JONATHAN AND HIS CONTINENT.

BY MAX O'RELL AND JACK ALLYN.

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Pani Blouet (Max O'Rell) is a remarkably clover Prenchman, who has devoted his tal-cets mostly to matricing the Angio-Sazon race. He has become widely known as the author of "Jour Bull and His Island," "Jour Bull, Ja.," Etc. This book is his latest pro-duction, the material for it being gathered during his recent visit to America.

ion of America is sixty millions

If the carth is small, America is large, and

Yes, sixty millions;—all alive and kicking! From each to west, America strutches over breadth of more than 8,000 miles. Here a breadth of more than 2,000 miles. Here
it is well to put some readers on their guard,
in case an American should one day put to
them one of his favorite questions: "Where
is the center of American' I myself imagined
that, starting from New York and pushing
watward, one would reach the extremity of
America on arriving at San Francisco. Not
to, and here Jonathan has you. He knows
you are going to answer wrongly, and if you
want to please him, you must let yourself be
caughten this little trap, because it will give
him such satisfaction to put you right. At sught in this little trap, because it was Adm such satisfaction to put you right. At him such mitigaction to put you right. At San Francisco, it appears you are not quite half way, and the center of America is really in the Pacific cosan. Jonathan more than doubled the width of his continent in 1807, when for the sum of \$7,000,000 he purchased Alaska of the Russians.

In America, everything is on scale: the just pride of the citizens of the Young Republic is fed by the grandour of its rivers, mountains, deserts, cataracts, its sus-pension bridges, its huge cities, etc.

pension bridges, its huge cities, etc.

Jonathan passes his life in admiration of all that is American. He cannot get over it.

I have been through part of the country, and I cannot get over it either. I am out of but let us not anticipate. Give me time to but let us not anticipate. Give me time to recover my breath, and set my ideas in order. These Americans are recking with unheard-of-ness, I can tell you that to begin with. My ideas are all jostling in my poor old European brain. There is no longer anything impossible, and the fairy tales are child's play compared to what one may see every day. Everything is prodigious, done by steam, by electricity: it is dazzling, and I no longer wonder that the Americans only use their adjectives in the superlative.

is a letter that I received from an American. in the month of May, 1887, and which finally decided me to go and see America. It lated from Boston:

"DEAR SIR-I was on the point of taking the boat at 12 today, to go and have a talk with you about an idea which occurred to me yesterday; but as I have already been across hree times, and in a month or six week shall have to set out for St. Petersburg and Japan, I am desirous, if possible, of arranging the matter I have at heart by corre

"Good beaven!" I exclaimed, "this is a man I must make the acquaintance of; I must go and see Jonathan at home one of

And as soon as circumstances allowed packed my trunks, took a cabin on board one of the brave "White Star" liners, and set out to see Jonathan and his continent.

CHAPTER IL

When a man of average intelligence returns home after having made a voyage to a foreign land, he cannot help having formed a certain number of impressions and he has They are but impressions, notes taken by the wayside, and, if there is an error committed by any one, it is by the critic or the reader, when either of these looks for a perfect pict ure of the manners and institutions of the people the author has visited, instead of simple impressions de voyage. Certainly, if there is a country in the world that it would be impossible to judge in six months, that country is America, and the author who, in such a little space of time, allowed himself to fall into the error of sitting in judgment upon her would write himself down an ass. To form a really exact idea of America one would need to live twenty years in the country, nay, to be an American, for I may add that, in my opinion, the best books that exist upon the different countries of the world have been written by natives of those countries. Never has an author written of the English like Thackeray; never have the otch been painted with such fidelity as by Ramsay; and to describe Tartarin it needed not only a Frenchman but a Provencal, almost a Tarasconnais.

It must be allowed that Jonathan has good reason to mistrust his critics. Most books on America have been written by Englishmen. Now the English are, of all people, those who can the least easily get rid of their prejudices in speaking of America. They are obliged to admit that the Americans have made their way pretty well since they have been their own masters; but John Bull has always a rankling remembrance, when he looks at America, of the day that the Americans sent him about his business, and his look seems to my to Jonathan: "Yes, yes, you have not done at all badly—for you, but just think what the country would have been by this time if it had remained in my hands." The Englishman, on his side, has no antip-

athy whatever to the Americans. For that matter the Englishman has no antinathy for any one. He despises, but he does not hate, a fact which is irritating to the last degree to the objects of his attention. When a mar feels that be has some worth, he likes to be loved or hated: to be treated with indiffer ence is galling. John Bull looks on the American as a parvenu, and smiles with incredulity when you say that American society is not only brilliant and witty, but quite as polished as the best European society. It is this haughty disclain which exasperates

Jonathan has forgotten that the English were once his oppressors; he forgives them for the war of 1812; without forgetting it, he forgives them for having, during the civil war, sided with the slave owners; but he canact forgive an Englishman for coming to his

CHAPTER III

A nation, scarcely more than a hundred years old, and composed of many widely dif-ferent elements, cannot, in the nature of things, possess very marked characteristic traits.

There are Americans in plenty, but the American does not yet exist.

The inhabitant of the northeast states, the Yankee, differs as much from the western

man and the southerner as the Englishman differs from the German or the Spaniard. For example, call a Yankee "a cad," and he will get out of the room, remarking: "You say to, sir, but that proves nothing." Call a Pennsylvania man "a cad" and he will get out of temper and knock you down. Call get out or temper and shock you down. Can a real westerner "a cad" and he will get out his revolver and shoot you dead on the spot. Should a minister indulge in unorthodox theories in the pulpit, the eastern man will content himself with shaking his head, and going to another church to perform his de-votions the Sunday after. The Pennsylvanian will open a violent polemic in the newspapers of the locality. The Kansas man will wait for the minister at the church door and give Alm a sound threshing.

On board the stoamer we had five Americans who passed the eight days of the voyage in playing poles. The smoking room rang from morning to night with the oaths that they uttered every time they laid a card on they uttered every time they laid a card on the stoam of the stoam of

they attered every time they are the table. They were so fluent with them that they hardly used the same twice in an hour. Their stock assumed inanhaustible. On Sunday after breakfast a young lady set down to the plane, and began playing hymna What happened then? Our five poker play-ers gathered round the lady and, for two ours, sang psalms and boly hymns to the

In France we have men who swear, and men who sing hymna. The Anglo-Saxon race alone can furnish men who do both with

such an anecdote as the following be told? It is the most typically American anecdote I heard in the United States. It came from Mr. Chauncey Depew, it is said. But, for that matter, when a good story goes the round of the states, it is always put down to Mr. Depow, Mark Twain, or the late Artemus Ward.

A new minister had been appointed little Kentucky town. No sooner had he taken possession of his cure than he set about ornamenting the church with stained glass ornamenting the church with stances windows of gorgeous hues. This process aroused the suspicions of several parishioners who imagined that their new pastor was in clined to lead them to Rome. A meeting was called, and it was decided to send a depu tation to the minister to ask him to explain his conduct, and beg him to have the of

The head of the deputation was an old man of Presbyterian proclivities, whose austerity was well known in the town. He opened fire

by addressing the reverend gentleman this:
"We have waited upon you, sir, to beg that
you will remove those painted windows from
our church as soon as possible. We are simple folks, God's own light is good enough for us, and we don't want to have it shut out by

The worthy man had prepared a fine barangue, and was going to give the minister the benefit of it all; but the latter, losing patience, thus interrupted him:

"Excuse me, you seem to be taking high ground; who are you, may I ask?"

"Who am I!" repeated the good old spokes-man. "I'm a meek and humble follower of Jesus, that's what I am, and, - d-n you, who are you?"

Without traveling very far, without ever

quitting the eastern coast of America, you will see a complete difference in the spirit of towns that are almost neighbors.

In New York, for instance—I am not speak-ing now of the literary society, of which I shall speak later—in New York, it is your money that will open all doors to you; in Boston, it is your learning; in Philadelphia and Virginia, it is your genealogy. Therefore, if you wish to be a success, parade your dollars in New York, your talents in Boston, and your ancestors in Philadelphia and Rich-

Scarcely has a foreigner set foot in the United States before they ask him what he thinks of the country. Nine persons out of every ten you speak to put these three ques-

(1) "Is this your first visit to America!" "How long have you been over?" (3) "How do you like our country?" There are even some who push curiosity

further, and do not wait until you have arrived to ask for your opinion on America. I had only just embarked on board the Germanic, at Liverpool, when the purser handed me a letter from New York. I pened it and read:

"DEAR SIR-Could you, during your voyage, write me an article on the United States! I should be happy to have your preconceived notions of America and the Americans, so as to publish them in my journal as soon as you

An Englishman or a Frenchman will never ask you what you think of England or France. The Frenchman does not doubt that his country is beyond competition. If he enter into the subject at all, it is to congratulate the stranger upon coming to visit it.

The Englishman is perfectly persuaded that his England is the first country in the world and that everybody admits it, and the idea of asking an outsider for his opinion of it would never enter his head. He would think it so ridiculous, so amusing, so grotesque, that any one should tell him England was not at the head of all nations, that he would not take the trouble to resent it. He would pity the person, and the matter would go no further.

The American men are generally thin. Their faces glow with intelligence and mergy, and in this mainly consists their meness. The features are bony, the forehead straight, the nose sharp and often pinched looking in its thinness. At times one seems to recognize in the faces something of the Indian type, the temples indented, the cheek Bones prominent, the eyes small, keen and deep set

As for the women, I do not hesitate to say that in the east, in New York especially, they might perfectly well be taken for French women. It is the same type, the same gait, the same vivacity, the same petulance, the same amplitude of proportions.

The beauty of the American women, like that of the mgs, is due much more to the ani-mation of the face than to form or coloring. The average of good looks is very high, in deed. I do not remember to have seen one hopelessly plain woman during my six months' ramble through the states.

American women generally enjoy that second youth which nature bestows also on umbers of French women. At 40 they bloom out into a more majestic beauty. The eyes retain their fire and luster, the skin does not wrinkle, the hands, neck and arms re-main firm and white. It is true that in America hair turns gray early, but, so far from detracting from the woman's charms, it gives her an air of distinction, and is often positively an attraction.

The New Yorkers and Bostonians will have it to be that Chicago women have enormous feet and hands. I was willing to believe this up to the day I went to Chicago. I found the Chicago women, and those of the west generally, pretty, with more color than their eastern sisters, only, as a rule, quite slight, not to say thin.

That which is lacking in the pretty American faces of the east is color and freshness The complexion is pale, and it is only their plumpness which comes to their rescue after 80 and prevents them from looking faded. Those who remain thin generally fade quickly; the complexion becomes the color of whity

brown paper, and wrinkles freely. If American women went in for more out door exercise; if they let the outer air pene-trate constantly into their rooms; if they gave up living in bothouses, they would have some color, and their beauty need perhaps fear no competition in Europa.

Jonathan admires all that glitters, even that which is not gold. In his eyes the success of a thing answers for its quality, and the charintanism that succeeds is superior to the morit that vegetates. The deliar is not only the unit of the menetary system; it is also the unit of the metrical system.

I was chatting one day with an American about the famous Col. Robert Ingersoll.

"He is your greatest crater, I am told," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "Ingersoll can fill the Motropolitan opera house any day, and have five thousand deliars in the house." Certainly that is a curious way to speak

of a great orator, a great writer and a great I need not say that I am now speaking

the average American, not the litterateur or the man of good society. It would be quite possible for an actress to attract large audiences all through a tour from New York to San Francisco, not becauss of incontestable talent, but because she traveled in a magnificent palace car of her

ollowing terms:
"Minnie Palmer will wear all her die

in the third act." The booking office was besieged all day and, in the evouing, money was refused. An amusing detail was the arrival of a good fourth of the audience at 10 o'clock, to see the diamonds in the third act,

Man has been perpetuated to explate the transgression of his first parent by hard labor. Jonathan is a proof of it. He labors, he tolls, and the sweat of his brow crystallizes upon the arms and neck of his beloved womankind in the form of diamonds.

not an object of luxury, it is an object of prime necessity. An English old maid would do without her tea before an American woman would go without diamonds. If good style consists in not doing what the

To the American woman the diamond is

vulgar do, good style in America ought to consist for one thing in wearing no diamonds unless democracy should demand this sign When you see diamonds in the ears of shor

girls and factory girls, they are sham gome bought with well earned money, or real once ught with badly earned money. Love of woman, innate in the American, is not enough in itself to explain the luxury that man lavishes on her in the Unite States. America is not the only countr where man is devoted to woman and ready i satisfy all her caprices. The Frenchman is as keenly alive to her influence as the Ameri-

can, if not more. The luxury of the American be explained in another way.

Money is easily earned in the United States

and is freely spent. Business savors more of gambling than of commerce in the proper ense of the word.

Jonathan, then, is in a position much like that of a man whom I saw give a hundred franc note to a beggar one day in the street of Monte Carlo. "If I win at trente-et-qua rante," said he to some one who asked him how he could do such a foolish thing, "what are a hundred france to me! I can afford to be generous to a poor fellow creature out of it; if I lose, it is so much that the crouplers will not get." When Jonathan covers his wife with diamonds, he mays to himself, "If I win, I can indulge my wife without incon-veniencing myself; if I lose, it is so much saved from the fray."

This is not all. If the American thirsts after money, it is not for the love of money, as a rule, but for the love of that which money can buy. In other words, avarice is a vice almost un amass gold for the pleasure of adding pile to pile and counting it. He pursues wealth to improve his position in life and to surround those dependent upon him with advantages as he pockets it, especially when it is a ques-tion of gratifying his wife or daughters, who are the objects of his most assiduous atten tion. He is the first to admit that their love for diamonds is as absurd as it is costly, but he is good humored, and says: "Since they like them, why should they not have them?"

CHAPTER VIL

The large cities do not constitute the real America. To gain a correct idea of the country one must go and see those hundreds-1 had almost said those thousands—of flourish ing little towns which spring up day by day

on that immense continent.

It is no use looking in New York for monuments in the sense which we attach to the word in Europe. There are massive buildings, a few handsome churches, but nothing which arrests your gaze. The houses in the best part of the city are built of brown stone in the English style. In the populous quar-ters many are of red brick, with green shut-

ters on the outside. The streets are horribly ill paved. From my windows, which looked on Madison square, the carriages appear to rise and fall as if on a troubled sea. Drunkards have had to drop their habits; they could not reach home from the beer saloons.

Three fine squares alone break the monot ony of all these parallelograms of streets: Washington square, Union square and Madi-

son square. That which strikes the visitor to New York is not the city itself, but the feverish activity which reigns there.

Overhead is a network of telegraph and telephone wires, on the ground a network of tram car rails. It is estimated that there are more than 12,000 miles of telegraphic wires suspended over the heads of the pe by; about enough to go half round the world.

The whistles of the boats that ply between New York and Brooklyn on the East river, and between New York and Jersey City on the Hudson, keep up, day and night (until in the morning), a noise which is like the roar of wild beasts. It is the cry of Matter under the yoke of Man. You fancy you are living in a menagerio.

In almost every street tram cars pass every few minutes. It is an incessant process In Broadway alone there are more than three hundred. The cars, as they are always called in America, are magical, like everything American. Built to carry twenty-four persons inside (there are no seats on the top), they are made to hold sixty and more. In fact, no matter how full they are, there is always room for one more. The conductor never refuses to let you go on board. You hang on the rail beside the driver or conductor, if it is not possible to squeeze yourself inside and hold on to the leather straps provided for the purpose; you gasp for breath; it is all you can do to get at pocket to extract the five cents which you owe to the car company; but the conductor cries,in his importurbable nasal drawl: "Move forward, make room."

In Third avenue and Sixth avenue, you find the overhead railway called the "Elevated." It is supported on iron pillars, and the trains run along on the level with the upper win-dows of the houses. This company carries every day the fabulous number of 500,000 pas-

All the existing means of transit are ac-knowledged to be insufficient, and an under-ground railway is talked of. There will soon be travelers underground, on the ground, and in the air. Poor Hercules, where are you with your "Ne plus ultra!" You had reckened without your Yankes.

The streets ill reveal and dirty, and denotes

The streets, ill paved and dirty, are danger-ous in winter. Coachmen do not check their horses for foot passengers, but neither do they try to run over them. They strike the middle course between the London conch-man, who avoids them, and the Parisian one,

The populous quarters, such as the Chinese quarter, the Italian quarter, the Jewish quarter, with their tenement houses, those barracius of the poor which I visited one day in company with a sanitary engineer, remind one of some of Dante's descriptions: it is a descent, or rather an ascent, into hell. I spare the render the impressions which that day left upon me. Horrible! A populace composed of the officcurings of all nations, the dirtiest, roughest one can imagine.

Hard by this frightful squalor, Fifth avenue, with its palaces full of the riches'of the earth. It is the eternal story of large cities.

As in London, hundreds of churches and taverus (called beer saloons), it is the same ignoble Angle-Saxon mixture of Bible and beer, of spiritual and spirituous.

New York is probably the most cosmopolitan city in the world. To give an idea of it, I may tell you that there are newspapers

tan city in the world. To give an idea of it I may tell you that there are newspaper published there in English, French, German Russian, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Dutch Hungarian, Chinese and Hebrow.

I received one day a circular of a meeting

of the "Knights of Labor." It was printed

Nothing is more diverting than to hear the swellers of each great American town criticise the dwellers in the others. All then societies, each almost in its infancy as yet are jealous one of another. At Boston, fo instance, you will be told that the Chicago people are all pig stickers and pork packers. In Chicago, you will hear that Boston is com-posed of nothing but prigs and "preciouses

The English spoken in Boston is purer than any to be heard elsewhere in the north. The voices are less harsh and nasal, the language seases to be "vurry, vurry Amurracan." you think yourself in England as you walk along the streets, the illusion becomes comwhen you hear the well bred people

speak.
All the anecdotes told in America an the anecdotes told in America on the subject of Boston are satires upon the pre-sumptuous character of the Bostonian, who considers Boston the center of the universe. Here is one out of the many hundreds I

A Boston man has lost his wife. As soon between that city and Paradiso, he rings and

"Hello!" from the other and "Is that you, Artemisis!"

"Yes, dear." "Well, my love, and how do you like it up bere!"

"Oh, it is very nice, of course-but it isn't Washington is the sole American city which has monuments that can strike the European with admiration for their beauty. The Cap-

itol, the government buildings, the museums, built in the midst of handsome gardens, all arrest the eye of the visitor. The Capitol, 751 feet long, built of white narble, with a superb dome and majestic flights of steps, is one of the grandest, most imposing looking edifices in the world. The souvenirs attached to it and the treasures which it contains render it dear to the Ameri-

cans; it is a monument which recalls to their minds the glories of the past, and keeps alight the flame of patriotism. A general, who served through the grea civil war, told me he had seen strong men, soldiers brought up in remote states, sit dow and weep with strong emotion at seeing the Capitol for the first time.

Washington is wholly given over to politics. When congress is not sitting, it is dead;

when congress is fitting, it is delirious. Little or no commerce is done.
Philadelphia, formerly the capital of the
United States, is a city of eight or nine tub. dred thousand inhabitants, and is built, like New York, in parallelograms. Its town hall is, next to the Capitol at Washington, the Inest edifice in America. I do not know mything to compare to its sple unless it be the Bois de Boulogne in Paris The alleys of this park, if put together, would

lew York or the busy western cities, Phils delphia strikes one as slow, even monotonous except on the Clover club annual banque This Quaker city of quiet streets and sober

cover about sixty miles in length. Seen after

people is, however, full of all kinds of manu-factories. On the shores of Lake Michigan there stood a town, built of wood, and peopled by some hundred thousand inhabitants. This was called Chicago.

On the evening of Oct. 8, 1871, a cow that an old woman was milking in a barn kicked over a lamp and set fire to the structure. The flames spread, and on the morrow of that terrible night the whole city was level with the ground. The Chicago people of today show, as a curiosity to the visitor, the only wooden ouse which escaped the flames.

At the present time this city, the living and gigantic embiem of the phoenix, stands re-built in hewn stone, and holding 800,000 inabitanta.

Such is America. In less than twenty years Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, Minneapolis will be so many Chicagoa Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisvill will rival her in five.

Chicago is, in my eyes, the very type of the American city, the most striking example of what Jonathan calls "go-aheadism." The streets are twice as wide as the Parisian boulevards; the bouses of business are eight, ten and twelve stories high. Michigan avenue is seven miles long; the numbers of the houses run up to 3,000 and something. The city has parks, lovely drives by the lake shore,

statues, including a splendid one of Abraham Lincoln, public buildings imposing in their massiveness, fine theatres and churches, luxurious clubs, hotels inside which four good sized Parisian ones could dance a quadrille, Michigan avenue and Prairie avenue are extremely handsome. Picture to yourself the avenue of the Bois de Boulogne, prolonged for seven miles in a straight line, and imaginthe effect, the beautiful vista, when this is lit up at night, or when the trees, with which both these grand roads are planted, are in all

their fresh spring beauty. In these avenues, American eccentricity has been allowed free play. The houses are built in all imaginable styles of architecture: some of them are Florentine, some English, others Moorish, others a mixture of all three others again look like Greek temples, whils here and there you come across what looks like a little Gothic church, and close alongside medizeval castles in miniature, or imite tion mosques; some have the look of villas in the Paris suburbs, some have been modeled upon Swiss chalets, others upon the residence of some pashs on the borders of the Bor phorus. There are styles for all tastes.

The American may be eccentric, or what you will, but he is never monotonous. Enter one of these houses, and you will see handsome furniture, not only rich, but in good tasta.

I was not astonished to find Chicago society genial, polished and well read. Riches beget the taste for literature and arts; perhaps one day it will begot the taste for simplicity. You find here still more warmth and much

less constraint than in the east. You feel that you have quit the realms of New England Puritanism. No frigidity here; peop give free play to their sentiments. If I had to name the most sympathetic of my American audiences, the warmest and promptest to seize the significance of a look or gesture, I should name the one which I had the honor of addressing in Chicago. At 7 in the morning every man is astir and

at work, whether he be millionaire or poor clerk. Only the idle are outside the pale of respectability in Chicago.

I do not think it is possible for a European to imagine the activity which reigns in Chicago without seeing it.

bbit at one end and turn out a chimney pot

"We have done something very like it

"We have done something very like it already," he replied.

And next morning he took me to see the famous pig killing and pork packing premises of Philip Armour & Co.

Picture to yourself a series of rooms connecting. In the first, 5,000 pigs a day are killed; in the second, they are scraped as they come out of a caldron of boiling water; in the third, the heads are not off. in the third, the heads are cut off; and so on, and so on. The process is somewhat sickening, and I will not enter into any more details. At the end of the establishment the poor pigs are presented to you under the forms of bacon, sausage, gelatine, etc. The various processes take place with all the rapidity of conjuring

CHAPTER VIII.

American houses are furnished very luxuri-onsly, and for the most part with exquisite taste. Here you see the influence of woman in the smallest details of life; indeed, at every step you take, you see that woman has

passed that way.

The luxury displayed at receptions, dimers and dances surpasses. European imagination. At a ball given in New York in the month of February, 1888, the walls were covered with roses, which did not cost less than and everything elso, was on the same scale, it becomes doubtful whether such luxury is to be admired. I was present one evening at a dinner given in the large dining hall at Delmonico's restaurant, in New York. We doo's restaurant, in New York. We were eighty-seven guests at an immens round table. The center of the board wa covered with a gigantic star of flowers: roses, arum lilies, and heliotropa. At that season, lilies were worth a dollar each, and all through the winter the price of rosss was from a quarter to two dollars apiece, accord-ing to kind. The Americans at this feast nated the star of flowers at six or seven housend dollars.

At a dinner party given recently at Del-monico's, I heard that each mean had a chain attached, consisting of pearls and diamonds, and valued at \$1,000.

In houses, in clube, in offices one cannot belp admiring the ingenious forethought, the wants and the alightest conveniences of life have been studied; it seems as if there were

nothing left to desire.

13 is impossible, however, in speaking of American interiors, to pass over in silence a certain eyesore, which meets your sight at

every turn.

The most indispensable, it appears, the most conspicuous at any rate, piece of furni-ture in America is the spittoon. All rooms are provided with this object of prime necessity; you find one beside your seat in trains, under your table in the restau impossible to escape the sight of the ugly utensil. In the hotel corridors there is a spit toon standing sentinel outside every door. In sublic buildings the floors are dotted with them, and they form the line all up the

The Americans, used to these targets fro the tenderest age, are marvelously adroit a the use of them; they never miss their aim. I saw some really striking feats of marksman hip; but perhaps the best of all at the Cap-

itol, in Washington.

The supreme court of judicature was sitting. As I entered an advocate was launch ing thunders of eloquence. All at once be stopped, looked at a spittoon which stood two yards off, aimed at it, and Kerrron—creashi; -ptul right in the bull's eye; then on he went with his harangua. I looked to see the seven judges and the public appland and cry brave! Not a murmur, the incident passed completely unnoticed. Probably there was not a man in the hall who could not say to himself: "There's nothing in that, I could do

CHAPTER IX. A word about American aristocracy to be-

What, American aristocracy! Yes, certainly. I assure you that there exists in America

cult to penetrate than into the most exclusive ons of the Faubourg Saint-Germain or of Mayfair and Belgravia.

There are in Philadelphia; in Beacon street,
Boston; in Washington square (north side),
New York; in Virginia; in Canal street (right side), New Orleans, Americans who look upor common mortals with much more pity and

social sanctuaries into which it is more diffi-

contempt than the Montmorencys of France or the Howards of England. The Americans, not having any king to give them titles of nobility, have created an aristocracy for themselves. This aristocracy boasts as yet no dukes, marquises, earls, or barons, but the blue blood is there, it appears

-Dutch blood as a rule -and that is suf When a European nobleman arrives in the States, the American aristocracy leave cards upon him at the hotel where he has alighted. He may perhaps be personally known to none; but all nobilities are kindred everywhere, it is an act of international courtesy, as it were. The European nobleman, who often goes to America for a dowered wife, is much obliged to them, and returns all the visits paid him. A New York lady, who is quite an authority upon such matters, told me one day that society in New York was composed of only

four hundred persons. Outside this company of elect, all Philistines. Money or celebrity may allow you to enter into this charmed circle, but you will never belong to it. You will be in it, but not of it. The lady in question entered also into very minute details on the subject of what she called the difference between "society people" and "people in society;" but, in spite of all her explanations, I confess I did not seize the delicate nuances she tried to convey. All I clearly understood was that the aristocracy of birth exists in America, not only in the brains of those who form part of it, but also

in the eyes of their compatriots. The desire to establish an aristocracy of some sort was bound to haunt the breast of the Americans; it was the only thing that their dollars seemed unable to procure them. The second aristocracy is the aristocracy of money, plutocracy. To belong to this it is

ficient to be a millionaire—you must, I am told, belong to a third generation of millionaires. Of such are the Astors, the Vanderbilts and company. Three quarters of 'nobility" are the necessary key of this little world. The first generation makes the millions, the second generation is parvenue, the third is arrives. In the eyes of these people to have from thirty or forty to fifty thouse dollars a year is to be in decent poverty. To have two or three bundred thousand dollars a year is to be in easy circumstances.

The third aristocracy is the aristocracy of talent, literary and artistic society. This third aristocracy is incontestably the first, if you will excuse the Hibernianism.

I do not think that one could find any where, or even imagine, a society more re fined, more affable, more hospitable, more witty or more brilliant. I should like just here to indulge in a string of adjectives after the fashion of Mme. de Sevigne.

One of the consequences of the position which woman takes in the United States is, that in good American drawing rooms con versation is never dull. "If I were queen," exclaimed Mme. Re-

camier one day, "I would command Mme. de Stael to talk to me all day long." One would like to be able to give the same order to plenty of American women. In their company conversation never flags and always remains within the domain of causerie; they glide lightly from one subject to another, extracting something fresh from each, pass from the serious to the gay, even to the frivolous without becoming commonplace, scar again to lofty heights, but do not disdain come down to gossip for a minute or twanting

this without a grain of affectation, but with

French women are the only ones I kno who can compare with the American lady charm of conversation, and even then I am obliged to admit two things: that the Ameri-can women of intellectual society are often more natural than their French rivals, and that they make less effort to charm. In word, with them you are amiable without having to be gallant, and none of those stereotyped compliments, which so often spoil the charm of a conversation between a man

and a woman, are expected of you.

The Americans, and that in every station of life, have almost always three names: one of life, have almost always three names: one Chaistian name and two family ones: George Washington Smith, Benjamin Franklin Jones, William Tell Brown. I should not have been autonished to make the acquaint-ance of a Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Robiason. The celebrities do not escape it any more than the rest: Heary Wadsworth Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holms, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Watson Glider, James Russell Lowell, Raiph Waldo Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, etc., etc., Can one not see in these double names a title which the father thinks he confers on his child at the baptismal font!

All new societies have the same weak-

All new societies have the same weak nesses. On the morrow of the Revolution did we not call our children Epaminondas Leonidas, Derius, Napoleon, etc. ! Every American with the least solf res

is colonel er judge.

Few escape it, as Mark Twain once remarked of the decorations of the Legion of Honor. We are quits, Mark. America has a hundred times as many colonels as we have imights of the Legion of Honor.

mights of the Legion of Honor.

When you are presented to a gentleman, in an American drawing room, and you have unfortunately not caught his name, there is no need to try and repair the evil; call him "Colonel," nine times out of ten it is mafe; if luck should be against you, call him "Judga,"

and you are pretty sure to be right.

If, however, pursued by the fates, you should discover that your interlocutor is neither colonel nor judgs, you have another resource; call him "Professor," and you are out of the difficulty; an American always professes something, an art, a religion, and you are risking nothing.

I met a few American colonels who had presently been promoted "misters." They

recently been promoted "misters." They were so proud of their new title that they in-deted on being addressed thus. CHAPTER X I am afraid it will make my readers' lips water, but here is a list of some American

fortunce as I have beard them stat L J. Astor A. T. Stewart...... These are the princes of the Land of the

Dollar. The largest English fortunes fall short of these figures. The Duke of West-minster's is recknowd stronly \$80,000,000, that of the Duke of Sutherland at \$30,000,000, and the Marquis of Bute \$30,000,000.

It is in mines and railways especially that the coloral American fortunes have been

the colours American fortunes I have not seen the town house or country house of Mr. Gould; but I know that in the grounds of the latter stand conserva-tories estimated to be worth \$250,000. I trust tories estimated to be worth \$250,000. I trust this wa, give an idea of what the rest may be. I canne. guarantee that Mr. Gould is a happy man. Concerning immense fortunes a witty American friend, rich in moderation,

and a great philosopher, said to me one days "No man can own more than a million dollars. When his bank account outgr that, he does not own it; it owns him, and he becomes its slave."

The Americans, having no king in our they have, republicans though they be. To read the pedigrees, published in full every time a death occurs in one of these rich families, is highly entertaining. A Mrs. Astor died while I was in America, and, after the enumeration of her charms and virtues, which were many, came the list of John Jacobs from whom her husband had sprung. The Astors were all John Jacobs apparently, and were mentioned as John Jacob I, John Jacob II and John Jacob III. The line doe not go back very far, John Jacob I having gone to America as a poor emigrant early in this century, I believe, and laid the founda-tion of the present grandeur of his house by trading in furs.

It will not do to inquire too closely into the have amassed wealth. Strange stories are told of men so grasping that they stopped at nothing, even to the ruining of their own sons. When I saw Mr. Bronson Howard's clever play, "The Henrictta," in which he portrays a son so madly engrossed by the ex-citement of gambling on the stock exchange as to try and absorb his father's millions, I thought the picture was overdrawn. Americans, however, told me that the case was his-torical, but with the characters reversed—

which made it still more odious.

As for the colonial fortunes of railway kings, it is well known how thousands o small ones go to make them, how the rich man's palace is too often built with the stones

of hundreds of ruined homes. There is no other name than "king" used in speaking of the few great financiers, who hold the bulk of the railway stock in America. But they are not the only ones. There are oil kings, copper kings, allver kings, and I know not what other majesties in America, and when you see the power possessed by these, and the numberless trusts, combinations and pools, a power preming often very closely on the million, you wonder how the Americans, who found one king one too many, should submit so patiently to being governed by scores.

The liberty enjoyed by American girls as-tonishes the English as much as the liberty of the English girl surprises the French.

From the age of 18, the American girl is allowed almost every liberty. She takes the others. She can travel alone, and go to

conlabor the English as much as the liberty of the English girl surprises the French. From the age of 18, the American girl is fillowed almost every liberty. She takes the others. She can travel alone, and go to concerts and even to theatres unattended by a chaperon.

She is supplied with pocket money, which she spends at her own sweet will in bonbons, knickinacks and jewelry. If there is none left for the milliner and dressmaker, papa is coazed to pay them. She visits and receives whom she pleases—I mean those who please her. She has her own circle of acquaintances. If, at a ball, she meet with a young man who takes her fancy, I do not say touches her heart, she says to him: "I am at home on such a day; come and see me." Next day he may seed her a ticket for a theatre and be her escort for the evening. He may bring her flowers, offer her refreshments after the play, and take her home in a carriage. In America, all this seems to be the most natural thing in the world. This leads to no intimacy, for a few days later it may happen that he moets the young lady at a ball, and present you to a friend; do tell — left and a surpressent you to a friend; do tell — left and a surpressent you to a friend; do tell — left and a surpressent you to a friend; do tell — left and a surpressent you to a friend; do tell — left and a surpressent you to a friend; do tell — left and a surpressent you to a friend; do tell — left and a surpressent you to a friend; do tell — left and a surpressent you to a friend; do tell — left and a surpressent you to a friend; do tell — left and a surpressent you to a friend; do tell — left and a surpressent you to a friend; do tell — left and a surpressent you to a friend; do tell — left and left is to the left in the potential in the potential and left in the potential and left in the potential in the potential and left in the potential to the make the subtress and the left in the potential to the

Prench so giddy and same, Sheet Music and Musical to act according and such a music blooms at Sign and South Prench to act according and such a music house,

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ceive my ball partners who please me? If our of them were to profit by my essing him alone in the drawing room to take a liberty with me, he would be an ill bred fellow, and I should have him properly shown out of the house, and certainly it is not for such as in that I should change my habits.

In trains, where the such are constructed to hold two persons, you will see the American such a place from one end of the train to the other before he will go and seek himself by the side of a young girl. He will only do so when there is no help for it. I have many times noticed men standing up in the local trains, rather than run the risk of incommoding a young girl by sharing a seek with

trains, rather than run the risk of incommoding a young girl by sharing a sent with her. And I am not speaking now of gentlemen only, but of men belonging to the middle, if not lower, class—if the word "class" may be used speaking of Americans.

With what pleasure I remember the young American girls whom I occasionally mist at Parislan parties in my youthful days. Their pretty, bright faces, their elegance, their unconventional charm of manner and animated, natural conversation—all these enchanted me. One never felt awkward with shanted me. One never felt awkward them. Whereas with a French young girl i could generally find nothing but about commonplaces to say, in the presence of Jen-athan's merry maidens I lost my timidity, and could chat away with as little embarran-ment as I must be supported. ment as I would with a young brother

of my regiment.
The American girl is still withou parisian drawing rooms, where she is more and more sought after. Men seek her for her gayety, wit or beauty; mothers look favorably upon her for her dollars; the younger women tear her to shreds—nothing is want-

And what spirit there was in their dancing! What animation! What eyes it up
with pleasure! Not a moment's flagging;
they danced with as much supplement at 5 in
the morning as at the beginning of the overing. And why not, indeed! Such pleasures
are harmless, and it is not because a woman
has danced much in her girlhood that she
should lead her husband a dance, when she
has one. -000 800

Good scholars are as easy to discover in the recreation ground as in the class room. The morality of a youth is in direct proportion to the delight he takes in play; that of a girl may be measured by her gayety and high

I shall never forget a young An who at at the same table as mysalf on board the steamer. The dear child, who was about 17, performed prodigies. I could exarcely believe my eyes, and watched her with never flagging interest. What appetite! What a little table d'hote ogress! I trembled for our supplies and wondered whether the company had foreseen the danger.

First of all, at 7 in the morning, tes and bread and butter was taken to the homeseen.

First of all, at I in the morning, ten and bread and butter was taken to the hungry one in her cabin. At half-past 6 she breakfasted. At this meal, she generally want straight through the bill of fare. At 11, she had beef ton and biscuits brought to her on dock. Lunch time found her ready for three courses of splid food, besides pastry, fruit, etc. At 6 o'clock, she did valiantly again, and at 10 she was regularly served with a Weish rarebit, or some other tasty triffe. Notwithstanding this, I rarely met her on dock, or in the corridors, but she was munching sweets, gingerbread or chocolete."

dock, or in the corridors, but she was munching sweets, gingerbread or chocolate."

After all, there are so few distractions on board ship! Mon smoke, play polest, or fadulge in a little betting on the run of the ship. Some people sleep, some try to think, but unsuccessfully; others read; some ladies knit. The American girl eats.

The American girl littes mon's society for several reasons. First, because she is well educated and able to talk on almost all topics. She can talk knickknacks and pretty non-sous, but if she knows how to describe the "cunningest bounct" lately invented in Feria, she can also tall you all about these. "cunningest bonnet" lately invented in Property of the can also tell you all about Octave Pr he's labest novel, or even Herbert St latest work. She likes men's society, it enlarges her circle of acquaintance also because it increases her chances d ng a good match. No ing a good match. No matter now much of a butterfly she may be, she never loss sight of the future. She does not my, as she sits musing on marriage: "What kind of man shall I suit?" but "What kind of man shall I

The constant aspiration of these young reablicans is to be one day counters, ma

publicans is to be one day counters, marchioness or duches.

The number of European coats of arms which have been taken out of pawn, or regilt, with American dollars, is enormous. Not long ago,'s writer on the staff of The Paris Figure counted, among the guests in one of the most select drawing rooms of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, thirty-seven American ladies bearing thirty-seven uames of the most authentic Freuch nobility. To name only those which are present at the moment in my memory, the Princesse Murat, mother of the Duchesse de Mouchy, is American; the Marquise de Chassoloup-Laubat is American; the Comtesse de Saint-Ronan, is Generale the Charette, the Comtesse de Chevigne and the Comtesse de Ganay are American. The daughters of the great democracy have become not only French in heart, but as roylists as the most ultramontane of our officiers.

Every one knows how many American women the English aristocracy counts in its bosom, and that that most Tory and most powerful political association, called the Primrose league, originated with Lady Ran-dolph Churchill, the young and handsome daughter of Mr. Jerome of New York.

That passion for rich marriages, which burns in the heart of so many young Amercan women, often leads them to dis

allows young girls to marry their grand-fathers, or at least the contemporaries of these worthles. It is not rare, I may say it is quite common, to see girls of 18 and 20 married to men

of 70 and over. An American told me that he once went a long journey in the same railway car with an infirm, heary old man of 50, who was accompanied by a girl of scarce more than 20. This young woman was strikingly beautiful. My American friend admitted to me that the sight of her lovely face had the effect of

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