

what they mean to the London working-man who is tempted by the specious free-grant and Government assistance to try his luck and to go where he can, they say, develop into a landed gentleman? Yes, I will tell you, friends, what they mean,—they mean cold, catarrh, consumption, misery, and death. But there are men in England who ought to succeed as emigrants, men not of impoverished blood nor of enfeebled vital stamina like our city laborers who, Heaven help them, scarcely know the difference between a meadow and a wheat field: I mean the rich landlords, aye, and the manufacturers, for they also have their country seats. These are the men to emigrate, to settle new regions, to make the desert blossom like a garden. They are inured to open-air exercise, they are mighty hunters, to them the factory or the docks would be sure and speedy death. Well, friends, I think the country could spare some of these men, and I advise them to try a little of the medicine which we have been offered. Let us see to it that sooner or later these robust hunters and sportsmen shall be encouraged, aye, compelled, if need be, to do for bread that which hitherto they have done only for amusement."

Again alluding to the social revolution which, he said, was close at hand, Escott denounced as traitors those who encouraged or seemed to encourage violence. There was nothing to hope for in thrusting swords and bayonets into the hearts of kings, nor was it with such weapons that the serfs and vassals of the proletariat were to be emancipated. Already, by the competition of parties in the legislature, the laboring class had been admitted to the franchise; already peers, plutocrats, and parsons were learning to coax and wheedle where they used to domineer; already the Christian beatitudes were being preached in the slums by masters of arts, well-meaning, pious souls, too inexperienced to consider that squalor and abject poverty starve even the better in-

stincts of humanity. Yes, the remedy was in their own hands provided that they were patient, ready and willing cheerfully to endure temporary suffering for the larger good that lay, almost within sight, before them.

This address was undoubtedly the speech of the evening, although at its close there was no acclamation, nothing more than a long-drawn hum of satisfaction. Emerging into the street, Gilbert Arderne, whom curiosity had brought to the meeting, ran up against Mr. Lieu, the notoriety-hunting, pragmatic and egotistic editor of the *Piccadilly Chronicle*.

"Bless me!" cried the journalistic Quixote, "I quite forgot you. Your name is down in my note-book for an account of your mutiny-quelling affair on that India ship, but it was overlooked. No wonder; what with exposing vice in high places, actions for libel, and what not, I declare I am the busiest man in town. Do you know, Arderne, that since that affair in the Bay of Biscay I have interviewed the Czar, drunk coffee with the Sultan, and hobnobbed with the Pope? Fact, I assure you: my paper is a power in the land, for that matter throughout the world. We print a special weekly edition, a *réchauffé* for the Yankees, who are just now entering on an era of Anglomania and good feeling. What do you think of the meeting, eh? I have two men at work upon it, one a paragraphist, the other a boiler-down, an abridger, you know."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Lieu," said Gilbert, when he had a chance to speak; "the meeting was, I suppose, what you would call a success. At any rate, there was enough of it; a whiff of country air would be a refreshing thing after it. Who was that man who spoke towards the close,—that pale-faced fellow with light hair and blue eyes?"

"That was Jack Escott, the Socialist," returned Lieu, "the man chiefly responsible for the strike, they say. I must interview him, he's a rising man. His tongue is his fortune, that's certain; he'll be in the