

topic the same grotesque mould. That is why it does not really much amuse the English. For the English are accustomed to Shakespeare, and to the London cabmen."

EPILOGUE: "I have given my impressions truly; but they have always been critical or hostile. This, it is true, will not hurt America; but somehow it hurts me. The truth is that all the things I dislike in modern civilization are peculiarly prominent in this country; and I have been more interested in civilization than in America. But to-night there crowd into my mind feelings and reminiscences of a different kind. I realize that I am parting from some dear friends, and from many charming acquaintances; and that the civilization I have criticised is supported by and supports the simplest, kindest, and most hospitable people in the world. In any case, the emphasis I have laid on what I think are the defects of America does not spring from hostility. It springs rather from an intense anxiety. Democracy, I feel, is the chief hope of civilization; and also it is its chief menace. It is its hope because it is inspired by the ideals of justice and humanity; it is its menace because it is different from, or even hostile to, the ideals of personal greatness and distinction. A Democracy that shows itself ugly, ignoble, gross, materialistic, is betraying the cause of Democracy. A Democracy that worships wealth and power, and nothing else, is a Plutocracy in disguise. Democracy ought to hate itself in its present form, just as I hate it. America ought to hate itself, and yet to believe in itself; and hate itself because it believes in itself. For what it believes in, or ought to believe in, is its courage, its intelligence, its faith; and these qualities will need to destroy their own present manifestation. I think if I did not somehow love America I could not so much hate her civilisation."

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