

States, and exhorting Americans to kick out their disreputable Republic and establish a respectable Monarchy. Should any Englishman make such a speech, and were he lynched in consequence, we should be the first to deplore his folly, and to confess that he had provoked his fate. But we hope that no Englishman who could get people to listen to him, would be capable of such a want of prudence and good taste. That, however, is pretty much the tone of the speech that has been lately made at Dundee by a Scotch-American millionaire, Mr. Carnegie by name. This gentleman, encouraged by the cheers of his audience, after heaping ridicule and bad jokes on the monarchical system in general, and our own Royal family in particular; after insinuating disagreeable statements about his hosts, and generally affronting the country that he was visiting, proceeded to advise his listeners to follow the example of Brazil, and exchange their contemptible institutions for a free and enlightened Republic. Mr. Carnegie has, of course, the excuse that the speech was delivered at Dundee; he probably thought that a town that returned to Parliament two Home-rule Members would not be inspired by any very patriotic feelings, or ready for any patriotic resentment; and events proved him to be right. But still, Dundee is within the United Kingdom, whatever the politics of its inhabitants may be; and, both geographically and morally, Mr. Carnegie's nonsense was a direct offence against international courtesy. After all, it was nonsense, and we would not be disposed to take either the speech or the speaker too seriously; the more so because the latter, as a millionaire, belongs to a class for whom great allowances may be made in the matter of politeness. They are almost asked to be uncivil.

Even though the average opinion of America does disapprove of our institutions and our ways at home, it is certain that the disapproval of Americans is not strong enough to prevent their enjoyment of our society. During the last four or five years, there has been an extraordinary influx into England of visitors from the United States. A few years ago, the hotels in London were few in number, small, bare of comfort and accommodation, and generally empty: now they are very numerous, of enormous size, and—to outward view at least—of great splendour. Moreover, they are always full,—filled, it is said, with Americans. It may be merely a sign of the fickle nature of all human attachments, or it may be the result of deliberate choice, but it seems certain that Americans of late years have transferred their affections from Paris to London, and seem disposed to found a permanent colony in our midst. If it is so, we have reason to congratulate ourselves, for, all things considered, they are very pleasant and congenial guests; but we should be curious to know whether that immigration will have any lasting result, whether, that is to say, it is likely to affect our own society to any appreciable degree. Now there is no doubt but that the Americans in Paris did, in one respect at least, exercise a very manifest influence on Parisian society. The young girl of the New World, that emancipated young woman who fearlessly and guilelessly walked in paths of her own choosing, free from guard or supervision of any kind, excited from the first the wonderment of Parisians; but the wonder of derision soon changed to that of admiration, and finally to something very like imitation. Probably the greater freedom that is given to-day to young girls in the higher circles of French society was by no means solely due to this cause, and actually had its rise in other considerations; but undoubtedly it was largely helped by the example of the strangers within their gates. Modesty and innocence, to French ideas, are admirable things, but not to be found except in company with a certain bashfulness and insipidity; now, *la jeune Américaine*, who was most innocently modest, was very rarely insipid, and never, never in the slightest degree, bashful. The French novelist realised this at once, and constructed a new kind of heroine for the admiration of his countrymen, and in some cases for the imitation of his countrywomen. The new heroine was not altogether like its original, and the imitation was rather faulty; but both were steps in a good direction. Unfortunately, or rather fortunately, there is in this country not quite the same field for such a reform. The English girl holds a position about half-way between the French girl and the American; in point of freedom from control and habits of self-reliance, there is just about the

same distance between Paris and London, as there is between London and New York. Of course the position of the English girl is the best of all; evidently it is the best, or it would not be hers. From that side, then, no changing influence may be expected; nor is it very likely to come from the men, for the American in England is an Englishman. *Civis Romanus sum*, was the boast of the gentleman from Illyria or Africa when he visited the streets of Imperial Rome; he, too, was a Roman citizen, and when in Rome he loved to do as the Romans did. So the American is well content, for the time being, to forget his splendid inheritance, and remember only his humble origin in this small island; he is only to be distinguished from the ordinary Englishman by the fervour with which he worships at the shrines of our common past, and his anxiety that that identity of origin should be remembered. His enthusiasm in this respect is great; if he were allowed, he would carry off the birthplace of Shakespeare bodily, and set it down on the shores of the Potomac; but, happily, there is a limit even to American enterprise, and Stratford is likely to remain on Avon. What shall we owe to Americans, then? So far, we confess that we do not see many traces of their presence among us. They have immensely improved our hotels, for which we owe them many thanks. They have immensely—altered our journalism, for which we will try to be grateful; but they will themselves admit that the interview is an acquired taste, and the interviewer a peculiar product that does not at once commend itself. And they have introduced some very strange and rather seductive drinks. But these are all material and visible importations, and, like their frozen meat and tinned fruit, have nothing to do with their personal influence. The fact of the matter is that, apart from his wish to be English, the American is too like the Englishman in all essentials to bring about any possible change in English character. Even in the matter of manners, though the difference in this respect is one of kind and not of degree, it is not so clearly marked as to constitute any real divergence in the two characters. The politeness of the American is of an active and positive kind, a desire to assist and take a sympathetic interest in his neighbour's affairs; while that of the Englishman is of a more negative nature, chiefly shown in his anxiety to avoid giving offence to others by studiously keeping to himself. The reserve of the latter sometimes degenerates into a discourteous coldness; while the former's friendly interest not unfrequently becomes intrusive curiosity. On the other hand, though the Americans are not likely to exercise much influence by contact, they seem likely to effect a very permanent one by intermarriage. The number of American girls that marry Englishmen increases largely every year. This tendency on their part is exceedingly flattering to our self-respect, for we cannot but imagine that they find qualities among our countrymen that they do not find at home; possibly, however, it is more the change of surroundings that is so welcome to them, the escape from that restless society of continual money-getting, feverish speculations, and recurring "booms," into the quiet, more settled and sedate atmosphere of the older country. If English society is in need of new blood, it could not well have been supplied from a more fresh and healthy source, for, whatever the shortcomings of the United States may be, its social life is wonderfully free from those dark shadows that disfigure the domestic life of older countries. The glaring light of publicity that is thrown by American journalism over the lives of private citizens, though, so far from assisting towards this end, it is rather hurtful to it, may at least serve as a witness of the high standard of private morals. It is certainly unfair, however, that American girls should invade us and carry out so successfully a matrimonial campaign, while it would appear, from certain daily papers, that so many English girls are pining in the single state. The obvious remedy is, that they in their turn should marry Americans. Surely there must be a good many eligible young men left lamenting in New York, whom it is almost their duty to console.

OLD AND YOUNG.

WE have often wondered that a single personal anti-thesis—the relation between young men and young women—should have engrossed the whole attention of writers of fiction. No doubt that is the most interesting relation of life, but it is now also the relation on which there is least that

is new to be said; and it is not, to the extent that any one would fancy who took his ideas from literature, the keynote of life. Another antithesis, only second to this in importance and interest, and perhaps not second in width of range, has had as yet no adequate literary representation. There are many men and women who know little or nothing of the emotion which makes up the business of life in novels, and not a few who would say at its close, that no contrast summed up so much of its interest for them as that between old and young.

Every contrast is both uniting and dividing. When novelists paint the relation of men and women, they forget the last half of this truth. When they paint the relations of old and young, they forget the first. They take it for granted that there is nothing but attraction in difference of sex; nothing but repulsion in difference of age. Both assumptions are baseless. The last male retreat, we believe, which will be invaded by female tread is the Club, although there is no reason whatever, except the distaste of some men for female society, why men and women should not share their clubs; the repulsion being mutual to a certain extent, though that illustration would not suit the other side. Absorbed in the contrast of sex, our romance-writers have neglected everything in the contrast of age that is not either tragic or comic, and all that is most characteristic is neither. Their error illustrates a chapter of history. When first the interest of individual relation dawned on the mind of Europe—a change, it is significant to notice, contemporary with that whereby the word "catholic" lost its proper meaning, and came to designate a sect—the peak first illumined had its brightness enhanced by deep shadow. Shakespeare's classical forerunners knew the emotion of Romeo and Juliet only in its grossest form, and passed it by. The Cordelia of Sophocles cares so little for her betrothed that the commentators dispute whether the only tender expression by which he is greeted be from her lips or her sister's; the Hamlet of Æschylus has no betrothed, and seeks none. And there were reasons why the interests of age should be as much neglected in the literature of the Renaissance as the interests of youth were exaggerated. Men were constantly in the presence of those who either yielded or claimed subjection, and age was on the side which made the claim. We do not say that that was either a better or a worse state of things than what prevails now, on the whole; but it was certainly less favourable to the right understanding of old age, which is never seen in its best aspect when it makes any attempt to regulate other lives. Decision falls naturally to the undimmed memories of maturity, and an ideal age would be almost as yielding as an ideal youth. When, then, the associations of age were with this unsuitable claim, the attractiveness of old age was hidden. "Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," are described by Shakespeare as its fitting adjuncts; but its picture, on his page, is such as to sanction the notion that "crabbed age and youth cannot live together;" it is always associated with something pitiable, harsh, or despicable. Perhaps Shakespeare did not often see old age without some tinge of these qualities. Youth, on the other hand, was probably seen by him under a more graceful aspect than it is by our contemporaries. When old gentlemen find the school-boys of the house occupying all the arm-chairs and leaving all the doors open behind them, they are apt to vary the quotation, and decide that age and crabbed youth cannot live together. A prejudice and a strong reaction against it, have, indeed, often the same effect.

However, it is high time to get over the effect of both, and we see no signs of our writers of fiction doing so. Where is the novel that deals with the relation of old and young? The nearest approximation we can call to mind is the picture of the uncle and nephew, ranged on opposite sides of the revolutionary war, in Victor Hugo's "Quatre-vingt Treize,"—a very far-off approximation, where the lurid light that falls on every figure obliterates all individual distinctions, and where the two men who are separated by half-a-century, and who do typify the relation of the past and future to the stormy present, might, as far as all their personal characteristics go, be twin-brothers. Yet we remember no other novel which comes even as near as this to a study of those relations which have occupied more of the attention of many people than any thoughts about marriage. The aged person who has never felt the attraction of those who

stand as near the beginning of life as he stands near its end, is a rarer being, we believe, than the man who has never felt the love of woman. We are inclined to call him also a poorer one. From some points of view, delusive and prejudiced no doubt, but connected with large and important experience, we might be tempted to say that man's love for woman has brought the race as much of pain as joy. Its successor brings the zephyr in place of the hurricane, and refreshment in place of desolation. Of course we must compare the love of age for youth, with "love that never found its earthly close." This love has no earthly close; it is almost always an unmutual feeling, and if it create any adequate response, it is apt to pass out of the realm to which our words chiefly apply. But if it has no fruition, it has no disappointment; it seeks no response, and fears no possible rival. It renews a large part of what was sweet in the earlier and more vivid emotion, but mirrors nothing of its bitterness; owning no kindred with jealousy or shame, and greeting only with welcome all who would share its wealth. The smooth skin, the flowing locks, the bright eyes of youth, have for the aged the same kind of charm that the beauty of women has for men; but with that superficial admiration blends a feeling that is far more deeply uniting.

"I, who so long with tongue and pen
Have worked among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your load,"

says Longfellow, addressing a group of children in one of his latest utterances, and well fulfils in that simple utterance his function of expressing gracefully the feelings of all the world. This young creature, beginning the journey we are ending, has to exchange hopes for realities, to find ideal schemes shrink into their meagre fulfilment, to feel warm love turn chill, and dim misgivings congeal into the icy burden that he will cease, at last, to endeavour to shake off. These things are not the whole of life; but, as we look back towards youth, they seem to tinge it all, and we feel for those who have to discover that they are woven into its very web, a compassion one touch of which heals enmity, extinguishes resentment, and passes a wash of oblivion over those memories which poison life more than any other ill, except enduring physical pain.

This gain of old age is often hidden from us by the distorted forms of expression and assumption which it has itself created. Among women, at all events, one is accustomed to an unreal phraseology, as if all anxieties and precautions were solely taken on account of the young, and apart from their welfare the dangers and discomforts of life were matters of indifference to all who had reached a not very advanced time of life. Anybody who looks at life sees that to be untrue. Physical ease, we fear, grows more and not less important as time goes on. The sympathies are certainly not active while any one is taking precautions to avoid a draught or a dazzle, and it is sometimes disappointing to find the amount of engrossing interest put into these endeavours by some persons whom one has reckoned, during long years, among the most unselfish of one's acquaintance. But the barriers which old age sets up are very trivial compared with those which it takes down. Youth is self-occupied, rightly and inevitably to a certain extent, wrongly yet almost inevitably to an extent not very much smaller. It is the best of men and women, not the worst, whose youth is clouded and entangled with speculations about their own place in life, and while these are going on, self shuts in the circle of observation. "On me disait dans ces jours," says Edgar Quinet, "'Tu ne vois pas ce qui est au devant de toi.' Rien n'était plus vrai, je n'y voyais que moi." That is the experience of youth among the unselfish to an extent which we may almost say is not reached in age among the selfish. A preference of one's own comfort to that of other persons is checked by nothing but difficult self-discipline. But that speculation about self, that interest in the drama of which self is the central figure, which is far more engrossing and blinding than desire for mere comfort, withers away of itself in life's autumn.

Surely we should surrender with more equanimity the pleasures and the capacities of youth, if we knew that the years were to bring us in their stead a new sense of kindred,—to reveal, in the mere fact of our being fellow-travellers along the way common to all flesh, a new significance as the journey draws to its close, and its different stages are foreshortened into close approximation. Something of this we have felt when life lay before us, for youth, like age, sees life as a whole. But it is a very dim and superficial feeling in comparison with its

later phase; overcome in a moment by distaste or preference, and not in the same way illuminative of another mind. There is deep consolation in the thought that the mere flight of time brings us to a stage where commonplace human beings inspire in others of their kind, equally commonplace, such an unselfish interest as is felt in earlier life only by the pre-eminently good, or inspired only by the pre-eminently gifted. Nothing exceptional is needed to create this glow of sympathy; something exceptional is needed to prevent it when its season has come. It is as if our spirits were permitted in this single relation to emerge into a sense of our common life, which, in the change so soon awaiting them, they will discover to be as much a part of the original construction of our nature as the sense of individuality itself,—a fundamental instinct, revealed by the falling away of what is temporary, and ready to expand into a larger scope when those barriers disappear.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A COMMENTARY IN AN EASY-CHAIR:

THE "ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN"—THE ART OF ADVERTISE-
MENT—"WRITERS ON BUSINESS."

THE mail from America often brings us very surprising things; but I do not know that I have ever seen a more edifying communication than that which came to hand a few days ago, to the honour and glory of an American millionaire. Not to know him probably argues one's self unknown; but I confess that I had never heard the gentleman's name before receiving the elegant volume in which his achievements are recorded, along with a number of the *Illustrated American*, containing his biography and portrait. The fact that these publications both come with his compliments, makes it certain that they must be accurate, and that the subject of these celebrations feels the record thus given of his excellence to be just and genuine. The great act of this gentleman's life, besides making his fortune, is erecting a Drinking-Fountain in Stratford-on-Avon to the memory of Shakespeare; and this is the act which is chiefly recorded in the pretty red-and-white volume, with the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes emblazoned on its cover above the autograph of the hero. It is kind of him to send this Saga, this record of fame, to a stranger; and no doubt it has gone to a thousand strangers more, besides the unworthy recipient to whom this wealthy and amiable personage was an unknown name; and it is something, in the present dearth of current literature, to come upon so elaborate a specimen of that art of personal glorification which has received so many developments in America. It is, indeed, by no means unknown in other regions; though volumes, for instance, about the Forth Bridge are more comprehensible, perhaps, than about a drinking-fountain. However, if that is a greater work, it is less extensive in aim,—for whereas the Forth Bridge aims at nothing more than holding together and extending a railroad over the two banks of a river, the Drinking-Fountain has the more sublime intention of bridging over the Atlantic, and "adding another link to that chain of brotherhood between Englishmen and Americans which so many of the leading minds in Religion, in Politics, in Literature, and on the Stage on either side of the Atlantic have been, during late years, so earnestly engaged in welding firmer and closer and stronger."

Now, there may be doubts about the other potencies mentioned here. I am unable to say what the leading minds in Religion have specially done to add another link, &c.; but in Politics, I doubt whether Protection and those little businesses about the Behring Straits, with other things of the kind that might be specified, and the curious tactics made necessary by the fluctuations of the Irish vote, are adapted to add a link; or in Literature, whether the peculiar institution of piracy is of an ingratiating character. But it is gratifying to know that when Mr. and Mrs. Kendall or Mr. Irving, or Mrs. Langtry, make a highly successful business expedition into the Western world, or Mr. Daly's company and Miss Ada Rehan emulate their efforts on this side, we are being linked by golden chains to our brothers across the seas,—and still more gratifying to be made aware that these friendly bonds are clenched, "welded firmer and closer and stronger," by the erection of the Fountain in Stratford-on-Avon, which was accepted by the Town Council of that place as "an evidence of good-will between the nations," and also intended by the donor and his sympathisers as "a

recognition by Americans of Victoria's useful and brilliant reign." We might have liked this recognition, perhaps, to have been a little more respectfully expressed, "Victoria" being perhaps a somewhat crude manner of mentioning an illustrious lady of very mature years. But that is a trifle. There it stands for all the world to see, but specially the Americans, who are believed to throng to Stratford-on-Avon in greater numbers than the native pilgrims. A great many of us, indifferent and callous islanders, were, I fear, unconscious of its existence, or that another link had thus been added to the chain, &c. But for this ignorance we have no longer any excuse.

It appears that it was Dean Stanley who was at the bottom of this great conception. The late Dean of Westminster had, perhaps, his faults like other men, and was a little apt to indulge in amateur attempts at forging links. Mr. or Mrs. (we think the latter) L. C. Davis, who is the author of "The Stratford-upon-Avon Fountain," is good enough to state, in respect to "the venerable Dean," that his "love of the literature of his country was not less sincere than his knowledge of it was profound," which is a very handsome way of speaking, and no doubt calculated to increase "the common feeling of kinship" which "binds the peoples of the two countries together." And the Dean was moved to lament, while receiving the "noble hospitality" of Mr. George W. Childs—(it will out, that honoured name: I had intended to avoid personalities, but the revelation is inevitable)—"the strange neglect of the British-speaking people" to erect any monument to Shakespeare, even in the place of his birth. The wealthy host was moved by this touching plaint, but not fully roused to action till "that eminent divine ventured to state" that "a memorial of Shakespeare set up in the Church of Stratford-on-Avon by an American would have a certain influence for good throughout England and America." It is edifying to think of the spare little Dean, with his beautiful, refined head, "venturing to state" such a want to the bland millionaire, so fat and well-liking, whose portrait is condescendingly prefixed to the red-and-white book. And no sooner said than done. The window which was originally proposed, turned into a granite drinking-fountain, sixty feet high, and—I forget the other dimensions,—indeed, such an object as might well move England from one end to the other. Dr. Macaulay, of the *Leisure Hour*, was also instrumental in bringing this great end about; Mr. Henry Irving unveiled the monument when it was erected; Mr. George Augustus Sala communicated the first tidings of the great event to the English public through the *Illustrated London News*; and one wonders what could have been done more to add another link to the chain of brotherhood,—nothing, perhaps, except the book in which the whole fine history is recorded, along with various pieces of information in respect to Mr. George W. Childs. "Of Mr. Childs," we are told, "it is impossible for any public-spirited mind of any nationality to think too highly. He is not a flatterer of English noblemen, but a benefactor first to his own people, and then a hospitable host to distinguished foreigners. In fact, Mr. Childs is way ahead of most of the notables to whom he has extended his hospitality." Mr. Childs endorses these opinions emphatically by his own respectable signature on the board of the book which enshrines them. He is "way ahead" of any old-fashioned prejudices about helping to blow his own trumpet. The copy of the *Illustrated American*—admirable title!—in which his portrait, seated in the midst of his highly decorated office, and his biography appear, gives us various further particulars of this great and good man of the most interesting kind. Needless to say that he began as an errand-boy at twelve years of age in a book-store, and now, "in the autumn of his vigorous manhood," is—all that has been above quoted. "The time to visit Mr. Childs in his den," says the graphic journalist, "is just before 12.m. Shortly after, Mr. Childs is taken in hand by his valet, and brushed into readiness for his luncheon at the Drexel building." Again, in the evening, "it is often late when Mr. Childs summons his valet and is brushed off for the evening walk home." Does the valet accompany him, one wonders, to dress him for dinner, or has he a second valet at home to perform these more exquisite duties? This touch about the valet at the office is tremendous. "Ouida," surely, I think, has not invented anything so fine,—but then she has not much to do with business men.