

duction. Now the Manchus have abdicated we have succeeded in establishing the first two of these principles, and it now remains for us to accomplish the revolution of society. This subject is being much discussed in the world to-day, but many people in China are ignorant of what is involved in such a question. They suppose that the aim of the regeneration of China is only that this may become a great and powerful country, on an equality with the great Powers of the West; but such is not the end of our effort. To-day there are no wealthier countries than Britain and America; there is no more enlightened country than France. Britain is a constitutional monarchy; France and America are perfect republics; but the gap betwixt the poor and the wealthy in these countries is too great. And so it comes to pass that thoughts of revolution still rankle in the minds of many. For, if this revolution of society be not effected, the many cannot enjoy complete joy and happiness. Such felicity is only for the few capitalists. The mass of laborers continues to suffer bitterness and cannot be at rest. Now, the revolution of the race and the revolution of government are easy, but the revolution of society is difficult. This is because it is only a people of high attainments that can work out a revolution of society. Some will say, "We have succeeded so far in our revolution, why not be content and wait? Why seek to accomplish what Britain and America, with all their wealth and knowledge, have not yet undertaken?" This would be a mistaken policy. For in Britain and America civilization is advanced and industry flourishes. It is therefore difficult to accomplish a revolution of society. In China we have not yet reached this stage, so such a revolution is easy for us. In Britain and America capitalists with their vested interests are entrenched, and it is therefore difficult to dislodge them. In China, capitalists and vested interests have not yet appeared; hence the revolution of society is easy. I may be asked, "To accomplish such a revolution as you fore-shadow, will military force be necessary?" I reply, "In Britain and America it will be necessary to use military force, but not in China. The coal strike in Britain is a proof of what I say. Yet the coal strike cannot be called a revolution. It is merely that the people desire to get possession of the sources of wealth, and can only do so by violent means. Although the revolution of society is difficult to accomplish to-day, the time is surely coming when it will be an accomplished fact, but by what desperate means it shall be accomplished, and through what dangers the State shall pass, it is difficult to prognosticate. If we do not, in the beginning of our republic, take thought for the future by-and-by when capitalism is developed, its oppression may be worse than the despotism which we have just thrown off, and we may again have to pass through a period of bloodshed. Will not that be deplorable?"

There is one point to which we ought to give the greatest attention. When the new Government is established, it will be necessary that all land deeds shall be changed. This is a necessary corollary of the revolution. If we desire to forward the revolution of society, then when the change is made a slight alteration should be introduced into the form of the deed in order that the greatest results may be achieved. Formerly, people owning land paid taxes according to their area, making a distinction only between the best, medium, and common land. In the future, taxes ought to be levied according to the value, not the area, of the land. For land varies much more than in the ratio of these three degrees. I don't know by how much the land in Nanking differs in value from land on the Bund in Shanghai, but if you rate it according to this old method of three degrees, you cannot assess it justly. It would be better to tax it according to its value, the poor land paying a low tax and valuable land a high tax. The valuable land is mostly in the busy marts and is in the possession of wealthy men; to tax them heavily would be no oppression. The poor land is mostly in the possession of poor people in far-back districts; nothing but the lightest taxes should be levied on them. For instance, a piece of land on the Bund pays taxes at the rate of a few dollars to the acre, and a piece of land of equal area in the

country pays an equal tax. This is far from being just. If the tax were levied on the value of the land, then this injustice would be done away with. If you compare the value of land in Shanghai to-day with what it was one hundred years ago, it has increased ten thousand-fold. Now, industry in China is about to be developed. Commerce will advance, and in fifty years' time we shall see many Shanghais in China. Let us take time by the forelock and make sure that the unearned increment of wealth shall belong to the people and not to private capitalists who happen to be the owners of the soil.

Shanghai, China.

Some Old-Time Echoes.

ON TREK IN THE TRANSVAAL.

III.

Not only were we welcomed to Natal by the lovely roses of which I made mention in my last column, but letters and telegrams reached us, and amongst the former, an invitation to the Club ball, to be held in Pietermaritzburg.

"If you have any intention of accepting that," said a friend of my husband's, "you must despatch your portmanteaux to-day." We did so, but the Club ball was a thing of the past when they arrived at our hotel at the capital.

The agent, who, by pre-arrangement, had met us on board the ship, and who had helped us efficiently from that moment until we arrived at Pietermaritzburg, had prepared us for such a possibility, warning us that in that land of "Dolce far niente" transport was an affair of time, that goods despatched from Durban frequently turned up in Maritzburg, a distance of fifty miles only, ten days or a fortnight afterwards, which was precisely what happened to us.

Our few days at the coast were spent strenuously, for, although we had brought with us as little as possible, yet we found that unless circumstances compelled us to remain for an extended period in South Africa, we had far too much, and the process of weeding out our belongings must be begun at once.

"It all depends," said the agent, "upon the size of the wagon in which you travel up-country. In a large buck-wagon, with sixteen to twenty oxen, you would have ample space for many things which would be of the very greatest use to you when there, but which, in a

smaller conveyance, would incommode you greatly on the road. In the latter, you would have little enough room for yourself and bare necessities." Later on, I find the following in my notes by way of a comment upon the truth of this assertion:

"Travelling 'light' may mean speed, but oh! reader, it means certainly cramp and closeness, dearth and dreariness, and a curtailment of ordinary comfort, which can be borne smilingly, if not with hilarity (for there's a drollness about it, too, especially to a looker-on), for a limited time. But try it for six weeks at a stretch, and, believe me, if your temper and nerves stand the test, never doubt your capacity to endure."

This little interlude, as narrative, perhaps has no business to come in at this early stage of my story, but it has come of the unjokeable frame of mind aroused by the re-reading of memoranda which tell of the good things we left behind us, primarily at Durban, secondarily at Pietermaritzburg, and which we often longed for and greatly needed in the Transvaal.

As there is a certain amount of similarity in the rough travelling in almost any primitive and little explored country, and in the need of foresight in the preparations for the same, I will venture to include the following notes from my log as being of possible service to those who may be on travel bent, and who may, even in these days of more open doors to everywhere, be glad to profit by the unwisdom of others. In my preliminary consultation with our friendly agent on the necessary weeding-out process, I had remarked:

"This side-saddle, for instance, am I likely to require it?" This I asked, remembering a journey across the prairies of Minnesota, when, as a girl, a ride of 600 miles or so seemed a feat scarce worth telling of, but which I certainly could not have accomplished without that useful article.

"Well, when you get up there you will be glad of it, and I believe there are horses in the district," etc., etc. Remembering the nuisance that saddle had been to pack, for "nothing would go in comfortable alongside it," our John had declared, I had a sense of neglected duty in leaving it behind, without even once using it in South Africa. Such was its fate, however, and from that moment I never saw it more. All superfluities of

wearing apparel both my husband and I had agreed to leave behind, but one or two boxes, to meet our needs should we be delayed for a few days in Pietermaritzburg, and be asked to partake of hospitalities there, must be filled and forwarded. This was done accordingly, to the breathless admiration of Mrs. X—'s good Kafir Jim, who, during the process, stole up the stairs at intervals to gaze surreptitiously. Half my work was achieved upon the landing outside of our room, and now and again, if his whole body, time not permitting, did not present itself, his nose would reach the level of my field of operations, and his thick lips would emit a "click" of appreciation, whilst the whites of his eyes rolled with an eloquence requiring no vocabulary to explain. The few dresses of quiet, almost Quaker-like hue upon which I prided myself, had no attractions for him, but a scarlet flannel dressing-jacket, a pair of colored blankets, a scrap of ribbon, and an "end" of red tape! (Can you realize a craving for that?) had charms for Jim, which, without an interpreter, he contrived to make clear to me. Jim had his modest pickings, but they would have been dear at half a crown.

As I am by way of giving results of our observations gained by our experiences, I would say to intending emigrants to any colony or outlying districts anywhere, "Before starting from your English home, go to your village blacksmith, don his apron, and tinker and toil with him as much as he will let you, till you get a good notion of his trade. Go to your wheelwright, and get him to show you his trick of straightening a bent axle, how to box one, how to cure its crookedness, and to heal wheel-illnesses generally. Haunt the bench of your neighboring carpenter till you get a wrinkle or two from him. Even your butcher and your baker might tell you something that you may thank them for when thousands of miles away from them. Be a Jack-of-all-trades, with more than a smattering knowledge of each, and you will save your pocket as well as your patience thereby. In South Africa, as we found it, and as it probably is even now, you may get Kafir labor in plenty, but you may also have to go for weeks without any. The servant market is liable to fluctuations, and it is well to be independent thereof. White servants there you will never have.



Between Two Fires.

From a painting in the Tate Gallery, by F. D. Millet, who was drowned when the Titanic went down. Mr. Millet was American by birth, the son of a Doctor of Medicine, and was born at Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, in 1846, and educated at Harvard University (he was an M.A.) and at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Antwerp. He served in the Civil War, was correspondent of the London Daily News in the Russo-Turkish War, and wrote stories and articles. He first exhibited in London in 1879.