attitude of the Government at Washington and the diplomatic note of Bancroft. I am forced to acknowledge that he talked very cleverly, but I cannot accept his arguments as logical. Would not it have been real philanthropy, if Mr. Very will ride this hobby, to have ended so horrid a war, and to have saved to

the sister nation (spread-eagle eloquence) a few billions of francs?

But what is the secret of the strong bond of sympathy between America and the Germans?

The American has nothing in common with the German, except the Prussian *casque à pointe*, which I have seen on so many of their militia. Compare his profoundly democratic instincts with the aristocratic traditions of Germany; consider his extreme disdain of forms, his political customs free from all territorial influences, his social life, and his contempt for conditions of birth and for claims of nobility, which are so powerful and so much respected in Germany; observe closely the excessive mobility and marvellous elasticity with which he follows, by turns, all careers, commencing, as Abraham Lincoln did, with rail-splitting, and dying President of the Republic.

And then, there are so many French souvenirs scattered all over the country. In the first place there are names, too numerous to mention, of States, cities, towns, villages, lakes, and rivers, which at once suggest early French explorers and settlers. The very beginning of the American War for Independence recalled the French name

of Paul Revere, who inspired the great American poet with the beautiful ballad, beginning :

“Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.
On the eighteenth of April, in '75.”

In Boston, a Frenchman, by the name of Fanueil, gave to the city the hall which is now called, in the English way, “Faniel.”

You find such French names in America as Bayard, De Courtney, De Blois, De la Motte, or simply Motte ; De Pierpont, or simply Pierpont, etc.

The most original American painter, Lafarge, is of French extraction ; the same is with Abbey, Vonnoh, Graves.

One of the most distinguished men in America, Chauncey Depew, said once at a banquet :

“I am proud that I have French blood in my veins ;” the name of Depew is only a corruption of the French name Dupuis, or Dupuy, as Drew is corrupted from De Dreux.”

The magnificent institution in Philadelphia reminds you of the French Girard, who gave all his money to found it. And consider such historical characters as Marion, John Jay, Audubon, Frémont, Gallaudet, General Thomas, and many others, all French in origin.

The celebrated inscription on the portrait of Franklin, which is always proudly associated with his name by Americans, —

“Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis,”

was written by the French minister, Turgot.

In one of the public places in Philadelphia, the statue erected by Congress to Louis XVI. bears this inscription :

*“Post Deum
Diligenda et servanda est libertas
Maximis empta laboribus
Humanique sanguinis flumine irrigata
Per imminencia belli pericula
Invante
Optimo Gallorum principe Rege
Ludovico XVI.
Hanc statuam Principi augustissimo
Consecravit
Et æternam pretiosamque benefici
Memoriam
Grata Reipublicæ veneratio
Ultimis tradit nepotibus.”*

The development of the American press is united with the name of Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, who presented to Bursell, editor of the *Boston Sentinel*, in 1796, a geographical atlas, which was then a very rare book in the United

States ; this modest present was a fortune for the *Sentinel*.

Your art is based on French art ; your best people and prettiest women and girls speak French.

The American women prefer the French fashions ; French wines contribute largely to your pleasure in life.

“*Evangeline*,” that splendid masterpiece of American poetry, was inspired by a French story of a young couple in Acadia, which was told to Hawthorne and repeated by him to Longfellow.

You cannot go South without thinking of Châteaubriand, who sang of the beauties and splendor of nature.

In the Southwest you will meet French souvenirs at every step, with this difference from the English souvenirs, that the latter have no charm for the Americans, while the former naturally suggest some poetic sweetness.

The Anglo-Saxons represent the spirit of enterprise, commercial energy, industrial boldness, and financial aptness ; their life depends more, as one of your writers says, “on animal spirit and enjoyment of living for their happiness, than upon any natural or acquired mental powers ;” in a word, they represent the material and prosaic power of modern life.

The French genius, with its refined taste, its literature and arts, personifies the poetic side of humanity.

The talent for collecting millions, for stock-jobbing, for forming piratical trusts, for the coalition of capital, is not, so far as I know, the highest *rôle* in the scale of progress, the highest criterion of civilization, or the supreme aim of man on earth.

For those who, authorized by our disaster, deny the genius of France for colonization, and triumphantly point for example to England, there is history to show that conquest is not colonization, and to show, too, that wherever France has passed, she has left very deep traces, which are respected even by time. In America, Louisiana and Canada still testify to their French sympathies, and preserve the indelible mark of our race.

What remains in the United States of the English traditions and souvenirs of the motherland?

If to-morrow the empire of India were crushed, what would remain from two centuries of English domination in the hearts and traditions of the *ryas*?

New York is cosmopolitan; Boston and Philadelphia, American; Cincinnati is German; Chicago

is becoming German ; but New Orleans is still French !

Find in the United States an English town ; there are none.

If colonization consists only in the exploitation of the land by immigrants for the profit of the mother-country, England is, beyond doubt, the first power in the world in that respect ; but such work is destined to disappear in the day when the colony cuts loose or rebels. Every conquest which does not end with fusion or absolute substitution is only temporary. Portugal and Spain, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, knew how to colonize ; both, notwithstanding their cruelties, which history has justly condemned, have carried civilization to the native peoples, whose territories they occupied.

Sweeter and more human, more sympathetic toward the conquered races, France knew how to make herself loved by them, and one finds, even now, among the southern Indian tribes an affectionate remembrance of our colonization.

To-day, after more than a century of foreign domination, notwithstanding the stream of immigration, in which England figures to the extent of fifty, and France to the extent of seven only, in every hundred, in spite of the commercial and

political interests, and of clever administration by the government of England, there are in Canada a million and a half of people who are the descendants of the few thousand immigrants abandoned by France in this distant land; they form an energetic and lively nation. Faithful to the noble traditions of the past, they knew how to preserve intact, in the midst of numerous vicissitudes, the language and polite manners that we have transmitted to them. Time, which effaces everything and carries away everything, has not been able to weaken, in French Canada, the disinterested devotion which its population pays to the memory of France.

Then the profoundly sympathetic genius of our race has not said its last word. Even our conqueror of yesterday affirms it, and is jealous of its progress, and still shows his anxiety.

Trials inflicted by fickle fortune have been bravely borne by a people, who know how and by what efforts one rises, and that, if only he observes what passes around him, he may regain his courage.

Retired within herself, France finds again the secret of her grandeur,—a homogeneity which no other nation possesses.

The power of England, of Germany, is formed on different and contrary elements, an inexhaustible source of conflicts.

In Germany, the provinces recently taken from Denmark and from France bear with silence, but not with resignation, the yoke of the victor; South Germany mutters, and force alone holds that which force has seized.

England sees Canada and Australia ready to free themselves, and in India Russia is waiting an opportunity.

France is compact, united against her enemies, and to-day she is not afraid; already she has regained by her material and spiritual development the sympathies of the feeble, the respect of the strong; confidence in herself and in her great vitality is the distinctive mark of her people, against which time and victory of the foreigner cannot avail, which will raise her when the hour has come, and then — the American will exchange the *casques à pointe* for the French *kepis*.

The true status of France among the nations is well defined in the following sentence of one of her ablest thinkers, M. Taine:

“When the savage Muscovite, the thickheaded German, the clumsy Englishman, the barbarian

or half barbarian of the North, leaves his whisky, his pipe, his furs, his feudal life of the hunter and the boor, it is to our *salons* and to our books that he comes to study art, how to salute, to smile, and to converse."

CHAPTER IV.

MILLIONAIRES.

“WHO is Mrs. Wyndham?”

“Mrs. Wyndham—she is Sam Wyndham’s wife. Just that.”

“And Sam Wyndham?”

“Oh—he is one of the prevalent profession. He is a millionaire. In fact, he is one of the real ones.”

“When do they get to be real?”

“Oh, when they have more than ten millions. The other ones do not count much. It is much more the thing to be poor, unless you have ten millions.”

America was too democratic to have one king or emperor; she prefers to have many.

So the Goulds and the others can stop all railroad communication. Rockefeller can plunge the whole country into darkness worse than Egyptian. The great trust can starve the country, and, actually, while I am writing this, there is a scarcity of meat in the market on account of disturbance in

Chicago. Their majesties, the Vanderbilts and Astors, can injure business more, by controlling their money market, than can any ruler in Europe. The "Trust of the Big Four," the "Sugar Trust," the "Standard Oil Trust," the "Binding Twine Trust," have more power than the Czar of Russia.

If, in the United States and in England, money occupies the first place, it is the only criterion of success in the United States, and because in England, where social categories are sharply marked, it appears as the leveller of barriers, as a means by which those who are nobody may hope to be somebody.

But to-day you must have, not thirty millions, like Sir Gladiator, whom Labiche immortalized, but one hundred and fifty millions or more.

The characteristic of the American millionaire is a sort of perfectly unceremonious but false simplicity, which he utilizes in business; he is easily familiar with everybody, accepts a slap on the shoulder or a friendly poke in the ribs, provided "there is a dollar in it."

"How do you do, Jack?" is the proper greeting for him.

Those fellows, if they do not shine with the quintessence of refinement, are at least proper;

they are even very proper and correct in their places of business, or when seen among men ; but once in the drawing-room, among ladies, you can notice immediately their weak points, their lack of perfect polish.

As to the origin of their fortune, you must not examine too closely. If it were necessary to count the suicides of which they have been the cause, and all the causes of madness, one would obtain a frightful total. Is not this always the history of speculation? It is often the case that those kings of gold have some crooked methods, which, happily, are more rare in Europe, and which, in other countries, would bring them to the criminal court.

It is strange that they will do all things for the sake of money, for the sake of piling up gold, when so many of them live in very quiet style. Just imagine my astonishment, when I called on a man whose fortune is estimated at twenty millions, at seeing a servant girl open the door for me.

There are, to be sure, millionaires in New York who have secretaries, butlers, housekeepers, palace-cars at their disposal when travelling on the continent, and yachts for the ocean ; but how many more live in a very economical way!

One millionaire, for instance, spends much of

his time in playing cards with some obscure clerical friend, and his only luxury is in riding an old white horse; he piles up money just for the pleasure of possessing it.

“What is there in life more agreeable than money?” he said, to a friend.

Surely a strange conception of the pleasures of life! There are many others of the same kind.

Every millionaire, who respects himself, has a collection of pictures. The millionaires being very numerous in America, there are many collectors, but very few connoisseurs.

For to have sold pork all one's life, speculated in real estate, or gathered millions from the pockets of one's fellow-speculators, does not empower one to distinguish a masterpiece from a daub; but still, such is the pretension of most parvenues.

When one is rich, one must be surrounded by the evidences of wealth, and imitate the people of old Europe. Consequently, the millionaire collects works of art, for this reason at first, and, secondly, because it will advertise him. He must pay enormous prices for his collection; then he can read in the papers:

“Mr. John S—— has paid fifty thousand dollars for ‘The Old Woman,’ of Rembrandt. We

must cordially congratulate the amateur who, by intelligent purchases, develops in our country a taste for the best in art !”

From this time, our man will be well known ; the press will treat him as a Mæcenas, and will often refer to his fabulous purchases. If he organizes a corporation or company, more or less abracadabrante, subscribers will rush in. A fellow who buys a piece of canvas for fifty thousand dollars must be very solid, and inspires absolute confidence. In short, his pictures will bring him better returns than if he had spent fifty thousand dollars for advertising.

The majority of such patrons of art do not know the pleasant sensation inspired by good pictures ; they know their value only by the name of some famous artist. So, when Foxcroft Cole brought the first Corot to this country, everybody wanted to get a Corot ; then Rousseau, Daubigny, and Diaz became the fashion. Then William Hunt made Quincy Shaw, of Boston, buy a few Millets, and everybody spoke of Millet then, and tried to get something from his hand.

One of the richest men in New England had a collection of the best pictures of the school of Barbizon, but it is alleged they were not all selected by him.

In 1886, several Americans bought the pictures of Monet, Pissaro, Manet, Sisley, etc., at the exhibition organized by the house of Durand-Ruel, in New York. But do they understand the beauties of those masters, and, especially, the astonishing genius of Monet?

I wish that they did, and that their purchases were not guided by fashion merely, nor made to satisfy that peculiarity, characteristic of Americans, a liking for new things, no matter in what direction.

I must add that there are some people of good taste in this country who know how to buy works of high quality, such as Mr. Quincy Shaw, Mrs. Warren, and Mrs. Kimball, in Boston; Messrs. Potter Palmer, Yerkes, Ellesworth, Henry Field, in Chicago; Fuller, Lambert, Lawrence, Kingman, and Sutton, in New York. I suppose there are many others that I do not know.

But how many are there, who have bought works of art solely to satisfy their æsthetic taste?

But this does not prevent the Americans from taking from us the most marvellous masterpieces of our ancient and modern schools. They have the means to get them: *nervus rerum*, money!

Let us bow to them, and let us try to defend ourselves as best we may. We may find some

consolation for our loss of a few good works in thinking of the great number of canvases, which have been sold to Americans as genuine, and which were daubs made by some young painter in debt, or by a professional working under the direction of the conscienceless picture dealers.

In this chapter on millionaires, I must not overlook the *pensionnat fin-de-siècle*.

Eighty young girls under the same roof,—and all millionaires!—are entrusted to the care of two ladies, Misses Mary and Jane Ely, whose establishment, situated on Riverside Drive, one of the fashionable parts of New York, is the most *ultra chic* on the American continent.

The millionaire mammas of the East, the wives of the silver kings and pork-packers of the West, send their daughters to the establishment of the Misses Ely to receive there a modern pattern, and to be promptly transformed into fashionable young women. When they go out from the hands of the Misses Ely, they are entirely *comme il faut*, according to the rules of American etiquette.

The study of history probably finds its place in the curriculum of this remarkable institution, but it is only a secondary branch. The time

passed under the maidenly wings of Misses Mary and Jane is only a preparation for the great comedy of society, in which every young and rich girl is called to play the first part.

Every day they are instructed in the proper management of a home; they practise entering a drawing-room correctly, or carrying gracefully a tray laden with cups of tea; they teach them also how to give a dinner, to converse agreeably with a gentleman who leads them to the table.

The institution is a large building, in Old Colonial style, of light-yellow brick. The outer doors open on the grounds, in the midst of which are a number of tennis courts. The front faces the Hudson River. One can hardly imagine a more pleasant, picturesque, or hygienic situation. On the ground floor is a parlor for the young girls; there their weekly receptions take place, and they give their *soirées* and dances. In order to render them absolutely perfect in their conversation, they have the privilege of receiving young men. This liberty is so much the more appreciated, as it is not tolerated in similar institutions.

The parlor is furnished with magnificence. There are large, inviting chairs; works of art decorate the walls; there is a beautiful piano;

splendid lamps and *bibelots*,—called in this country, without any reason, bric-à-brac,—embellish this room, sumptuous as a Parisian *salon*, vast as a theatre.

Every hour, one can see there young girls who take lessons in correct manners and good behaviour. If, during one of the receptions, one of them walks awkwardly upon the train of one of her companions, or lets fall a few drops of tea on the coat of a guest, one of the mistresses takes her quietly, and, during several days, they drill her in walking in the midst of the most complicated trains, and in holding her cup of tea while talking.

Training in manners for the table is given importance equal to the lesson in behaviour at the “five o'clock.”

The dining-room, in which about one hundred persons can find room, is next to the parlour. The table is always sumptuously dressed, as in a fashionable home, and the food is of the choicest.

The *menus* are printed in French, and the service is by the most accomplished waiters, who are obliged to talk French. Naturally, the dinner is the principal repast—a gala dinner, such as are given in the houses of millionaires, very costly, very well chosen.

Every girl comes to the table in evening dress.

The other rooms of the ground floor are used for study.

Some of the girls share the same room, but the majority have separate rooms.

Let us enter the room of Miss K. G., a young heiress, whose appearance in New York society is awaited with great impatience.

Upon the floor of old oak, shining as a mirror, is extended a beautiful rug. The windows, looking on the Hudson, are ornamented with curtains of white muslin, held back by bows of blue satin. The walls are covered with light-blue stuff. A bedstead of polished brass, a little desk in rose-wood, with Louis XV. glass, surrounded with pictures, a sofa, a piano, a table on which is a service of Sèvres, give us an idea of the comfort with which the Misses Ely provide the rooms of their elegant boarders.

On the second floor is a gymnasium, where the classes come every day to exercise ; for the aim of the school is to make the young girls perfect in form and grace of person.

Even the drying-room for the linen of this establishment is interesting and original.

How different from the clothes-lines of your ordinary boarding-school !

And when you look on this line of fine linen,

those skirts of pink and blue silk, those little embroidered handkerchiefs, those beads of stockings in all colors, you think of your times of *pension*, you hear mamma's voice reading the list of your *trousseau*! No ruches, no lace in the *pension* of the other times!

The rules permit a dozen of "pieces" in all, each week, while the pupils of the Misses Ely have a right to two dozen large pieces, without counting handkerchiefs of fine linens and silk stockings.

In this *pensionnat fin-de-siècle*, price for board and tuition is very high; and then come the extras, as the music, for instance; a lesson of half an hour in singing costs five dollars.

When a pupil goes to take a lesson at the house of a professor in the city, it is one dollar extra for a chaperon; it is the same when she goes to see the dentist, doctor, dressmaker, or to make a call.

The rules are rigourous; one cannot put her aristocratic nose out-of-doors without being accompanied, and she has to pay for the accompaniment. If such customs inspire confidence in the parents it is very lucrative to the house.

Notwithstanding the big price, the establishment of Riverside Drive is always full. Eighty

pupils stay there; there will be no vacant places for two years.

The pupils are from fifteen to twenty, and, already, they impress one as women perfectly armed for the battle of society.

The purpose of this institution is not to give solid instruction; it is for one thing only: to make of young girls women of society, who have the air of knowing something.

All speak French fluently, recite poetry, are something as musicians, and know enough arithmetic to spend their pocket-money; then—they go out with a diploma.

When they are ready for the conquest of an English, Italian, German, or even French coat of arms, they return home with grand airs, which are imposing even to their mothers, who were educated, if at all, in a village school, and who are glad to have chosen so well a *pensionnat* for their daughters.

Some one has said—I think without truth—that Isaac Walton, who wrote “The Complete Angler,” never caught a fish, and yet he has been an able teacher. Is it in much the same way that the Misses Ely instruct their young misses in the most advanced methods of making a “catch?”

When the desire of having a large fortune is

satisfied, then comes another; that is to say, a desire to have a superior position in society, a rather difficult matter among people of the same wealth and the same low origin; the only way is to have the honour, or, rather, the vanity (since such an abstract thing as honour does not exist among and is seldom spoken of by them) of entertaining some man or woman who has a title. If they can have a baron, a count, a marquis, or a prince in their drawing-room, or to a dinner, it becomes "all the rage," as no one can be more aristocratic than the American rich set, although they live under a democratic *régime*.

"It is not everybody that can speak with Miss G——," said a lady in P—— to me, where I had the opportunity of meeting the daughter of a millionaire.

"Madame, I am very flattered, but such a remark was never made to me in Europe where I have chatted with princesses of blood," was my reply.

Although they may occasionally address you as "Mr. Count," they will still be very happy to be able to speak of their friend "Count So and So;" and will find a way of referring to him several times in a few moments of conversation.

"I travelled with Prince Galicin, in Canada,"

a snob said to me. "*Of course* we were in the same Pullman car, we stopped at the same hotel, and ate at the same table. It was a splendid opportunity for me to meet such a distinguished personage."

I understand the pleasure of satisfying the vanity of travelling with the prince, and of telling me of it, but it was rather too much to say that he travelled in the same Pullman car with him.

I met a man, at the club in Newport, who was very proud of the fact that his wife knew the Duchesse de La Rochefoucauld, an American by birth, although he had had the pleasure of meeting the duke on the stairs only; they dwelt under the same roof, don't you know; he always referred to him obsequiously as "Monsieur le Duc." . . .

It was Alfred de Musset who wrote that delightful piece, "*A quoi pensent les jeunes filles?*"

If he were in America, the answer would be very easy:

"To become a countess, a marchioness, a duchess, and, if possible, a princess.

But the worst of it is that, generally, they do not know how to distinguish a scion of a good, noble race, a real count, a real marquis, or a real duke; I do not mean real so far as the title is concerned, for there are many with real titles who

have no nobility,—nobility of manners, of sentiments, of feeling, of taste, of courtesy, of high aspiration ; who are, in a word, utterly without that which constitutes the treasury of the traditions, the culture and selection, of hundreds of years ; they may have the title, but they have not even the external marks of good blood, the personal beauty, or even homeliness, as illustrated in the great race of the Marquis de Mirabeau, or the Habsburg family, with hanging lower lips.

We say that one can feel a nobleman, but, if so, the instinct appears to be lacking in the case of the American millionaires, hence, the many ludicrous adventures of Americans in search of titles.

A few years ago, for example, there came to the city of Boston a young fellow, short and slender, with big pointed ears, small eyes, hooked nose, sharp chin, thin lips, bony cheeks, stooping shoulders, and of generally sickly appearance ; in a word, a man who, to a European, would be taken at once for a Jew. He introduced himself as a count ; of course, all the Boston millionaires were in the seventh heaven of Mahomet ; dinners, teas, and invitations were endless ; they even went so far, those people who call themselves ladies, as to call upon him, although he was a bachelor ; finally it was discovered by some newspaper that he not

only was no count, but even was no nobleman, to be which is, in my opinion, more than to be a count.

When Napoleon made all his brave comrades dukes and princes, he said to Lord Ebrington :

“I give them great riches, I make them dukes and princes, but I cannot make them noblemen.”

Nobility is not a question of parchment, but, rather, it is simply a kind of noble tradition, passing from generation to generation, and kept and cultivated for centuries.

The Comte de Mirabeau, a descendant of one of the greatest races of Provence, although he insisted in the *Assemblée Nationale* on the suppression of aristocratic privileges, still wished to keep his title, his carriages with his coat of arms, his lackeys in livery, and spoke in these words :

“I think the same as you about our privileges of nobility; but it is impossible to take from the heart of the nobleman the memory of a noble past; real nobility is, in this regard, a holy property, and cannot be annihilated. The forms will be changed, but the worship will remain the same.”

Then, is not the American millionaire absurdly vain ?

He is, indeed, ridiculously vain. Ask an American millionaire which he prefers, London or Paris ;

without hesitation he will answer that he prefers the great "Fog centre;" push him a little further and he will tell you that in London there is a court, an hereditary prince,—the *levée* of the Queen. Bah! the cat is out of the bag; the great ambition of a Yankee millionaire is to be present at the *levée* of the Queen in London, and to come back early enough to be present at the *levée* of the *horizontale* in Paris.

As soon as the American millionaire has received at his house some man with a title, he ceases to be a common millionaire. He will be a millionaire who once spoke to a real English lord; this heiress once flirted with an Italian count; this lady gave a dinner in honour of Duc de X——.

The American millionaires have their rich, if not tasteful, houses; their set of "four hundred;" they have everything which great wealth can give; but they do not have *la grande dame*, *le grand seigneur*, nor the *salon*.

To be a *grande dame* means, in our society, to be more refined, more eminent by education, culture, and kindness, and by heart and mind, more affable, more attractive—and then—to have exquisite manners.

The idea of *grand seigneur* also implies many

conditions. A millionaire is not an *ipso facto grand seigneur*.

He must possess, equally with exterior conditions, interior qualities.

A *grand seigneur* is he who entertains great and noble ideas concerning his country; who brings to society those higher principles of civilization which cannot be obtained with money only.

In fact, it is not by vanity that people are drawn to the superior minds, to a certain fireplace, to certain leading houses, but because they find there that which they do not find elsewhere. Vain are the display and the glitter of opulence, luxury, livery, carriages, horses, houses, and dress. Ostentatious display is the sure mark of the parvenu, not of the *grand seigneur*. But there, where the pictures of the great masters hang, where the archives, libraries, and old souvenirs are, where the elevation of mind is high and taste is refined, there old and young will come to see the light.

I am afraid that life in America, in the so-called society, especially in New York, is more the business of entertaining, as one American writer calls it, and nothing more, and it is done more for show than for the pleasure of social life.

“There are many places where it is more agreeable to be ‘entertained;’ many where it is done

on a larger scale, for there is nothing in America so imposing as the receptions at embassies and other great houses in England and abroad. To bring the matter into business form, since it is a matter of business, let us say that nowhere do guests cost so much by the cubic foot as in New York. Abroad, owing to the peculiar condition of court life, many people are obliged to open their houses at stated intervals."

In America no one is under this necessity. If people begin to "entertain" they do it because they have money, or because they have something to gain by it, and they do it with an absolute regardlessness of cost, which is enough to startle the sober foreigner.

It is in bad taste, this exhibition of power; this enormous expenditure is imposing; though the imposing element, being strictly confined to the display of wealth, can never produce the impression of durability and grandeur, especially with a regiment of detectives watching the guests. What a barocco idea!—to have detectives at the balls and at the weddings!

By the *salon* we understand a gathering of people having influence, light, culture, and refinement. The *salon* is not composed exclusively of nobility; it is a social institution, bringing together all that

is preëminent by talent, by wit, and by birth, seldom by wealth.

Princess Mathilde and Madame Adam, in Paris; Princess Metternich, in Vienna; Princess Czartoryska, in Crakow, and Princess Repnin, in Kieff, have such *salons*.

The United States has astonished the world by the incredibly rapid increase of its population; more rapid still is the concentration of enormous riches in a few hands. The millions make millions; and, in a country in which the barriers of legality are very frail, and where it is customary to use the elbow, and to push each other brutally, the millionaires have easily and without any scruples multiplied their millions to infinity, to become almighty. The Senate of the Union, which was a congress of diplomats, became not more than a few years ago a congress of millionaires; to-day, it is a gathering of thrifty business promoters. The millionaires, rare in former times in America, have become legion; their sons, having ceased working and producing, are now speculating. From the passion of gambling is born the frenzy of luxury; the rich have shown the glory of parvenues. It is with those millionaires a fight of vanity, and the rich, who formerly lived as their

less fortunate fellow citizens, act and live now to show themselves; the inequality of conditions, then, is brought out strongly.

There were but few millionaires in 1860, there are now more than thirty-six thousand. There were no tramps then, to-day there are two millions. All comment is unnecessary.

This arrogant display of riches has corrupted everything.

Those silver kings, railroad kings, iron kings, steel kings, petroleum kings, have acquired the superficial polish given to them by the shine of gold; but they do not know the A, B, C of politeness, the elementary principles of true civilization.

Look closely on their stony faces and their hard visages; think a little over it, and you will agree with me that the possessors of such hard features can be anything but kind; can have anything but high qualities of soul; consequently, their moral influence upon the country can be anything but good.

I am glad that my opinion about the "would-be aristocracy" of this country is supported by that of Marion Crawford, who, besides his great talent, has had the advantage of seeing the whole world, of being in the best society of every country, and

who, consequently, is capable of giving good judgment upon certain things.

“In America,” said he, in his well-known novel, “*Dr. Claudius*,” “the class who would like to be designated as the ‘aristocracy’ of the country is remarkable for nothing so much as for the very unaristocratic faculty of getting money, rarely mingling in public questions, still more rarely producing anything of merit, literary or artistic. Therefore, being so constituted that the almighty dollar crowns the edifice of their ambitions, as with a coronet of milled silver, they are singularly inapt to suffer from such ills as prick the soul, which taketh no thought of the morrow, what it shall eat or what it shall drink.

“The faculties are all awake, acute, and ready for use; but there is an absolute lack of depth, which will rouse the perpetual wonder of future generations.”

And then, in another place, he says :

“Disreputable-looking millionaires.”

Some of them are even so mean, that they erect high fences around their palaces, in order not to give any one a chance to see the house, and, by looking, to develop his good taste. If, by chance, the gate were open and anybody approaches it to look at the house, the porter, rough

as his master, will drive away the indiscreet transgressor ; and so, the man who has no mind of his own, seeing the roughness of a millionaire, will, in his turn, think that it is the proper thing to be rough.

Good and bad examples are contagious. Here is an illustration :

During the reign of Henry IV., there was in France a nobleman by the name of Comte de Bassompierre, who was famous for his exquisite refinement and politeness. One day, while Comte de Bassompierre was in Louvre, his lackey, who was in waiting, perceived in the court a lady who was entangled in the long train of her dress. The lackey stepped forward and helped the lady, saying :

“It shall not be said that the lackey of Comte de Bassompierre was so impolite as not to assist a lady.”

And he carried the train of the lady to the grand stairs of Louvre. The lady in question was Madame de La Suze. She told the story to Comte de Bassompierre, who immediately gave to the lackey one hundred pistoles, and made him a footman.

Now, go to Newport and try to see the mansion of Cornelius Vanderbilt, which is in process of

construction ; immediately, a rough watchman will jump, and, with imperious gesture, will shout to you :

“Get out from here ; it is private !”

Go to any country in Europe, and try to see the palace of any ruler you please, and never, positively never, will you meet with such roughness as you find at every step in Newport.

As a conclusion to this chapter, I shall add a few reflections.

When we look on the beginning of the social organization in Europe in the tenth century, we see, on one side, the boldness of a few ; on the other side, the slavery of the masses. He who was strong enough, wore the armour, and rode the horse, was the lord ; the cowardly and weak remained his slaves.

While reading the chronicles and looking at the pictures of these times, one can see the difference between the knight and the slave. There is a great difference in physiognomy, as those knights were noble-looking men, with fine features, intelligent foreheads, brilliant eyes ; while the slaves were small, homely, and awkward, with small, round, idiotic eyes.

In the epoch of blood and war, there are only

the chiefs and their slaves. In the tenth century, every one wears armour, or is a slave. It does not mean that one could never become a free man, as from the ranks of those slaves came forth men of energy and courage,—the *Sires*, as they were called in the East, *Ritters*, as they were called in Germany, *Vladiks*, as they were called in Western Europe; such was the beginning of nobility.

Here is a Comte Raynault or Raynard; what was his origin? Was he a scion of a noble house, or did he come from the people? We do not know. Raynard had the city of Senes, called himself Comte, and robbed the merchants and pilgrims.

The families of Reynault, Rutland, Lupus, De Gascogne, Sanche, De Navarre, whence did they come? What was their origin?

Do you think that such celebrated robbers as Bucharthus, Montmorency, were very soft-hearted men, and had ancestors in direct line from Carlovingians? Not at all! Their ancestors were almost always slaves; they felt the blood boiling in their veins, and they got at the head of a band of men on the battle-field; by energy in the fight, they became powerful lords. To-day the family of Montmorency is one of the first families in France.

Such is the best explanation of the origin of nobility in every country.

Why and whence does the use of blazons come? The answer is not so easy as one would at first think, unless you wish to give the common answer that they came from other countries. The respected voice of Guizot explains the origin of blazon by the necessity of the Crusades, when every commander was obliged to have a sign, under which his soldiers could gather. Such is the logical explanation of coat of arms, afterwards adorned according to fancy, and varied by marriages.

In the course of time, the use of the shield, bearing a coat of arms, passed into a custom which was imitated in all countries by those families who by their courage had acquired riches and power,—had become the leaders. For many of those families it was not enough to have a blazon,—they added titles to their names, which take their origin from Roman forms. The first magistrate in the city, who dispensed justice, and in case of necessity took up even arms in the fight, had the title, *Comes*; French, *Comte*; English, *Count*. The others, ruling the country on the frontiers, under the name of commandants, had military position, and called themselves, *gouverneurs de marches*, a

title which was changed to the French, *Marquis*; English, *Marquis*. Similar, but more extensive, power made *duces*, from which comes the title of *Duke*. The most powerful took the title of *king*; and you must not think that the word "king" had so wide and exact signification as to-day; in those times it expressed only the idea of commanding. They had respect for *Cæsars*; but a king was merely a commander of troops. The Normans have had their Sea-kings (*maris reges*), the common commander of a boat. Kingdoms, dukedoms, marchisdoms, and earldoms were mixed together, and they did not have hierarchic order of our days. Whoever wanted to, took them without any one's permission.

"The same one who has made thee king, has made me a count," was the answer of a Comte de Perigord, to Hugues Capet, when the latter dared to ask him who made him a count.

In the eleventh century one of my ancestors expelled from his kingdom his own brother, and robbed him of his treasure.

Only in the fifteenth century is this order of things changed; the king's power increases, and at this time the origin of many titles is the king's will; then not everything was the result of the cut of the sword and the thrust of the lance; the

ruler made the nobility for his own purpose, and with its help he tried to bend and humiliate the old and proud feudals.

American millionaires are like those first feudal lords of past times,—bold, heartless, shrewd. They robbed the merchants and the pilgrims by force of arms; the American millionaires rob their shareholders while sitting in their luxurious offices. The difference is only in the weapons, and in the greater risk of the former, who gave his adversary at least a chance to render blow for blow, to kill his foe, and regain his wealth, while the American millionaire is perfectly safe, with the legions of his private detectives, and the law protecting his property and his life.

The descendants of the feudal barons are regarded to-day as the best class of people, and, in fact, they are when they have not degenerated; the same will be true four or five hundred years hence with the descendants of the American millionaires; the dirty origin of their fortunes will be forgotten, their manners will become refined, their tastes will be polished, and they will be the nobility of the future empire built in America on the ruin of the United States.

They have already made a step toward this brilliant future; they have accumulated the riches,

and many of them have taken the coat of arms ; by marriages they have mingled snobbery and philistinism of the almighty dollar with the *ancienne noblesse*.

The only trouble with modern nobility is, that one can very easily trace the low origin of their fortunes, while the veil of very remote times and lack of publicity covers the obscure origins of the old European houses.

CHAPTER V.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

WHEN a correspondent of the *Figaro* came last year to America he paid a visit to President Cleveland. He found in the Washington papers the same evening whole columns about his visit, with the following head-lines :

“Strange Opinion of a French Journalist
about Washington.”

“Mr. Cleveland and a Distinguished French-
man in the White House.”

“What a Parisian Thinks of America.”

“I was astonished,” said he, “to find that I had said so much ; that I had delivered so many weighty decisions and discussed so many questions of international importance.”

But he concluded :

“In point of humbug, to tell the truth, all newspaper men are equal, Europeans as well as Americans. Newspaper men can be compared to the chimney-sweep ; for with both, after all, the main question is the draft—it is the drawing power that makes success.”

I think that this French journalist was more nearly right with respect to his American colleagues than the Englishman who said to me :

“ You are going to America ; well, to avoid the nuisance of reporters, have some cards printed like the following :

“ My name is Cléobule Risenbois ; I am thirty-two years of age, and I have the same number of teeth ; I am deaf and dumb and afflicted with a nervous disease, which impels me to give a kick to every ass which approaches me ! ”

There is a big difference between the first newspaper printed in 1457, in Nuremberg, and a modern newspaper of any country ; but there is also a big difference between the first American paper, *Public Occurrence*, printed by Harris in September, 1690, and living only one day, and the New York *Herald*, for instance, of to-day. In April, 1704, John Campbell started the Boston *News Letter*, the first regular paper established in this country. The first number was carried to the President of Harvard as a great curiosity.

When the fight with England commenced, the number of readers of papers published in Boston, New York, Annapolis, and Charleston increased rapidly.

Samuel Adams first applied to England the words which afterwards were attributed to Napoleon I., — “Nation of Shopkeepers.”

Besides, we find in early newspaper history Hugh Gainé, John Adams, Samuel Cooper, Philip Freneau, the poet of the Revolution, and James Otis, who said these revolutionary words :

“Taxation without representation is tyranny.”

Joseph Warren and Benjamin Austin, too, fought the pretensions of England, and preached resistance to oppression ; Benjamin Franklin responded boldly to the threats of authority :

“The man who can live as I do, on bread and water, has no need for any one and is not afraid of any one.”

The same Franklin said :

“The sun of Liberty is set ; it remains for Americans to light the lamps of industry and thrift.”

“Rest assured,” Colonel Thompson answered him in his paper, “that we will light the torches and not the lamps.”

It was the newspaper man, Benjamin Franklin, who united all wills, energies, and passions, by this *mot d'ordre* : “Join or die.” The final result was the withdrawal of the English troops in 1783.

Lord North, upon receiving news of the surren-

der of the army of Cornwallis to Washington and Rochambeau, exclaimed :

“I feel that I have received a bullet in my breast. Great God! Everything is lost.”

He spoke the truth.

Already in these days the American press had a very bright style which has since been further developed. Franklin's paper of September 5, 1765, published the following paragraph :

“Able jockies give it as their opinion that the American horse is of too mettlesome a breed to stand still under the operation of branding, and that whoever should attempt to apply the letter S would be in no small danger from his heels. For, saith one wittily, ‘sure, none but asses will stand still to be branded.’ However, the said jockies will not aver that the few asses here will give much trouble to the branding company. We hear that a certain Jared Ingersol, a stamp man, was hanged at Norwich last Tuesday in an effigy. His dying speech has not yet come to hand.”

What was the extent of the circulation of American newspapers in those days?

In 1704 only one paper was published ; it was a weekly, and was enough for the city populations of eight thousand.

In 1724 there were four papers, with a yearly circulation of 170,000 copies. The population was one million.

At the commencement of the War for Independence in 1775, the press was represented by thirty-seven papers. The total circulation was 1,200,000 copies per year. The population had more than doubled and was 2,800,000.

In 1800 we find three hundred and fifty-nine papers publishing each year 22,321,700 copies, for a population of 7,239,812. The number of papers was decupled, while the population was trebled.

We are far from the times of Campbell, who could hardly print three hundred copies every week.

The period between 1810 and 1820 is marked, in the United States, by a constant development of the press, retarded, but not stopped, by the war with the Indians, the breaking with England, the Battle of New Orleans, the interior dissensions ended by the Missouri compromise, the money crisis, and the war with the banks.

Peace with England was hardly concluded, when the republican press, represented by *The Enquirer*, *Globe*, and *Albany Argus*, organized in all the States a powerful coalition against Martin Van Buren, William Marcy, and John A. Dix.

In no epoch has the intervention of the press in personal and political questions been so dictatorial. It was the press that raised the question of the acquisition of Florida and influenced Congress to vote five millions of dollars for this purpose. "America for Americans," became the national *mot d'ordre*, exemplified by the conquest of California and Texas, the annexation of Oregon, and the purchase of Alaska from Russia.

So the American press responded to the national needs; by the press and with the press, the colonist shook off the foreign yoke; by the press and with the press, independence was proclaimed, a republic was founded, the constitution was built up, and the rights of the State and of the individual were fairly adjusted.

Let us examine now what service was rendered by the press to other necessities of the country.

Besides the political press there is the religious press.

The first paper exclusively devoted to religious questions appeared in Boston, January 3, 1816. The editor was Nathaniel Willis; the name of the paper, which is still in existence, was the *Recorder*.

Almost simultaneously the *Congregationalist*

appeared; then the *Watchman*, the organ of the Baptists, which has, at present, 25,000 subscribers; the New York *Observer* prints 64,000 copies; the *Zion's Herald*, the paper of the Methodists; the *Christian Register*, of the Unitarians. The Presbyterian Church is represented by the *Evangelist*. The Boston *Pilot* has been for years the organ of the Catholics. Even the Spiritualists, who number 1,500,000, have many papers, the most important of which is the *Spiritualist*.

The religious press, as the passionate adversary of slavery, urged the country to the Civil War as much as, if not more than, the political press. The attacks directed against slavery came from her; and her most eminent contributors, Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, and Whittier, exercised over public opinion a true dictatorship.

A few figures will give an idea of the development of the religious press. It comprises in the United States 420 papers, with a total yearly circulation of one billion and a half copies; the number of subscribers is more than 9,000,000.

The total number of papers published in this country is 17,960; this includes Canada; but her share is only 820.

One will ask, how can so many papers exist?

I shall not try to explain it, as I do not understand it myself; I will only give you similar figures for the principal European countries:

United States and Canada	17,960
England	6,200
Germany	5,700
France	4,300
Austria-Hungary	1,400
Italy	1,300

Thus America alone has almost as many papers as all the other above-mentioned States, and this number will be larger soon, as certain States are at present very little inhabited; in Montana, there are only fifty-eight, and in Nevada, twenty-four; but some of the States have an almost incredible number, for instance:

New York	1,778
Illinois	1,409
Pennsylvania	1,281
Ohio	1,041

When one considers the circulation, and the number of pages of these papers, he is amazed.

The most important, in New York, are the *World*, with a daily circulation of about 600,000; its rival, the *New York Herald*, follows very closely, and so do the *Sun* and the *Tribune*. We

must not forget the *Evening Post*, a literary paper *par excellence*. Not one of them has yet reached the circulation of the *Petit Journal*, of Paris, 1,500,000 copies.

Would you have some idea of the space which advertisement takes? The *World* alone publishes in the column, "Help wanted," 41,000 advertisements, which represent 2,040 columns. While, at the same time, in France, the *Figaro* could give only 216 columns of advertisements, and the *Times*, in England, only 938 columns.

A man whose name is well known in Europe as the proprietor of the New York *Herald*, James Gordon Bennett, is the personification of American journalism. The immense fortune which he realized, the splendid success of his bold ventures, proved the strength of a good idea, taken in time, and followed with perseverance.

The history of Gordon Bennett's father and the New York *Herald* can be considered as the history of journalism in America. By the study of the career of this remarkable man, who refused the position of ambassador to remain a newspaper man, we can see the birth, the progress, and transformations of the modern press in the United States, and we can see how the press, by

giving satisfaction to all interests and to all needs, became what it is to-day.

James Gordon Bennett, the elder, began journalism as the determined partisan of Jackson and Martin Van Buren, and made his first attempt in the *Courier*, the organ of the party.

Young, active, and energetic, he was not long dependent, and, in 1832, established the *New York Globe*. This first attempt failed, as he hesitated in his independence. His paper, as the organ of a party, was gloomy compared with its rivals; without satisfying anybody, it caused dissatisfaction to everybody. Bennett understood his mistake, stopped the publication, and broke with his party.

Set free, and counting only on himself, Bennett went to New York, poor in money, but rich in hope. He wanted to realize his dream, to publish a paper altogether independent outside and above all parties; a paper, neither Federalist, nor Republican, nor Democratic, but purely American, devoted to national interests. He wished to leave the field of polemics for the field of facts, giving to his subscribers information, but leaving them liberty to form their own opinions; to make his paper accessible to everybody by its moderate

price, to develop advertising ; such was the plan of the future editor of the New York *Herald*, and it was with a capital of five hundred dollars that he expected to realize it.

To attempt such an enterprise to-day, in New York, would require half a million dollars.

The first number of the New York *Herald* appeared May 5th, 1835. The price of subscription was three dollars per year. Adhering to his programme, he eliminated political articles, and replaced them with official documents, refraining from comment.

In the beginning, everybody laughed at him.

Bennett was the first to give an account of the transactions of the stock exchange. The innovation was not well received by the bankers. The editor was insulted and persecuted, but the disturbance was profitable to him. The financial crisis, in 1837, confirmed his success, as it had been predicted by his paper. He could exist.

He enlarged the paper, organized a force of intelligent correspondents, not only in America, but all over Europe, and, in giving news of events, outstripped all his competitors.

Although he was trained in the school of political journalism, he repudiated its methods and

traditions, and, when he founded the *Herald*, adopted what he called the "French style," a style which is followed now by American journalists. Before his time, they copied English writers exactly. The editorial was heavy and gloomy, and was prolonged from number to number. Indigestible erudition was the foundation of it, and a pompous and solemn style characterized it. These long and painful lucubrations were invariably signed, "*Publius, Americus, Honestus, Scipio, Veritas.*"

Bennett first abandoned the style borrowed from Addison, Junius, and Swift, and introduced in the American press short, nervous, and precise articles instead.

He pronounced upon the French press a very plain judgment :

"The French papers," said he, "are behind the times with respect to dimensions, advertisement, and foreign news ; but they have to the highest degree the art of form."

It is certainly true that the American press is without rival in the department of advertising. This kind of communication between the consumer and the producer plays, in the United States and England, a part of which we on the old conti-

ment have no idea. Advertisement is, for the Anglo-Saxon, the first and last word, the soul of commerce. You find it everywhere, but it is especially in the papers that it is represented, as one of the essential springs of every-day life.

In American advertisements you find dramas and comedies, love-lorn complaints, and grotesque advice. The picture is complete.

By looking over these densely packed columns one can obtain, better and more easily than by any other means, an idea of the customs, manners, and civilization of these new people, whom some consider as the most perfect type of modern progress, and others as most corrupt and destined to approaching ruin; whom some praise, and others blame, equally without reason and without understanding.

It would take pages to mention the smart enterprises of this most intelligent journalist in the world; his son, James Gordon Bennett, continues in the steps of his father, and keeps the *Herald* in the front rank of the American press. Equally active, he attracted attention to himself at once by certain proceedings, which his adversaries called gigantic advertisements. I will recall one of them :

The day after the fight of Sadowa, and the conclusion of peace with Austria, the King of Prussia delivered an important speech while opening the *Reichstag*. The correspondent of the *New York Herald* came to the telegraph office a few hours later and handed to the astonished *employé* the speech of the king, asking him to cable it to New York.

“To New York! But I must have time to calculate how much it will cost. It will be enormous!”

“Wire first,” said the correspondent, laying 50,000 marks on the desk. “We will figure the cost afterwards.”

It cost 35,000 marks, but the *Herald* published the news at the same time with the Berlin papers.

In 1868 he sent Stanley, as correspondent, to follow the English general, Napier, in Abyssinia. The *Herald* had the news of success first, and wired it from New York to the English Government.

Then Stanley went to Africa and found Livingstone. This extraordinary accomplishment appeared at first improbable, but it was proved to be true.

The other papers are copying this giant, and are

contributing, in their way, to make the press in the United States a most powerful factor,—an institution feared even by those who are afraid neither of God nor of the devil!

“See it,” said Thackeray; “it never rests. Its ambassadors run all over the world; its messengers fill all the roads; its reporters follow the army; its couriers are waiting in the antechambers of the minister; it is everywhere. One of its agents forges a scheme in Madrid; another raises the stock quotation in London. The press is the queen; the guardian of the public liberty, whose fortune is bound to it; they will live or die together.”

But the American press has also the dark side, an unhealthy influence; nothing is holy in its eyes; it respects nothing. The fear inspired by the American reporter is such that people are afraid to send him away, and several times they have shown me such a type of a man at receptions, which they visit without being invited.

A great marriage in high life is a very good opportunity for them; it is a subject for several columns, which are filled with little indiscretions,—exquisite, no doubt, to the readers, but not to the ones immediately interested.

Here is a sample of it :

“Miss ——, accompanied by her ‘intended,’ went about in the store of Jordan, Marsh & Co.; after a rapid glance about the store, she stopped at the shirt department and picked out some for her future husband. The shirts are of very fine linen, embroidered with sweet peas and an enormous monogram. The wedding shirt is particularly pretty; it is pink, with a little Cupid embroidered on the breast; it cost forty dollars! The drawers have blue and yellow stripes, which will give the husband, in the eyes of his wife, the air of a zebra.”

Or, you will have such a description as follows :

“The drawers of Miss —— are very elegant; a wave of orange ribbons and long lace; the stockings are *à jour*, and show a finely formed leg. The garters represent an asp biting an orange-blossom.”

They are past masters, too, in sensational headlines;—you know some of them.

“He Has Given Her the First Kiss!”

It means simply, they are engaged.

“Old Jack Is on the Point of Giving Up Whiskey.”

It signifies that he is dying.

At the time of the incident in New Orleans you could read in the papers :

“Irritated Italy Shows Her Teeth.”

“Blaine, the Shrewd, Laughs in His Sleeve!”

During a scandalous trial, in which two men contended for one woman, the boys yelled on the streets :

“She Likes Newell Better ; He Kisses Better.”

But the best head-line I know of was written when the late Congressman Cox, of New York, who was generally known by the sobriquet of “Sunset,” was sent as minister to Turkey,—

“Sunset in the Orient !”

They are unrivalled in the ingenuity which they display to attract your attention to an advertisement. They commence with some very interesting story, and, just when you are wondering whether the dead hero's soul is in Paradise or elsewhere, you are abruptly and painfully informed that the undertaker by mistake injected some of the famous Dogberry Balsam instead of the regular embalming fluid, and the dead man is once more in his regular place of business.

An undertaker advertises as follows : “Under-

taking done in good style, at any time. Coffins of all sizes kept on hand at lowest prices. Use of hearse free with each coffin sold to our citizens. Mr. John Orr will furnish a pair of fine gray horses."

Don't you think it quite an inducement?

A big dry-goods merchant advertised in the local papers that on the Fourth of July he would give to every child who came to his store an American flag, a horn, and a box of candy, and would pay their car fare to and from the next town.

You can imagine that early in the morning there were thousands of children on hand, but hardly one-third received the promised presents—the others cried with disappointment and the street was full of them.

The next day the following appeared in the local paper :

"Well, did n't we have a glorious time Tuesday morning? Those thousands of smiling, happy young faces more than repaid us for our efforts to give the children a chance to celebrate the birthday of Liberty without cost, and we are well satisfied that the little ones appreciate our efforts in their behalf. We are proud to assert that no such gathering has ever been seen in this city before, and we are pleased to have been the direct cause of bringing

so much joy and pleasure to the children of our city. We desire to express our gratitude to our friends who assisted in any way, direct or indirect, to make the occasion such a notable and successful one, and also to the children for their very good behaviour. We feel assured that the future welfare of our city is very safe in the hands of the crowds of patriotic young citizens who helped us celebrate. May their future celebrations bring as much happiness to them as this one did to us, is the wish of

“ Their friends and yours,

“ A— B— & Co.”

And we conclude, how eloquent is James for his dry-goods!

In a word, there is such animation, such activity, such fever, such push, in the American papers as old Europe has never dreamed of. At first glance they seem something barbarous to us Europeans, but, little by little, one becomes used to this chaos of news scattered over thirty or more pages; one finds useful, agreeable, and funny things there.

The American newspapers always have ample space and inclination to record the quarrels of scullions, and the vulgarities of prize-fighters. It is something dreadful to see in every paper, almost every day, columns consecrated to this beastly sport; but, when Walter Pater, one of

the most accomplished English scholars and writers, died, they had hardly room to mention his death, though they pretend to be so well informed about everything. The same thing might have been observed, at the death of such a poet even as their own, James Russell Lowell. But, when there is a fight between two notorious loafers, there is no end to the smallest details; the hours when the brutes rise and retire, and the delicate viands, with which they are fed by their keepers, are spread before the public *ad nauseam*.

The aggressiveness of the American papers is growing every day; they attack everything and everybody. Of course, they have to fill the large sheets, which they offer for sale every day, and they are obliged to manage it somehow. Every opportunity is fruitful to them; they attack monarchy, kings, and nobility, the privileges and customs of every country, and of every nation, without sense or reason.

A correspondent writes from Saratoga to the Boston *Herald* a description of the gambling casino at this fashionable Jewish place:

“As the casino at Monte Carlo is the home of the greatest gambling institution in the world, so the Saratoga Club House shelters, agreeably, the

chiefest and most fashionable gambling enterprise in America. Speaking ethically and socially, Saratoga is the more legitimate, because it is not overrun by the shoddy gentility, and lopped-off nobility, such as only effete monarchies of Europe can produce, and because women do not gamble at Saratoga, as they do at Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo is pretentious, or assumes to be, and it is old, world-widely advertised, partially, through a subsidized European press."

Just think of it! A legitimate, modest gambling-place!

And that saving clause permits this pharisaical shrieker to boast of the "moral" supremacy of this American Monte Carlo.

Some other paper, because of the presence of a few noblemen at Narragansett Pier, jumped upon nobility in general, and published half a column of vociferation against a class of people who did not hesitate to come and fight for the liberty of this country. Go to school, boys, before you write such tirades without reason, and learn the names of some of the most brilliant officers on the staff of General Washington. Marquis de La Fayette, Count de Rochambeau, Prince de Broglie, Viscount de Noailles, Duc des Deux-Ponts, Admiral de Ternay, Duc de Fersen, D'Orvilliers, D'Estaing,

La Motte-Picquet, Le Comte de Grasse, Le Comte Pulawski, Knight Kosciuszko, Baron von Steuben, were all of the nobility, so much despised to-day, by the American journalists. During the War of Secession, two of the first noblemen of France, the late Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres, fought in the American ranks.

It is impossible to argue every point. Instead of that, I will ask the American newspaper men why they forget such a sound maxim as they have and practise in this country :

“Mind your own business.”

Look at the European papers — of course I do not include the English — and see how little they have to say about America, or, rather, how seldom they attack this country and American people without good reason. Here and there you may find some fact, some joke, but you do not find any systematic and continuous war, in which cheap ridicule and cheeky falsehood are the principal weapons.

Perhaps somebody would remind me of the incident, of the storm of invectives against the American, Mrs. X——, when she paid Meissonier 80,000 francs for her portrait, and, dissatisfied with his work, tore it into pieces, or, when she had the effrontery to express her savage desire to

purchase and illuminate, on the occasion of a ball at her mansion, the "Arc de Triomphe."

But, permit me to tell you, and every good American will agree, that a masterpiece by such a painter as Meissonier, though paid for with the money of a vulgar millionairess, is her property only materially; morally, it belongs to all humanity, as do all works of art, art being international. Therefore, in destroying it, the purchaser acted like those barbarians who destroyed marvels of art in Rome. By her proposition for the purchase of the "Arc de Triomphe," she insulted a nation in its dearest sentiments of pride, just as Americans would be insulted, if some barbarian should propose to buy the tomb of George Washington, or Bunker Hill Monument. And then, those attacks were directed against the woman personally, not against the whole American nation. Consequently, the French press was right in coming down heavily on the insolence of a millionaire *parvenue*. But the French press never attacks the whole American people on account of Mr. Bennett, the mail-coach, or his hat, or his shoes, as many papers in this country attack nobility, on account of the "monocle" of Baron von Ueckutvitz, or the "double-barrelled (?) visiting cards" of Count Naselli.

As for me, if sometimes my opinions are, perhaps, too frankly expressed, it is because I am writing about the country, I am trying to catch the true spirit of it, and, I assure you, I am sincere and free from prejudice. If I do not wear smoked glasses to guard against the glare on every hand, neither am I gathering my impressions of the country from behind the pink glasses which many of my friends have volunteered to loan me.

CHAPTER VI.

THE IDEAL OF THE AMERICANS.

IF a teacher in an American school should ask, "Who was the first man in the world?" "George Washington!" several pupils would answer; "he was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

It is a curious fact that the American, who respects nobody and nothing, has lifted Washington to a sphere in which he worships him almost as a higher being, and forgets he was a man.

By considering the history of his life, one can understand to what an extent the independence of the United States is due to his work, and to what a degree his tenacious will was able, in the midst of the discouragements and the rivalries by which he was surrounded, to maintain unity of efforts, and assure the success of the fight. He stands out, in the history of his country, not only like the somewhat cold figure of Cato the Ancient, or Aristides the Just, but as a living personality of flesh and blood, palpitating with the high conceptions of life which are found in his writings:

“Strive always to keep from being extinguished in your breast, that little spark of celestial fire, which is called conscience.”

That little spark of celestial fire never ceased to light his way, and to guide him to the end of his pure life.

In his journal, written at Mt. Vernon, you can perceive this beautiful soul in intimate communion with nature, whose slightest change he noticed, always admiring her beauty.

But when he, tired of going around his plantations, sat down under his trees, what were his thoughts about? Did the thought of having assured the independence of his fatherland, and founded a free government, cause his heart to beat with just pride? Did he see in his country's future the magnificent prosperity and grandeur which she has now reached? Or, on the contrary, was his soul already saddened by the thought of civil dissension, and was he, so aristocratic by instinct and habits, preoccupied in advance with the dangers to which the boldness of democracy without sufficient counterbalance could expose his work?*

During the War of Secession, they fought around Mt. Vernon, but the place itself was kept as neutral ground by a kind of tacit agreement,

* Comte d'Haussonville.

and, when a soldier of the Southern or Northern army came to visit the tomb of Washington, he laid aside his arms when he entered the holy place. Really, it was beautiful to see this people, divided into hostile political parties, respecting the memory of this great patriot! It is beautiful for them to put, above all attacks of a destructive criticism, their greatest historical figure. One century is passed, and the political influence of Washington is still felt in the United States. The principle which he laid down when he refused a third election to the presidency is, in a great sense, a constitutional rule, and respect for this rule has preserved the United States, perhaps, from falling into the old, beaten track of all democracies—dictatorship.

The moral personality of Washington has remained no less intact than his political authority; it was not submitted to the ordeal of dissection that is practised by biographers nowadays, and against which the life of no man is proof.

The universal opinion of Americans concerning him is cast in those words of Everett:

“He was the best man among good men, and the best of great men.”

To tell the truth, it is impossible to silence all

evil tongues. Some learned fellows, who have studied the question very closely, will tell you that he had some human imperfections, that he was sometimes angry, and that he swore very badly.

But it may be that they are only calumniators; and I shall be very sorry if I seem to help the cause of his traducers by quoting here some love verses written by him; just think, verses of Washington, and love verses at that!

You can find them at the archives of Washington in the State Department.

“Oh, ye gods! why should my poor restless heart,
Stand to oppose your might and power,
At last surrender to the Cupid’s feathered dart,
And now lies bleeding every hour,
For her that’s pitiless of my grief and woes,
And will not on me pity take.
I’ll sleep amongst my most inveterate foes,
And with gladness never wish to wake.
In deluding sleepings let my eyelids close,
That, in an enraptured dream, I may
In a soft, lulling sleep, and gentle, repose.”

Those juvenile verses do not prove, however, that after his marriage he was not scrupulously faithful to his noble wife, who came so often to share his life in camp, and who, after his death,

remained about eighteen months without going out from her room, sitting near the window from which she could see the tomb of her husband, until the day on which she went to meet him; a true modern kind of Roman matron, with calm and cold exterior, but with ardent and passionate nature.

Comte de Châteaubriand saw Washington only once, but it inspired him for life. After describing the interview, he says :

“Washington sunk into the tomb before any little celebrity had attached to my name. I passed before him as the most unknown of beings. He was in all his glory, — I, in the depth of my obscurity. My name probably dwelt not a whole day in his memory. Happy, however, was I that his looks were cast upon me. I left warmed by it for all the rest of my life. There is a virtue even in the looks of a great man.”

Looking at his portrait in Fine Arts Museum in Boston, these lines of Dryden instantly recurred to me :

“Mark his majestic fabric! His a temple sacred by birth, and built by hands divine; his soul's the Deity that lodges there: nor is the pole unworthy of the God.”

CHAPTER VII.

COLUMBIAN FAIR.

I SUPPOSE I ought to call my book the "Columbian Book of America," as, for the last three years, every new thing has borne the name "Columbian," in order that success might be assured. But as I am not so fond of new things as my American friends, who are conservative only in politics, in which, however, they now need more new ideas than in any other direction, I will stick to old Paris, which is good enough for me.

A world's exhibition is, without doubt, above everything else, the concentrated expression of the civilization of a country; secondly, it gives a more or less perfect picture of the progress of the whole world. It is a kind of majestic hymn to the world's civilization.

A person who was never in America could, by visiting the Columbian World's Fair, have an almost perfect idea of what this country is; what are its tendencies, aspirations, tastes, customs, polish and culture.

In the first place, as America is the first country

in the world, as everything here is big and enormous, so was the Fair.

In the American conception that which has to be admired is not execution, the finish of details, the polish of work smoothed *ad unguem*. The Americans are not artistic people in the strict meaning of the word. They do not know taste, proportion, the happy disposition of details; for them it is a waste of time to delay over such small things; they have taste and interest only for great *ensembles*, and bold plans; they see things large; they are blind to the *minutiæ* of achievement. They throw over the rapids of Niagara a bridge of fantastic boldness, and they forget to add to it a parapet.

From the bird's-eye view, the impression was striking, blinding, almost bewildering, before those immense and endless galleries and buildings. It was a monumental city. The Americans seem to have hypertrophy of sight, which exaggerates conceptions and plans in every way.

There was never seen anything so colossal as the Manufactures Building; there is not in the world a space so large as this covered with a roof. And this is a fact, and not an Americanism.

This Manufactures Building was the *tour de force* of architecture at the Columbian Fair; it

was equal to the *Palais des machines* of the last Parisian Exhibition, but surely it did not surpass it, and we can find in "civil engineering" the necessary elements to prove this assertion.

Then there is no doubt that it was the largest building, but it was not the most imposing, nor did the effect produced come up to the architect's expectations. The two side galleries, by being too low, produced a gloomy effect, and did not permit one, while within the building, to judge the majesty of the main hall. And then, why such gigantic proportions? Not to shelter the huge machines, the enormous masses of iron and steel, but jewelry, fashions, furniture, perfumery. All these things were too small, and were piteously lost in this immensity.

But let us come nearer to some of the façades and look on them. It is not worth while. Those architects whose fault is boldness, those engineers of "sky-scrapers," are very mediocre artists in the line of decoration. As in the streets of American cities, where rich parvenues wish to have beautiful houses, we find here also an architecture which is naïve in its temerity, and awkward in its decoration. They adopted and mixed awkwardly all styles. A Corinthian capital supports an ogive; an Assyrian style is found side

by side with Ionian. Around a pretty dome they put four little domes, which look like thimbles around a pumpkin.

The Columbian Fair was large, immense, gigantic, but it was only a commercial fair, a larger shop than the others, that is all. And I think I am right in saying that this is what the Americans desired. They made an open display of business—business before pleasure, business which crushes out the fancies of art, for they are not disposed to use time and money on such trifles.

Their imagination is exercised in a practical domain, and bows to the most vulgar reality. They exhibited a cheese, unique in its kind, which weighed 22,000 pounds; and a map of the United States made of preserves, green beans forming the lakes, and white beans the snow of the mountains.

They do not know how to put a bit of pleasure in the work, grace into strength, gaiety into gloomy interests, joy into utility. I do not envy them; they are of a different race.

The really remarkable thing of the Fair was not the architectural beauty of the buildings—any amount of shortcomings could be pointed out—which were nothing but clever imitations or combinations of former styles, and all together

cannot boast of as much genius as any single building contained in the Parisian Exhibition. The principal aim, however, was to make an impression, and they have served that purpose in a most satisfactory, in a most magnificent manner.

I wonder if the Fair did not owe the greatest part of its success to the ideas of two men — Architect John Rout and Frederick Law Olmsted, the landscape gardner.

Their mighty first conception of the laying out of the Fair grounds, of leaving the buildings without exterior polychromy, of letting these *colossi* of architecture rise from the lagoons, of giving to each a marvellous approach from all sides by wide, intervening ground with lawns of emerald green, — so green indeed that they seemed to be the growth of years, — formed the most remarkable features of the Fair.

Standing on a clear day in the Court of Honor, and gazing on the boundless wealth of columns, galleries, high reliefs, statues, mighty portals, pavilions, towers, etc., the blue unlimited surface of Lake Michigan shimmering through the arcades, the golden dome of the Administration Building, the sun shining intensely on all that glowing white, sharply outlined against the pale-

blue sky,— a sight met our eyes that can never be forgotten.

The best thing which the Fair could offer, at least from an ideal point of view, was the first impression.

The Chicago Fair was one of those average exhibitions which, in reality, bring nothing new, in no way as comprehensive as some of the International European Exhibitions, and in no way as important to Americans as that of Philadelphia.

We learn once more, what we knew already, that the Americans are superior to any nation in the world in the construction of their machines and some processes in working metals.

Their electrical exhibition was the best, but there was nothing new to be seen; even the celebrated Edison did not show anything new.

We learned that the Lafarge windows for churches are most artistic, and that American perfumes are as good as the English; that the Americans have beautiful horses, which they have bred with great skill by crossing the kinds which are most useful to them, though still they are surpassed by Russia, and that they have fine cattle, but not so good as the beautiful shorthorns of the Province of Ontario. From a visit to the

Manufactures Building, in which were accumulated hundreds of thousands of objects of comfort, necessity and luxury, the impression was received, after a comparison with the production of other countries, that the aim of Americans is practical. Their manufactures one can call neither pretty nor graceful, but, on the other hand, they are very convenient for use.

A large part of the success of the Centennial Exhibition at Paris in 1889 was contributed by the intelligent arrangements for pleasure.

A majority of visitors go to exhibitions not to study but to be amused, and, if schemes of entertainment are not expensive and not in bad taste, they will attract even the most serious class of visitors, as the most serious man, after a day of work, likes to have some distraction. And those distractions bring money, "barrels of it," as you say.

Americans did not forget this part of their exhibition, and organized a "Midway Plaisance," to-day celebrated throughout the world.

While walking on this Midway Plaisance one's thoughts naturally turned to Paris—to the borders of the Seine, to *Champ-de-Mars*, where the Egyptians of the Cairo streets danced, to the

Esplanade, where one could make a picturesque journey around the world in the crowd of "push-push," to the Javanese village, and the Anamite theatre. What a contrast!

How pretty, ingenious, and seductive it was there, with all the concerts, all the foreign and antique reproductions, with gay pavilions and pleasure-grounds. Everything laughed before your eyes, and the feeling of unbounded joyfulness filled even the rustic visitors. It was a great Parisian *fête*, under the bright color of which the commercial interests seemed to be hidden.

Was it the same in Chicago?

The Americans answer, "Yes, it was very gay, very droll in the Midway Plaisance," and their eyes twinkle.

The Europeans, and especially the Parisians, say, "No! there was no amusement at the Chicago Fair; nor was it possible even to have a good dinner." And then the fatigue was almost unbearable, as it was necessary to look on exhibitions spread over two hundred and ninety acres!

Even the forty beauties on exhibition had the appearance of being in a penitentiary, the poor things!

They were exposed on a stage around the hall,

at their feet a placard indicating the nationality. And what a silence! It was not permitted to those pretty things to talk. Just think! Not to talk for six months! Not to be out a single day! In a land of liberty, and women at that!

The manager, inspired by the line of a popular English song, "My face is my fortune," told them :

"My fortune is in your faces ; you cannot then show them except to those who show tickets."

It was terrible, and there were some who revolted. Four or five, with the help of generous friends, "skipped out." And I approve their course. The others were desolate but resigned ; the belle Fatima, for instance, and the Chinese were immovable as statues ; the others were broken-hearted, especially the Swedish girl and the *Arlésienne*. Oh, how sad the *Arlésienne* was! She told me her whole story and her sorrow. She was from New York, and she was so lonesome in Chicago!

The public visiting the Chicago Fair was composed of working people or farmers to the extent of ninety per cent. They are simple people with elementary education ; no wonder, then, that everything was marvellous to them. They visited

everything, and, as they did not know much, they tortured with their endless questions the commissaries and agents who were looking after different sections of the exhibition.

The inhabitants of towns have no more education, either, than the farmers and the village population. You heard in the picture-gallery, for instance, such questions as—

“From what factory do those pictures come?”

“How many pictures can an artist make in a day?”

While sitting in one of the rooms of the Art Palace one day, Miss A. noticed a middle-aged couple studying a huge canvas. She heard them discussing the picture and wondering as to the name. The man said to the woman :

“I will go and find out.”

Soon he returned and said :

“I have learned it, this is . . . not competing.”

The woman assented, and both turned away satisfied. The inscription on the picture was *hors concours*.

Sometimes a “gentleman” would come and rap on the picture with his stick or umbrella, or try the strength of the marble and break the hand or foot of some Venus. In this way, two statues and four pictures were damaged.

To prove that I am not writing with any prejudice, I refer to a clipping from the *Boston Globe*:

“CHICAGO, June 29. — Vandalism is rife at the Fair.

“Many of the exhibits have been damaged to a considerable extent by persons who do not hesitate to chip pieces off chairs and labels, or take small and valuable exhibits away with them as souvenirs.

“Those from the Woman’s Building have been the greatest sufferers.

“Tuesday night some one broke a piece from a beautiful chair sent to the Exhibition by the Princess of Wales.

“From the fact that the piece broken out was taken away it would appear that the act was done to obtain a souvenir.

“The chair is valued at \$500.”

Also to an editorial from the *Boston Herald*:

“It was, perhaps, inevitable that the American vandal of both sexes should put in an appearance at the World’s Fair, yet the story of damage and theft which comes from the White City is no less exasperating and discreditable.

“The mania for securing souvenirs of all sorts of objects, supposed to possess exceptional interest or value, has too often found illustration in this country.”

When going to the Fair Grounds, almost everybody brought something to eat, — coffee, milk, bread, fruit. When one was hungry, he took a seat, sometimes under a poetic statue, and, with-

out any embarrassment, satisfied the inner man. After his lunch, he stuck a piece of chewing tobacco in his mouth, and prepared for copious expectoration. This pretty chewing habit is practised by the women also, with this difference, that the women prefer gum.

Those rough crowds did not know how to walk, as they are clumsy and awkward from hard work. In the most frequented entrances they placed chairs, and sat down in the most comfortable way imaginable; walking along, they stared above, on every side, never straight ahead, and so they either walked on your feet or collided "head on." It was not the public of the large or the small cities, it was the great American public.

And this is the conclusion. The Chicago World's Fair may be considered as a big success in this sense, that the exhibitors came from all parts of the world, and made a very brilliant showing. The most remarkable exhibitions of the Americans were the methods or means of transportation, the mining section, the electricity building, the machinery, the departments of ethnography and fisheries. There was, in those special exhibitions, an evidence of great effort, and a very intense display of intelligence. One was impressed with a sentiment of great admira-

tion for the absolute devotion to specialities, and, consequently, one had the conviction that there were large fields for useful study by amateurs in every branch of commerce and industry.

In the Woman's Building, the national success was complete.

The American woman is always "in it."

CHAPTER VIII.

ART.

WHEN I published "Boston Artists," Mr. E. H. Clement, the editor of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, said to me :

"I congratulate you on your clever book, but, if you wish to meet with financial success, you must write something practical, as the Silver Question, for instance, because, in America, art is considered as a frivolous thing; 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true,' as Shakespeare says."

There is no doubt that Mr. Clement, with his experience in journalism, and his intimacy with American aspirations, must be right, but it would not check my enthusiasm for art in general, and for American art in particular; I hope to communicate some of this enthusiasm to my readers, and interest them in reading this chapter on American art; for art is liberty, and happiness, and peace, and glory, and immortality, not only for the individual, but also for the nation.

The strong, healthy, well-built youths come

from the heights, with noble gestures and heroic mien.

“ . . . he saw a youth approaching
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendour of the sunset.”

They are followed by girls in artistic draperies, with flowers twined in the voluptuous tresses of their hair,^o whose laughter sounds like music in the balmy air. All nature, all created things, will bow low to this country, because it will possess art.

This great art is coming to a happier generation. For them one must acquire it; one must sacrifice himself in order that they may live and enjoy. Not a very pleasant task, perhaps, but your grandchildren will admire you for it.

Gracefully and full of admiration and reverence, they will erect monuments in public places, and in appreciative hearts, to all the brave who have struggled for glorious art.

It is strange to notice that this nation, which is so great in other things, has lately slackened its pace in its literary development, but has acquired more strength in art.

In the first place I was surprised at the widespread artistic movement in this country, and still more by its sound direction. There is no question that the general direction of American artists is indubitably superior to that of the English, who paint sentiments and passions, and also of the Germans, who paint themes and anecdotes, conceiving their pictures in the brain instead of by the eye.

The Chicago World's Fair made clear another thing, that American art can accomplish anything. At every step the pictures of the first order, in regard to technical accomplishments, demanded a nod of approval. A good display of technique and many canvases of bright, fashionable colouring were conspicuous. Some critics complained that overabundance of imagination does not inflict brain fever on American artists, and that there were less than a dozen pictures that expressed sentiment; but my humble opinion is, that just this lack of sentimental pictures is to the credit of American art, as art should neither compete with poetry nor moralize, and, consequently, it should not be helped by imaginary dreams.

“Modern American painting has no ideal,” says another critic.

What nonsense! The whole ideal in painting

is the use of the brush and colours, and the amount of artistic feeling put into it; and the American artists who paint in this way are right; they follow the example of such a virtuoso of the brush and painter of still life as Volon, and they avoid the perpetration of such paintings as "Listening to the Fairies," by Bodenhausen, or "The Fairy of the Alps," by Dielitz — paintings the popularity of which is attested by the sale of hundreds of thousands of copies.

Some American *chauvinists* — the word is French, but every country has its chauvinists — see a kind of humiliation in the fact that American art follows French art, and by every possible means they try to prove that the leading painters of America have tacitly repudiated the French school — the broadest and most encouraging phenomenon which analysis discovers. According to their opinion, in the works of Sargent, Thayer, Lafarge, Homer, Inness, and others, there is nothing more interesting than the independence of style illustrated.

If American artists should follow such patriots, and seek in the pictures of their countrymen "independence" only as the "most interesting thing," there soon would be no more art in America. Certainly a close imitation, especially

of bad things, is wrong; but it is not wrong to follow a good idea, as, for instance, to build a temple after the principles of Greek architecture. Then why should it be wrong to paint after the ideas of Claude Monet?

And then those short-sighted patriots ought to know and remember that great art is international, universal. What is the difference whether Child Hassam paints a street in Paris or a street in New York? Would the picture representing a street in Paris cease to be painted by an American artist, and would Hassam therefore be counted among French painters? Does Sprague Pearce, who almost always paints French peasants, cease to be one of the foremost American painters? Marcus Waterman paints Oriental life, but he is an American; it is the same with Weeks and many others.

Then why this ridiculous chauvinism, this aspiration to have by any and every means a national art? Is it a peculiar form of gratitude towards France for the liberal and free artistic education which is given to hundreds of American artists every year?

Such a highly artistic soul as is your talented and tasteful novelist, Marion Crawford, wrote to me:

“I have much sympathy for the French as a nation, and I have also good friends of your nationality. With all the desire in the world to have a school of art of our own, we are not ashamed to say that most of us look to the French as artistic leaders, and that the best of what art we have has been derived from your country. It is with sincere pleasure that we find among us so eminent a critic as yourself seriously studying what we have produced, and willing to judge it seriously.”

And, “seriously” talking, I do not hesitate to state that American art possesses already some artists *di primo cartello*, and that its direction is most sound as set forth in these few words :

“Nature is the best master ; the interpretation of it, mingled with talent, or, if possible, with genius, individuality, and a certain amount of artistic feeling, are absolute conditions in the true work of art.”

In fact, I do not know a country possessing better conditions for the development of art than the United States.

Art is a luxury, and, therefore, only a rich country can afford it. The American is immensely rich and likes luxury, often not on account of a

cultivated taste and refinement, but from the petty vanity of love of show. This is of no importance, however, so long as he pays the artist, and gives him a chance to develop his talent, for which purpose some material means are necessary.

Of course, the ignorance of rich parvenues gives a good chance to shrewd botchers of painters to sell their daubs, while modest artists, with real talent, starve. But little by little those ignorant people who pay for their blunders will learn.

I know of a man who lives in a mansion that cost a hundred thousand dollars, who adorned his house with pictures painted by a sign-painter.

A city I recently visited has ornamented its really pretty City Hall with horrible daubs, painted by a sign-painter, and has paid to this cheeky fellow, who calls himself an artist, hundreds of dollars for pictures which are not worth as many cents.

Such is the result of democratic ideas applied in the field of art, and claiming equal rights in artistic matters. How ridiculous!

There is a good story told of the ignorance of an American who once worked for six dollars per week; by ability and energy he made money in the shoe business, and built a gorgeous house

One morning a young man came to this brave but uncultivated manufacturer with two oil paintings, — of course they were landscapes, — and said :

“I am going to-morrow to Paris to study art, and I would like to have as much money as I can. I have here two pictures, which I will sell you for five hundred dollars.”

“Well, I was thinking of getting some pictures, but I do not intend to invest five hundred dollars.”

“How much would you be willing to invest?” asked our pseudo-artist.

“Oh! I don't know; perhaps three hundred dollars.”

“Well, sir, I will let you have those pictures for three hundred dollars, on condition that if I shall come back to you within a year or two, pay you back your money, and, let 's say, ten per cent., you will give me back my pictures.”

“That will suit me perfectly,” was the answer; and a check for the amount soon followed.

A few days after Mr. Jack met a friend of his, likewise a parvenu.

“Look here, Fred, I wish you would come and see my pictures,” said Jack.

“You have bought some pictures? So have I; and I would be pleased to show them to you.”

And then they set to work beating each other

at pictures, as they had for several years at business.

“Well, they are exactly like mine,” exclaimed Jack, after a glance at the pictures; “how much did you pay for them?”

“I paid thirty-five dollars, and I think I paid their full value.”

Of course, our poor Jack said nothing about having paid three hundred dollars for the same pictures; he had been fooled, but he would not acknowledge it.

The Anglo-Saxon takes great pride in his smartness.

The second excellent condition for the development of the art is the boldness in purchasing and the love of new things which is so inculcated in the American soul. As a proof of it I shall remind you that the genius of Millet was first appreciated by the Americans, and that the glorious impressionistic movement was helped on by Americans. In 1886, Durand-Ruel organized his famous exhibition, in which, for the first time, the impressionistic school was shown in this country. The amateurs of the New World could then see and admire artists of such value as Manet, John Lewis Brown, Dégas, Boudin, Monet, Pissarro, Rénoir, Berthe Morizot, Miss Cassatt. It was then that

Mr. Albert Spencer, one of the best American connoisseurs, gave the first signal by buying twelve Monets and two Rénoirs. It was then, also, that Messrs. Fuller, Lambert, Lawrence, Kingman, and Sutton made their first acquisitions.

The following year the success was greater in a second exhibition, in which the qualities of the new school were shown, beside such names as Courbet, Daubigny, Delacroix, Dupré, Henner, Meissonier, Rousseau, Corot.

For the first time, then, Puvis de Chavannes entered gloriously into America with such masterpieces as "*Réduction des Peintures du Pantheon*," "*l'Aumone*," "*Ludus pro patria*," "*Sainte Madeleine*," and "*le Pauvre Pecheur*."

In justice to M. Durand-Ruel, we must say that he was the first to understand the importance of the impressionistic movement, which actually came to American art after having renewed artistic tendencies in France and, one can say, throughout Europe.

It seems that the artistic charm touched with its magical wand such hard souls as the American millionaires; for George Vanderbilt seems to possess some real knowledge of art, and Launt Thompson, the sculptor, has said that William Waldorf Astor has learned to paint and to model

with a knowledge of technique that few professionals acquire, not to make an exhibition of his accomplishments, but to form his taste.

The other millionaires, if they do not know much about art, imitate the old European aristocracy, proud not only of its ancestors, but more of its refinement and taste for the beautiful, by building galleries in their rich and spacious mansions, and by buying pictures and statues. As they have no real taste, they prefer to have pictures signed with foreign names which are well known in the European market; but, from time to time, it happens that they buy an American production of art.

Finally, the American is very laborious by instinct; the American artist works hard, and this is one of the secrets in reaching the summit of art, as Taine says; though, of course, one must have some talent. Harmony of colour, like harmony in music and in lines, is a matter of instinct or natural talent. No theory will enable a man, who has no eye for harmony of colour, to dispose colours harmoniously, any more than any theory of music will enable one, who has not a musical ear, to distinguish between harmonies and discords.

All these conditions have already given splendid

results in the field of American art ; I say "splendid," as they really are, taking into consideration the circumstances attending its development. In the first place, the Anglo-Saxon race never had great aptitudes for any kind of art ; they are splendid farmers, bold sailors, talented financiers ; but by no means artists. The artistic taste of Americans came to them by the commingling of other bloods. Then, their country is very young, in a state of growth, and they have commenced their artistic life only recently ; and we know that *ars est longa*.

The War of Secession was disastrous, not only to the brave and refined Southerners, but, also, to American art, because the country has been inundated with the worst kind of monuments to soldiers. It is a pity that so much money has been wasted for those granite and marble pyramids and columns, ornamented with horrible bronze figures. Nearly every city and large town has a soldiers' monument, but I have seen but few good ones among them, although I have seen a great many.

Nevertheless, the American people can be proud in having such figure painters as Abbott Thayer, Chase, Charles Sprague Pearce, Marcus Waterman, Tarbel, Benson, Walter Gay, McEven,

T. Robinson, David Neal, Toby Rosenthal, Melchers, Karl Mahr, Dannat, Bridgman, Weeks, Ridgway Knight, Stewart, Harrison, Walker, Abbey, Dewing, Church, Brown, Childe Hassam, Homer, Davies, and, above all, Lafarge, Sargent, and Whistler. Splendid names!

Inness, Homer Martin, D. W. Tryon, Minor, Davis, Enneking, Murphy, Cole, Metcalf, Coffin, Ross Turner, Hardwick, Triscott, Hayden, are excellent landscape painters.

In statuary America possesses Saint Gaudens, Daniel French, Ward, Brown, Macmonnies, Bissell, H. H. Kitson, Theo. A. Ruggles, Dalin, and Proctor.

The names of Whitney, Closson, Juengling, King, Cole, Johnson, Kruell, Davis, French, and Lindsay, should have a proud place in the history of American art as wood-engravers who interpret paintings with masterly skill.

Keppler, Bernard, Gillam, Opper, Hamilton, Worth, Woolf, Mast, Beard, Rogers, Taylor, Gibson, Bellew ("Chip"), Howarth, Zimmerman, Ehrhart, Victor Gillam, Griffin, Ver Beck, Glackens, emphasize one feature of American civilization by the great amount of humour in their caricatures and cartoons; Smedley and Reinhart, too, are very capable illustrators.

There are hundreds of other artists, who are less famous, but are quite creditable to a young country.

I must not forget to speak with praise of the great artistic merit of Mr. John Low, of Chelsea, Mass., who, by making very tasteful soda fountains, contributes much to the popularization of the beautiful.

In short, the development of good taste is making rapid progress among the masses, and there is a great difference between the pictures seen in American houses thirty years ago and now; if they do not have masterpieces, we can see good engravings and reproductions of good pictures at least. They frame and hang them tastefully. Of course, here and there, you will see, in a house that has been built at a cost of \$50,000 or \$100,000, horrid daubs of no value; but these are becoming rarer every year.

Such is the development of American art in so short a time as two decades.

The American art seems to possess a strong enough element to become the future successor of French art, which stands to-day at the head of the world of art. American art is likely to succeed French art, and this will follow when the mercenary spirit, when ostentatious rivalry and

display and superficial effect, have been eliminated by the ascendent aspiration for the beautiful. It is only then that a nation reaches immortality. Artistic Greece has survived all calamities of the ages, and still vividly lives in the minds of cultivated mankind, while few contemplate the trade of forgotten Phœnicia.

CHAPTER IX.

ARCHITECTURE

I WOULD be only too happy to be able to say that the direction of American architecture is as good as that of painting, but, unhappily, it is not a fact. To-day all young and ambitious architects have a somewhat morbid but justifiable desire of being up to date, of being modern and fashionable. The architects alone are not in the movement. Their professional duties have, of late, become very prosaic and unpretentious, and, one might say, have acquired a philanthropical tendency. Modern, every-day demands necessitate, first of all, a consideration for utility, comfort and sanitation in architecture, and, after due respect for this trinity, there remains but little show for any artistic quality.

Morsels of various styles are simply gathered here and there out of excellent handbooks to form buildings, which are constructed against all good taste in lines.

There is, for instance, a library in Fairhaven, Mass., which was given to the town by Henry

H. Rogers. Mr. Rogers was born in Fairhaven, and, after having accumulated a fortune, perpetuated his name by spending half a million for a public library.

Half a million for a small library! One could build a masterpiece for such a sum, and it was the intention of Mr. Charles Brigham, an architect from cultivated Boston, to do so, I suppose. He made a big impression upon the Philistines, however, by setting up a tower, and by uniting the round, rough forms of the Romanesque style with the fine ornaments of the Renaissance. What a barbarous idea! And then the whole building is of roughly cut granite, very proper for the Romanesque style, while the ornaments are in yellow terra-cotta work!

Certainly it is a pity to spend half a million of dollars and have such a library built, which will be set up as an example of fine architecture, and will impede instead of advance the development of good taste.

Such examples of a striving for originality by American architects one can find in every city and in every town of the United States. And really in this respect the taste is spoiled. The

best proof of my statement is that, when the city of Boston decided to have a new library, and a certain set of tasteful people urged the acceptance of the plans of the building which has been erected, there was an every-day contest in the papers by so-called critics, who tried by every means and all possible arguments to prove that this tasteful and highly artistic building would be a failure. If this building had been made of red brick, and ornamented with terra-cotta work, like the Fine Arts Museum, which looks like a piece of gingerbread, and if it had a tower — a very high tower — or two towers, like Carnegie's library in Pittsburg, it would satisfy the public taste.

But the New York architects, McKim, Mead & White, wanted to set a good example of cultivated taste, which would eliminate sham and pretense. No matter if this building is an imitation, or, rather, an improved copy, of the Bibliothèque de Ste. Geneviève in Paris. The dome of St. Peter's, Rome, is an improved copy of the dome of Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence, and yet nobody thinks of censuring Michael Angelo for having taken the idea from Brunelleschi.

The Capitol in Washington — that colossus of marble — can be admired from the back, but, looked at from the front, the giant seems to kneel

down in an act of humility. The City Hall in Philadelphia is a very costly and enormous building; Chicago possesses the Auditorium of twenty stories; New York, Madison Square Garden, with a very high tower and many little domes, which look like thimbles; but Boston possesses the most tranquil and most harmonious building in America, in its Public Library, and that masterpiece of Romanesque style, Trinity Church, by the best architect of this country, Richardson, who constructed, also, for the glory of New England, such jewels as the library in North Easton, Mass., and the library in Woburn, Mass.

These four highly artistic monuments give artistic supremacy to New England, and eloquently attest to its higher degree of culture.

And then all over New England, in its cities and towns, you can find pretty buildings. In Brockton you find the City Hall in the Romanesque style, and the Court-house in the Renaissance—quite artistic; in Taunton the tower of City Hall is exceedingly pretty by its artistic chiselling in granite. In Holyoke there are two Protestant churches without great aspiration for high art, but still tasteful. In Providence Father Welch is building a pretty basilica, which, although it will not be so costly as the cathedral, will be a

great deal prettier, as the latter has been built without any taste.

I have observed that the Catholics have costly churches, but that they seldom display any notable taste. And I know of hardly one Catholic church with highly artistic merits, except, of course, the Cathedral of St. Patrick in New York. I am rather inclined to say that this Cathedral is the most beautiful church in the United States. Just think of it, in a country of such wealth there are only two churches worthy of admiration,—Trinity Church in Boston and St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York! Don't you think that it is rather too few? And it is the result of the materialistic and utilitarian spirit of this country, which is impressed even upon the Gothic style of St. Patrick's Cathedral, its character being marked by stiffness in lines and lack of ornamentation.

In the interior there is the same impression—too much light—the proportions are too small, the lines too stiff, the harmony too cold; one can say that the business spirit of the American people, which is based upon intellect, and does not leave anything to the imagination, has left its stamp upon the arches and columns of the Cathedral of St. Patrick.

The cathedral of the Middle Ages would suggest grand and sombre reveries, the sentiment of human misery, the vague thought of an ideal kingdom where the passionate heart would find consolation and be transported with joy.

If there is one place in the world where it is proper to experience tenderness, contrition, veneration, the grand and sorrowful sentiment of the infinite "higher world," that place is a church. But, unfortunately, one experiences in the Cathedral of St. Patrick sentiments contrary to these.

While I was sitting in this church I was reminded of our Gothic churches — Reims, Chartres, Soissons, Paris, Strasburg above all. I have seen the Cathedral of Strasburg many times, and I have passed an afternoon alone in its enormous interior, drowned in the shade. A strange light, a sort of purple, moving shade, died into impenetrable darkness. Deep within the choir and the *abside*, with their massive circles of round columns, the strong, primitive, and half Romanesque church disappeared into the night. No chairs in the grand nave, scarcely five or six faithful on their knees, wandering as shades. The miserable business, the frippery of every-day life, the buzzing of the human insects, did not come to trouble the sanctity of its solitude.

The large space between the pillars extended in darkness under the vault, peopled with doubtful lights and shades almost palpable. Above the choir it was completely dark; a single luminous window detached itself, full of gleaming figures like an opening into Paradise.

The choir was filled with the priests, but one did not distinguish any opening, so deep was the shade and so great the distance. No ornaments or little idols visible. Alone in the obscurity, among the grand forms that one distinguished, two chandeliers, like two trembling souls, with their lighted candles, illuminated the two corners of the altar.

How those barbarians of the Middle Ages felt the contrast of light and shade! How many Rembrandts there were among the masons who made these mysterious undulations of shade and light! How true is the saying that art is only an expression, that it concerns, above all, the having a soul, that a temple is not a mass of stones, or a combination of forms, but first and foremost a religion which speaks to us! This cathedral speaks entirely to the eyes, from the first look to every one after.

The houses in Europe do not possess much

variety,—they are uniform like regiments of soldiers; but the residences of the rich, the *hôtels* in France, *die Paleste* in Germany, Austria, Hungary, and the *palàzzi* in Italy are known to be beautiful examples of the various styles of architecture.

The houses in America have more variety, not only in color, but also in their lines, some of them being very original, sometimes even to excess.

But, generally speaking, America does not possess such artistic buildings as you would expect to find in a country of such great wealth. The residences of the rich and the enormous office buildings cannot be considered as artistically beautiful; they are very imposing on account of the mass of stones, the number of stories, the solidity of material, the richness of the furnishing within, the luxury which prevails on every side, but not on account of the purity of the lines, or nobility of the forms.

What artistic horrors are some of the skyscrapers, so called, recently erected in many of the large cities. But their owners did not care for the beautiful,—they spent great amounts of money for the interior luxury of these buildings

only in order to be able to have more rent from them.

I cannot pass without pointing to the beauty of the *château* of Cornelius Vanderbilt in Newport, and I do not hesitate to state that it is the most beautiful mansion in America. When I say "the most beautiful," I do not use the words in the American way, but I speak in earnest.

This *château* is the purest Renaissance, possessing harmonious lines and balance of proportions, so far as I could see from a very bad point of view and in an almost momentary glance, for I was chased out by the watchman, with the exclamation :

"This is private property," as if, by looking at it, I had questioned the ownership of Mr. Vanderbilt.

Notwithstanding this incident, rather unpleasant for me, and certainly shameful for Mr. Vanderbilt, as the colonel is always responsible for the training of his soldier, I have preserved a most delightful vision of this beautiful building, and I congratulate the proprietor of it on his exceedingly refined taste in having accepted such a highly artistic plan.

I am anxious to see if the surroundings, or

rather the proportions of the grounds, will correspond with the proportions of the building. My anxiety is reasonable on account of the fact that in America they spend millions for buildings, but they are very sparing of the land surrounding them; consequently, one can see in this country pretty buildings which are enclosed in such narrow streets, or small grounds, that the beauty of the building loses a great deal. The best example of this fault is the *château* of William Vanderbilt. This building, notwithstanding its high artistic merits, looks as "Apollo of Belvedere" would look in a cottage, because of the small grounds which are not in proportion to the lines and the dimensions of the building.

The so-called marble palace possesses artistic qualities, and is pure in its lines; but it looks like a portal of some Renaissance cathedral or immense *palàzzo*, not a *palàzzo* itself. When you look on it you feel that there is no conception of totality, but a fragment from a very grand whole. The *château* of Mr. Goelet also is tasteful, and full of beauty in lines and finishing; no matter if it is a copy; it is better to have a good copy than something original, but without taste.

This is all of the architectural riches of Newport, however, a place where one would expect

marvels of art, because there is so much wealth, — bah! such immense riches. With the exception of these above-mentioned buildings, all the so-called villas are dreadful. “The choleric architect, dissatisfied with the face of nature, strikes here many a dread blow, and produces an unhealthy eruption wherever he strikes, and calls the buildings he makes houses.”

“How far those abominations of modern American architecture of the wealthiest citizens are from the beautiful villas of the Italian nobility! They are built in that depraved style which makes this country preëminent in the ugliness of brick and stone. There is no possibility of criticism for such monstrosities, as there also seems to be no immediate prospect of reform. Time, the iron-fisted Nihilist, will knock them all down some day, and bid mankind begin anew.”

Then, if we come to any conclusion, it will be this: the American architects have an insatiable desire to be original, just as every good American wants to be original; but they have not enough strength to do it; and, by mixing contradictory styles together, they produce a horrible cacophonia of lines; the truth of this statement is seen in the cities at every step.

The best buildings in this country are more or less imitations, or, rather, happy compilations ; for you must not forget that the beautiful tower of Trinity Church in Boston can also be found in a certain city in Spain ; but, as I have said already, it is better to imitate, and give to the country tasteful buildings, than to try to be original and produce architectural horrors and barbarous results.

Those American architects, who seek after originality, should remember that we cannot ask of them a new architecture, any more than we ask that every generation should form a new language.

Of course, the German æsthetics are wrong in their views on architecture, in thinking that the future of architecture is only in the new combination of known principles.

Art is not legislature nor language ! Perhaps it would be useful if all people spoke the same language and had the same laws, but I think that variety in art is its richness. I think that architecture in time will produce a new style, just as it has in past times.

Already at the Columbian Fair in Chicago, in the midst of the whiteness of this *carton pâté* city, where the imitation (*pasticcio*) of Greek and Latin antiquity were mingled with those of the Italian

Renaissance,—a curious gathering of columns, porticoes in severe lines with rococo *campanillas*,—a fantastic construction attracted us; its walls covered with vermilion appeared to the eye as a bloody spot upon the field of snow. It was architecture of a primary character, of studied roughness; a cyclopean and barbarous conception, but certainly not a common one. One could see in it a seeking after the strange and enormous, a dream of new forms which would harmonize with the tumultuous and brutal genius of the human collectively acting in Chicago, that monstrous city, forced as a precocious vegetation upon the marshes of Lake Michigan. The total, notwithstanding its barocco polychromia, had, even if it had no other beauties, a certain grandeur in its solid and thick-set figure.

This was the Transportation Building by Mr. Sullivan.

Looking on the millions of wooden houses in the smaller cities, towns and villages in America, it is not difficult to notice that in their construction there is an absolute lack of individuality. In the old houses of colonial times we see a simplicity in lines, which is always pleasant; the houses constructed in the so-called "Old Colonial" style have artistic qualities, and look like

thoroughbreds among the parvenues of modern construction, which, with their many bay-windows, piazzas and towers, are horrible from an artistic point of view. *Æsthetics* have nothing to do with these latter; they are all constructed after the same common pattern, which one may call "grocer's style;" here and there we find some houses in "Queen Anne" style, bizarre in form and homely as to harmony of lines, but having a particular character and a certain beauty in their ugliness.

Still, all these American towns and villages, composed of houses which, freshly painted, look like card houses, surrounded by fresh, green lawns, with trees and flowers here and there, have an attractive and joyful appearance, and produce a prettier effect than do the towns and villages in France and Germany, with their lines of stone houses, crowded, and standing in the narrow, dusty streets.

I like those ancient New England houses — ancient in the sense of being eighty or a hundred years old; they are built of wood, painted a clean, clear white with green blinds, and adorned along the front with wooden pilasters. These pilasters appear to support a kind of classic pediment, which is broken in the middle by a win-

dow ; there is a large white door, furnished with a highly-polished brass knocker ; behind the house there is the barn, the meadows and orchards.

In the last few years the popular taste has turned to the Old Colonial style, so that almost every private residence is built according to its tasteful principles. It is a pity only that those gems of architectural beauty are not constructed of more solid material, so as to testify before future generations about the good taste of their owners.

CHAPTER X.

LITERATURE.

WHY is it that this nation, which is so great in other things, has lately grown slow in great spiritual development?

I cannot explain these things; they are race questions, problems. I only know that the triumvirate of Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier no longer exist, and that those who have succeeded them cannot replace them.

Not long ago the editor of a New York magazine wrote to a well-known poet: "Won't you please drop a poem in our slot, and draw out as much money as you want for it?"

The poet sent down a dozen lines, with the price written on the margin — "Fifty Dollars." The verses were good, of course, but there was nothing at all remarkable about them.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox might have devel-

oped into a poetess. I see some real talent in poetry of Miss Edith Thomas, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, and James Jeffrey Roche.

The rest, I fear, are mere poetasters, except Eugene Field, the most pleasant, healthy, if not foremost humorist of the day. I would not exchange a wilderness of Bill Nyes for one Eugene Field.

Of course, I must remember Oliver Wendell Holmes, the last remnant of a glorious past.

Edmund C. Stedman writes far too little, as a great deal of his time is taken by the New York Stock Exchange, of which he is a member.

Nym Crynkle might have been known as a great critic if he had chosen to become one, and not exposed himself to the degrading influence of newspaper scribbling.

And now, Melpomene and Thalia, let flow your tears! For at each new piece that issues from the pen of Bronson Howard, Thomas, Belasco, Merrington, and others, I ask myself, astonished and helpless, "How is it they have so much success?"

I would recommend Clyde Fitch, if I could only guarantee him to be original.

Bret Harte, the greatest American writer of short stories, is by no means so popular with the

general public as he once was. A new story by him is not a literary event, and young readers are apt to read his old ones, wondering wherein lies the marvellous merit.

Lately, it is said, Bret Harte wrote a poem, and here is his most famous London joke about it :

Dressing himself in the threadbare, frayed, fringed, and faded garments, which would, quite likely, be worn by a cross between a Bohemian journalist and a tramp, Bret Harte visited the office of Labouchere's *Truth*, and asked to see the eminent journalist. He was ushered into the holy of holies, the inner office of the newspaperial M. P., told him that he had a poem which he would be pleased to sell, and asked Mr. Labouchere to look it over. The famous lance-hurler of the London press at first refused to glance on the offering, but, upon Mr. Harte's earnestly pleading his immediate need of money, Mr. Labouchere hastily examined the production. Then he returned it, with the remark :

"I cannot use this trash."

"But, my God!" exclaimed Harte, "I am starving!"

"What do you want for it?" inquired Labouchere.

"Is it worth a pound?" said Harte, with an

expression indicating that his heart was crawling up in the vicinity of his larynx.

“Want a pound! It is not worth the paper it is written on!” raged Labouchere. “If you want charity, I can give you a few shillings, but it would only be accompanied by advice to the effect that a strong, able-bodied man like you can make more money, and give less cause for offence, by seeking employment at hop-picking, or shipping before the mast. Instead of attempting to worm your way into journalism, why did not you join the expedition for the relief of General Gōrdon? Who are you, anyway?”

“Bret Harte,” was the answer, as the major portion of his disguise was removed, and the astonished Labouchere beheld a club companion, whom he had known for years.

The poem, however, will soon be published to the world, and it is one of Harte’s greatest efforts. But its introduction to the great world will not be through the columns of the London *Truth*.

Julian Hawthorne, Fawcett, and Cable, are clever novelists, who have done good work, but who now invariably repeat themselves.

Edgar Saltus, the American Théophile Gautier, dresses the German ideas of Schopenhauer in a

decidedly French form,—a very strange, and rather unhappy, combination.

Marion Crawford is an elegant American writer, as to form, language, subjects, and high sentiments,—is always worth reading. I study his works with the greatest pleasure, and not with the least profit, on account of his deep psychological reflections. No sooner does Crawford finish one book than he sits down to write another, but the critic who says that it is a far cry from “Mr. Isaacs,” and “A Roman Singer,” to “Katherine Lauderdale,” is not right, as Marion Crawford is always highly artistic, and even his poorest are much better than the production of some other popular writers, at their best.

A great many people do not see the wit and delightful foolery of Frank R. Stockton; and so he has not half the reputation that he deserves.

Bellamy wrote an excellent novel before he became a Nationalist.

We must hope that William A. Leahy's talent will take more literary direction than writing detective novels.

Mary Wilkins's short stories are charming, original, full of the fine and delicate feminine feeling so seldom found among the writers of the fair sex. Her stories are dramatic, but they possess, also,

charming idyllic qualities. Her last novel, "Pembroke," places her among the famous novelists of our day. The simplicity, purity, realism, and strength of her stories make them second to little that has been produced in America.

Miss Jewett's works are also in the way of idyllic pictures. Her last story, "Native of Winby," is full of lovely rural scenes.

Magaret Deland, Keenan, Watson Howe, and Amélie Rives, who endeavors to be erotic, may yet become novelists.

The novels of E. P. Roe sell well, not because of their literary excellence, but because of the preaching in them, which is proper in church, but out of place in novels.

I should mention also General Wallace, Frances Burnett, and others.

The best proof of my statement concerning the break in the spiritual development of the Americans is found in the fact that the delicate and refined works of Henry James are not appreciated and are not understood, in this country, and he has gone over to Europe permanently. The novels of Henry James are such in character that they are to be appreciated only by a trained literary taste. His incidents are the turning-points in the lives of people of the highest civiliza-

tion. He explains nothing. He puts a drama of life before your eyes, and, if you do not understand, you see James sitting by indifferent. The fault is with you.

Howells, after gaining a reputation, has succeeded in doing more mischief than the most imaginative of romance writers. He sets before us very often, under the name of realism, pictures which are in every way misleading, just exactly as our Zola does.

A New Yorker, coming up in the elevated train the other day, saw a young woman,—a fashionably dressed young woman, with the air and manner of the society girl,—reading “Main Travelled Roads,” by Hamlin Garland; and he has been going about lecturing upon the text ever since. He does not wonder that the most fashionable gathering-place in town was chosen as the quarters of the Woman Suffragists, when such girls are reading Hamlin Garland’s stories.

Garland is a realist who glosses nothing. He preserves the stern, bitter, sordid facts of life. It is not a case of “Be good and you will be happy.” We are not given the picturesque half-life, which hides the squalor and brings out the beauties of resignation.

He turns on the full glow of day, and we see all the mean and petty details, all the hard facts to which we shut our eyes, when they are in the lives of other people.

The pure, good-natured, American humor, which made Mark Twain famous, has mingled, these latter years, with the bitter stream of prejudice. He is not so joyous as he once was, nor so light-hearted.

We forgive him, but we turn about to look for the new man who has the qualities Mr. Clemens lacks.

When we laugh we want to laugh with the world, not at it.

Finally, Eggleston, Hoyt, and dramatists of the "Old Homestead" type, are realists, who are, undoubtedly, the forerunners of the great novel and the great drama which America needs.

The list is short, but I fear it is fairly complete. Though there are many figures, they are mostly zeroes.

As I said once to a certain witty critic :

"I am so ashamed that I have not read the last new novel," naming it.

"Well," said he, "you will be more ashamed of yourself when you have read it."

With this reply one must agree when he con-

siders the majority of the novels which are published at the present time.

It is always difficult to give an example of an absent quantity. Something is wanting yet in American story-tellers—something of charm, something of impulse, something of humor. Art is a legerdemain, which must first have a real rabbit in the box, then make us not see it, then see it again. Presto, change! “We must cultivate the imagination—the creative imagination. Our practical life stills it.” The noise of living drowns the celestial harmonies. He who owns the wings of imagination shudders at no height; he is above fate and chance. His power of vision makes him greater still; he sees and illuminates everyday life and common things. I dislike the realistic school in literature, particularly for Americans. We need a higher life. We should read that startling saying of the psalmist, “Ye shall be gods!”

And the student should search for words which are ideas. He must find that inevitable word or phrase which shall become classical in a moment. The imagination begets original diction, suggestive epithets, verbs implying extended scenes and events, phrases which are a delight, and which, as we say, speak volumes,—single notes which establish the dominant tone.

The chief vice of a certain class of writers is their inability to finish their work. They start with a fine, showy Aladdin's palace, and then seem to return to earth before it is finished. Others have facility; others, lacking talent and imagination, offer us a patchwork bedquilt made up of other peoples' left-off silks.

And then American writers are suffocated within the narrow limits which confine them, the necessity of pleasing the women who read, and recently their protestations against restrictions have become more urgent.

"Since the days of the author of 'Tom Jones,'" wrote Thackeray, "not one novelist in our country has painted humanity as it is. We must dress it in a certain way, give it the attitude and language of convention. Our readers, and especially our women readers, do not admit the natural in art."

For thirty years American writers have repeated the complaint of Thackeray. They accuse the young girl, this idol to which one sacrifices everything, this terror of editors who bend before her, slaves of her taste and preferences.

Rider Haggard and Ouida, in England, Boyesen, Julian Hawthorne, Lathrop, and even Henry

James, in the United States, demand release from this "insupportable tyranny."

More imperious still is Edgar Fawcett, who affirms that "bashfulness is a question of latitude and longitude." Others, too, believe that the writer should not accept without appeal "the judgment of young girls as to the value of literary work."

The women authors go farther in their assertions :

"Either the young girl or the writer ought to be sacrificed," writes Mrs. Franklin Atherton. "If an author writes about the world as he sees it, they accuse him of corrupting innocence; if he presents things in such a way only as will please his readers, he sacrifices the truth. Certainly the young girl in America is a positive quantity, and is not to be ignored by writers; but it is the duty of her mother and not of the novelist to guide her. An author must place before his readers the truth, the whole truth; it is for him to tell it with art and without shocking one's sense of decency."

"Free us once for all from the thralldom of the young girl," are the blunt words of Julian Hawthorne, "or let her hear and understand the truth. Her so-called champions affirm that she will not

read us, but I have an idea that she will read us just the same, and that she will be none the worse."

Notwithstanding all this, I wrote this book for the American woman, and I gave my reasons for it in the beginning.

CHAPTER XI.

MUSIC.

“WHAT do you think of American music?”
some one asked Paderewski.

“It is the music of the future, but not of the past or the present.”

The fact is, that America is the most musical country in the world in this sense, that there is no country where there are so many pianos and players on them, and so many other instruments, especially banjos.

Ah! there are millions of banjos, and people think so much of them that they have attempted several times to convince me that the banjo is *the* instrument.

So far as my knowledge of the musical dispositions of different peoples goes, I know that the banjo is the nigger's instrument; it is very easy, and, as those poor darkies have but very little brain, it is an excellent instrument to satisfy their artistic tastes and musical tendencies.

Those black beings are very fond of music, and

they have their original songs, with original motives, which one cannot find among the Americans; the minstrel show can be considered as the nigger's national opera, yet I do not know why it is so much appreciated by the American masses. Honestly speaking, such taste is simply dreadful.

In the north of Europe we find those pretty melodies of *tang*. France and Germany abound in different national motives. The Hungarians have their national *chardash*, so masterfully interpreted by Liszt,—and introduced this season as a fashionable dance in Newport by the Hungarian nobleman, Count Zichy. The Italians have the *barcarolle*. The Poles their *mazurk*, the original tempo of which gives so much character to Chopin's compositions. The Russians have many charming motives which shine as a gold thread in the works of Tchikovsky. The English *ballads*, sung by the country people, did not come to this country with immigrants, so the Americans have nothing in the way of national motives.

Going back to the early days of the colonies, we find musical culture at a low ebb. Men's thoughts were turned to the hard necessities of pioneer life.

The Puritans, in their hatred of secular music, had abolished church choirs and destroyed organs. Nevertheless, their frugal psalm tunes were brought to this country, and, strange as it may seem, the first development of musical culture can be traced to this psalmody, of whose contents, "York," "Martyrs," "Westminster," and "Windsor," were conspicuous examples.

The fact that those psalm tunes were, as a rule, atrociously sung, and that, as new melodies were prohibited, the old ones became exceedingly tiresome, may have driven people of sensitive ears and refined tastes to seek something more gratifying. Old Salem long ago renounced the antiquated Billings School of Music, as it turned from the gloomy shadow of Witch Hill.

A glance over the musical history of the last century in America shows a steady though gradual increase in the number of vocal and instrumental societies, and in their musical strength, while the character of the compositions rendered has correspondingly improved.

Failures have been many. At times they have happened through the inefficiency of the organization, but more often by reason of the indifference of the public, who preferred the attractions of

negro minstrelsy to oratorio or anything approaching the classical in music.

It is a strange thing that, notwithstanding this musical development, the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are almost all foreigners, and the leader is a foreigner; in America the majority of the teachers are foreigners, and the New York Conservatory of Music was obliged to engage Antonin Dvorak, the Tschecks's greatest composer.

Though benign fortune has not yet given to America a Gounod, a Beethoven, a Verdi, or a Rubinstein, the musical firmament of this country is by no means wholly dark. It has its stars that presage the dawning of a day when some sun-like music maker shall brighten the world with the glory of his genius.

Perhaps, even now, he is moaning over his favourite composition, returned with a printed note of regret by some publisher whose shelves groan with the cacophonous success of certain popular writers of the day, in the style of "Annie Rooney," or the stupid "Ta Ra Ra Boom."

Perhaps he is only in the first stages of thorough-bass, and declaring, with a proud toss of his head, that he will not fetter his muse with all the

formalities Richter may dictate. Nay, he may be just composing infantile nocturnes in a cradle, which his father cannot appreciate, and which the neighbours do not love.

This supposition is based on those facts, that already American singers like Van Zandt and Eames are appreciated in the musical world, and that "Robin Hood," by Reginald DeKoven, was played in London, the first opera by an American composer ever produced in England.

Mr. Krohbiel, the critic, says that John Knowles Paine stands as a meteor and exemplar to the eager and talented composers of to-day as the foremost American composer.

Church music in America owes a great debt to Dudley Buck.

Dinah Mulock Craik said that, of all the many settings her poem, "Tender and True," had received, Marston's was the only one that completely satisfied her.

The compositions of Arthur Foote are of great value; and America's slender contribution to orchestral composition have received valuable additions from the works of the prolific composer, George W. Chadwick.

George Templeton Strong is a composer who

has, perhaps, received more glory abroad than at home.

Harry Rove Shelley is a writer of some of the most popular songs ever published.

Frank Van der Stucken is remarkable, not only for his own work, but for the interest he has aroused through the world in American compositions.

MacDowell's songs and piano pieces are bold and original.

The works of Ethelbert Nevin have the good fortune to win the favour of both critical and popular audiences. A writer of the same class is Gerrit Smith. There is some worth in the music of Arthur Bird and James H. Rogers.

C. B. Hawley has written several songs, while Wilson G. Smith is the American ballad writer. Horatio W. Parker has won a position among American composers by a number of orchestral works.

I must mention the names of such composers as P. A. Schmecker, Miss Fanny Spencer, H. H. A. Beach, Jules Jordan, John Hyatt Brewer, F. G. Dossert, E. Phelps, C. Whitney Coombs, W. H. Neidlinger, O. B. Boise, Clayton Johns, and H. H. Huss.

Just as America has not yet produced a Meyer-

beer, so she has not found her Offenbach. But, withal, the past few years have given a few pretty comic operas.

The composer of the successful "Robber of the Rhine" is Charles Puerner.

A very ambitious composer is William Furst.

Gustave Kerker wrote "The Pearl of Pekin."

Wilson Morse is the composer of those two successful comic operas, "Wang" and "Panjandrum."

It is a strange thing to observe that such an energetic, bold, and home-changing race as the Americans have such a sad and melancholy national song as "Home, Sweet Home," which brought to John Howard Payne both fame and considerable fortune.

But this song, although it is one of the treasures of the English language, and is a very pleasing piece of music, never excites so much enthusiasm as the merry and lively "Yankee Doodle." This fact has been noticed, not by me only, but by many European travellers. This is what the Comte d'Haussonville, describing a concert in Baltimore, says about it :

"The band plays a national American air, 'Hail Columbia,' which was, during the War of Secession, an air of the Federal Government. Re-

served and cold applause; the people are not moved by it.

“Then they play briskly a piece which was not on the programme, and which, they whispered to me, was an air adopted by the army of the South, ‘Maryland, My Maryland.’ It is a pretty melody, of German origin, I think, with slow and sad movement, which is striking as the national hymn of a conquered people. This time there is a division; a part of the crowd applauds with enthusiasm, the other remains cold, and I even see some frowning faces.

“Then, at once, the band attacks with vigour and life the true American air, at least, a very popular air, one dating from the War for Independence, ‘Yankee Doodle.’ This time no division; everybody applauded and cried encore.”

This old air unites all national sentiments, and expresses better the optimistical and healthy disposition of the great American fatherland far better than “The Star-Spangled Banner.”

CHAPTER XII.

PROTESTANTISM.

“**Y**OU are happy in America, you believe,” said François Coppée to an American reporter, “believing, you act after Christian ideas. The worst thing I know about you is that you have too many sects.”

“But we have a movement for Christian union, which increases.”

“Good! And if that succeeds, and you can keep your faith, you will have the force to make what you will of society.”

François Coppée was never in America, but, by the strength of his poetical intuition, he sees farther than some people with their eyes, and he comprehends a great many qualities and virtues among Americans, which one can consider as the result of their faith, as the consequence of a form of a religion, which is not lost in the searching after mysteries, but preaching that the “noblest gesture that there is, is to open wide the hand.”

“Give without hoping for return;
Give without knowing who receives.”

“L’amour ne connaît pas de limites; nous ne pouvons refaire les miracles du Christ. . . . Mais il y a d’autres miracles, bien plus utiles pour nous, que tous nous pouvons accomplir au cours de la vie, ce sont les miracles de la charité, de la pitié, de l’amour pour autrui.”

And not only preaching but also practising “kindness, more kindness, always kindness.”

In fact, human feeling is more developed among Americans than among Europeans. Is this due to a higher degree of civilization? I do not think so, because there can be no doubt that in Europe civilization is higher, if we do not consider the use of the telephone and electricity as the highest expression of civilization.

Is it due to the virtue of primitive nations? I do not believe it, for, in this country, Protestants and Catholics are, one can say, of the same age. But as there is more kindness among Protestants, the conclusion is a very clear one: the virtues seen among Protestants must be the results of their religion, the dowry of their faith,—less mystic, less flying to the sky, but more practical, more human. They are not satisfied with the morals of a two-cent catechism, but they ask, “Is

there anything more noble than the open hand?" They teach: "Do the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number;" "Do the greatest possible good to your body, to your soul, to your fellow men." I do not intend to write an essay on two religions, but I will quote here the truthful exclamation of Comte de Châteaubriand: "Catholicism gives us magnificent cathedrals; Protestantism factories and prosperity of the masses, — you can choose which you please."

Though I admire so much the masterpieces of art inspired by the warm Catholic faith, I do not hesitate to follow the logic of the author of "*Origines de la France Contemporaine*," H. Taine, who prefers Protestantism to Catholicism on account of the respect of the individual man, rather than the author of "*Génie du Christianism*," in which he showed the beauty of Catholicism by poetic descriptions of its phases.

Protestantism not only gives more satisfaction to the poetic conception of life, but it helps also to chain the natural tendencies of man, which are towards brutality and egotism.

"Catholicism is faulty on account of its formidable administration, and because it does not leave enough liberty to the free interpretation of the universe by the individual."

Such is the opinion also of such French modern authors as Paul Bourget, Voguë, and many other French thinkers in the "*Collège de France*," in the "*Sorbonne*" and in the "*Institut*."

There is a beauty in Catholicism, but beauty is not as valuable as virtue. Between Antinous and Saint Vincent de Paul there is no comparison.

The importance of the influence of Protestantism in every-day life, I understand only as I linger in this country, and think of the causes of the development of the individuality of the American citizen. Among many other factors I found this powerful one, the religion. In fact, Protestantism commences its work with the child in Sunday school, in Sunday school concerts, in church entertainments, and all sorts of things favourable to the development of individuality. Protestantism does not bend those young branches under the power of authority, but develops their qualities and teaches them to practise kindness.

It is the same in after years. Protestantism emphasizes the worth of good deeds, insists upon this point, giving you freedom in all respects. "If any man will do His will," — this is not the will of the future tense, not a redundant word, but the very kernel and core of the whole teaching. "The

real force of the Greek is, if any one is willing and earnestly desirous, or has a mind, a sincere purpose to do God's will, he hereby puts himself in the sure way to gain light, and to know Christ's teaching," said Rev. Walter Barton, minister of the Congregational Church, which is to be considered as the national American Church.

What can be greater and give more impulse toward individuality?

And now take into consideration the large-heartedness of Phillips Brooks, who preached a universal religion, a religion of deeds, of kindness, of humanity, not restrained by any dogma or by any sect, but as large as the universe, as human as can be,—as only human feeling is the best part of us, the best religion, said our great orator, Comte de Mirabeau.

In my judgment, Christian ethics, not bristled up with mysteries and the infallibilities of dogmas, but applied to life, personified in kindness, "more kindness, always kindness," is the most beautiful religion on earth, the purest, the noblest, and it is the very thing which will save us from destruction.

The fact that one sees but seldom a beggar in Protestant countries, and especially in America, is to be attributed, not wholly to the severe law

against begging, nor to the fact that the Anglo-Saxon race is very proud, but to the actions of Protestants, who will not permit their fellow men to suffer in time of need.

We all know how hard has been the year 1894, how much misery there has been all over the country; but in the small cities, towns and villages, where almost everybody belongs to some congregation, the suffering was not so great, because the parishioners made provision for those members who were needy.

The statement made by Miss Willard when she returned from England, that she gives to the Americans the precedence in a fraternal feeling for each other, a more brotherly and sisterly love, I can attribute only to the warmer faith of Americans.

Has America ever contributed any great principle to the theology of the world?

Yes, indeed. First of all, it has succeeded in successfully separating the Church from the State. In America, alone, of all the countries of the world, religion is entirely free from State control and support. It has been demonstrated that the Church and religion have been strengthened by this separation.

Growing out of this has come the gradual development of the conception in the popular mind of the separation of religion from ecclesiasticism, a realization of the truth that the spirit of religion is not only more important than any of its forms, but is not wholly dependent upon them.

They began with that, and from it has grown up the conception of a possibility of a church union, based, not upon the incorporation of all churches in one, but on a perception of a deeper spiritual life in which all Christian churches are essentially as one.

Such a gathering as the Parliament of Religions could not have been held,—and, in my judgment, such a proposal as that of the Episcopalian Church for church unity could not have been made,—but for the influence of American religious ideas and inspirations.

In addition to these achievements, there have been, of course, notable contributions, both to theological thought and to religious life, by American churches and thinkers. For instance, there is New England Puritanism, and, growing out of it, New England Unitarianism; then there comes American Methodism, and the movement popularly known as Campbellism. The latter is more important than most of us realize. It stands

the best of liberalism and breadth in many Western communities. The first of these movements is in the direction of religious activity, and the other is in the direction of religious simplicity and liberty.

Then,—and what could be more important?—comes the American Sunday school life.

This is distinctive and different from anything else in the world. The democratic spirit which it has encouraged has given great impetus to such movements as the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour. These have, of course, flourished in England and certain European countries, but their growth there does not compare with their growth here.

Beside these, America has had many religious thinkers, such as the Beechers, father and son, Bushnell, and Finney, of Oberlin. These names would occur to every one. If I do not mention Edwards and Emmons, Hopkins and Hodge, it is because they hardly represent a product of American thought, but only vigorous American representations of ancient Augustinian theology.

American young thinkers,—and young in this connection means youthful in thought, not necessarily youthful in years,—have shown, all along,

the same spirit of enterprise in theology that American business men have shown in commerce.

Will the American Protestantism evangelize the world?

CHAPTER XIII.

SECTS.

EVERYTHING new is taking in this New World. Precisely speaking, "Theosophy" is the oldest of the old faiths, but it has been so long forgotten that it looks like something new, and it has been taken up very quickly, so that to-day there are said to be a million and a half believers in the United States alone, while in France there are about three hundred only.

Undoubtedly, this extraordinary development can be attributed to Madame Blavatsky, the extraordinary Cossack, who was the leader of the "Theosophic" sect.

While in a state of catalepsy she appeared double; sometimes an archangel spoke with her equivocal lips, sometimes a horrible and vile demon roared. She was always strange and varied under frightful and bad influence; but, notwithstanding her faults and mistakes, she was fascinating.

By her fascinating ways, she won over to her sect the Comtesse d'Adhemar and the Duchesse

de Pomar. She was recognized as the messenger of the human gods of Thibet, notwithstanding all the attacks of the *New York Sun*, which called her, not thaumaturgus, but juggler.

This is her picture. Her head was dressed in a black fichu, her body was wrapped in a big, shapeless garment, half blouse and half overcoat, belted in with a kind of monk's girdle. Her thick and almost white hair was crimped above her forehead. Her large eyes were inexplicable, steel-coloured, with the look, half ferocious, half divine, of the archangel destroying the universe.

What is there womanly in those features, marked by the control of a terrible will?

The nose was spreading and large, as in the case of old people who love good living; the strong mouth was marked a little by disdain or fury, by an enthusiasm that could not be satisfied here below.

The hand alone was infinitely aristocratic; so fine, so white, so slender, that one might imagine it the hand of some cherub.

Her admirers pretended that, during the ten years preceding her death, she lived miraculously, as she had been doomed by all her physicians; also, that much which she said or wrote was not from her, but came to her from invisible masters.

Her power of suggestion was wonderful. Often she said, "Look in your laps," and the one who looked perceived an enormous spider. Then she smiled and said, "This spider does not exist, I merely wanted to show it to you."

When she was writing "Isis Unveiled," or "The Secret Doctrine," she sometimes fell asleep; upon waking, she would find thirty or forty pages in another handwriting, and she was unable to explain the strange fact.

Please bear in mind that this is the opinion of her admirers and not mine.

After her came Colonel Olcott, the administrator of the society of which Blavatsky was the great master.

The "Theosophical" society, as a society, has no dogmas. It has three declared objects :

1. To form the nucleus of an universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour.
2. To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and to demonstrate the importance of their study.
3. To investigate unexplained laws of nature, and the psychic powers latent in man.

The "Theosophic" philosophy might be said to postulate two quite distinct yet closely interwoven lines of heredity, through which the laws of Karma and Reincarnation become operative. One is that of the body, in which physical characteristics and disease are transmitted; the other can hardly be correctly spoken of as heredity, since it is really the continuance of the mind and higher principles which, in its new personality, receive as an inheritance from those preceding the doom or burden of their deserts.

But this is not the limit of the Theosophist's division of the composite man, which goes much beyond the orthodox segregation into body and soul. From the Theosophic standpoint, the body is not a "principle," but merely a temporary "house of clay," infused by a "life principle," which is universal, inextinguishable, and which, upon the death of the body, simply goes out again to the general life wave for entrance into and vivification of other forms. And the body, as we see and know it, is but an insensate, powerless clod, all its apparent sensations and impulses having their origination, perception, and direction, in higher intangible principles, and manifesting through the "astral" form, upon and in conformity to which the physical body is moulded.

The principles acting through the "astral" medium are Karma and Manas. The former is the "animal soul," impeller of sensuous desires and energy, a potent power for debasement if uncontrolled.

Manas (which signifies mind) is susceptible to subdivision into the "lower," which affords intellectual direction in life, the dominating force in material matters during mundane existence, and is properly known as the human soul. Yielding to the seductions of influences of the animal soul, it may altogether lose its hold upon the higher principles, and, at the end of a life of evil, drop, with the personality to which it belongs, out of the chain of evolutionary reincarnation.

The "higher" Manas, with the Atmic cry of pure spirit from the divine sources, and the connecting link or bond between them, known as Buddhi (wisdom), constitute the spiritual soul, or "Atma-Manasic triad:" the true individuality which passes through the experiences of many personalities, but is "birthless, and deathless, and changeless forever." This spiritual soul is the "Ever conscious seer and knower," and directs the selection by the human soul, in proportion to its Karmic deserts, of the fleshy bodies in which the stages of its pilgrimage shall be made.

Such is the condensed philosophy of the Theosophic belief.

It is right to call this sect *fin de siècle*, as Theosophists themselves claim that their masters always choose the last twenty-five years of each century; thus we have seen in the eighteenth century in Europe, Cagliostro, Saint-Germain, and Cazotte.

I do not know whether there were any in America at the same time.

Everybody knows of the Mormons; as it is not necessary to talk about them, I will only say that it is only by Mormonism that America could remain American, and not become Irish a hundred years from now.

“How is that?” some one will ask.

The answer is very simple. The progeny of the prophets of this sect are very numerous. An enormous nuptial bed, and many wives, could lead only to extensive living consequences.

What a man this Brigham Young was!

If the junior Brigham should follow his good example, we would have, in fifty years from now, a Brighamic people!

Go to-day to Salt Lake City, and ask, “Where are the women?”

Women? They are only a legend! The Mormon has now only one wife; the disciple of Brigham Young is reduced to the daily contemplation of the charms of the same wife, and he must be satisfied with her; if not, the most severe punishment awaits him. Such was the strict decision of Congress. A Mormon who was discussing it said:

“All this is a pity; they persecute us for having shown our frankness in practising publicly that which others practise as hypocrites.”

Nothing but a memory remains of this “happy” time when the Mormon could pass from the brunette to the blonde, from red to light auburn.

You can see only the bed of the prophet.

What a bed!—and it once contained a Cytherean squadron. To-day this venerable piece of furniture is forgotten in dust and neglect.

By the by, I found a proof that the Frenchman is the most witty fellow in the world. (You see that already I am Americanized to the extent of adopting your pet expression.) Go to the capitol of the Mormons and look on their register,—not one Frenchman! If that is not wit, we do not know what wit is. It is useless to go to search for that which we have near at hand. On the contrary, there are many English and Saxons, less numer-

ous now, it is true, since the vexatious law does not permit the luxury of more than one legitimate wife.

But there is, in America, a sect more interesting than the Mormons, the "Oneida Community," or "Free Lovers."

It was originated by Dr. Noyes. The members of this sect believe in the community of property, and their principal maxim is that marriage is a most shameful institution. In fact, what is marriage, if not the entire consecration of a man to a woman and of a woman to a man? Those two beings are egotistical, and reserve for each other a love which society shall not enjoy. But, as human beings have passions which must be satisfied, the best way is to guide them, to control them, and to have the youth of both sexes associate in love with older and more experienced people.

Conclusion : a board of directors, composed of the elders, called "Fathers" and "Mothers," decide upon the unions which should be made ; they choose a young girl for a gray beard, or a young man for woman of mature age. If a mutual repugnance exists between the two appointed persons they have the privilege of excusing themselves ; finally, if a young man desires a certain

woman, he must refrain from speaking to her, but go to the director and tell him privately :

“Look here, will you assign me for the next month the red one?”

In fact, every month the committee arranges a certain number of matches. As for the children, if there are any, they receive an education at the expense of the community, but, according to their doctrine, it is not necessary to desire to have them.

And so this amiable Dr. Noyes wished to legitimise vice and debauchery. It is probable that he was homely and incapable of inspiring anything but aversion ; therefore, he invented an ingenious way of procuring a wife in the name of religion.

Not a very stupid, and certainly not an expensive, way !

The city of Boston is the home of a very strange sect, which was developed in an extraordinary way, and which, actually, has members all over the United States. I refer to the Christian Scientists, who claim to be able to cure all moral and physical disease.

I tried several times to get an explanation of this religion, but I got only such answers as the following :

“Our belief is so difficult to define and even to understand, that it takes years and years of study, and even then it would be impossible for one who is indifferent to understand it; one must have faith to be able to penetrate such a mystery.”

The first principle of this religion is this: We are made in the image of God, consequently we are perfect; God, then, has not created disease, either physical or moral; if it exists it is because there are bad people in the world. The really good people who will belong to our sect will be free from all suffering and will live a long time, if not, indeed, always.

If, by chance, we have any sickness, it is the old story of “spoiled grapes;” our neighbor is to blame and we have to conjure the evil, not by a prayer, as we are in perpetual communion with the Lord, but by reasoning and by assuring ourselves that our misfortune is caused by a bad soul and that we will not suffer.

Ouf! How can one understand such stuff!

You catch typhoid fever, meditate in a corner and say to your disease:

“Excuse me, madam, you are mistaken; I am exceedingly good; do me the favour to go back whence you came, as I do not like to have anything to do with you.”

This done, the fever recognizes that it has made a mistake, and you are cured.

You must not call the doctor, or the charm will be broken ; not to mention that, perhaps, his soul is wicked, and that he would communicate to you some evil which you did not already have.

To obtain successful results, one must be a professor in Christian sciences, and have worked a long time. A simple believer cannot cure himself, he must go to one of those spiritual doctors, and generally they are women.

No matter how foolish this doctrine may seem, I must acknowledge that it is practised, not only among the working class, but among people of high life, also.

It is not necessary to see the woman doctor, if she is a homely one ; one can write to her three times a week. Having been cured of one sickness, a person can be treated afterwards by telegraph. Awaking at eight o'clock in the morning with inflammation of the lungs, one can send her a dispatch, and, about noon, having received an answer, he will feel better. You can even use the telephone.

“ Hello, central, hello. Please give me Boston 555.”

“ All right.”

A second after :

“Hello, is that Dr. Ella Terhune?”

“Yes, who is this?”

“Good morning, Doc. I passed last evening with a ‘friend’ who gave me an awful headache. What shall I do?”

No doubt, if the prescription does not cure, it will not make you any worse; you can try it.

CHAPTER XIV.

IMMIGRATION.

“**W**HAT is the matter with you, O’Reilly ; you look troubled,” said a seaman to an Irishman on board a steamer approaching New York.

“Well, I have reason to be troubled ; the steamer is behind time ; to-morrow is election day, as you know, and if we get in too late, I will not be able to vote.”

“But is n’t it your first visit to America ?”

“Yes ; but that has nothing to do with my voting.”

“I should think it would ; you are not a citizen of the United States, and so you cannot vote.”

“Oh, Croker makes every Irishman vote as soon as he has landed.”

The inconceivable energy, developed in this country by a people who have been slaves in their own country for several centuries, is the principal cause of the irritation against foreigners. Of course, in order not to show their true feelings, Americans speak about the Hungarians, Chinese,

Poles, and Italians, accusing them of coming to this country only to make money, and, as soon as they have made some, of going back to their own country. They say, also, that they work for lower wages than American workmen; but, at the bottom of all those accusations, there is justified jealousy resulting from the preponderance of the Irish element in the political affairs of some places. Hence, the opposition of many Americans to immigration, and the repressive laws recently made against it.

Are they right?

Ma foi! Yes, from the egotistical point of view, they are entirely right; but from a better, more humane point of view, and even from the economical point of view, they are wrong.

Americans, who are religious people, should not forget that God, in creating this earth and the different races on it, did not destine one race to be rich, and the other poor, one to have abundance, and the other to be in want.

Until the time of Darwin, although many injustices were done, many bloody battles were fought, and the world belonged to the strong, the brutal fight for life, among more civilized nations, was cloaked over by the mantle of more elevated ideas, — religion, civilization, etc.

The Anglo-Saxon race has produced Darwin, who justifies the iniquities committed in the struggle for life, and makes from them implacable laws.

Happily for mankind, Darwin's theories have not been adopted by the Christian world; the Bible has not been replaced by the theory of evolution.

All hatred of other people, no matter of what nationality, is contrary to the Christian doctrine. Jesus Christ never excited antagonism between nations; He never excited one people against another, but, having a heart larger than Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, Moses, and Mahomet, he embraced in His sublime doctrine all mankind.

Ah! surely man is very wicked to have distorted such elevated principles!

History tells us, moreover, that Americans are wrong in usurping this continent for themselves alone, because we know that America belongs to the whole white race *jure caduco*, and by no means to the Anglo-Saxons exclusively. You know it as well as I do; then by what reason do you claim that this country shall belong exclusively to the Anglo-Saxons? You are here in a majority, and it is your opportunity, but do not excite *hatred*

against others unless you wish to be obliged to acknowledge that St. Barthélemi night, that the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, that the horrible persecutions of Duke of Alba in Holland, were just attacks on Protestants.

And then open your history and read :

“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.”

Then such men as Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and Adams declared that “all men are created equal,” and the Americans consider themselves the equals of the British, although the latter were richer and stronger ; but to-day they do not consider the Italians equal to them, because the Italians are poorer.

It is exactly the same with the European *bourgeois*, who claims to be equal to a count, but considers himself superior to a workman.

In those times Americans, desiring to be happy, claimed that the “pursuit of happiness is an inalienable right ;” to-day, being happy themselves, they restrict the chances of others for “the pursuit of happiness.”

Is that right ? Answer yourselves.

More practical and more eloquent arguments even are furnished by political economy.

In the first place, those poor devils work in the construction of your railroads and of your sewers and of your mines. To-day, a country cannot be considered as civilized without roads and without water and without sewerage systems. You know that very well. Those dirty foreigners, spoken of by you with so much contempt, civilize your own country. Without them, you would be as wild as Asia, or you would be obliged to come down in your notions.

Some one will tell me that the American workmen would build such works if they were better paid. It is false. In the first place, nobody prevents you from taking American workmen, paying them more and giving them work in preference to foreigners. But you do not do it, and, consequently, economical struggles do not belong to the domain of patriotism.

In the second place, the American workman is very aristocratic in a democratic country, and he would not do the dirty work of the streets, or such hard work as railroad building. When he is working he must have gloves, and after work a rocking-chair, a carpet under his feet, and a china cuspidore, articles which he cannot find in the

deserts, through which the railroad must be built. Such dirty and laborious work is good enough for Irish and Italians and Chinese; mining is good enough for Hungarians.

Then there can be no doubt that these poor people render great service to this country for a paltry dollar or less per day. Then why not be just towards them, at least, and acknowledge the true value of their work?

Why consider them as inferior, because they do not have carpets in their lodgings, and new ten-dollar suits on their backs on Sunday! Do you think that such things constitute real superiority? No, a thousand times no! If you would acknowledge the truth, those poor, dirty Italian sewer builders are superior to your proud and rough American workmen. I will tell you why: They know their trade better than eighty per cent. of the American workmen do.

Of course, an American is clever enough to do everything, but can he do it well? That is the question which can be honestly answered, no. It has been so answered even by Americans, who have been much abroad, and by those who have in their employment foreign and American workmen.

And then those dirty Italians are polite, and have a love of the beautiful, such as no nation has ; they are faithful wives and husbands ; they love their sunny country, and you must agree that that is a virtue, and, like every virtue, it must be admired.

The same reflections, *mutatis mutandis*, can be applied to the other nations.

Another economical point is this : those immigrants come here poor, they work, and by their work increase the riches of the country, and the riches of Americans. Nothing is more simple ; but, as the simplest things are generally overlooked, so it is with this point.

Just listen, and you will understand.

Suppose that a hundred thousand immigrants come each year to this country ; suppose that they have only ten dollars apiece ; it is a million of ready money that they bring here.

Now, suppose that each of those hundred thousand buy two pairs of shoes per year, it is two hundred thousand pairs of shoes sold by the American producers. It will be the same with hats, shirts, coats, furniture, etc. And, as almost all the manufacturing business is in the hands of Americans, who profits by it ?

How many Americans have become millionaires by selling land to the immigrants ?

How many have accumulated riches by building houses for them, selling lumber, bricks, etc. ?

How many thousands of watches have they sold ? for every workman, after he has a little money, buys a watch and chain.

Who has profited by all this ?

A strong objection is, that those dreadful foreigners do not stay here, but as soon as they make money leave the country. But even this is an advantage to the United States, as newcomers need watches, and chains, and pillows, and blankets, and beds, and furniture ; and this makes business and creates a demand, and, when producers find consumers, the country is animated and grows rich.

It is the A, B, C of political economy that the riches of the country are not in the accumulation of gold and silver, but in the amount of work.

America is rich because everybody works here. Russia, with all its natural riches, with plenty of gold and silver, is poor, because they do not work as they do in America.

And the Americans, who claim to be the

smartest people in the world, — and in fact, as I acknowledge myself, they are in many ways, — are blind on this point, because political jealousy of Irish preponderance in some places puts the scales on their eyes.

And where is your celebrated American eye?

I am not writing a dissertation on political economy, but I cannot refrain from expressing some economical truths which, perhaps, will help my American friends to look on immigration from the right point of view.

It is entirely wrong to suppose that a country is poor because of the lack of money.

It is calculated by M. Oscar Comettant that the whole amount of gold coin in the world is eighteen billions of francs, and of silver coin twenty billions of francs. The population of our planet is one billion and a half. If this entire stock of money should be divided among the population of the globe, every single individual would have 25.33 francs. Everybody would be poor.

Let us make another supposition: let us suppose that by some natural phenomenon a gold powder should fall upon the surface of the earth, and that everybody could be a millionaire. It would not make life more easy, because you would be obliged to pay a hundred dollars for a pound of bread,

twenty dollars for an egg, and for everything in proportion; because an abundance of precious metals has the effect of increasing the price of everything which must be bought, as well as the wages of the workman, without changing the ratio of things.

It is not on account of the abundance of gold that a country is rich, but on the extent of production balanced by the same extent of consumption.

There are one and a half billions of people on the earth, but this same surface can support very easily six billions!

Some of the States of the Union are larger than France, which feeds forty millions, while they have a few thousands only.

It has been stated, and not once, that man lives by the production from the earth. Then we have to cultivate more and work more, so that we may have more to eat and be happier, and we should not be obliged to drive away others.

Of course, to cultivate more land takes money, but your millionaires, your insurance companies, your banks, have plenty of it; why not, then, have an economical organization with a view to facilitating the cultivation of land?

Why not follow those enterprises which already have been successful in California and Texas, irri-

gating the land and making unproductive territory pay interest of more than a hundred per cent. ?

In such a way the hatred of the foreigner in this country will become less, brotherly love and natural riches will increase, and this great country will become really great !

CHAPTER XV.

ORIGINALITY.

THE immoderate love of eccentricity makes the American most happy when he is talked about in the four corners of the world.

They say that Barnum never was so happy as one day when he received a letter from Europe addressed —

“Mr. Barnum.”

There was no further direction.

To be so well known, any genuine American would give his last dollar. (?)

Love of originality or eccentricity is the cause of the coloured dinners. According to the fancy of the mistress of the house who invites you, you will be present at a yellow, blue, pink, or green dinner.

Suppose it is a pink dinner, then, no matter where you turn, you will see pink, for the mistress of the house asks the ladies to come dressed in pink. Of course, it is out of the question to ask the men to wear pink pants and pink frocks; a

pink necktie will do for them ; the dining-room is lost in flowers of this colour, the table-cloth is decorated with pink ribbons.

Once, in passing a church, I saw written on the bulletin board : " Yellow tea this evening."

I had heard already of green tea, and black tea, but never had heard of yellow tea, and I at once concluded that a new kind of tea had been put on the market.

Not at all ! The yellow was all in your eye ; it was the same old tea.

I never heard of a black dinner, and yet it might be given in good taste by people in mourning. The waiters might be darkies, for a table-cloth they could use a winding sheet, and they could even restore the black broth of the Spartans.

In this hunt after originality, the American never stops. To the coloured dinners he added historical and literary dinners.

At the very first, every guest must play the part of the personage whose name is written on the *menu*. Thus, for instance, a rich grocer may have to play " Carl the Great ;" a pork packer represents " Richelieu ;" the mother of five children, " Jeanne d'Arc ;" while her oldest daughter plays " Marie Stuart." A clergyman is called on

to represent "Borgia," and his wife, "Madame de Pompadour." There are some anachronisms, as, for instance :

"How did you discover America?" asks Washington of Columbus.

"Searching after something eccentric."

"Were the Knickerbockers already here at that time?"

"Don't mention it; there was nobody else here."

But such mistakes do not count, and everybody has a splendid time.

The courses, too, must be historical. I give a *menu* for the edification of my readers :

POTAGE.

Crème de vertu à la Washington.

ENTRÉES.

Filet de sole Colbert.

Grillade de Huguenots à la Charles IX.

RÔTIS.

Châteaubriand à la Soubise.

Gelinottes à la Cromwell.

LÉGUMES.

Pommes Richelieu.

Choux-fleurs Pierre le Grand.

GLACE.

Bombe Franklin.

For literary people, one of the most popular is the Shakespeare dinner :

POTAGE.

Larmes de Juliette.

ENTRÉES.

Grenouilles à la Falstaff.

Ris de veau à la Hamlet.

RÔTIS.

Bœuf Shylock.

Rossignols à la Romeo.

Épinard Lady Macbeth.

LÉGUMES.

Petit pois Iago.

GLACE.

Oreilles d'Othello.

I do not see what new thing they can find. There will, perhaps, be one thing, but it is so doubtful, that I hesitate to mention it,—a dinner without an ex-governor.

And then there is a profusion of original inventions of every sort !

A school-teacher does not need to trouble himself with the punishment of a recalcitrant pupil ; he presses a button, and immediately the luckless youngster feels upon his hidden roundness the

sensation of a vigorous slap, — “something does the rest.”

There is another invention to protect the people against all aggressions in the street. An electric battery hidden under the vest protects perfectly. It is more comfortable and more certain than a revolver, which very often shoots wide of the mark on account of the excitement of the one who uses it.

A gentleman goes out in the evening. His wife asks him from the top of the stairs :

“Have you your battery, dear?”

“Yes, darling, I have it.”

And his spouse, thus assured, goes to bed peacefully, while he goes to his club.

In a narrow and dark street two highwaymen meet him. One of them advances and cries : “Hands up!” But, at the same moment, he feels a vigorous shock which knocks him down. Two others come to help him, — the same fate.

“There they lie down. . . ”

They are talking about the invention of a machine for the correct carriage of millionaires. You know how difficult it is to have refined manners when for thirty or forty years one had driven a nag or worked as miner, and suddenly made millions in a *bonanza*.

The machine will give the correct posture, and, if he abandons it, immediately an electric shock will announce to him that he is not correct, and he will again take his proper pose, as if he were before the photographer.

The same invention will be applied in the Senate.

When a Senator tries by mazy arguments to secure the passage of some law for which he has been bribed, a vigorous electric shock will send him to his seat, where he will remain *hors de combat*, to the great benefit of the whole country.

I shall speak now about another originality: Its partisans ask for a reform in woman's dress; the chief articles in their platform are: no more corsets; no more tight skirts; no more slavery in fashion; let us give to the figure its true form; the body should be dressed under the skirt in tights, leaving to the legs all their suppleness, and freeing them from the many skirts, the rustle of which is more attractive than comfortable. In this way a young miss can give herself up to the most varied diversions without compromising her modesty; she can climb the trees, even, with the agility of a squirrel.

Controversy about the dress of women is very

animated. Some women are for skirts, while others are for masculinisation.

To decide such an important question, the American woman ought to appeal to the Emperor Commodus.

What!—some lover of easy puns will say— appeal to the Emperor Commodus in a question of commodiousness?

Yes! Because this Emperor once decreed that the necessity of clothing does not require any difference, and, he concluded:

“Why should the style of clothes be different, if both sexes make the same use of them?”

Oh, innocent soul! Where did you find that the use was the same? How soon you would change your opinion if you saw the real fashion?

His answer does not solve the problem, which, one can say, will never be solved to the general satisfaction, for the simple reason that there are in the world two classes of women,—the well built and the badly built; that which is becoming to some will never please the others. A costume which you would find charming, when worn by a pretty girl, would look hideous on girls with thin legs; and I am sure that even so masculine looking a woman as Frances E. Willard or Miss Jeanette Gilder would not vote for it.

So, one party will constantly cry, "Show it;" the other, "Oh, no! hide it." Even with the help of Commodus the question will remain unanswered. I am glad of it, because there will be at least one thing in which the American will not be successful.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the Americans to be the first nation in the world, even in originality, they are surpassed by Australians, with an innovation which lacks neither novelty nor philosophy.

They have abolished the classical wedding repast, and replaced it by a divorce dinner.

All the friends of both parties are invited; the rice and old slippers are replaced by the wedding rings, which are cut in two, and served in a pie.

What a pretty subject for vaudeville!

You can see that those smart Australians surpass Americans in originality, and the French in gastronomy.

Australian gastronomy is better advised than ours. In Europe, we enjoy prematurely *à propos d'un inconnu*, something which may be terrible or disappointing. In Europe, do they not drink the health of husbands, who later shall have *canardé* their wives, and the health of wives who shall have *revolverisé* their husbands?

There is nothing more imprudent than to discount the happiness of this mundane sphere!

In Australia, on the contrary, they know what they are doing. It is a full deliverance that they celebrate to the music :

*Liberté chérie,
Seul bien de la vie.*

Behold a truly practical people ; this is one occasion when the American gets left !

CHAPTER XVI.

NEW ENGLAND.

I FEEL like writing a few lines about the New England weather. Oh! I do not expect to compete with Mark Twain, who has described New England weather so wittily.

If you go to buy a cigar, the storekeeper feels that it is his duty to assure you :

“Beautiful weather, is it not?”

In fact, everybody talks about the weather in this country. Why? Is it because it is so changeable?

To have the opinion of some good authority, though Americans do not believe in authorities, I went to see a “big-bug,” as you say, and *un gros bonnet*, as we say, in the meteorological department.

My conversation with him was very edifying, something like the following :

“Mr. Observer, do you not find that we are freezing, and then, in a few hours, roasted?”

“Well, it depends on one’s temperament, my dear sir.”

“Do you not think, sir, that the spots on the sun have something to do with it?”

“We know absolutely nothing about it, sir.”

“Well, what is the cause of such changes in the weather, sir?”

“We have never known anything about it, sir.”

“I am sure, sir, that the weather is not normal, this year we do not have rain enough.”

“I cannot help that, sir. And besides, the weather is not the same through the country.”

“Well, that makes no difference to us, sir.”

“Then, to reassure you, I will tell you that, during the last fifty years, we have had twenty summers drier than this one. That is all, sir, that I can do for you or for the country.”

“Then there really is no information which you can give me; I will bid you good-day, sir.”

“Oh! do not take your hat off, sir, you say that you are freezing. I do not wish your politeness to cause you a cold.”

Upon that we separated, the astronomer asking himself what the deuce this Frenchman wanted to know about our weather, and I congratulating myself on having had a little more original conversation about the weather than with my tailor.

But let us talk now, seriously, about New England.

I think that this enormous country of America and its civilisation can be divided, evidently in *abstract*, into three parts,—the South, the East, and the West.

The South is past, the East is present, and the West is future.

Let us speak first of the past.

Soon after the Pilgrims and Puritans, escaping the religious persecution of the Stuarts, had colonized the North, the vanquished partisans of Charles I. also came to this new world to seek an asylum and a home.

A very strange destiny indeed, which brought, without any distinction, to the same distant shore, those who placed religious liberty and political independence, and those who placed monarchical devotion, above all other things! A strange destiny which made volunteer outlaws, zealous Protestants, fervent Catholics, passionate liberals, and fanatic royalists citizens of a great Republic!

The South was colonized by a nobility which brought with it the *débris* of its fortune, imported its traditions, its ideas, its hopes. Every Englishman of good family, even if he was only a youngster of the family, was a business man, who knew how to count, to value his estate, to manage great enterprises, and, in this new continent, where the

soil was without value, but of inexhaustible fecundity, he promptly amassed a new fortune.

Those noblemen had preserved, not only the love of generous and refined living which was contracted in the court of the Stuarts, they preserved the forms of it, also. They built large residences on their plantations, similar to those in which they lived in England, with massive chimneys, pointed roofs, mahogany stairs, narrow windows, and large piazzas. They preserved, also, their social traditions, and love of domination. They led an easy existence, leaving much of their time for hunting, fishing, horse-racing, and athletic sports. They established a new race, which considered itself superior by blood, by lineage, by the experience and responsibility of commanding, by refinement of manners, by intellectual preeminence and culture.

It was this race that, by reason of rights which no one contested, furnished to the American Union its legislators, statesmen, and generals; it was this race that governed and controlled in Congress and in the field, that established a supremacy of the South over the North, which lasted until the day when, based upon slavery, it fell in the most bloody Civil War which the world had ever known.

Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Lee, Paine, Monroe, came from its ranks. The South furnished to the United States as Presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, and Johnson.

To-day the South is the past, for I shall not turn prophet like Baron de Hübner, who, in his *Promenade autour du monde*, sees in the future an independent South. It is the *grand peut-être* of Rabelais applied to politics.

While the Southern immigrants, who constituted the aristocratic element of the future United States, gave to their possession the name of "Old Dominion," the Northern settlements were penetrated with a strong democratic feeling which prevailed and spread all over the United States, and penetrated all social, political, and religious institutions. I do not hesitate in saying that the grandeur of America is due to their vigorous ideas; that what is best in American institutions came from their healthy democracy, —everything except the finest culture, which is coming now little by little. An important consideration in estimating the glory of the East is that, as the fight for the independence of the United States was commenced here, as Wendell

Phillips made his first antislavery speech here, so the artistic and literary movement was started here.

It is in New England that Benjamin Franklin was born ; it is in New England that such glorious poets as Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell have shone ; it is in New England that Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips, Winthrop, Hawthorne, and Emerson were born ; it is in New England that such artists as Allston, Copley, William Hunt, Fuller, Foxcroft Cole painted ; it is New England that produced the finest American architect, Richardson ; it is from New England that B. W. Howard, L. M. Alcott, S. O. Jewett, H. M. Harland, T. W. Higginson, Fiske, A. D. T. Whitney, L. C. Moulton, J. G. Austin, F. R. Stockton, T. S. Munger, H. D. Thoreau came.

It is in New England that we find the earliest and best university, Harvard ; it is New England that possesses Tom Reed, and Dr. Everett ; it is New England that possesses Julia Ward Howe, Mark Twain, Mary E. Wilkins ; it is in New England that Enneking, Tarbell, Benson, Hayden, Vinton, Hardie, and Turner paint ; it is in New England that H. H. Kitson, Theo Alice Ruggles, and Dalin, and Bachmann sculpture ; it is from

New England that capital goes to Western enterprises ; it is New England that produced such a famous religious thinker as Phillips Brooks ; New England possesses the largest cotton factories at Fall River, New Bedford, Woonsocket, Lowell, Lawrence, and in the vicinity of Providence ; New England possesses the largest jewelry factories at Providence, and furnishes the whole United States with the jewelry of the Attleboros ; in New England are the largest shoe manufactories, at Brockton, Lynn, and Haverhill ; in New England are the extensive paper mills of Holyoke, and the watch factories of Waltham.

And then, how charming is the style of living here. Their houses are very clean ! “ No splendour, no gilding, no troops of servants, rather straight-backed chairs. But you might eat off the floors, and sit on the stairs. It’s primitive, it’s patriarchal. Their household is wonderfully peaceful and unspotted, pervaded by a sort of dove-coloured freshness that has all the quietude and benevolence of Puritanism, and yet it seems to be founded upon a degree of material abundance, for which, in certain matters of detail, one might have looked in vain at some of the frugal courts of German princes.”

“In these sunny interiors live a gentle, tranquil people, and they live simple, serious lives.”

“They are not gay. They are sober, they are even severe; they are of a pensive cast; they think hard; they have melancholy memories, or depressing expectations.”

“Among the old families, you find tremendously high-toned fellows. They look as if they were undergoing martyrdom, not only by fire, but by freezing. They are wonderfully kind and gentle, they are appreciative. They think one clever, they think one remarkable.”

“Sometimes they are rigid, but it is a rigidity that has liberal tendencies. Their manners are pregnant with a sense of great responsibility, of the solemnity of the occasion. They are infinitely conscientious. They discuss and analyze with a great deal of earnestness and subtlety.”

Life here is perhaps a little dull, but it is an almost sensual pleasure.

I told my American friends several times that I was getting rusty in this country, but growing better.

Small towns in New England are so infinitely rural, but I took a great fancy to all their pastoral rudeness.

And how charming is this American custom of

“dropping in” among the neighbours; there are no servants rushing forward.

“The Americans of the old stock in New England don't seem to me to enjoy themselves. They have money, and liberty, and what is called in Europe, ‘position,’ but they take a painful view of life, as one may say. To enjoy life, to take life without pain, it is not necessary to do anything wrong. It is not what one does or one does not do that promotes enjoyment, it is the general way of looking on life. They look at it here as a kind of discipline.”

Americans of the old stock never ask anything outright; there seem to be many things which they cannot talk about. They are exceedingly polite; they are discreet, oh, how discreet they are!

“I should say there is a wealth without symptoms. A plain, homely way of life. Nothing for show, and very little for — what shall I call it? — for the senses, but a great *aisance*, and a lot of money, out of sight, that comes forward very quietly for subscriptions to institutions, for churches, for the poor, etc.”

It will be a more difficult task to show that the

far West is the future, as the Columbian Fair is a very heavy argument for lovers of that section of the United States.

But they must not forget that Chicago's Fair is not the result of Western culture.

You must remember, also, that many Western enterprises are conducted by Eastern people and Eastern capital, especially by New Englanders.

Western people are proud of the sudden growth of such cities as Denver, Col., but they forget that in Colorado the most active men are the New Englanders, and that their capital has worked those Western wonders.

The West is colonized, I would dare say, almost entirely by Europeans. Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Poles, Russians, Dutch, and even the French, who do not like to emigrate, are attracted by the mild climate of California.

The West is more healthy, morally, and more vigorous, physically. It is the nature of things, the reserve of the future, the place where the primitive type grows and acquires renewed strength.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION.

IS there an American nation? If there is, in what does its unity consist?

An American author said :

“The United States is only an institution, after all. You could not soberly call us a nation, Even you could not reasonably be moved to find patriotic phrases about your native country, if your ancestors had signed twenty Declarations of Independence. We live in a great institution and we have every right to flatter ourselves on the success of its management ; but, in the long run, this thing will not do for a nation.”

I am sorry to differ with this opinion, but my “impression” is that an American nation certainly does exist, strong and coherent, without the least symptom of separatism, without the least idea of division ; a certain class of people loving their country dearly, and cherishing it above all things else.

To be convinced of this, it is sufficient for any

traveller in the United States to have his eyes and his ears open. It seems that the unity consists first of all in the native qualities and strong traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race, recast, strengthened, made flexible and capable of assimilation ; a surprising thing, more surprising even than the survival of the Union during the War of Secession, is that this nation has resisted the invasion of innumerable Irish and Germans, and the perpetual increase of the black element.

She has conserved intact her institutions, she has her own character. She has absorbed the tide which seemed to overflow her. And this is an extraordinary phenomenon when one pauses to think of it.

You can find in the United States large cities, like New York and Chicago, composed for the most part of foreign elements ; Washington, with more than 70,000 negroes ; and yet, as the result, a nation perfectly coherent, which has her characteristic marks, which goes her own way, always ahead, in all parts at once, in the same direction, more or less quickly.

America is the only country where, as in France, the qualities of different natures can be blended, so as to give a unique and coherent nation.

It is the East that has colonized the West ; the farmers and workmen of New England went to seek their fortunes in the far West ; they were replaced in the manufacturing industries by the French Canadians, on the farms by Swedes and Germans ; finally, the East and the North joined in exploiting the mineral riches of the South. One finds Yankees in the mines and in the factories and foundries of Alabama, of Tennessee, of Virginia, of Kentucky.

The West and South are now in the same position towards the East and the North as was America towards England when the United States were only colonies.

In this way the motion is communicated to the whole country, the accumulated forces spread, and the nation becomes bigger and evenly vitalized.

During the police scandals in New York, a *World* reporter, speaking about Mr. Sheehan, said that he is not so beautiful as Mr. Murray, and he does not look so intellectual as Mr. Martin, and he is not so classical as General Kerwin, but he looks more like an eagle than any one of them. He has the bushiest kind of eyebrows, he also has a clean-cut face, and a defiant moustache. He has very piercing eyes, and altogether he looks

like the best type of an American railroad conductor. The best type of railroad conductors, by the way, is about the best type of an American — except the great men like Cleveland, Tom Reed, Bourke Cochran.

Such is the opinion of an American of the best type of an American.

If we refer to the lectures on human races by the German scholar, Vogt, we shall find that this heavy authority claims that the type of the American has several marks of the Indian.

“Already in the second generation,” says he, “the features of the American have some likeness to those of the Indian. After this likeness is developed more and more, the skin becomes stiff and dry, the warm colour of the cheeks disappears, and gives way to an earthy colour with the men, and pale gray with the women. The head becomes small and rounded, and sometimes pointed; little by little one notices a stronger development of the cheek bones and the muscles of the jaw; the temples become deeper and the chin more prominent; the eyes are more deeply set and piercing, and even have a savage expression; the bones, especially of the hand, become larger, so that the French and English glove manufacturers make them with longer fingers for the American trade.”

Knox makes the same remark. I am in the rather difficult position of being forced to disagree with such authorities, but my longer sojourn in this country permits me to state that this scholarly description of the American type is rather imaginary. Remembering it, I constantly looked after this type of Indian among the Americans, but to my great disappointment I did not find it. Certainly, here and there you meet a type which you do not find in Europe, especially men having a beard without a moustache, a style which gives a peculiar aspect to the face, but such men cannot be considered as types of the American. If there is any type, he is a man with strong bones, strong muscles and strong head ; in a word, a type capable of fighting, of struggling, since life in America is not leisure, but a fight and a struggle and work.

I would agree with Vogt, about the American eyes, which are piercing and sometimes savage, as he says. Only it has happened very often that the possessor of such savage-looking eyes was a very good fellow.

I am rather inclined to say that there is no type in America, as the American is a combination of all nationalities, and, consequently, possesses all their marks and characteristics.

I remember that I once saw in some town of Massachusetts a gentleman, whom I would surely take to be a French doctor, as he had long, black, curly hair, black eyes, and wore a silk hat, white necktie, and black broadcloth; well, he was a thorough American.

Sometimes I have been sure that a man was a German or a Spaniard, but I learned afterwards that he was a genuine Yankee.

Of the moral and psychological qualities of the American I have spoken already, but let me refer especially to his perseverance.

The story of Timour the Tartar learning a lesson of perseverance under adversity, from the spider, is well known, and need not to be repeated; but not less interesting is the following anecdote of Audubon, the American ornithologist of French origin, as related by himself:

“An accident,” he says, “which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it merely to show how far enthusiasm, for by no other name can I call my perseverance, may enable the preserver of nature to surmount the most disheartening difficulties. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated

on the banks of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business.

“I looked at my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge of a relative, with injunctions to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months, and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure. The box was produced and opened; but, reader, feel for me, a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and reared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a month previous, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air!

“The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured without affecting my whole nervous system. I slept for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion, until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make better drawings than be-

fore, and, ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, my portfolio was again filled."

Such is the perseverance of an American in any direction.

Too many inventions in the United States are the result of perseverance in the hope of making a fortune. The ambition to become rich is the most praiseworthy quality here; the ability to make money the most desirable gift. This is so true that a friend of mine, a rather cultivated citizen, spoke with some disgust of Daniel Webster, the glory of this country, because he was not rich, and, having his head full of sublime ideas, did not care about the material circumstances of his life. Why, nobody in our country would think, in speaking of Mirabeau, to blame him because he was always in debt. And we admire his genius in spite of such little things as financial troubles.

What does it matter to humanity? What does it matter to the United States that the friends of Daniel Webster were obliged to look out for his needs, and provide him with the ordinary necessities of life?

I was told that it was Franklin who laid down this well-known precept, which has become almost a national commandment:

“Get money, my son; honestly, if you can, but get money.”

If it is true that this great American said this, then he spoiled by it all the beauty of his otherwise healthy philosophy.

The American people need an ideal, an ideal more elevated than riches and material happiness. All of this active people, merchants, farmers, workmen, speak only of their business, of things that “pay,” and it is for this reason that idealism is found in America only in the ambition to make big things, in seeking after the gigantic, but always in a material direction.

“But the world,” says Marion Crawford, “is not ruled by intellect, though it is sometimes governed by brute force and yet more brutal passions. The dominant power in the affairs of men is the heart. Humanity is moved far more by what it feels than by what it knows, and those who would be rulers of men must, before all things, be men themselves, and not merely highly finished intellectual machines.”

So long as this country possesses writers with such high thoughts, the Americans can look to the future with confidence.

If the friends of the American people have a

right to be uneasy in thinking of its future, the most profound impression of a foreigner, who stays for some time in this country, is that this nation feels perfectly happy, vigorous, and healthy, that it is filled with hope and faith in the future. Faith moves mountains; the Americans have accomplished some prodigious things. They will accomplish more, because, perhaps, they believe in their star.

Yes, I believe with Professor Levasseur, who, as a representative of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, visited this country, and, in his address at the annual *Congres des Sociétés Savantes*, said that, notwithstanding all the actual difficulties in this country, *Le génie de l'homme saura triompher*. His scholarly, generous breadth of view, allowing with critical nicety for temporarily depressed conditions, is in happy contrast with the letter of a London banker, Mr. Cross, to the *London Times*. In the eyes of the English critic, all America was doomed because of the lack of English influence, and because of English losses in American speculation. How charming is this motherly interest (should I say usury?) which England takes in other countries!

A great country, is it not? almost every

American will ask you, in half exclamation, when speaking of the United States.

It is, indeed, a great country, so far as dimensions, population, natural riches, push, work, and prosperity are concerned.

But let us be frank without being rough, without prejudice, without exaggeration, and let us see if the United States is a great country, if we take into consideration those elements which constitute the fame of a country.

While speaking of art, we saw that the artists are working in the field of French and German art ; the architects borrow not only the ideas, but almost the total composition of their best buildings from Europe. The *Art Interchange*, describing the new mansion of Cornelius Vanderbilt in New York, says :

“ Studied closer, we see that it is the Château de Blois that has been Mr. Post's model. It is a fact worthy of mention, that so careful was the architect, in this particular, to insure a close adherence to the spirit of the style adopted, that he had plaster casts taken of portions of the exquisite sculptured stone ornaments at Blois, and brought over to New York as models for the stonecutters to work from.”

And then, describing the interior, the critic continues :

“Europe has been hunted for the rarest products. Many of the ceilings were painted by celebrated French artists. A Parisian firm made the carpets and most of the furniture from specially prepared designs. Nearly all the interior decorative features were made abroad.”

If we go to the field of industry, we find the same phenomenon.

The designs for American gingham are copied from the Scotch gingham, or made by Scotch, Belgian, and French draughtsmen.

American carpets are imitations of English and Belgian carpets.

If you want good linen in this country, they offer you Irish or Holland linen.

If you ask for the best silk, they give you the production of Lyons.

Ask for the best ladies' hats or dresses, they will show you French articles.

The best driving gloves are English, and the best dress gloves are French.

When you buy furniture they show you French plate glass.

Go to a good tailor, he will immediately recommend to you an English cheviot or a French broadcloth as the best.

If you wish to have fine china you are obliged

to buy the china of Sèvres, of Limoges, of Saxe, and even of Berlin.

Try to get good wine, and they will serve you Bordeaux, Bourgogne, Johannisberg, Tokay; and even if they serve California wine they will baptise it with a French name.

Even whiskey, — laugh, if you like, — but for the best they will serve you Scotch whiskey.

If you want a good cook, you must have a Frenchman; a good coachman or good butler, a Frenchman, or a Johnny Bull.

There remains for you only the field of machinery, in which the American people are without a rival. I am afraid that in the material world that it is all.

As to the “wonders of the age,” after you have seen Brooklyn Bridge, Niagara Falls, and Yellowstone Park, you have seen the most remarkable things.

But if you pass to the moral and psychological world, there is no doubt that the American people, taken as a whole, are the most honest and the kindest people, and the United States is the first and greatest country for individual respect and personal dignity.

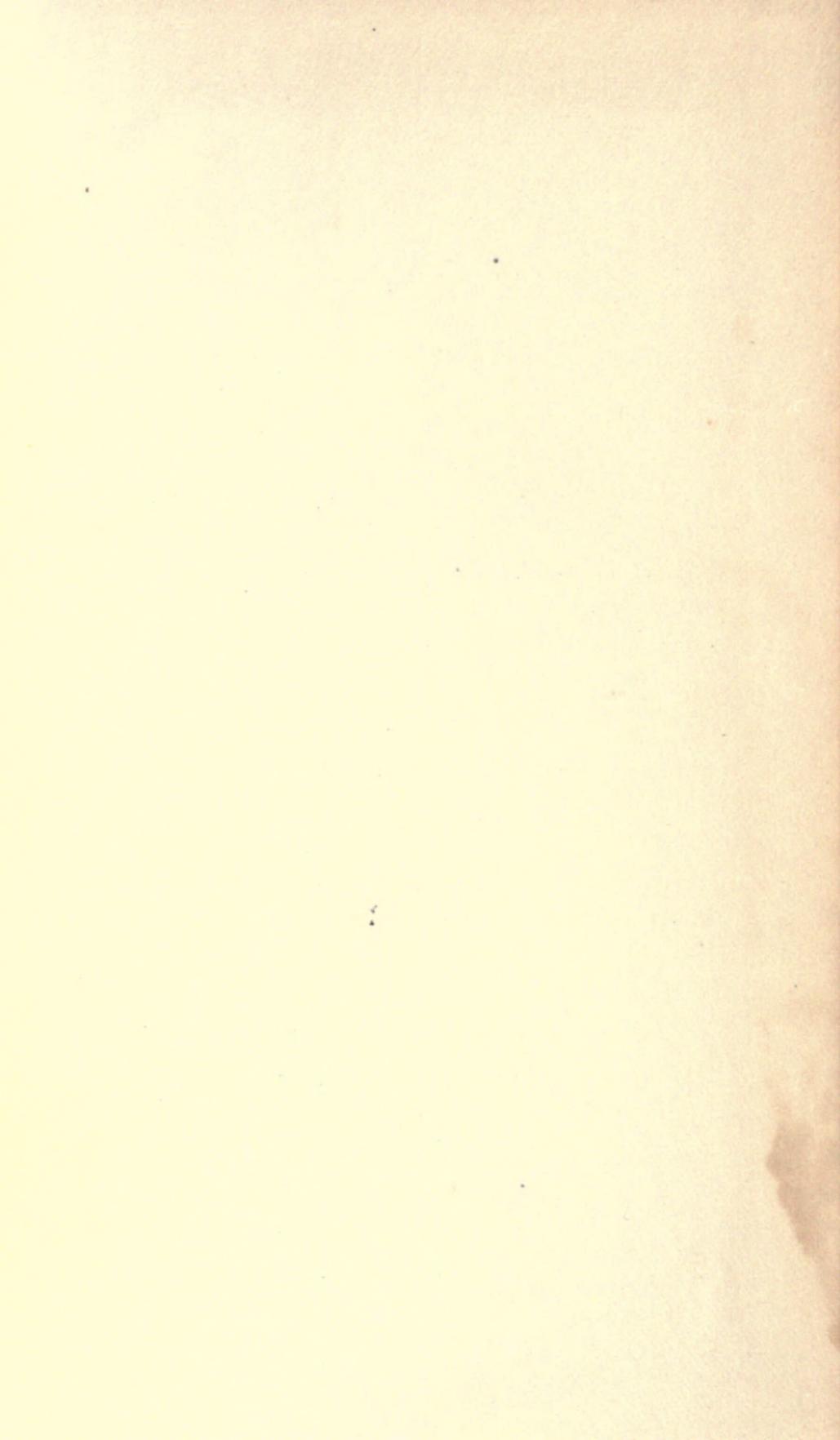
A sojourn in this country and a study of a certain class of Americans, especially those who live in small cities, towns, and villages, a study of their methods of work, a study of certain sound principles inculcated in their lives, a study of the brotherly love shown in their deeds, is of great advantage to a European, and of immense interest to a thinking man.

The psychological field is so large; the study of the American soul is so interesting; the observation of their civilization, so different from ours, is so fascinating; the breadth of their ways, which look rough to us, but which, in fact, are cordial and sincere, is so salubrious in strengthening our nerves, which have become too delicate after ten centuries of refinement, that, after all, one comes to love this country; and I should not be surprised, if, when I return to old Europe, I shall long for the cordial and vigorous handshakes of my American friends, for their discreet but sincere sentiments, for those neat houses, full of interior light and surrounded by green lawns as soft as Oriental carpets, for this glorious, sunny New England autumn, for this life of energy and activity, life which among this kind people is like a return to nature, to the golden age; then I shall sing with Childe Harold:

“Adieu! adieu! . . . shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
. . . land, good-night!”

*Finished at Maple Circle, Newton,
Mass., the twenty-seventh day of
March, eighteen hundred ninety-six.*





University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

REC'D LD-URE
LD
MRL MAR 12 1990
MAR 01 1990
APR 17 2006

mi
~~50~~
75

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 040 736 1

Univ
S