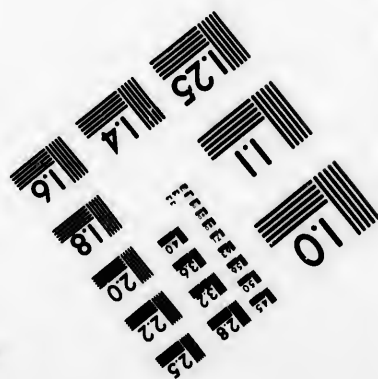
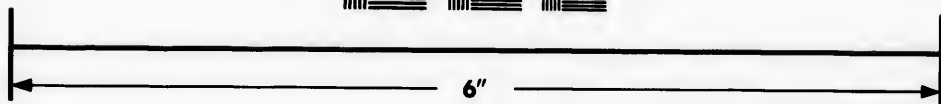
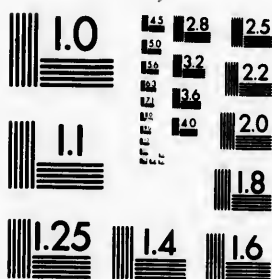


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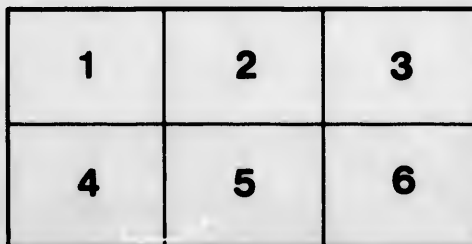
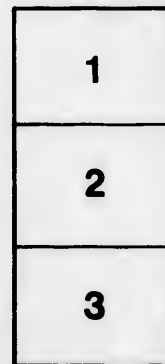
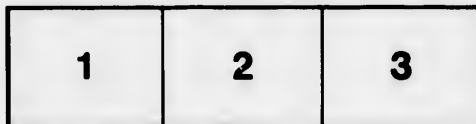
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PREFACE.

THAT portion of the present book which relates to the United States of America is composed of a series of letters, which, at the time of their writing, served a double purpose. They were actually addressed to my own home, and were primarily intended to be read there, but on their way they were translated into type, and appeared in the columns of the *New York Herald* and a syndicate of newspapers with which that journal is allied. They offer just such surface observations as might suggest themselves to any traveller, and do not profess to do more than touch the deeper questions revealed by a close and rational study of the differences which divide the great American people from ourselves.

The division is real, and at any moment it may become dangerous, and this is true in spite of the plain fact that there are no material interests in dispute between the two countries which are worth much more than the cost of the diplomatic stationery employed in their determination. The

unguarded letter which excited in England an almost incredulous amazement some two years ago was read by millions of Americans with delight. Millions of Americans are always ready to cheer any insult or defiance which may be hurled against Great Britain. There is a portion of the populace of that country which is permanently ready to declare war against us, which welcomes every chance of an imbroglio, and strives unceasingly to fan every ember of national misliking to a flame.

The curious part of the fact is that this feeling of animosity is wholly one-sided, and that there is no counterpart to it amongst ourselves. Personal dislikes and scorns there will be everywhere, but the broad, general, and unmistakable feeling for the United States at home is void of jealousy or malice, compact of serene good wishes, and marred only by a touch of our national and characteristic air of patronage. Our settled confidence in ourselves, our fashion of thinking things excellent because we do them, or own them, may answer for a certain sum of the dislike with which we are regarded by a great section of the American public, which will not see that it shares our characteristic, and sometimes displays it in an exaggerated fashion. But this of itself, though a factor in the case, could not embitter the whole stream of good-will which flows from

us to them. It seems to me that there are two great plain causes for the soreness of American feeling towards us, and even if my belief should be mistaken, as it well may be, I feel it a duty to offer it for consideration.

The United States and Great Britain were once at war, and we were beaten. Looking back impartially on the history of that struggle, most Englishmen, nowadays, are filled with shame at the ineptitude of our own rulers, and with admiration for the valour of great-hearted men of our own race, who fought for those principles of self-government which were first established in England. Tennyson, in that matter, has spoken for us, for good and all :

What wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood ;
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought,
Who came of English blood !

As a rule a victor finds it easy to be magnanimous. It is for the vanquished to scratch the itch of wounded vanity. Why should a moral condition otherwise universal be flatly contradicted in one case alone ? A partial reason is that on our side history has been just. For almost a century no writer of repute has dared to uphold the action of the British Government of that day. Every later generation of Englishmen has purged

its soul of all complicity with the criminal folly which made war inevitable. No living thinker offers for it any better apology than is conveyed in the admission that it was a wicked blunder. We have spoken our word of repentance long ago. Washington, the arch-rebel, is a household word for duty and patriotism. He has his place in the thronged Valhalla of British heroes. There is no likeness in the history of nations to the place now held in English hearts by the man who once took up arms against us. The honour in which all Englishmen hold the leading spirit of the revolution is a thing unique in the annals of the world. Never elsewhere has the vanquished held the victor in such ungrudged esteem.

It is a fact to be regretted, that every citizen of the United States is taught the history of that old conflict in such a way as to make the hatred of England a patriotic duty. It is not at all to be wondered at that such histories as are still disseminated in the schools were written. They are, of course, biassed, but in the main they are true. There are episodes of horrible barbarity in them. These are feelingly related, as is just and natural, and they excite revolt against their perpetrators in the mind of any reader. The cosmopolitan American, the man of culture and travel, the man of thought and reading, does not hate the England of to-day because of the stories

of barbarity and wrong with which his childhood was familiar. But the scores of thousands who have done with history when the school-doors close behind them, the millions whose only mental pabulum in manhood is to be found in the columns of the newspapers, are faithful to early opinion.

In the May of this present year I received an invitation to address some friendly word to the fiftieth gathering of the Association of State Teachers, then preparing in New York. I ventured to touch upon this subject and to say:—

“Since I am permitted to address this word of greeting to a body so influential, I beg to be allowed to make an appeal on one point, which seems to me of the highest moment. There is no question on which I feel so strongly as on this:—The more the people of your country are made to understand the true affection with which they are regarded by the people of Great Britain, the better it will be for us, and them, and all the world. Next to the pride and affection with which we regard our own land and its great dependencies, is the pride and affection with which we regard the Great Republic of the West. The last itching of the sore of wounded national vanity died years ago. There is no Englishman worth his salt who does not espouse your side in the quarrel which once divided us. In the mingled

shame and pride with which we survey that episode in our national history, our shame is all for our own share in it, and our pride is all for the strong men of our own blood, who retaught to us the lesson we once taught the world, but had, unhappily, in those foolish years, forgotten. Not the press, powerful as it is, nor popular politicians, eloquent and earnest as they may be, nor embassies, nor Governments, have such power to spread this friendly and healing truth as the members of your association. When I visited your country I made acquaintance with certain books employed in schools which seemed to me to deal with that long-buried controversy with an acrimony, which, however just and natural at one time, had grown out of date and needless. You can afford to teach your children now that the England of to-day regrets and condemns nothing in its history as it regrets and condemns that time. There are, thank God, many forces which tend to unite us to each other, but there are some influences of disruption too, and I take these school-books to be one of the latter. Truth has a right to be told, and Englishmen have no right to shrink from it. But in this case, more than in most, the whole truth is desirable. Side by side with the history of arrogance and folly, set down the history of regret. Teach the story of the valour of your forefathers—your children have

a claim to hear it—but let it be known to your charges in their tender years, that not even in their own land is that valour more esteemed than it is amongst your old-time enemies. Tell them there is no name in English annals more revered by Englishmen than that of Washington.”

I have no pretence to be a statesman, and I have no mandate from any constituency however humble, but I think that passage a fair statement of the average Briton's feeling on this matter. Some will tag to it a reservation, to this effect. Many such protests have been made, and it is not wise to make them, because the very sense of justice by which they are inspired is misconstrued by a mass of people on the other side. Any overture to the American *mob* is accepted as a hint of fear. Any admission of regret for the past is twisted into a petition for the future. Great American Spread Eagle, spare us! We acknowledge our iniquities, and we do kotow before you! Not a bit of it, unfriendly tub-thumper! We desire your good-will. We admit your ill-will to be natural and excusable. We acknowledge that our great-grandfathers earned it, but we invite you to the contemplation of the fact that there is nothing any longer to be angry at, nothing any longer to fight about. And if you won't take the proffered hand of friendship yet, and will insist on thinking that only a coward could offer it, we

must needs have patience, and take credit for having chosen the right side at this particular moment. Your best men know what we mean, and between the pick of the basket on your side and the pick of the basket on ours there is full and warm accord, and sympathy and affection. Neither you nor I, unfriendly cousin, are afraid of anybody. It doesn't run in the blood.

Apart from this matter of the school-books, but very near it, and presenting many elements of likeness to it, is the great Irish question. There, again, we are doomed to suffer for the sins of our fathers. Hundreds of thousands of Irishmen have crossed the Atlantic with black hatred for England in their hearts, and no sane man who knows the truth of their exodus can wonder at the sentiment. Within our borders it is known to-day that all Englishmen wish well to Ireland, that no party is in favour of the old tyrannous repressions, that we are united at least in a common hope for her welfare, and a common striving to secure it, though we differ widely as to the means to be adopted. Here, again, we are ashamed of our past; and here, again, we are striving to undo it. The calmer Irish politicians recognize the fact that something has been done, and the old animosities are toning down. But the exile in America feels nothing of the ameliorating influences which have been at work in his absence. Hatred is a tradition

with him, and home legislation does not easily touch tradition in a foreign country. The Irish people are not yet satisfied, but if they had always been under the laws which now affect them—if they had always been as wisely and as kindly ruled as they are to-day—they would never have carried the wide world over the seeds of disunion and discontent. But as things are, the Irish people do not live in Ireland only, and for generations yet to come the American Irishman will hate us, not because of what we are, but because of what our fathers were.

The mistakes of our forefathers are a part of our heritage. It is ours to undo them. It is ours as a first step to acknowledge them in the sight and hearing of all men. It is for England to cultivate the good-will which England blindly alienated long ago, and to endure with patience the insult and rage which are the natural answer to her own deeds. We can *afford* no quarrel with America—not in the sense in which the Bowery politician reads the word—but in the sense that the nobler destinies of the world are in great measure in her hands and ours. If we could achieve a real and stable union with her, we could bid war to cease. The thing willed by the confederated English-speaking races would be willed by Heaven beforehand.

This is a grave beginning to a book of such small

pretensions, but I believe I have indicated the only sources of American ill-feeling towards ourselves. The school histories and the transmitted Irish sentiment are alone answerable for it, and for both of these we have to thank old England. We may wear their influences out in time, and every deed which aids that work and every word which helps it forward is well worth act or speech.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

PENSARN, NORTH WALES,

December 4th, 1897.

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THE COCKNEY COLUMBUS.

CHAPTER I.

INSPIRED by the example of hundreds of my intrepid countrymen—from Sir Francis Head to Mr. Rudyard Kipling—I have resolved to discover America. Wherever I have wandered, and I have wandered far and wide, I have thrilled with joy in the contemplation of the British traveller. His attachment to home institutions and home methods, his inspired certainty in the superiority of whatever is British and of home repute, and his corresponding detestation for whatever is novel in his experience, have made me proud. I have rarely had to blush, in looking at a fellow-countryman abroad, over any of those beastly conciliatory ways which make many foreigners contemptible. I am told that it is pleasing to the people of this country to be periodically discovered. There are only some sixty millions of them, and I feel that when I come to publish I shall soothe their *amour propre*.

In addressing you, dearest lady, I can afford to be thus candid. If I were writing for publication, now, I might be disposed to confess that what the Americans think of me is, to me, a vastly more important question than what I think about the Americans is to them. But I promised you my sincerest opinions, and, such as they are, poor things, you are welcome to them.

It is a little impertinent to begin to write so early, but there is an advantage in the method, too. If it is, as yet, absurd to form theories, it would, by and by, be too late to revive first impressions, and they are often the most vivid and valuable. Every Englishman who is worth his salt has his hopes and fears about America, and, above all, every Englishman who is worth his salt hopes for the growth and continuance of her friendship. For my own part I came with hopes so large that my one fear is to find them unfulfilled. It has been the dream of my life to see the English-speaking people wherever they inhabit, and I have told you of that dream a hundred times at least. When I started on that quest five and a half years ago, and set out for Australia, I encountered a terrible shock to my natural and inborn parochialism. I found a prodigious number of people who did not love and admire England as I did. I found a smaller number of people, speaking my native language,

who hated the country in which their fathers and their mothers had their birth. I heard of the hatefulness of our greed, the shamelessness of our oppression, the hypocrisy of our rulers, and the perfidy of our peaceful conquests. I was told that our history was one of open theft, or pilfering annexation or disgraceful purchase. I was told many hard things, some of which are true enough, and for none of which I was in the least degree responsible. I expected an English enthusiasm equal or superior to my own, and it chilled and discomfited me not to find it.

Here in the United States I find, so far, an equal surprise in exactly the opposite direction. I say "so far," and I know that I cannot expect to make an intimate acquaintance with the country without hearing a note or two which I shall find discordant. So far I have heard but one note of discord, and that was sounded by an Englishman. He has been here a year or two, hates the country and hates the people, tells everybody so with an outspoken vigour, and is painfully surprised to find himself unpopular. He assured me he was hated because he was an Englishman. I have found myself treated with a genuine and cordial friendship on that very ground. I presume that the Americans are very much like other people in this respect, that they prefer to be treated with civility. In England we

say "in the street" or "at the corner." In the Victoria Hotel in London I saw a cockney and a New Yorker get to actual fisticuffs on the question as to whether it should not be "on the street" and "on the corner." It was not the philological question which led to results so serious, but the Englishman was good enough to say that nobody but a fool of an unmentionable sort would dream of using the form against which he argued. I have very rarely met a man who liked to be told that he was a fool. Even I, inured as I am by habit, have a lingering objection to the statement when I hear it made. And a question of verbal propriety may be discussed, by gentlemen, without any such deviation from the strict line of argument.

When we passed through New York six weeks ago it was with a rush, and the city fairly terrified me. Compared with Twenty-third Street our London Strand is a garden of sleep. Such a dreadful sway of life and a hurry of coming and going, such a roar of traffic and clanging of bells as I made acquaintance with in one short afternoon, I had never dreamed of. The elevated railway stretches away before and behind in a protracted monotony of ugliness, and the engines pant and scream. Huge trams dash over a resounding stone pavement with a noise like thunder. Purposeful people stride along—thou-

sands of them—each as earnest as if he carried in his pocket a reprieve from execution for some dear friend. Loungers and shopping people lounge and shop, each figure an oasis in the populous desert of bustle. You and I know many cities, but we know none which, compared with New York, looks occupied, or which makes half so much noise in the pursuit of its occupation. To sit at a window and watch it all would be delightful. A treble window, carefully padded at all places at which sound could enter, would make the spectacle entirely enjoyable. But to be down in the midst of it and to preserve composure demands a less harassed set of nerves than mine.

Only the other day a gentleman in Boston showed me a cutting from one of the satirical prints. It presented two pictures, side by side. In one Colonel William Cody, known better to you by name as "Buffalo Bill," was depicted in the full triumph of the slaughter of, I think, his twenty-seventh grizzly in the Rocky Mountains. He has one foot on the prostrate monarch of the mountain, and one hand, waving in the air, grasps a rifle. The pose is wildly noble, and indicative of courage triumphant. The companion picture shows the same man in the act of crossing Broadway. He hangs limp and helpless on the arm of a policeman, and his eyes are rolling with

terror. I don't accept this as a literal fact in the career of the hero of the Wild West show, but I quote it as showing that I am not altogether alone in thinking that a New York crossing holds some element of excitement.

There are few private vehicles to be seen. The pavement of the roadways is atrocious, and so thickly intersected with tramway lines that a narrow wheeled vehicle would be in constant danger of ruin. The other day I bought a copy of the American edition of the *Review of Reviews*. I found in it a portrait of the Mayor of the city, Mr. Gilroy. He looks like a sane and truthful-minded man, but he has been to Paris, and after inspecting the pavement there he says that it will not compare with that of New York. These patriotic delusions are very curious, and one finds them everywhere. But the more one knows of the world, the less offended one is by that blind-fold parish form of patriotism.

The Americans do not mind noise so much as we do, or if they find it disagreeable they endure it with a patience which is perhaps the result of education. That is one's first impression. You are in a country where people are doing business, and they let you know it. The railway engines roar into the great termini banging bells. The street cars ring bells. They ring a bell to warn you out of their devouring

way. They ring a bell when they take a passenger's fare, and they ring a bell to start the car or to stop it. In the hotels electric bells tingle all day long. Telephone calls are everywhere. My nerves are surcharged with clangings and tinglings as if with electricity. Even in quiet Boston in what are known as "the congested districts" it is an adventure to cross a street, and the noise is deafening and confusing. You see there the electric tramway cars (called "electrics"—for here language is in as great a hurry as everything else, and we have no time to waste in drawling the full name of anything)—you see the "electrics" so thick along the line for a hundred yards that the huge vehicles almost touch each other. The power which drives them is conveyed by an overhead wire, and in the night time these wires rain down miniature lightnings. The cars are crowded beyond endurance. The conductor packs his fares remorselessly, and men and women stand for miles holding on to straps of leather, while the flying coaches pitch like boats at sea. "Forward, there! Forward, if you please!" and the swaying flock moves forward until there are ten people to every four seats inside, and the front and rear platforms are covered with men who hang on apparently by miracle. The cars are the property of a business corporation, and in any other country in the world

the rapacity of that corporation would be checked in a week.

But this American people, as I see more and more every day, has one great unexpected characteristic. There is a spirit of patience here, the like of which I have never found elsewhere. I shall tell you more of that as I go on, but in the meantime I content myself with recording the fact. I have some surprising examples in my mind—things which might look natural in Turkey, for example. But here is a nation which has replenished the earth and subdued it, as no people ever did before in the history of mankind—a people effervescing with energy, rich in the genius of resource, crammed full of all the devices the amplest brains can find for them, a people courageous, hardy, wise—! I look on in amazement, and in a week I learn that this masterful, dominant, go-ahead people, which has been my admiration for a lifetime, is robbed and jobbed, and hustled and bustled by a myriad of self-seekers, and endures them all. If I were a painter or sculptor, and had to paint or carve an emblem of America, I would give you an image of Patience. Or—this would do: A Sphinx of a new pattern. The head that of a man—the forehead splendid—the eyes benevolent—the mouth shrewd and sweetened with humour. The body that of a milch cow and a crowd of pigmies tugging at the udders. Motto: “Let ’em tug! There’s plenty!”

If it were not for the tramcars, the pavements and the elevated railway, New York would be one of the noblest cities of the world. As it is, it is overshadowed, noisy, half-obstructed, confused; a Malebolge of a place, worse than London, worse than Paris. In the course of nature it had nothing more difficult to contend with than either. Our underground railway is a stenching nuisance, to be sure, but it is only a nuisance to the people who travel by it. The elevated railway is a nuisance to the world at large, an obstruction to traffic, an obstruction to sunlight, an invasion of privacy, and away out of all whooping distance the most astonishing monument to ugliness the world can show. Now, I am informed, the New York engineers are going to burrow. Then it is to be hoped they will pull the elevated railway down, free their streets, and make their city visible.

There is no mortal thing this people can't do when once it makes up its mind. New York is awake, and is going to manage its own affairs. I got here just in time to hear the public declaration to that effect. I should like to see the city in a dozen years' time.

Since I landed I have spent nearly all my time in New England. I wished I had Bernard Evans there to paint the splendours of the autumn. We have a sombre glory of our own in the fall of the year. You remember the Yorkshire dales of '92.

But the vividness, the fiery glow, the jewelled glory of the New England woods is unrivalled.

They tell me this has been a tame year, because of the unusual absence of early frost, but to me it was a revelation, and will be a memory until I die. I was driven out from Newtonville a week or two ago to see the house in which Hawthorne laid the scene of his "Blythedale Romance." There were trees the foliage of which was pure, bright, dragon's-blood red. There were trees of fullest and purest Indian yellow. There were browns and russets and scarlets and cadmiums—Nature had emptied her colour box. And a November sun like that of an English August burned in a sky of merest Italian, and the soft haze of the late Indian summer—what we call a martin's summer—made the near distance a rich purple. Bref—one of the feasts of a lifetime.

To any Englishman of letters New England is and must be delightful. Last Saturday fortnight I sat in the chair which has been occupied by Agassiz and Whittier, and Hawthorne and Longfellow, and Emerson and Lowell, and Holmes. Sixteen miles away from Boston, in old Salem, there is a House with Seven Gables, and the shadow of it seems to cast a twilight of romance over the whole country. I felt pretty much as I used to do in my constant pilgrimages to Stratford-on-Avon. At Manchester-on-Sea the

other night I looked out of my host's windows into the moonlight and saw that very Reef of Norman's Woe on which the skipper and his little daughter went down in the wreck of the Hesperus!

And thinking of Longfellow reminds me of the Puritan maiden Priscilla. And the maiden's name brings to mind the most astonishing thing I have yet seen in this big country. The Priscilla is a boat, or so they tell me. It is a thing built in stories, and about as high as the Pyramids, more or less. It is not quite as long as from Hyde Park Corner to Charing Cross. You walk from the dock into an entrance hall paved with mottled concrete. There is room here for a pair of tennis courts. You don't believe it, but you are "on board." You go up a huge great staircase, and you find yourself in a concert hall, in which there is ample room to seat a thousand people; quite a moderate sized apartment in comparison with "the beat." The boat! Ha! ha! The boat! You go up another magnificent staircase, and you lose yourself in hundreds of yards of lordly corridor. You find another vast chamber—a reading-room this time. There is plush velvet enough to upholster several theatres. There are gilding and moulding enough to furnish forth a whole London suburbful of parlours. There are twelve hundred beds in bedrooms—not berths, but bedrooms, some of them furnished in

the richest style. There are more staircases and more stories, and there is a restaurant, like a football field for its dimensions, and you laugh at the ridiculous Aladdin, who made his genii build such a city of a vessel under the impression that it is in the power of any machinery made by man to make the "derved" thing move. And while you are sniggering and wondering when the skipper and his officers are going to apolgize for the whole gigantic hoax, bells begin to ring and machinery begins to move, and away you glide, majestic, impossible (they take the impossible in the ordinary way of business here), and before you know it you are doing three and twenty miles an hour.

I may add that the vessel is built in open defiance of the laws of gravitation, and answers all its purposes admirably. I add, also, that you may take a grain of salt with this description—a grain, no more. I will secure for you and send you the actual dimensions of this aquatic monster. I sailed in her from New York to Boston before my acquaintance with America was twelve hours old, and she seemed to me as if she had been built on purpose to offer a sort of letter of credentials from this gigantic Republic to the visiting stranger.

CHAPTER II.

A MEMORABLE and delightful experience has befallen me. I have had the honour of dining with the Loyal Legion. When the four tremendous years of the civil war came to a close the Loyal Legion was formed. It consisted solely of officers of the Northern Army who had spent at least one year with the colours. Elder sons of original members of the Legion are eligible to fill the places of their fathers as they fall away, and the body may therefore be looked upon as a practically eternal reminder and celebrant of the prolonged and awful combat out of which the United States of America arose to solid greatness as a people and a power. The dinner was one of the most striking object lessons of my life, and if you will have patience with me, I will tell you how and why.

It is natural that the capital city should include a far larger body of war veterans than are to be found elsewhere, for the vast majority of them are

now engaged in commerce and business enterprises of one sort or another. The New York Commandery of the Legion numbers about eleven hundred men, and of these, on the occasion on which I was invited to dine, some six or seven hundred gathered at Delmonico's. There were no carpet warriors among them. They were all the genuine thing, though a casual glance around the packed house after dinner showed so many faces which bore the signs of no more than early middle age that it was hard to believe that ninety-nine per cent. of the men present had actually taken part in the great conflict of so many years ago. Some of the survivors—many of them, indeed—were gray and grizzled enough, but the most striking thing about the whole congregation was the testimony it bore to the vitality of the race.

The gentleman to whose influence I was indebted for my invitation had spent four years at the front; had fought in thirty great battles, and countless skirmishes, and had been shot through the body. He held the commission of colonel, and is now engaged in the tea trade, an occupation sufficiently unwarlike. On my left sat a veteran general who had had the top of his skull carried away by a fragment of shell, and who was introduced to me by General Horace Porter, the president of the evening, as a man remarkable for losing—and keeping—his head

under extraordinary conditions. Next to him sat an equally venerable commodore, who had lost a leg in the service. Everywhere there were memories of valour, and every here and there a scar or a dismemberment as a visible token. There were scores of men there who had fought in a score of pitched battles, hundreds of tough war-dogs who had faced pestilence in the camp and famine on the march, and death by shot and shell and bayonet, and sabre, in trench, and fortress, and field.

And now they formed for the most part a very fair and ordinary sample of the *élite* of New York business enterprise. One had control of a street car system, and another controlled a railway, and a third had an office at the docks. They had all turned their spears into ploughshares and their swords into reaping hooks. Now it might not be impossible to find in any of the great European countries and to mass together in a single hall an equal number of gentlemen with a similar war record. But the astonishing fact which would obtrude itself upon his mind, and would insist on being looked at, was that all these veterans, and many hundred thousands more of their fellow citizens, had, at the close of that unequalled struggle, laid down the arms which they had borne with so much valour and resolution, and had at once, with no interregnum, turned themselves back to those

tranquil arts and pursuits to which they had been accustomed before the voice of imperative duty called them to the field. When I was a school-boy I was taught that it was my duty to admire Cincinnatus. When the Romans wanted a general to beat back the Volscians they sought Cincinnatus and found him at the plough. When he had beaten the Volsci he went back to the plough. I have always thought the classic hero venerable on that ground, but in the United States of America, at the close of the great war of the Union, there was not one Cincinnatus, but a million.

This, as men like to say here, is "cold fact," and it means something. It shows an extraordinary adaptability, and it shows it in a double way. The million copyists of Cincinnatus were peaceful citizens to begin with, and had no more idea of war than business men commonly have anywhere. They had not even been accustomed to the phrases and the smaller mechanisms of it, as our own people have been by the growth of the volunteer movement. They made, in a surprisingly short time, as good fighting stuff as the world ever saw. They fought as long as they were wanted to fight, and when they had done their business, and were disbanded, they showed the world such a spectacle of the orderly reabsorption of a great civilian army into the ranks of common

life as it had never before witnessed in all its history.

I don't say—I don't believe—that no other nation could have done it. But I know that no other people have done it on the same gigantic scale, with such an amazing swiftness. You argue from it, adaptability, promptness, valour, tenacity, and above all, an individual and national sanity that is quite without parallel.

So much the Cockney Columbus saw and owned with admiring soul years before he touched these shores, and he has been, and still is, and probably always will be, at a loss to reconcile it with the turbulent excitement of the surface aspect of affairs in some directions, and the curiously phlegmatic indifference which shows itself in others. But I have not done with the Loyal Legion yet. It is always a pleasant and inspiring thing to meet with men who have been concerned in the manufacture of history—the men whose deeds have produced the actual results we see. But for the privileged visitor to this table a double pleasure is reserved. The Loyal Legion is not only composed of men who had made history, but it is a part of its business to conserve it, and at each one of the five dinners it holds throughout the year it is the custom for some known and honoured veteran to bring his own personal contribution of reminiscence.

On the occasion of my visit Commodore Irvine was the central figure of the evening. He read a plain, sailor-like story of an episode of intense interest, in which he himself had been one of the moving figures, and told his tale with a modesty and reticence which made it doubly charming. Then, when the narrator, whose advancing years made a prolonged stay inadvisable for him, had gone away, we had another story about a more modern adventure of his, which was related with admirable humour by the president of the evening. It appeared from this history—the nautical flavour of which I have not the technical knowledge to preserve in its fulness—that the Commodore was cruising down Broadway something after eight bells at night, without convoy or escort, when he spied a couple of suspicious craft to starboard. He put his own helm hard aport and steered for the main channel, but the suspicious craft closed in upon him, one on either side. One he disabled by a strategic offensive operation of the starboard fin, but the second made a grab at his watch. Him, the veteran officer put *hors de combat* by running him through the body with an umbrella, and having made him fast by opening it on the other side, bore down for the nearest police-station. I wish I could give you an idea of the comic vim with which the tale was told, or

of the roar of jolly laughter which went up when the speaker added that this was the only occasion in history in which a naval officer had been known to object to his watch being taken by another man! That, by the way, is a very fair sample of the "comedy relief" of American after-dinner speech. The practised speaker fires funny stories at you by the half-dozen, and gets a point or an illustration out of five of them at least. The sixth he is content to tell for its own sake, and for its own sake his audience is unfailingly glad to get it. Not even yet, though since I have been here I have listened to more banquet talk than I have in twelve months in England, have I listened to one of those dull diatribes which at home make life an occasional burden.

The dinner with the Loyal Legion, and the remembrances it brought to mind, set me thinking of another matter in which one notices, in contrast to innumerable contradictions, that same broad-beamed and settled sanity which declared itself in the swift disbanding of a fighting force and its reabsorption into civil life. I am thinking of the Coxeyites, at whose proceedings we stared from the other side of the Atlantic as if a whole new world were in flames. America seemed to put out the fire, as I said the other day, by a mere expectoration. It is only a few months since the strange phenomenal thing arose to startle all

Europe, but here it seems already forgotten. Nobody talks of it or thinks of it. It is ancient history, and as uninteresting to the millions whose peace seemed threatened by it as if it had happened a thousand years ago. So again with the late volcanic upheaval in Chicago, with its riots, its incendiary fires, its pitched fights, and its spectacle of a vast civilized community in momentary paralysis.

Somewhere down below, we may be sure of it, those fires still slumber. They will break out again, and again, and again, for the labour question is only at its beginning here, and there are some huge problems to be solved before we have done with it. Everybody is aware of this, but people are oddly calm and easy about it. They will deal with the matter when the time comes. It will deal with itself, arrange itself. "We foresee, we know, but we have the profoundest confidence in our institutions. All will be well in the end. Let great nature work. Let her have her own way, and develop in her own fashion. How can we hinder her?" With this confidence there seems to be mixed up a good deal of indifferentism. Each community grows its own dragons, and each community is expected to do its own fighting. Show a real calamity anywhere—a devastating flood or a devouring forest fire—and money and help flow in from every quarter.

The heart is as open in a case like that, and the aid forthcoming is as generous and immediate as it is in England.

But in these labour wars the interest New York takes in Chicago or Chicago takes in any other point as far removed does not seem to be more personal and alive than it would be if the events transacted themselves in Germany or Russia. Perhaps the mere physical size of the country has something to do with this, and perhaps the same fact of size may account for the other fact that the outbreaks themselves are local and confined.

Almost everything I observe confirms the first distinct impression that on the whole the great striking characteristic of the American people is patience. Its easy, long-suffering endurance of the curable is the one thing which makes this nation look different from all others. They are rising now against official corruption, but the revelations made before the Lexow committee indicate a condition of things against which any other nation would have rebelled years ago. There never was anywhere under free institutions a body so shamelessly and daringly corrupt as that whose inner workings are now being laid open day by day. I learn that all who cared to know this knew it long ago, but they endured it.

Even American patience has snapped at last. But would any other have endured the strain so

long? For my own part I cannot find a satisfactory explanation of the truth which stares me in the face, nor can I find anybody who is of real help in the inquiry. One man tells me that the patience I speak of is the result of indolence. But how can that be true of the most active and bustling people under heaven? Another man tells me it is nothing more or less than a selfish indifference. But how is that to be charged against a people who are themselves the sufferers, and who are proverbially generous and alert? The suggestion that individual life is so full and hurried that the day's private work and pleasure absorbs the whole day's energy may possibly have a touch of truth in it.

The other night I was taken out to look at poverty, and was warned that I had dreadful experiences before me. A city as big as New York must necessarily, under existing conditions, include within its boundaries many people who find the struggle for existence bitter, but of poverty as I know of it in the slums of London, of Paris, and in a hundred other places I saw positively nothing. I went through Chinatown, under the escort of a Mohawk princess, a very charming and amiable lady, who is engaged in Christian mission work. I was shown and introduced to a number of American girls who have contracted marriages with Chinamen, and most of them have learned

to smoke opium. The pipe and its paraphernalia were put in evidence twice or thrice, but nobody seemed very much the worse

The young women were all respectably and cleanly dressed. One or two of them looked like ladies, and talked like ladies. One had graduated in a woman's college—a pretty, delicate girl, with every sign of refinement still about her. None of them had lived this strange life long, and none of them seemed as yet dissatisfied with it. The rooms they inhabited were cramped and small, but in every case clean and tidy. Pictures and Chinese texts of welcome decorated the walls. But for an oppressive want of air, and something left to be desired in regard to space, the quarters were altogether tolerable.

We heard of an odd case of cure by a Chinese doctor. One of the girls had suffered from diphtheria, and the man of medicine had prescribed for her a piece of pounded porcelain, mixed with vinegar. She took this strange prescription, and was quite persuaded that it had cured her. In any case she was there, alive and well. We came upon the doctor afterwards, standing half-way up the steps that led to his cellar doorway. He was smiling blandly on the street like a placid old yellow tom cat, with his pigtail curled on the top of his wrinkled scone like a sleeping snake.

Not very far away is a mission house known as

the Door of Hope, and this we also visited. A service was being held, and perhaps fifty or sixty people were gathered there. A young and ignorant layman made a halting show of conducting the meeting. He boggled through a talk which was full of the common irreverence, crudity, and vain-glory. He had been the chief of sinners, he said, and among other things he told us that the Lord had been merciful with him in his struggle against the baleful habit of smoking cigarettes. He made a great point of this, and dwelt on it for two or three minutes. Several of his congregation were drunk and snoring, and the rest were, of course, bored and uninterested. A perfunctory lady said, "Praise the Lord," at intervals, and everywhere there was a woeful lack of unction.

There were none of the more galling signs of poverty here, but there were faces which were simply and merely terrible to look at. One only sees such faces in great cities—faces crushed out of human semblance almost, so vile in colour that they looked bruised, so softened and relaxed with indulgence in base luxuries that they might have been modelled in over-ripe fruit—ghastly faces—sights and memories to make the heart ache. Not all were of this hopeless type, for some were as intelligent and alive as one could wish, and one or two I supposed to have been drawn there by mere curiosity or idleness—they looked so

distinct from the slattern crowd. They sang a hymn with gusto. It had a chorus which began, "I'm the child of a King—I'm the child of a King." A drunken, unbonnetted girl in the first row, with her red arms rolled up in her apron, said, "Now let's sing thirty-six, and then we'll go into the world again."

I was asked to speak, and though I was reluctant at first, I consented. I have addressed a thousand audiences, but never one like that. I was strongly moved, and I said a plain word or two about bodily cleanliness and cleanliness of mind. Two or three stood up in that feeble hysteria on which the hysteric evangelist reckons for success, and wanted to begin a new life then and there. A dozen of them shook hands as I left the room. One woman, more lax and hopeless and terrible to look at than the rest, held my hand hard and said, "God bless you!" I answered, "God bless you, too, my dear," hardly knowing what words I used. She stared at me in a stricken way, inexpressibly touching. I suppose no decent man had given her such a word for years.

All the great cities of the world hold these dreadful, pitiable people. They are the crime of civilization—the gangrene of luxury.

CHAPTER III.

It begins to dawn upon the flippant explorer that within the limits of the four million and odd square miles which make up the United States there are more Americas than he will easily find time to discover, even if he should devote what remains of a lifetime to the task. The newest comer, who boasts the slightest acquaintance with the history and fiction of the country, may expect to find a difference between the descendant of the fiery and chivalrous pedigreed Virginian and the grandson of Sam Slick, the clockmaker, who was probably oblivious of the fact that he had a great-grandfather. He would be prepared for a certain variation between the seed of the old Knickerbocker and the children of the Western Argonauts.

But no man will realize, until he at least begins to see it for himself, that extraordinary variety of races which exists here and makes life richer in social, racial, and individual contrast than it is anywhere else on the surface of the globe.

A much travelled American put the case to me thus only a few days ago :—" In Ireland you meet Irishmen ; in Scotland, Scotchmen ; in France, the people are French ; in Germany, German ; in Italy, Italian. Here a Frenchman cooks your meals, a German makes your bread and brews your beer, a Chinaman does your washing, a negro blacks your boots, and an Irishman carries your portmanteau from your hotel room to your cab." There is a perfect mosaic of races, and they all go to make up this great agglomeration of the United States. The powers of absorption the country owns have until within the last few years been quite omnivorous. British cockney, British yokel, Sandy, Pat, Jacques Dubois, familiar with the Maison Rouge ; dandy flaneur of the boulevards, shabby Masaniello of Naples, many-quartered noble of Lombardy or Rome, artisan of Budapest, perfumed Hebraic wanderer from Warsaw, Slav and Scandinavian, well goboren Herr and spectacled professor—all these, and Heaven alone knows how many more, came to this great American River of Life, and plunged therein, and straightway became Americans.

The second generation Americanized the most obdurate. At the third generation names remained to indicate racial origin. Golden locks were still golden, and swart skins still swarthy. But the genius of the land was overwhelming,

and an agglomeration of all European peoples became one folk, speaking one language, animated by one patriotism and identified with one national growth. It needs no special wisdom to note that there must come a time when what chemists call the point of saturation will be reached. In the opinion of a great many Americans, and those not the least observant, the point has been reached already, and there is certainly ground for the belief. In a hundred years the population of the United States has been multiplied twenty times or thereabouts. The growth has been mainly from without, and it speaks wonders for the virility of the language that it has leavened such an enormous foreign element. The national tongue conquered newcomers just as the national institutions did, but from henceforth, if the influx should be allowed to go on at anything like the old rate, the process of absorption will naturally grow slower and more difficult.

As an illustration, let me offer you a very significant fact which came under my notice no later than last night. I was turning over the leaves of an American and Canadian newspaper directory, a closely printed tome of many hundreds of pages. At the end of it I found two-and-twenty columns of small type devoted to the titles and addresses of papers printed in foreign languages. There are nearly fifteen

hundred of them. The vast majority are German; then come French, and afterward a whole string of varying nationalities. There are Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Italian, Scandinavian, Gaelic, Erse, and Chinese journals. The Erse newspapers are, of course, a learned freak, but all the rest are purchased and read by a natural public. Canada, with its settled and conservative French population and its whole imported Scottish clans, is answerable for a good many of the French newspapers and for nearly all the Gaelic. I have not seen them yet, but I have learned of the existence of communities where the German element is so preponderant that it resists the teaching of English in the schools. It goes without saying that the resistance can only, in the historic sense, be momentary. The wonder is not that there should be a little temporary arrest in the process of absorption, but that the process should have acted as completely as it has done.

There is one reflection which is thrown upon the screen of my mind every hour of the day, until the thought is growing to be a sort of obsession to me. There never was, and never again will be or can be, such a field for the student of human nature as the United States of America at this hour affords. There is hardly a conceivable type of man or woman which is not

to be found here. There is a diletantism, as refined, as rich, as cosmopolitan, as idle as was ever known. There is as broadly diffused, and yet as personally impetuous a longing after high culture as was ever known. There is as ripe and fine a scholarship as was ever known. Here are colossal enterprises in commerce, in engineering and architecture. In the cunning application of the principles of the natural sciences this country leads the world. Nowhere on the surface of this planet, so far as I know, is popular credulity in such contrast with learning and capacity. The newspaper advertisements show you a hundred of the oddest ways of getting a living out of the folly and stupidity of mankind and womankind. There is the completest sense of delicacy side by side with an astonishing want of the beginning of a knowledge of shame. I could fill page on page with proof of this, but millions of printed pages prove it every day. There are all sorts of nationalities, simple, or in partial and strangely varied fusion. The lines of special effort which once spoke the demarcation between sex and sex are almost wholly broken down, and yet man is as manly and woman as womanly as elsewhere. The nation reads omnivorously, and a number of journals and magazines reach such a point of circulation as is only touched in Europe in the rarest instances.

The very name of American is with us a synonym for shrewdness and mental agility, and yet a casual glance at the advertising pages of the public prints shows you an abyss of ignorance, credulity, and superstition in which countless creatures of prey are at work on the body of a foolish humanity. Contrast heaps itself on contrast; strangeness crowds on strangeness. I have just laid down on the table before me a very beautifully printed and illustrated magazine—one of the cheap publications which somehow we have not been able so far to rival on our own side.¹ I find in it a full page advertisement of a nostrum which is guaranteed to “make the plainest woman positively beautiful; the sickest woman positively healthy.” Somebody pays for that, and it is certainly not the advertiser who does so in the last instance.

Further on I read in the same pages:—“A beautiful woman must not only possess a clear and brilliant complexion, but must have also a properly developed bust. No matter how severe your case, write me, and I will make you a proud and happy woman.” I wonder how many proud and happy women owe their pride and happiness to this benefactress of their kind? “Any lady

¹ This was quite true when it was written, but we have now in England three or four rivals to the publication I had in mind.

made to look fifteen years younger without charge," is an announcement in another publication now under my eye. An "eye powder," whatever that may be, is offered to all ladies "who wish to be beautiful."

A personage who describes himself as "a gentleman of unequalled, refined, and agreeable disposition," wishes to meet a lady who would risk a few hundred dollars in an enterprise which is to realize 250,000 dollars, and adds:—"Agents strictly forbidden." I half seem to recognize my own old friend, the Count von Herder, here, in reduced circumstances. Blank, the palmist, "tells every event in life" for the modest sum of one dollar. "A refined gentleman, expert linguist," will give instruction "to a lady of means." You can enjoy "inspired speaking" at the residence of a celebrated medium.

In short, there is no end to the ways in which a fool and his money may be parted in this great country. And the pills and the patent medicines! We are bad enough at home, Heaven knows, but here, if the advertisements one sees are only paid for, as I suppose they are, what an unrivalled capacity for nostrum-bolting the people must have, to be sure. It takes all sorts to make a world, but the all sorts of the American world are more varied than they are elsewhere, and yet, without doubt, the simplest and most credulous.

So far as I can make out at present, the social lines are marked with a precision which is quite unknown to us with our modern happy-go-lucky blending of somebodies and nobodies. But here again there is a contradiction. I like to make these things concrete where I can. Let me take an example from last night. I was travelling down town by the elevated railway, and opposite to me was an Italian labourer with a spade. At Eighty-first Street entered a lady, finely bred in aspect and very richly dressed. She was somewhat old-fashioned, but very stately in her dress of *moirè antique* silk. She wore white kid gloves and had handsome diamond pendants at her ears. She took her seat by the side of the Italian labourer, and a workman in his working clothes, and those none of the cleanest, who carried a big oil can in one hand, sat down next to her on the other side. My immediate travelling companions were a fashionably-attired young woman of the lower middle class, as I should judge, and a coloured gentleman in a suit of cheap reach-me-downs, a good deal the worse for wear.

There is no distinction of classes in the urban trains, and all sorts and conditions of people rub shoulders in them with democratic insouciance and freedom. All but the very wealthiest and most exclusively aristocratic avail themselves of these public conveniences. Everybody is perfectly at

home in them. Neither the lady who is bound to the opera or the dinner table, nor the labour-stained workman who sits next her, has any sense of *gaucherie* in the other's presence. Everybody is civil enough, but there is no apparent feeling of a difference which marks class from class.

To come back from these trivialities to the point from which I started, the view of life is not only wider, stranger, and more varied than elsewhere, but it is more accessible than it is with us. You may find more types in a day, and have more opportunity for their study, than in a week elsewhere. To me New York seems alive with unwritten stories, but I am looking for the point of view from which one might deal with the homogeneous life of the country. Nothing may come of my researches, but the exercise is very pleasant and fascinating. In the meantime, of this I am certain, that if after all the trivialities and repetitions which have made up the sum of literary art for some years past, a distinctly novel man is to come with a distinctly novel method—a method as unconsciously new as Shakespeare's was—or Balzac's—or Scott's—or Dickens'—or Thackeray's—it will be here that he will show himself, it will be here and here only that he will find a new world to fit his new inspiration. There never was, there is not now, and in all human possibility there never again will be such another mixture,

such another variety of life, such another throbbing pulse of human movement as one finds in America.

I find, much to my own surprise, that I am getting to like the coloured gentleman very much. I have not, of, course, seen him in those quarters of the country where it appears to be the settled custom occasionally to lynch him for abominable crimes. But as I see him, in the great, settled, orderly Eastern cities, he is a good citizen, and a good fellow. It is interesting to note in how few years of freedom he has learned savoir faire, and the great republican virtue of equality. A generation of liberty has taught him the completest of aplomb of self-possession. Wherever you meet him he is on a level with freedom, which is to me a great and an unexpected thing. He does patronize his white brother, but he saves the act from being offensive. Lowell spoke finely of a man who had the first characteristic of a gentleman, inasmuch as he was "as unconscious as a prairie." The phrase fits many negroes I have met. They seem quite void of self-consciousness in the performance of the ordinary duties of life, and it is only under the provocation of fine dress that they lose that excellent characteristic.

There was a great crowd of decorated darkies aboard the *Priscilla*, when at the close of my first day in America I travelled by the Fall River route

to Boston. They belonged to some kind of order which enabled them to wear cocked hats and cockades, and uniforms and epaulettes, and all manner of Dutch-metal and tinsel decorations. The greater swells among them carried side arms, and they were all inexpressibly comic and a little touching in the simplicity of their small tomfoolery. The race, as a race, is a long way off being grown up yet, and will not achieve its majority for a good many years to come. But what a bold man he would have been thought who had prophesied thirty years ago such an advance as individual freedom and republican institutio' have made possible for the slave.

The slave! It is hardly credible, though one knows it to be true, that these self-respecting free men and women, who wear all the outer aspects of equality, are the sons and daughters of fathers and mothers born in bondage. If ever Wisdom, who is said to be justified of all her children, were splendidly and serenely justified of any one of them, it was in that act, which not only freed the negro, but made a voting citizen of him, and thus taught him the secret of his manhood. I believe that that solitary act of far-seeing wisdom saved more suffering and spared more danger than anything ever effected before or since by any legislature.

CHAPTER IV.

HERE is a post scriptum to the observations I had to make on the railway facilities of America. I set down nothing in malice, and you shall judge for yourself how far these facilities exceed ours in comfort. I am travelling, so please you, from Chicago to New York by the Lehigh Valley line. After a day spent in sight-seeing, I reach my hotel in time to discover that the best train of the day has gone. I am compelled to put up with the next, which, starting three hours later, arrives in New York fourteen hours after its predecessor. But I can travel by Pullman palace car, which is certainly something, and I am only charged first-rate hotel bedroom prices, in addition to my fare, for the privilege of lying down.

I have not long been seated in the smoking compartment alone when I am joined by a dusky gentleman in the uniform of the line, who sits down in the vacant place next to me, and affably joins me in a cigarette, reading my newspaper

meanwhile. Being imbued with the foolish insular prejudice in which I have been born and bred, I find this gentleman's society less agreeable than it might be otherwise, and I wordlessly desert it. I walk into the parlour palace itself, surrendering my cigarette, and make myself comfortable over a book. Enters to me a person of my own complexion, also in the uniform of the company. He is a man of hog-like build and countenance (as he has a perfect right to be, since Providence has so chosen for him), and he is not over clean. I take him for a brakeman or some such other functionary. He, like our coloured brother, seats himself near at hand, and he busies himself with a cuspidor. A cuspidor, you should know, was once in the course of its history an expectoroon. Earlier still, and in days before the first onset of refinement, it was a spittoon. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

The last intruder, who has no more right in that palatial car than I have in any stranger's private parlour, is an asthmatic dyspeptic with a bad cold. He makes me so ill that I go back to the society of the Ethiopian, though, in plain English, I would rather be without it than with it. He has finished his smoke and my newspaper, and is now lounging at the door, picking his teeth and disposed to conversation. I make perfectly affable response to his overtures in this direction, for it is my cue

to be civil to all sorts and conditions of men. But just as his air of patronage is beginning to amuse he goes. Then comes an ebony boy with a menu—it is 9.30 p.m.—and asks if I will lunch. I inform him that I have quite recently dined, and he melts from view, fading into the other shadows. The car is oppressively heated, but sprays of cold air are everywhere. They assail the ankles, they blow into my ears, they seem to emulate Leech's advanced hair-dresser, and "blow down your back by machinery, sir." I enjoy the combined advantages of a Turkish bath and a needle bath. A third ebonized patron of the whites comes in with a small step ladder and a pole. He mounts the step ladder, and with the pole he pokes open a long, slender slide of window on either side the top of the smoking compartment, and is gone before I realize what he has done. In sweeps a chilly blast, with a touch of powdery snow in it. I call after the retreating tyrant, and represent to him, respectfully, humbly, indeed, that this condition of things is uncomfortable.

"You sit right there," he answers. "It's all right. Car's got to be ventilated."

He is so positive, so assured, so easy, so politely and yet inexorably unbending toward a stranger and a social and racial inferior that I let him go and sit down, like Robert Falconer before the master seraph, "dumb an' rebukit." I button

myself in a heavy frieze ulster to the throat, and sit with half my frame in a Greenland winter and half in a Cingalese wet-season summer. Finally, I go to bed in the manner already described—in a little, dark, hot-air chest checkered with icy draughts.

Have just surrendered the perusal of Clarke Russell's masterly nautical romance, "Marooned." Gave in to heat and cold just at the beginning of the chapter headed "I shoot the bell ringer." The train lies by somewhere for an hour, and I wish I could follow the romancer's example. Two brutal, unnecessary big bells bang all the time, remorselessly, without reason, without cessation. The bed reminds me of the map of a mountain district elevated to scale. "Good night, good night, beloved, while I count the weary hours." Off at last, with a jerk which seems to dislocate the train. Check, with a jerk which dislocates it anew and bangs every waggon against every other waggon in a vanishing scale of crashes. Off in reality now, with another jerk, and our own big bell booming ahead. What for? None to ask—none to answer. Question useless; answer, if forthcoming, of no avail. At 3 a.m. unconscious. Five minutes later, to my fancy, I am shaken by the shoulder.

"Hillo! You want breakfast?"

"What time is it?"

"After seven."

No. Why get up at such an hour on a cold Sunday morning, after such a night? I go to sleep again, with new adaptations to the miniature peaks of the mountain district raised to scale. I am awake at half past ten, and by eleven o'clock am ready for breakfast. Breakfast is no longer ready for me. The buffet car is closed till one o'clock, when, if I care for it, I can have dinner. Can I have a cup of tea or coffee? No. A glass of milk and whisky? No. This is Sunday—Sabbath Day. No spirits can be sold aboard these cars or at the refreshment rooms. I starve till one, and then I get a tolerable meal. A tolerable meal is a meal not intolerable. In spite of rule I get a glass of whisky also. Why now, and not earlier, I know not.

We glide on and on and on. We are engaged upon a journey of a thousand miles. About half past six the question of dinner begins to interest me, and I make inquiries. No dinner! "No dinner?" No dinner! The dusky dignitary laughs as if he found a joke somewhere. I should be glad to find it—pleased to break his head to find it. "No dinner?" No dinner! Car is off. Stop ten minutes at Geneva. Where is Geneva? Two and a half hours ahead. Palace car. Luxurious travelling. Barbaric discomforts of effete Old World left behind long ago. I resign

myself, though I am by nature and practice a bit of an ascetic and indifferent to luxury, but by-and-by comes a white man. "Dinner? Certainly. These darned niggers want hustling around a bit. Third car to the rear, gentlemen." More luxury. Bitter wind. Fine, powdery snow. Two of the three passages from car to car unfenced. Kitchen closed. Some cold meats. Calf's tongue, sauce piquant, on menu. "All gone, sir. Tinned braized beef, cold, with vegetables?" "Anything, in the name of mercy!" One half teacupful in all, tasting of the tin. "What next?" "French game pie." French game pie tinned, also. Little pomatumy bear's greasy round, looking as if it had been turned out of a pomatum pot, but tasting of tin as well as hair oil. No drinks this time, really, but iced water, lemonade, or ginger ale. Make shift with iced water. Two hours later, the stipulated dining place, Geneva. Tongue sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, tea, coffee. Ten minutes' arrest. On again, perspiring to death, freezing to death, and in a settled state of dyspepsia.

And if this be not a true bill, if there be one word in it which exceeds the truth, or expresses it with anything but a good-humoured sobriety, then may I never again travel in comfort, or sit down again to a good dinner, or taste a glass of wine. It doesn't matter very much to me. I don't know why I should trouble myself as a

stranger to poke my intrusive nose into the business concerns of other people. If I were an American I should do nothing of the sort. I should share that easy-going national patience. I should let all the corporations rob me, and hustle me, and inconvenience me, and I should go my way in an invincible sweet temper. And I suppose I should believe also, with Mr. Depew, that they manage these things much better on this side the water than in the Old World, and with ex-Mayor Gilroy, that New York is better paved and better cleaned than Paris, and should share a lot of other beautiful national beliefs with a number of other estimable, clever, and honourable people.

I have served the banquet and have omitted the *pièce de resistance*.

When I started for the dinner car, a little before one o'clock—because my appetite helped me to believe in the difference between Chicago and New York time—I had just left the smoking compartment, and had an unlit cigarette between my lips. I met one of the dominant race, black as coal, and he warned me, “No smokin’ in de dinin’ cyar!” I threw away my cigarette, and, reaching “de dinin’ cyar,” sat down at a bare mahogany table. In at the other end of the car came a uniformed nigger, and, as I am a christened soul, smoked a cigar from end to end, and then began to lay the table.

What in the nigger's but a choleric word is in the white man a rank blasphemy. A passenger who has paid his money may not nurse an unlit cigarette, and with that ruling of the company, if a ruling of the company it be, I have no fault to find. But after having obeyed the law, it strikes one with a somewhat uncommon shock of humour to find a paid servant setting it at open defiance. Perhaps the company does not dare to make rules for its employés.

Immediately after dinner on Friday evening last at the Leland Hotel, at Chicago, I made a note of a conversation which took place at my table. The interlocutors were a guest and a waiter. The waiter bore the shadowed livery of the burnished sun. In short, in a Micawberish burst of confidence, he was a darky. He had just laid a dish before the guest, who was a man with the typically American eye, which is deadly tired and astonishingly alert at the same time. The guest surveyed the portion set before him with pronounced disfavour, and turned it twice or thrice over with his fork. At last, without turning his head, he said, quietly, "Say!" The darky lord of the guest's destiny said nothing, and the guest said, "Say!" again. Once more the waiter passed the place in silence, and the guest said, "Say, you!" Then the darky, as if he were dreaming of a game at cricket and surveying a dream umpire, answered, "How's

that?" The guest distastefully turned over his portion once more, and asked, with a voice of deep fatigue, "What's this, anyhow?" The waiter looked sidelong at the dish and answered "Chicken, I guess." The guest said, "Pretty small, anyhow," and the nigger said, "Don't want no microscope, anyhow." The guest once more stirred with his fork the bone of contention (not that I mean to speak disrespectfully of the chicken), and asked, with a weary sadness, "Not for the white meat?" You never saw a man less interested than the waiter, but he looked at the cause of conflict, and said, "Well, there it is, anyhow," not insolently or defiantly, but with a sort of lazy soothing in the tone. The guest turned it over again. "What's to it, anyhow?" he demanded. "Well," said the nigger, "I guess it's chicken." "You step and get a bigger," said the guest. "Cayn't make a dinner out'n this, anyhow." "Ain't no bigger in the house," said the waiter. He seemed to carry on the conversation out of pure complaisance; but the guest, who was as tired as he was, stuck to him with a weary, mild determination. "Tolerable small chicken, ain't it, anyhow?" "Well," said the waiter, "it's young." "Now, look here," said the guest, in the same sad, dreamy way, "you step and get another." Like the unjust judge who was wearied by the much beseeching of the widow, the exotic

stepped and fetched another portion, and the guest, clearing up and livening a little, set to work with two tea-spoons, and fed himself alternately on pineapple ice and chicken stuffing.

In a quiet way I never saw anything more desperately comic in my life. The mere tone of voice never ceased from urbanity on either side. The black waiter was so perfectly and entirely insolent that the very idea of insolence seemed to vanish from the mind. That idea, you observe, implies some sort of inequality, and here there seemed no conception of it. It was a sort of diplomatic wrestle between level powers—a question as to who should tire the other out. The good old Anglo-Saxon grit told at last, but I could not help wondering how the average Englishman, Frenchman, German—the average man anywhere in the world—would have accepted that sort of demeanour from a man who was paid to wait upon him in any city of his own country.

CHAPTER V.

I SPENT but forty hours in Chicago, and to pretend to have seen a city of its dimensions in that time would be too obviously absurd. But I saw enough to freshen and stimulate the interest and wonder with which the contemplation of its history has always filled me at a distance. A little over half a century ago a mere trading post, and now one of the great hives of the world. Burned almost to the ground in 1871, and now new risen like an exhalation. I was driven for some miles along Michigan Avenue, which in its display of wealth exceeds any thoroughfare I have ever seen. Brown stone mansions, green stone mansions, grey stone mansions, rise on either hand, like a succession of palaces. They are not absolutely cheek by jowl, as houses stand in most cities, but each mansion is a structure by itself, and with few exceptions they are noble in design and stately in extent. They are, of course, desolate with a sense of extreme modernity as yet, and the

forest trees which are planted on either side of the avenue have not had time to grow to anything like their full size. The great, handsome houses look unhomelike, and are all so staring in their newness that one has a feeling that they might vanish as swiftly as they came, but this is a fault which time will cure. When the old gentleman's mellowing hand has played for a century or so about Michigan Avenue it will certainly be the most stately and beautiful thoroughfare in the world, so far as I have seen it. There is nothing in London, or Paris, or Vienna, or Berlin, or New York, which can compare with it for extent and splendour. It cannot help being raw and cold in aspect for years to come, however, and if I were to choose, I would prefer a residence in one of the brown fronted houses of Beacon Street, in old Boston, which one can at least dot here and there with the memory of a figure beloved and familiar to the mind.

I had been told for years that if ever I visited Chicago I must make it my business to see the abattoirs, and in obedience to an almost universal injunction I spent my one spare day there. The average globe-trotter makes the slaughter-houses his objective when he visits the huge new city. He talks about them when he goes away, and if he be of a literary turn of mind he writes about them. The inhabitants rather object to

this, and complain that to the unthinking half of the world Chicago and the hog are inseparably associated. They are proud of the place, and they surely have a right to be so, if outward splendour and an unprecedented rapidity of growth are legitimate sources of civic pride. They resent this eternal identification with the hog, who, though a useful and respectable sort of creature in his way, does not include within himself the final aspects of the higher civilization. The people to whom I had the honour to be introduced during my brief stay would not be typical in any city. I was fortunate in meeting brains, beauty, and refinement; and if I visited the abattoirs afterwards, I had the advantage of seeing the city in its two most contradictory and striking aspects.

My guide was a gentleman of high intelligence, and before he would conduct my travelling companion and myself to that gross and ugly spectacle to which all visitors to Chicago naturally trend, he took us on a visit to a place which might fairly be looked on as supplying a sort of antidote in advance—the Armour Institute. This is a place to do the heart good, and I have not often felt such pleasure and refreshment as it and its history afforded me. It is intended, you must know, for the use and benefit, in the first instance, of the people associated with the place whither we were

bound. It was founded by the will of Mr. Armour (now deceased) a brother of the principal member of the firm whose name shares an equal fame with Bass or Allsopp, with Huntley and Palmer, with Lee and Perrins. To escape from the presence of these firms you must pass the confines of civilization. You remember, I daresay, my story of the American doctor whom I met in Constantinople in the war year. "Every man," said the doctor, "adds one small item to the world's knowledge of itself, and this is mine:—Civilization and the paper collar air conterminous. When I can buy a paper collar I know I'm in a civilized country, and when I can't I know I ain't." Well, in all civilized countries you can buy Armour's beef, and Bass's ale, or Allsopp's, and Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, and Lee and Perrins' Worcestershire sauce, and when you can't buy those things the land ain't civilized. But—to come back again—the amount left by the will of the deceased Armour appeared to the head of the firm inadequate for the purpose, and he increased it with a noble generosity. I was told that his annual contributions reached the astonishing sum of 150,000 dols. The whole establishment includes four blocks of buildings, which cover, as I reckoned at the time, something over 700,000 square feet. The larger portion of this is devoted to residential flats, for which a

moderate rental is charged. The whole of the receipts go to the support of the school and a kindergarten, which are models of excellence in their separate ways. The magnificent Armour benefaction is expended on a school of technology which would appear to be unsurpassed by anything of its kind. All the expert electrical work of the city is done here, and there are no fewer than eleven hundred students. Unluckily for me, my visit was made on a Saturday, when all the rooms lay vacant ; but the workshops were simply and merely palatial, and the library and its methods were wholly admirable. One device struck me as particularly useful as an educational force. Quite an army of subsidiary lady librarians is employed—I wish I had made note of the number, but I think it exceeds one hundred—and to each of these is intrusted for distribution and for family reading about twenty books at a time. Each librarian, of course, changes her books as often as is necessary, and it is reckoned that more than seven thousand people, young and old, and of both sexes, are kept constantly under the influence of a refinement which would otherwise be far apart from their way of life. I have on the table before me as I write an American magazine in which an American author asks the question : —“ With all its many millionaires, can the United States point, in all its length and breadth,

to a single philanthropist of the first rank?" In view of this institution, of the noble munificence which supports it single-handed, and the wisdom with which its channels are chosen, I should answer that question with a most unhesitating "Yes." The splendour of the generosity is not to be disputed. A hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum, if capitalized, would very nearly touch a million pounds sterling, and the methods by which this great gift are handled are as discerning and as wise as the benevolence itself is broad and open handed. The library walls, by the way, are decorated in a very beautiful and appropriate fashion by the portraits and autograph letters of great writers, and of these there is a large and costly store, so that the exhibits can frequently be changed. Amongst others I read a very interesting letter of Carlyle's, dated from Annan, and written in a shapely hand very unfamiliar to me, who had only known the shaken caligraphy of his later years.

From this place we drove towards the great hoggery, already fortified, you observe, in our opinion of Chicago by the reception of the previous evening and our inspection of this useful and beautiful work of friendship and goodness. The fog of yesterday had cleared away, and the air was crisp and keen, insomuch that the wind swept the cheek like a blunt razor. "You will

probably have little appetite after the show which lies before you," said our guide, "and you had better have luncheon before seeing it." We stopped at the Transit House, on the strength of this judgment, which was pretty fairly justified by events, and there had a plain clean meal, served in a big hall among a score or two of cattle drovers and salesmen who had brought stock from as many different parts of the country. Then we drove through the cattle yards to the works, following an elevated road which gave us a view of many acres of pens, the greater number of which were empty at the time and laid with trodden straw. Here and there cattle, rough-coated and disconsolate, stood huddled in the cold, dumb and uncomplaining, but with a sort of pitiable look in the broad, inexpressive faces, as if they would fain have been elsewhere. The first disagreeable of the place itself was its odours, which were multitudinous and abominable. I may as well say at once that every reasonable device for securing cleanliness is employed. Streams of steaming water pour over floors and benches constantly, and it would be barely possible to suggest anything which would improve the place in this regard. But it is ghastly and ugly and malodorous, and not all the ingenuity of man nor all the perfumes of Araby will ever make it otherwise. We tucked up our trousers like so many

Melbourne dandies, and waded over streaming floors, slippery with chance chips of offal, and running with water faintly tinged with red, and passed through big rooms in which the air was so thick with hot moisture that at first we could make out nothing. Up flights of reeking stairs and along reeking corridors we passed, until on a sudden, a noise like that of some imagined pandemonium broke on our ears, and in another second or two we were in the lethal chamber. Shall I confess the whole truth to you? I think you know me well enough to let me dare to do it. My first sense was one of comedy. The wretched animals who had found out why they were brought there, were so naturally obstreperous and vociferous, and their friends and confrères, who were within a few yards of them, were so hoggish-human in their entire indifference, that I laughed. It looked like a satire, ugly enough, to be sure, but true and trenchant. The unprescient hog, grunting there in mere bestial laziness of contentment, with the shrieks of a dozen murdered brothers and sisters sounding in his ears, awoke with a dreadful ludicrous alacrity to the business of the day when his own turn came, and squealed his last and loudest. There is a sort of brutal mercy in the method of slaughter, and one cannot fancy that the thing could be got over more expeditiously. The selected victim is seized and bundled from his

pen. A chain is attached to a hind leg, and before he has guessed at anything, he is swung by some mechanical arrangement I had no opportunity of examining, into the air. He swings mechanically into the butcher's hands, and a single thrust does the business. The stroke is unerring, and he passes on mechanically, jerking and screaming for a few seconds only, to join the jerking and screaming comrades who have gone before. We look on from a raised gallery, and the gruesome work is done in a sort of pit below. The long-nosed hogs, my guide tells me, die hard and take it bitterly. The little chunky, short-faced fellows go out like the snuff of a candle. My own brief experience justified that observation, and we were all willing to make it very brief indeed. Rapid as it was, there was time for noting one occurrence, which, absurd as it may seem to say it, was for the moment fiercely tragic. One hoggish brother was seized by the executioner's assistants, shackled by the leg and swung into the air head downwards. He grunted a sort of acquiescence, and offered nothing like a note of protest until the fatal thrust was given, but then the cry of rage and despair and agony had something altogether human and appalling. It was as if he had been brought there under some false pretence, and screamed a denunciation of treachery. The voice had a ring of amaze and

horror, and has been in my ears a score of times already, and will be there oftener yet.

They slaughter three thousand hogs a day in this one chamber sometimes, and the practised hand in the pen down there can despatch three a minute. But the thing I want to understand, and will try to understand when I go back to Chicago, is the moral influence which is exerted upon the men who ply that horrible trade, and who live for eight or ten hours a day in that unchanging atmosphere of blood. I am not, I suppose, more easily impressed than my neighbours, and have seen a battle-field or two, and a battle or two in my time, but one figure which came downstairs behind me will be a nightmare pretty often, I am afraid. He wore great leggings which buttoned with a loop at the hip, and a great leather apron which fell from his shoulders to his knees, and from his brow to his heels he was red with slaughter. His red hands and arms were wet and steaming, and his face shone wet crimson. I had one look at him only, and I saw no cause for another.

It is a wise and just provision of the law which denies these men the right to sit on juries in cases of violence and murder, but one can conceive of them as being decent fellows, too, with all the husbandly and fatherly feelings in good order. I remember very well that in Philippopolis I saw a

Zeibeck crying at the sight of a passing woman and child because they reminded him of his own family belongings in far-off Tripoli. I knew that particular ruffian, and knew him to be steeped in blood and outrage, but a Bulgar was no more to him than a hog is to a Chicago butcher, and there he was blubbing with nostalgia.

Hundreds of men, many hundreds of men who work here, do one thing, and one thing only. They make a single cut, and repeat it from morning to night, week after week, and year after year. This gives them a dexterity which makes it interesting to watch them, and I stood for a minute or two quite fascinated before one fellow with a huge axe, the blade of which I should say was eighteen inches in length. He wielded this formidable weapon with an extraordinary precision, cutting to a line's breadth, and never having occasion for a second stroke.

I brought away one memory so incongruous and so horrible that I am sorry I went at all, and whenever I think of the place I am bound to recall it as long as I live. M. Verlat, who, when I lived in Antwerp, was president of the Belgian Academy, painted a most beastly and revolting picture of the Crucifixion, and it was given out in triumph by the realists that he had studied in the Antwerp shambles. Think of it! In the chamber given over to the slaughter of horned cattle at

Armour's factory I saw the very colour on the floor, the wet, crimson gleam which Verlat's skilful, degraded hand had got into that shameless picture, and I can't forget it.

But I am glad that I have other memories of Chicago, even from one hurried visit. The splendid avenue, with that great lake, like an inland sea, sparkling before it in the wintry sunlight—that noble and benevolent institute, the majestic buildings, the great streets filled with glittering shops, the hum and stir and rich vibration of life, where only half a century ago the land was savage and unpeopled—the contemplation of all these things is a feast for the mind, and there lies in them all such a prophecy of the future that one almost fears to give rein to fancy. Twenty trunk lines of railway diverge from this city and carry to it the produce of every corner of the Republic. It grows like Jonah's gourd, and its surroundings set no apparent limits to its growth. One can only wonder what it will be in a hundred years from now.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAVE been a good deal to the theatres of late, and have seen a good many theatrical people in private life. Whatever it may be in ordinary times, it seems just now that the main part of serious dramatic work is being done by English people. The Kendals are here with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Wilson Barrett is here with Hall Caine's "Manxman," Beerbohm Tree is on the way with "The Red Lamp," and, before this reaches you, will have made his first bow to an American audience. "The Masqueraders" of Henry Arthur Jones are masquerading in their own known manner; Sydney Grundy's "Sowing the Wind" and his "New Woman" are both in evidence; the former an excellent play, admirably acted here; the latter a performance so inconsequent and feeble that one wonders how it came from the same pen, and performed with a feeble disjointedness quite worthy of it. "Little Christopher Columbus" is here also, rewritten and new

furbished, Americanized from head to heel, and very much improved and brightened both as to piece and performance. I have seen but five distinctively American productions—"The Old Homestead," "Shenandoah," "Prince Ananias," "Rob Roy," and "The Brownies." It may be interesting to so inveterate a lover of the theatre as yourself to have the result of my scattered and informal studies.

To begin with, the theatres themselves put our own to shame. They are very much handsomer than ours, and very much more convenient. So far as my personal experience goes, the "harpy" system, of which one hears so many complaints in England, is unknown. I have never yet been asked for a penny beyond the legitimate advertised price of my seat, and that is invariably lower than it would be in a house of the same class at home. Population for population, there are many more theatres and very many more theatre-goers in New York than in London. There are over forty theatres in this one city, and I have not as yet seen a scanty audience. The real American taste is for frivolity, though there are, of course, publics for every kind of amusement. There are houses that open at ten or eleven in the morning, and offer an unceasing round of performances until the same hour at night. There is a veteran actress here—an "old timer"—who is playing the

same melodrama eight times a day, and finding an audience every time. It makes one shiver to think of the empty dreariness of that existence. The same simulated tone and stride and gesture over and over again, eight times a day, and every day! What a life!

My first visit to an American theatre was in Boston. The house bears the name of the city—a vast building of perfect acoustic properties. The play was "The Old Homestead," a most curious mixture of excellent comedy, realism, prodigious stage effect and high falutin sentimental bosh. There were many things in it which would have delighted the most critical audience in the world, and many others which in any other country would have been hailed with derisive laughter. *Au fond*, the piece is a homely comedy of rural life, and in this one of its oddly assorted elements was simply and purely charming. Denman Thompson, the principal comedian, was from first to last like a clean spadeful dug out of rustic genial manhood. Nothing could have been better in its way. His performance will linger in my mind as a companion picture to Lafontaine's "Abbé Constantin," and that is the highest praise I know how to give it. Then there was a storm effect, with realistic lightning, how produced I cannot guess, but quite the best thing in its way I ever saw, and having absolutely no other reason

for being there than that it was an astonishment in the way of theatrical imitation. There were two jealous rustics, one of whom was tolerable and commonplace; while the other, a lean, gaunt personage, who might have been built by nature for the part, was just a bit of life. A sentimental scene with an impossible tramp was far and away the absurdest thing I had ever seen, puerile to the verge of imbecility. A scene in which the farmer hero visits fashionable city friends left the domain of comedy behind and was crammed with farce. The fashionable people were very unlike any fashionable people I have known in life, but the character acting was finished to the finger-nail throughout. But the most remarkable thing was the comic impertinence with which a glee party, which had no more to do with the play than Hamlet's player had with Hecuba, marched on at odd, unexpected moments, formed in line and tuned up in ditties which had no earthly bearing on the case. They were extremely pleasant to listen to, and the chief vocalist had a tenor voice of liquid sweetness, but there was not a pretence of explaining their presence, and they came on and went without any sort of dramatic sense or congruity. If the comedy had asked to be regarded as a work of art these gentry would have knocked it into a cocked hat, but it made no such claim at all. It was an

amusement pure and simple, and when one fell into the humour of the thing it filled its purpose to admiration. It has been a favourite with the public for years, I am told, and the excellent comedian I have named is said to have made a great fortune out of it. I should be very doubtful about its reception in England in its present form, though there are more good things in it than one often sees in a single evening.

Another very popular and successful piece is the work of Mr. Bronson Howard, who is best known to you as the author of "Brighton," which is an Anglicized edition of "Saratoga." The play referred to is called "Shenandoah," and tells a story of the great civil war. It also has been running for years, but when I saw it on its last visit to the capital it was very inadequately played, and its stage management was slovenly and ineffective. Even in these circumstances it was easy to judge of its effects upon the audience, who received it with enthusiasm. It had fine scenery, notably in one act, and there was a good deal of horsemanship displayed, small bodies of cavalry being very busy every now and then. It struck me that, with a few changes in the cast, and a good many in the stage management, it would afford a fine presentment of actual war, but I saw it at decided disadvantage. Mr. Bronson Howard is one of the last men in the

world to write an uninteresting drama, and "Shenandoah" is in fact a big and enduring success, but a playwright is at the mercy of his human puppets, and these made no claim upon my sympathies.

"The Brownies," poor things, stand in need of an explanation. Mr. Palmer Cox is an American draughtsman who has achieved a wide popularity by the creation of a set of comic, impish little folk who are great favourites with the children. His drawings show a marked quaintness of fancy, and the play was intended to introduce the creatures of his imagination to the stage. The fairy business, however, was found inadequate, and when I saw the piece it was on its way to becoming a variety show, and was neither flesh nor fowl, nor good red herring. You have already noticed that an American audience is tolerant of incongruities, but how tolerant it is you cannot guess until you have seen "The Brownies." One learns that a theatre is very much more of an amusement here than it is even now coming to be with us. Audiences ask less and less for a settled scheme of art, and are content so long as the scene is filled with bright dresses, pretty figures, and catchy songs and dances. The American taste in this respect resembles that of the Melbourne and Sydney folk, and, indeed, I notice a considerable resemblance between the stage of America and that of Australia. Handsome and

numerous houses, pleasure-loving, pleasure-seeking people desiring to be pleased, and, therefore, pleased easily; popular prices and a popular love for forms of amusement which ask for no exercise of thought. There is, of course, a public for serious art, and nobody knows that better than the pick of the English profession, which has reaped rare harvests in both countries. In its presentation of the best music by the best artists, New York claims to be ahead of the world, and it offers the warmest welcome to art of every sort. But the big public, the great, unfashionable, easy-going public, which pays at the door of the average theatre, doesn't care a brass farthing for art. It wants, mainly, to laugh when its day's work is over, and it deserves to be congratulated on the ease with which it can be tempted to that enjoyable exercise.

"Prince Ananias" is, without exception, the most plotless and unmeaning of all the stage performances I have ever seen. It is prettily dressed, prettily mounted, and excellently played. But it means nothing.

"Rob Roy" is a noteworthy conglomeration. In places its music is that of grand opera, and one finale is really very fine, even from that high standpoint. The basis of the piece is professedly historical, and its development is that of pure farce. Offenbach and Hervè gave us a

suggestion of a beginning of this method, but no more. They kept one atmosphere. From the first rata-plan of the drums in the overture to the final chorus "The Grand Duchess," for example, is in keeping with the gay extravagance of its theme. Of course, one doesn't expect to find a Grand Duchess every day, and to institute a comparison between it and any ordinary workaday production of the stage would be manifestly unfair. But in "Rob Roy" the composer has shown a high ambition, and in some places he has justified it, while his music runs along to an accompaniment of knockabout burlesque, which is occasionally wildly funny. The dancing in places is finely grotesque and laughable, and the whole queer hotch-potch is amusing. It is meant for a hotch-potch, and you have to take its flavour for its own. But when I heard the one chorus I have spoken of I was conscious of a jarring sense of wasted power.

The American stage cultivates many specialists who arrive at a high degree of excellence in their several walks. There is quite a handful of them to be seen in "Little Christopher Columbus." The thinnest thread of story is utilized for the introduction of variety turns, as in the London staging of the piece. There are two Western girls who have to be seen to be believed in—live bits of burlesque art. The whole thing goes with unend-

ing snap and sparkle, and is constantly being added to and altered with the view of "keeping it up to date." I am not very partial to that kind of performance, but I shall see this once more, if only for the sake of the living pictures, which are, I think, more beautiful than anything I have seen of the kind. The decorous are, I believe, a little shocked at some of them, and the Rev. Dr. Lorrimer, of Boston, finds heathenism "in the half naked women on the play bills and in your living pictures, so called, which tend to destroy what little morality is left in the young men." I am very sorry for the kind of young man who finds what little morality he has left endangered by these exhibitions. I have no doubt at all that the kind of young man is to be met with. He merits pity and a certain sort of charitable abhorrence, but all the world is not to be shut out of the enjoyment of a spectacle in itself wholly beautiful and harmless because he can find a poison in it, any more than a temperate man must be robbed of his glass of claret at dinner because some people make beasts of themselves.

It is worth notice that very few American plays reach England, and it establishes the fact that there is a decided difference in dramatic taste between the two countries. "Shenandoah" is said to have made Bronson Howard's fortune, and

until I came here it was no more than a name to me. I remember "Held by the Enemy," at the London Princess's, and of course "Little Lord Fauntleroy" made a great hit. So again did "Brighton," one of the most brilliant and amusing of modern farcical comedies. But "Alabama," which is said to have placed its author in the front rank of native dramatists, is a name and no more to me, and so is "Sam'l of Posen," which has made a fortune here. Any American book which is worth reading reaches as appreciative a public in England as it finds in its native country, and our taste in literature seems to be absolutely identical. But in the matter of the drama there is little reciprocity. English plays come here and often achieve great success, but there is no guarantee that a piece which has made a sensation in London will awake New York to a similar interest. And English managers have never made a movement to produce any one of scores of pieces which have coined money on this side. "The Almighty Dollar," which was supposed to reach us with a great American reputation, had no success. Sheridan's "Fun on the Bristol," which had a fortune in it here, had another in the Antipodes, but stood no chance in England. In some cases a peculiarly local tang asks for the educated palate, as I am told is the case with "In Mizzoura," a play I have not seen,

though I have heard it highly spoken of. But the real reason for the fact that we do not barter plays as we do books lies in a radical difference in dramatic taste. The native American drama is actually in its infancy, and it is a fact that until Bronson Howard produced "Saratoga," in 1870, it had no beginning. The school of American dramatists, founded by his example, cannot be said to have taken itself, so far, too seriously. But all in good time. There is nothing it is desirable that a country should have which will not be found here in due season. Men of genius in letters will recognize the opportunities which lie before them in the stage, and will take advantage of them, after the natural and inevitable failure which awaits the beginners in the art of stage craft.

In the serious presentment of serious English plays by American players, I have witnessed nothing so entirely satisfactory as Sydney Grundy's "Sowing the Wind." Miss Mary Hampton, who plays the part created at home by Miss Winifred Emery, is young and inexperienced, but she has the force and feeling of a genuine artist; she has beauty and intelligence, and is evidently meant to go far. I learn that she has had but five years on the stage, and five years is little time enough for the learning of all she has learned already. If she should work as devoutly for the next five years,

we may be hailing her as one of the brightest ornaments of her craft. A young actor, a Mr. Gilmour, played Brandon Thomas's part of Mr. Brabazon, and was almost as good as his original, whom he had never seen. The youthful lover, who is, of course, an Englishman, and judging by the costumes of the piece, an Englishman of George Cruikshank's earlier day, was unintentionally slightly comic now and then to an English ear, by reason of a touch of accent incongruous to the part. But the funniest thing in that way I have known is in the performance of an American gentleman in a certain part in the adaptation of "Madame Sans Gene," lately playing at Buffalo. I will not particularize this artist by name, or identify him with the part he played, first because he has his living to get, and next because I have no reason for wantonly making an enemy in a country where I have encountered none but friends. The dresses of the piece, by the way, were the richest and most beautiful I have ever seen upon the stage. I do not say that Miss Katherine Kidder, who plays the heroine, out-dresses Rejane, or that the principal figures were more splendidly attired than they would necessarily be in a good European theatre. The charm of the thing lay in its completeness, and for aught one could discover by the eye, one might really have been bodily present at the court of the Great Napoleon when

he was at the apex of his power and splendour. I suppose that the dramatist who translated the work for the American stage did well in turning madame's slang French into slang American. An English adapter would perforce be compelled to turn her droll vulgarities into English slang, and a German would probably use the argot of Berlin. All the same, it made her seem to me an exotic and unreal creature in the scene, though the part was really very admirably played.

The conclusions at the end of the ramble are these:—That America has not yet much of a drama of its own, but that it is going to have one; that the general taste of the public in matters dramatic is more frivolous and less cultured than with us; that theatre-goers here are tolerant of many things which are not endured elsewhere; that their houses, as a rule, surpass our own in beauty and convenience; that the "harpy" system is as dead here as it deserves to be everywhere, and that a fine young school of American-born actors and actresses is being formed. I have left the Daly's out of count altogether, because they belong of late years almost as much to London as to New York, and you know all about them. The hand of England is still by far the stronger in all serious work on the general stage, and in all probability will continue to be so for another generation.

CHAPTER VII.

HERE is an extract from a letter I began to write to you in Boston, and for some forgotten reason neglected to finish.

“ In the room next to the one in which I sit to write at this moment, three enthusiastic pretty girls are talking about house furnishing. I think there is a wedding toward. They are all talking together as if each one addressed a public meeting; and *such* a piano, and the most beautiful Japanese jars are waltzing wildly with a walnut suite. It would seem that the jars and the suite and the piano and the trifold public meeting are all going to make a railway journey. They are somehow entangled with Dr. Conan Doyle, who is just now lecturing over here, and a certain Red Lamp, which juggles to and fro in the oratorical tangle, belongs to him for certain. It is all a little confusing, and I am not experienced enough to know if it is characteristic. All the pretty girls are most astonishingly shrill, and rapid, and

vehement, and in the highest good spirits. They are not Bostonians. I have spent five weeks in Boston, and though five weeks is not a long time, it has been enough to enable me to distinguish the Boston lady from her country sisters. The Boston lady is quiet, gentle, unobtrusive, and easy in converse. If she sat three deep in the next room and talked enthusiastic furniture I should not hear her. So I know that the three pretty girls are from some outlying quarter. They are probably shopping, in view of the great event."

And there, dear lady, is my text for to-day. You remember, when you were in Paris, that I called upon you in the Boulevard Haussman and found you the only Englishwoman in a house crammed full of your transatlantic sisters. You remember telling me how charming you found them, how simple, gentle, cordial, and sincere. But you remember also the shockingly over-dressed young woman, who talked so much about her "popper," and who seemed to have gone into vocal training for the express purpose of drowning the noise made by a saw sharpener. She was an extreme case, indeed, and let the just Heavens forbid that anybody should take her for a type of the American women. Nine years of my life have I spent in continental residence and travel, and I know the British 'Arry and 'is 'Arriet. How I

have blushed for him and for her! How I have longed to kick him and to see somebody box her ears! How I have writhed in spirit to see foreigners judging my country-people by the standard displayed for their disgust by my travelling fellow-subjects! You know something of what the American ladies thought of the young woman with the "popper," who was as affected, as underbred, and as pretentious as anything our own favoured isle could show us. But here is the terror I have to reveal. I have met ladies—ladies—women of breeding and refinement—who almost rival that portentous young creature in one respect. Don't breathe it, I beg of you! Don't whisper it, or I am undone! But it is a fact that some of the ladies I have met do so scream and nose their English that if Ulysses were here he would want his cotton wool again, though for a different reason for that which prompted him to use it against the sirens. Every charm in the world have they that should become a woman but the soft voice. And the wonder of it is that the voices are naturally most melodious. When any one of the ladies of whom I speak dropped to her native tone—as they all do at moments—the lower octave was sweet—sweeter, no doubt, by contrast, but genuinely pleasant to the ear. How long is it since Fanny Kemble wrote her book about America? Fifty years at least, I should

think. She spoke of all the American women as having "prodigiously shrill, loud voices." It is no longer true of all, or even of a large proportion, but it is still true of some, and I wish dearly that it were not so. For me, a woman may have every charm in the world but one—youth and beauty, and grace and wit, and reading and refinement, and delicacy of heart and tenderness—you may picture a paragon, a splendour surpassing nature—but if she scream at me I will run away as soon as I can. I dare not put my fingers in my ears, because I hate to hurt anybody's feelings. I can't wear cotton wool, because I want to hear what other people, who don't scream, are saying. But oh, if the charming, pretty, graceful, and delightful creatures knew how much they lose—if only somebody would dare to say in print what I am writing under pledge of secrecy—what a blessing it would be to be sure!

I recall one delicious phrase of Fanny Kemble. The American women of her day were not the product of open air, of constant exercise and a judicious use of the gymnasium. They were a sort of hot-house flowers—frail, delicate human exotics. But, writing of their aspect and their speech—their fragile, tender looks, and their high, vehement voices, she can find nothing for it but that they were "like mice roaring." I have been forced to think of it half a dozen times. What a

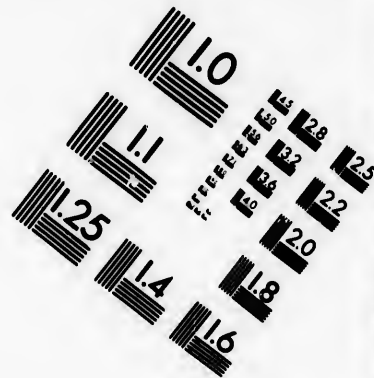
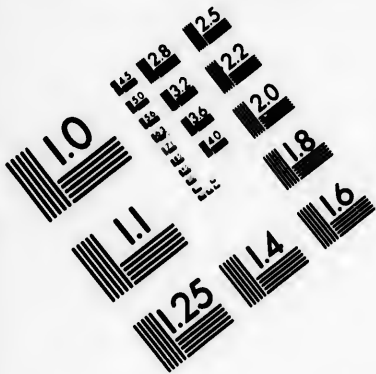
charm lies in the full, rich contralto, and what a terror is the scolding tone! Do women make love on that upper octave? Do they say "Adolphus, I am thine!" in that way? If I were but a woman for an hour, I would gather up my courage in both hands—I would dare to speak the truth. I would ring like a clarion through the land and silence this lingering remnant of an old nine-tenths abolished fault. And then I would go round and collect thanksgiving from all lovers and admirers of womanly womanhood. But I was born to shave or to go bearded, and how dare I venture on so delicate a theme?

The American lady is not unknown in Europe, and I have been forced to this observation pretty often without having taken the pains to cross the Atlantic. And before I go a line further I am minded to touch on a difficulty which I constantly encounter. So long as criticism is reasonable and good-tempered, so long as it is easily to be seen that you have no other desire than to get at the plain truth in an amiable and inoffensive way, you can't easily offend an American. But if you praise—if you let loose a natural enthusiasm—the average man at once suspects you. Arthur was telling me only yesterday that he stood, a few days ago, in an hotel office, and heard a man reading aloud an opinion expressed by a well-known Englishman—an opinion in the highest degree

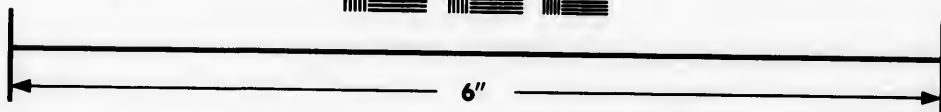
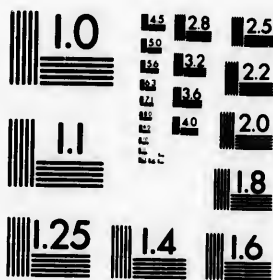
favourable to America. There was a disgusted cry of "Taffy!" and "taffy" means gammon, humbug, soft sawder. Now, I happen to know that the opinion was genuine and heartfelt, because I know the man who expressed it, and know him somewhat intimately. But the cry was characteristic. The American is tolerant of blame, but at praise he winces and looks askance. "This man," says he, "has a turn to serve, a log to roll, an axe to grind." And they are warmly enamoured of their own country, too.

Now, many men will tell you that better English is spoken in America than in England, and it is beyond a doubt that they believe it. But in spite of their belief they wouldn't for a moment trust the sincerity of the Englishman who agreed with them. I am very far from agreement, for I notice that the better read a man is here, and the better bred, and the better travelled, the nearer he comes to the English likeness. And I notice, too, that cultured Americans eagerly admit that what used to be the distinguishing American accent is dying out. For my own part, I am convinced that that accent was an English survival—the "holy tone" of the old religionists who first peopled the colonies. The high-pitched, nasal sing-song lives to this day in our Devonshire, and I have heard preachers in England, who have never set foot in the United States in their lives,





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who almost rivalled the typical American of the English stage—not, of course, in idiom, but in the method of vocal production. A good half of what unobservant people suppose to be distinctive Americanisms are old-fashioned rural English, and many of them are very rich and apt, as their very survival proves. All over New England it is a habit with your listener in a conversation to punctuate your speech, when he agrees with you, with a murmuring, “Yeh,” which I take to be the old Puritan “Yea” cut short a little. The claim that better English is spoken here than at home is just a trifle droll to English ears, though one knows very well what it means. The faculty of fluent and consecutive speech, which I have noticed in the after-dinner oratory of the country, characterizes ordinary conversation. There is not a doubt that the average educated American is a better conversationalist than the average educated Englishman. He has a readier use of his vocabulary, and he marshals his phrases in better order. But I notice that he is grave and tired in manner, and a trifle inclined to be monotonous in tone. The contention that the English employed is better than with us may be dismissed, I think, without a question. A man of considerable social eminence, a high state official, said to me the other day that something of which he was telling me “happened a ways back in point of time—

when he was a 'boy." Now, that isn't better English than we commonly speak among ourselves. I have no doubt that the ears of an educated American are pretty often wounded by our idioms and tricks of pronunciation. There is an eminent English divine lecturing here—no less a person than a Dean of the Established Church—and he has not a final g to his name. He talks about shootin' and singin,' and so forth, and his hearers on this side wonder where the venerable and learned gentleman picked up that peculiar and vexatious vulgarism. The explanation is simple enough. The droppin' of the final g was a society affectation once upon a time, and the Dean adopted it without knowin' what he was doin', "a ways back in point of time," probably, "when he was a boy."

The street accent of New York is intolerable; as vile as that of London or of Paris. There is something in the life of a great city which develops among the ignorant a vulgar, jeering pretence of smartness, and, however the accent may vary, the note of brutal arrogance remains. The Cockney cad, the Australian larrikin, the New York hoodlum, the gamin of Paris—each has it, and is each recognizable for a city growth at the first parting of his lips.

One thing which grates upon the English ear—the sole remaining peculiarity which now dis-

tinguishes the speech of the great mass of educated Americans from that of the great mass of educated Englishmen—is the use of the vowel “u,” as in “constitution,” or the same letter in combination with “i,” as in “suit.” On this side such a thing soots or does not soot the constitootion. I think this a matter to be altered, for anything which tends to limit the grace, variety, and flexibility of the richest and most beautiful language in the world is certainly to be deplored. Nearly all English people pronounce the word figure figger, and the word parliament as parleyment. I notice that a good many Americans set us a lesson here, which it would be just as well to learn. When I was in Cornwall some seven or eight years ago I was surprised to notice the change which had come over the country accent. In the neighbourhood of Lizard Point and Mullion Cove scarcely a trace of the fine old picturesque drone was to be found, except among the elderly people. When, still earlier, I had begun the writing of “Rainbow Gold” and went down to South Staffordshire to revive my boyish memories of local tone and habit, I found that cockney Brummagem had killed the old Anglo-Saxon. The fine old plurals, “housen” and “eysen” and “peasen,” were all dead. The flat, short “a” in “glass” and “basket” was lengthened into “ah” in quite the metropolitan

manner. I blamed the Board School for the change, but the fact is, that, whether we like it or not, picturesqueness in accent, as well as in dress, is dying out of the world, and in these fast-travelling, cosmopolitan days we are all getting to be as like each other as peas from the same pod. Crowds of travelling Englishmen visit these shores. Englishmen of more or less eminence in art and politics and stage craft and theology and letters are talking publicly everywhere throughout the States, and it stands to nature that they should have a certain amount of influence. Then Americans visit us by the hundred thousand every year, and make their presence felt in turn; so that, what with the Americanizing of the English tongue and the Anglicizing of the American version of it, we are drawing more and more together. With nothing but a week of ocean weather between us, and with even that little barrier growing feebler and more feeble as ships grow stronger and faster, we are likely in very little time to have no difference of speech at all, except among the rural populations. Even there the differences must decrease; and finally, one asks, with some dismay, what is going to become of the novelist, a fair share of whose material lies in local shades of utterance? What is to become of the future Mary Wilkins, if there is to be no distinguishing dialect in New England?

and where will the Bret Harte of 1994 be if the men of the Pacific have dropped all trace of the peculiarities which once made their speech so racy? I feel the prospect a little cold and cheerless. But this is another of those coming things in the contemplation of which we console ourselves with the reflection that they will not happen in our time.

I confess that I read both familiar and unfamiliar books printed in America with a sense of discomfort. I don't like to be tripped up by a boulder when a boulder would serve the turn. I don't like center and caliber for centre and calibre. The feeling goes a little deeper than prejudice, for the shock of strangeness draws the eye to the sign and makes it of a greater momentary importance than the sense. The changes are made now, and are not in the least likely to be unmade, but it is a pity that they should have been instituted. I am not, for a moment, disputing the grounds on which American lexicographers came to their conclusions. But the English tongue was not made solely in order that little boys and girls might learn to spell it easily, and the lexicographer is one of the last men in the world who should be allowed to meddle with changes in spelling. In nine cases out of ten words are dead things to him, and suffer nothing by being mutilated.

But to the genuine lover of language words are alive with root and flower. They blossom in the shaded or sunshiny spaces of the mind, and win those who care to study them the sense of a thousand close affinities of kinship and affection.

The indiscriminate abolition of the letter "u" in words which used to end in "our" has often been attacked. Honor, it is observed, is payment, while honour is the desert of payment. Somebody once said it was significant that America should have obliterated the "u" because if she got paid she cared nothing whether she merited payment or no. Tens of thousands of survivors of the greatest war of modern times give the lie to that poor sneer, but the fact remains that the word spelled in one way suggests one thing, and spelled in another way signifies another. Words have old uses and familiar aspect, and the "Fonetik Nuz" can make the Book of Job a ridiculous jest, or Shakespeare's noblest and tenderest wisdom an absurdity. Offences must come, and all change is offensive to the ultra-conservative mind. To my way of thinking, the American lexicographers went too far not to go much further. If they had carried out their logic to a pitiless close, they would have created a language from the bare sight of which their own scholars would have recoiled. They spared us that extreme, but I venture to believe that if

Webster and his followers had set up their scheme a few years later, they would have encountered an ignominious failure. Language always has been, and always must be, fluid in its form, and the future of our own tongue will reveal differences as large as those which separate the English of Chaucer, or perhaps even that of Thomas the rhymer, from the slang colloquialisms of to-day. In any case, the English-speaking population of North America will utter a potent word.

A people which has multiplied a score of times in a century affords a phenomenon which cannot carelessly be passed by. The most despised popular slang has before now risen to the dignity of pure idiom in the space of a generation. John Sterling, in his review of "Sartor Resartus," denounces "talented" as "a mere platform word, invented by O'Connell." Few writers or speakers hesitate to use it now, though for my own part I profess no more love or liking for it than I have for its kinsman, "reliable." But nowadays it is not the stylist or the purist who makes English. The myriad claws of the newspaper are in our vitals, and it is the daily Press which will mould us or mar us, in this regard at least. Nothing can act against its influence. It works upon us with a force not to be resisted, and whether it tend to the creation of a language richer, more

liberal, more flexible, and more dramatic, or whether it will drag us down into such a degradation as marks the colloquial Greek of to-day in comparison with the Greek of Æschylus, no man can tell. But the least observant of observers cannot fail to notice that the great risk or hope—whichever it may be—lies here. America may bid the world seek a glossary for Shakespeare or for Thackeray. Her scholars and stylists are conservative, but a million hands which are not those of scholar or stylist are tearing down the old edifice, and building up a new one, and whether they will degrade or glorify is a problem which is not to be solved to-day.

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAVE seen Niagara. I am not going to afflict you with a line of fine writing. What is the use of it? There is no more hope of conveying the splendour to a mind which has not realized it by actual vision than there is of persuading an ant to carry an elephant pick-a-back. I suppose that thousands of people have tried to describe it, and I suppose that nobody ever came within measurable distance of success. But I know that I never had my mind so filled with thoughts which seemed beautiful to me, as in the course of the twenty hours or so I spent within sight or hearing of the Falls. It comes to this only, dear lady, that the human insect, after looking on this glory of waters, can tell you a little about himself, a little of what he thought and felt--the transient small thing--as if that mattered much--and nothing, or next to nothing, of the convincing sort, of what he has seen. S. proved a most admirable guide. He had been there but once before, but he had

planned out a route by which I saw the least wonderful and exciting things first, and he led me up a ladder of sensation, the wonder and excitement increasing at every step. To come upon the Falls at once, and without preparation, after all one has read and heard of them, after the countless engravings and pictures and panoramas and photographs, would be a disappointment.

Almost everybody confesses to that feeling, but, for my own part, I was saved from it. It was a grey and misty afternoon when we left the Prospect Hotel, and walked towards the American Rapids. There was a dull noise in the air, a low, muffled sound, which would have aroused no expectation in the mind if one had not known beforehand what it meant. Here, in New York, not a minute ago a train rushed along the elevated railway over Columbus Avenue, within thirty yards or so of the room in which I sit to write, and the sound it made—rising out of quiet and fading into quiet—was in itself more remarkable than the first heard voice of Niagara.

The knowledge, however, of the fact that this dim voice had sounded night and day for ages beyond man's counting had its value. The sound grew as we walked on, and increased in volume in strangedisproportion to the rate of our approach. It grew astonishingly upon our ears at every step. We reached the bridge which spans the rapids between

the mainland and Goat Island, and the turbulent waters above and below seemed at first to drown the sound of the Falls themselves, though by-and-by, by dint of listening, we could make out the profound, unceasing hum.

The most trivial tone could be heard through that rolling of the muffled drums, just as one hears a whisper through the thundering traffic of a great street when the ear is fined by custom. Here, four or five hundred yards above the American Falls, the waters come hurrying in a sort of exultation, and at one place they break into a wild waving of white hands, as if they beckoned to the tumbling tumult in the rear, and called to it to follow.

“Come on! Come on! We are here at last!”

This flashed at me as vividly as if I had heard the voices, and at the same instant the thought crossed my mind that in plain fact not a drop of water was hurrying by which had not made that transit many and many a time. For just think of it—from Himalayan and Alpine peaks, from the snows of the Rockies and from the Alps of Australia and New Zealand the streams come stealing or tumbling for ever, and always to the great oceans, which are one in everything but name, and thence the waters are drawn anew into cloud, and are driven hundreds or thousands of

miles to fall in rains, and to be drawn up once more and to fall once more, until the quiet processes of nature have carried every atom of moisture to every quarter of the globe. In the unexplored infinity of the age of the world every drop may have laved every coast, and may have sparkled in every river. In the exalted fancy of the moment I seemed to see them rejoicing in the encounter at this glorious rendezvous.

“Here at last! Here again! Come on once more! Come on! And never again together for a hundred thousand years!”

We crossed to Goat Island, and found it all laid out as a pleasure, gaunt and wintry now in the late November, with the fog hanging in the tree-tops, and a touch of raw moisture in the wind; but full of winding walks and grassy spaces, which could not fail of charm in spring and summer, and must be beautiful beyond description in the scarlet and golden glories of the autumn season.

In a while, the deep hum growing deeper as we went, and drowning in its turn the noise of the rapids, we came upon a promontory and a little bridge, which led to a further island. This bridge was all coated with a milky white ice, so that it looked as if it might have been built of alabaster. Looking up the river, one saw between the shores an exquisite little rapid, scarcely more excited,

and scarcely bigger than our own Yorkshire Wharfe after a plentiful fall of rain, and just at our feet a cataract, which reminded me of the Bowen Fall, in the New Zealand Sounds, with its lovely white breast jutting out like that of a pouter pigeon. It was very delightful, and if one saw it by itself would have a grandeur of its own, but here it looked miniature, bijou, almost coquettish in its mere beauty.

But a minute later—oh! a minute later, and we had climbed to another post of observation, and there was the great green shoulder of the American Fall, heaving over the cliff before us, so vast, so solemn in its look that it fairly took away my breath, and almost seemed to stop the beating of my heart. I heard myself say “My God!” and for a minute or two afterwards I dared not speak. These poor nerves of mine, harassed by years of sickness, were all unstrung, and I was on the edge of a hysteric burst of tears. But the sight itself and the undreamed-of volume of the sound that rose brought me back to calm again. In the roar I heard a voice of solemn gladness. And—may I speak of it quite simply and quite reverently as such things should be spoken?—I have no creed. I was forced to take my lonely way out of all communions of belief years ago. I know I can never go back to the faith which once spread such promise over the future. But the great, glad,

awful voice sounded, "Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Gloria in excelsis!" If emotion were reason, if sensation were conviction, I had left that sight and sound a man re-made, born again to hopes which made youth happy, and the cold fears of the grave a host of phantoms which had no power to harm. I heard the great unisons in Handel's greatest chorus, "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" "And He shall reign for ever and ever!"

What is there in the two great fighting elements—the two huge opposites—fire and water, which so pre-eminently excites these feelings of awe and wonder? A volcano in action, a sea in tempest, awake precisely similar emotions in the mind. I have sometimes dreamed of an elemental affinity between these forces and the spirit of man. But our dreams are many, and "Behold we know not anything."

There was a cold thaw that afternoon, but there had been a fairly smart frost which had worked all manner of lovely miracles of design in alabaster. Underneath one rock which overhung the water a few tufts of wet hanging grass had been coated with frozen spray, until they had grown into colossal milky tears, half a yard long, and arranged in perfectly symmetrical order.

Elsewhere was a stubble of brush and herbage, which had been transformed into the semblance of an agonized human face, staring up at the sky

from the very rim of the down-rushing torrent. Everywhere there were designs as fantastic and beautiful as anything ever formed in the way of stalactite or stalagmite. None of these shapes resembled any ice I had ever seen before, but were all of a milky, smooth opacity, like the finest Parian. But the thing that struck me was that here was water at its mightiest in the fall, and water at its tiniest in the floating spray atoms, and the two were doing their work of beauty and wonder side by side. I have rarely noted such immediate contrast in natural methods in such close neighbourhood.

There were more wonders and more wonders, and not to weary you I must dismiss them briefly. The Canadian rapids impressed me as the greatest part of the whole stupendous spectacle. In spite of that unspeakable diapason of the Falls themselves, they fill one with a strange sense of quiet and majesty and resignation; but in the rapids there is a strain and stress and terror—here a wild, striving rush to get the whole thing over; here a boiling horror lingering backward, fighting as it were against the inevitable plunge. You fancy it like a battle-field, with heroic charges and cowardly panics, and groans and cheering—everywhere alive with tumultuous passion. In the mist which overhung the Canadian shore the mind could picture anything. Gray squadrons charging in

the fog, bearing down all obstacles; and fresh squadrons and more squadrons, and, in the everlasting smothering thunders, bugle calls and the boom of guns, and every tone of Armageddon.

We turned our backs upon it all, warned by fatigue and the chill and darkness of approaching night. We talked chaff and nonsense by the way, mainly to get rid of the strain of the last few hours. We dined, and after dinner we went to a music-hall known as "Black Jack's," and witnessed, I should imagine, the dreariest entertainment ever offered to man. Then we drifted home to the hotel. The night air was as mild as if we had been in English mid May. We threw the windows open and listened to the Falls, and one fancy came into my mind which I must tell you. Up in the great lakes a duplicate soul had its birth, and its course lay down the river, smooth and fair. It came to the rapids and saw death before it. It raved, it trembled, it struggled with ignoble fears and glorious resolve. It came to the parting of the waters, and soul was torn away from soul. Each faced the plunge alone. But they met once more with agonies of rejoicing, and flowed on to the eternal seas. And out of all of this my heart made a parable, which may be no more than a child's dream, or may be a great truth. Who knows? I wondered if the whole thing might not

have been set here as a symbol. And again—who knows?

S—— left me, and I sat at the open window smoking and thinking, and listening, until an hour after midnight, when the hotel was suddenly flooded with a crowd of tourists. I am free to say that in all my travels I had never met such an assemblage. They invaded all the corridors, and shouted and shrieked, and cackled idiot trifles, until I was half inclined to go out and bombard them with the bedroom movables. After half an hour of cockney charivari, with many bangings of doors and more shouting, shrieking and cackling, they got to bed. Half an hour later another crowd came in, and the same business was gone through with. One indignant lady, whom, from her voice I judged to be elderly, raised a cry in protest just outside my door, but, finding it of no effect, went back to her chamber with a slam. Silence came at last, but by this time Niagara and I were out of tune with each other, and I, too, went to bed, more irritated, nervous, and angry than I have been for years. Some day I will put those people in print, and I hope they may read me, and fix the date in their own minds and recognize their own ill breeding, and blush for it. I am sure they merit the lesson.

Next day an attempt to see the Horse Shoe Fall near at hand resulted in pure fiasco. We

crossed the suspension bridge to the Canadian side and tramped through mist and mud until, within two hundred yards of the fall, we found ourselves in a whirling fog of water-atoms as opaque in effect as a stone dike. We endured a thorough drenching and were forced to beat a retreat. So I am told I missed the crowning spectacle, but even if I should never see Niagara again, as I hope to do, I have brought away a vision of beauty and glory which will last my lifetime.

From Niagara to Buffalo is but a step, and I had a reason for making it. In Niagara Square, Buffalo, there is a large block of red brick building, a considerable portion of which is devoted to the uses of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, an association which is doing most excellent work in a most admirable way. And there, dear lady, I found some of your American sisters under conditions which startled almost as much as they pleased. This Women's Union aims at the redemption of street waifs. It takes children from the cellars of the slums of a great city, and it teaches them all the arts of cleanliness and tidiness, and household duty, which can translate the human hog-pen to a home. It takes older girls and teaches them cooking on a basis of common-sense and simple science, which is quite the best thing in its way I have found anywhere. It provides resting room and shelter, and whole-

some reading in meal hours, and at other times, for all women who choose to avail themselves of the opportunities provided. It goes into the highways and the byways with a constant, unostentatious charity. Well, you ask me, what is there in all this to surprise? There are such associations in all Christian lands. Quite so. Let us be glad that there are good people almost everywhere. But here is the surprise: From this Women's Union in Buffalo the odium theologicum is banished. Hebrew ladies, Protestant ladies, Catholic ladies—ladies of all the creeds, or of no creed at all—work together, and work together in harmony. Their bond of union is that they are women, and that they have women's hearts.

The union owns its own house, but it has debts and money troubles. If I were a Gould or a Vanderbilt those troubles should not endure for four and twenty hours. At least, I hope not; but it is an easy thing to be generous with other people's money. There are eight or ten such associations, all more or less united, in the State, all sprung from the heart and brain of one woman, and all administered entirely by women, as efficiently and in as businesslike a fashion, I am independently assured, as if they had all the male managers, secretaries, and accountants in the world at their beck and call.

Buffalo, let me say, is the one city I have yet

seen in the United States which boasts a pavement. An enthusiastic citizen assured me that it contains no less than one hundred miles of asphalted streets. I could hardly see the whole hundred miles in one day, but what I saw was pleasing. It was very agreeable to be able to pace the streets again, without being deafened by the noise of traffic. When New York has followed Buffalo's example, and has got down that booming, ugly monster of an elevated railway, which I hate the more the more I see and hear of it, it also will be inhabitable to other people than those provided with wrought-iron nerves. As it is, being back again in this *sturm und drang*, I am longing to live under the Falls of Niagara—for the sake of quiet.

CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE been thinking more and more within the last quarter of a year or so since I first landed in America how very true it is that the impressions of childhood and of early youth are the most permanent. I discover myself in a thousand particulars to be more and more of an old fogey. I am not merely an old fogey, but a Cockney old fogey, and there is no mending. I have been told for years by intelligent Americans whom I have encountered in every quarter of the globe but this, all over Europe, in stray quarters of Asia, in Australia, or New Zealand, on scores upon scores of railway systems, that I had to come to this special republic to find the very perfection of railway traffic, and, indeed, of rapid transit in all its varied forms. Now all these informants of mine I take to be tarred with the same brush as myself. They have been bred to a certain system, as I have, and, like myself, they are incurably wedded to it.

Mr. Chauncey Depew, to take a very noted

example, has travelled a good deal in Europe, as everybody knows, and he has lately been exalting the American railway system at the expense of the English and the Continental. From an American point of view, I have no doubt but he is quite right; but from an Englishman's point of view his laudations of his own method and his de-traction of ours seem entirely unreasonable. He is not likely to change his opinion for anything I may say, and I am sure I am not likely to change my own. It is not for us a matter of national prejudice but of daily use and wont.

I have just travelled from Toronto to Chicago by the Grand Trunk Railway, and I have never in my life, in any part of the world, made a more comfortless or unsatisfactory journey. One encounters the national insolence on the French railways; the German officials are notoriously brutal; in Spain, Italy, Turkey, and other countries which, from our point of view, are only as yet partly civilized, the traveller, however cosmopolitan and complacent, occasionally feels his temper stirred by official stupidity and meddlesomeness. But taking them altogether, after a three months' experience, I will back the American railway officials against the world for a careless indifference to the comfort of the people whom they rule, and for an habitual calm, over-mastering insolence of demeanour.

There is nothing in the world like the darky autocrat aboard a railway train. He takes you in charge absolutely, and domineers over you with a placidity and a trained conscious mastery, which is almost as comic as it is offensive. I remember the train de luxe between Paris and Monte Carlo, over which I have travelled, I dare say, a score of times. I recall the excellent dining accommodation; the no less excellent accommodation for sleepers; the decency, the elegance of all the appointments, the perfect table service, the civility and willingness of all officials, high and low, and I wonder that anybody who has had the opportunity of contrasting that splendid service with the slovenly American methods can approve the latter.

There is one thing which, to my mind, simply, I suppose, as a matter of education, is downright intolerable. There are no separate compartments for men and women, and last night I had to put myself to bed in the presence of three ladies, and under circumstances which were certainly embarrassing.

I found myself in the kind of berth one uses at sea, and had to dress and undress in that space at great inconvenience, abrading knees and shoulders, and bringing my head once or twice, in consequence of the uneasy rocking of the train, into pretty severe contact with the woodwork of the

carriage. These gymnastics were rendered necessary by the presence of the petticoated contingent, whose members, I take it, were just as unhappy and as incommoded as myself. For the privilege of stretching myself at full length under a single blanket in that box-full of icy draughts, I paid the sum of three dollars, which, considering the accommodation afforded, and contrasting it with what one gets at home or upon the Continent, is downright extravagance and extortion.

Now, this kind of personal decency is a very delicate thing to speak about here. I have known hundreds of American gentlemen and ladies who have assured me that in this country there is a delicate sense of chivalry on the part of men toward women that is not to be found elsewhere in the world. I was prompt to believe this statement with all my heart, but I find that in the whole system of public travelling, at least, it is as little founded as it well can be. There is no consideration for women displayed by either the railway companies or the people who run the enormously profitable and astoundingly inconvenient cars. The other night, at a public meeting in New York, a gentleman of great and deserved eminence in literature, said, with what I took to be a side-long glance in my direction, that he had known many Englishmen travelling in America who

were impatient with a new country because it was not an old one, and who desired to Anglicize all things American. That may be true of whom it will, but I cannot take the accusation to myself. Yet I should dearly like to Anglicize American notions with respect to the rapid transit system of the towns.

The Americans have grown so used to English criticism that it passes by them like the idle wind which they regard not, but if I were an American I would not rest, for the honour and the credit of my own country, from denouncing that one thing. If it were my happiness to be an American woman I would raise a crusade against it. In every car which plies in the streets of every great city I have as yet visited in this country there is such an intermingling of promiscuous male and female limbs and figures as might be tolerated for an hour at a time of enormous emergency in another country, but would in no other country I have ever visited be endured as a system for a single week.

On Christmas Eve, on an elevated railway in New York, I counted in one carriage seating accommodation for fifty people. I stood myself in the bitter cold with half-a-dozen delicate and lady-like looking women on the outer platform of the car, and at Twenty-fourth street I counted the people who left the car. No fewer than fifty-two filed past me. Nobody got in at that particular

station, and so the ladies and myself drifted into the car, and found one or two people still standing and every seat still occupied.

This would not be regarded by the *New Yorker* as at all an unusual or remarkable circumstance, but to me it seemed no less than indecent.

I take up my parable again; this American people is the most patient and long-suffering that was ever known. It allows anybody to make a profit out of it in any way. It has no resentment for intrusion upon its liberties; it allows itself to be harassed, and hurried, and driven, and bullied, and inconvenienced in a hundred ways, and makes no protest. Now and again the humorist has his joke; now and again the promiscuous indecency of this close package of men and women provokes some animal-minded creature to an outrage which is resented, and then the matter is dismissed from the public mind and forgotten.

I have in my possession an extract from the *New York Herald*, headed in big type, "Jack the Squeezer." In a second heading, in smaller, but still prominent type, I find it recorded that "Mr.—, chief bookkeeper for a savings bank, is arrested for insulting women."

"Offensive in an 'L' train," says the third headline, while the fourth large-type heading sets forth the fact that two ladies are positive of the man's identity. In still a fifth headline I read

that the person charged protests innocence, and on yet another I find him held in 300 dols. bail for trial and suspended from duty by his employer. The gentleman accused is fifty years old, bearded and eminently genteel in appearance. He is unhesitatingly picked out of a whole carload of passengers as the man who had nudged and squeezed the ladies into a state of panic and indignation during the down trip of an 'L' road train several days before. Let me tell you the story, which I take to be moderately instructive in its way, as I find it exposed in the columns of the principal journal of America.

As the train moved slowly out of the station through the heavy fog and rain, one of the complainants, who is a lady doctor, caught a few words of an altercation which was going on between the brakesman and a passenger, who instantly elbowed his way through the crowded car and came to a halt at her side. He wore a heavy overcoat, seemed to take up a great deal more room than was actually necessary for him and appeared to enjoy the squeeze. The lady doctor gave the stranger no further thought, and was chatting unconsciously with her companion, when she found her waist embraced by the stranger's arm.

In the language of the reporter, she "grabbed the intrusive hand and threw it away from her."

Fearing a scene and thinking that the stranger's

grip might have been accidental, the doctor moved away from him through the crowd and ranged up alongside two young ladies, just in time to hear one of them say,—

“It is the same man, I tell you. That creature there with the iron gray beard. If he squeezes me again as he did the other morning, I will whack him with my umbrella.”

The lady was intensely excited, and her companion with difficulty quieted her. The lady doctor's companion, not knowing the reason for her friend's sudden change of position, stayed in the neighbourhood of the offender; a moment later she pushed through the crowd to her friend, the doctor, with the information,—

“Don't say a word, but that awful wretch with the beard has been grabbing me by the—the—the leg.”

Three times the unknown had grabbed his victim before she could recover from the attack and beat a retreat. The indignant ladies hurried home, and one of them reported the incident to her brother. On the morrow he, accompanied by them and a detective, went to the station at which the man had originally entered the train, and there, by curious fortune, found and identified the offender at once.

Now, I do not say that this could not have happened in any other country in the world, but I

do say that it is a dozen times likelier to happen in America than elsewhere, and from my own observation I am able to tell you that this kind of thing does happen with a very shocking frequency. Women here, I presume, are very much like women everywhere. They allow their own sense of shame to keep them silent, and in innumerable cases the coarse-minded brute who presumes upon his propinquity to the pretty woman and who insults her in this way is allowed to go scot free.

All this inconvenience, all this temptation to indecent assault of a minor character, is allowed by the populace of the great American cities for the profit of the shareholders in urban railways and other rolling stock.

I have not ventured to address any American lady upon this delicate topic, but I have spoken to a good many American men about it. They one and all admit the fact. Some are indignant and others take it humorously, but on the whole it seems to me to be a thing to be spoken about, and very seriously—a blot upon a high civilization.

You remember that in one of my earlier letters I mentioned Mr. Gilroy, who was then Mayor of New York, as having expressed the extraordinary opinion that the pavements of Paris would not for an instant compare with those of the city over whose civic destiny he himself presided. I instanced this as an odd specimen of that parochial

form of patriotism which more or less affects everybody. But in Mr. Gilroy's case it seems to be something more than this. Very shortly after the publication of my letter here his Worship was interviewed with respect to it. He upheld his own opinion stoutly, and said that the peculiar nature of the New York traffic necessitated a peculiar form of pavement. He went so far as to say that the form of street cleaning employed in Paris would not be tolerated in New York for an hour.

Since the utterance of that last astonishing opinion I have had the doubtful advantage of seeing New York under a snow-storm, and it is not at all a matter of opinion, but one of simple fact, that for very nearly a fortnight the municipal authorities in the face of that very simple disaster were entirely paralyzed. The condition of the main thoroughfare for day after day was positively Arctic. The snow was shovelled from the sidewalks by private enterprise, each citizen seeming to make himself, with few exceptions, responsible for his own share of the public causeway. The snow was thrown in heaps, into the horse-road, and was suffered to lie there even in the most frequented thoroughfares undisturbed for many days.

On the fourth day after the snow-fall business carried me through some half dozen miles of the principal streets of the chief city of America, and

in the course of that long peregrination I counted five and twenty men at work.

Mayor Gilroy no longer rules over the destinies of New York. He was superseded in the course of that very week by a new civic official, and I heard here and there that the paralysis of the municipal mechanism was at least partially due to the fact that there was a change in official quarters. As a matter of fact, the root of the evil seemed to lie, so far as my own inquiry led me, in an altogether different direction. It had been decided that no foreigners should be employed in public works in the city, and as a majority of the poor and unemployed who would be willing to undertake such menial labour as the cleaning of the streets at short notice and at the moment of emergency are almost wholly foreigners, there was nobody to be found to undertake the work.

I saw placards exhibited outside various municipal buildings bearing the inscription :—*Five thousand men wanted to clean the streets.*

But foreigners knew that it was useless to apply, and among American citizens it was only too evident that the required hands were not to be found. I learned from that same copy of the *New York Herald*, from which I have extracted the instructive story of "Jack the Squeezer," that the heads of departments met and resolved that something ought to be done, but that the

conference was held in secret, and meanwhile, says the headline writer, "the streets are filled and the Grip is spreading every day."

The jealousy of the yet unincorporated foreigner, the hatred of him and even the fear of him among the uneducated population of America are growing day by day. The point of saturation of which I have spoken in the former letter seems to have been almost reached, and despite the astonishing rapidity with which incomers have been Americanized in the past, the continued influx of foreign elements is regarded with suspicion and distrust.

Perhaps I am out of sorts to-day, and inclined to look at things in a jaundiced fashion. I find the second city of the Republic drowned in a fog which reminds me of my Cockney home, the first time I have seen anything like it since I left London nearly four months ago. The depôt of the Grand Trunk Railway is an emporium of din, dirt, and disorder. The streets in this quarter of the town are ankle-deep in discoloured snow. The old plague of clanging bells is maddening everywhere. I have been charged half-a-dollar for a mile ride in an omnibus. I have profoundly offended a dark-skinned aristocrat by refusing to sit at table in the height of a cross-draught, and by insisting, for the first time since I landed, on a seat of my own choice. I am aching with

rheumatism, and choking with a cold in the head, for I have not yet grown acclimatized to the overheated rooms of hotels and private houses, and the sudden change to the keen outer air. Under these conditions, I have developed an unexpected likeness to the immortal Mrs. Gummidge at such times as she fell to thinking of the old 'un. "I'm a poor lorn creetur, and everything goes contrairy with me."

Let me see if I can't find something at which it is impossible to grumble, something light and bright and inspiring.

I have it!

New York on New Year's Day!

As a stranger to this country you know nothing of the system of free lunching which is one of the institutions here, and breaks out on that particular day into a sort of glory. All the year round, except on Sundays, there are thousands of places of public resort at which any member of the public who has the price of a drink in his pocket may lunch for nothing.

I have once or twice felt a sense of vicarious shame at beholding the avidity with which well-dressed, prosperous-looking people have availed themselves of this privilege, but as a rule the thing to be astonished at is the public moderation. At one of the finest hotels in New York—the Plaza—an excellent meal is spread all the year round,

and any person of respectable exterior may enter, and may have for nothing a soup of admirable quality, a hot entrée, with potatoes, and quite a succession of cold dishes. This house is used exclusively by the best sort of business men for luncheon purposes, and the landlord relies upon his liberality in this respect to extend his customary clientèle. As a matter of fact, the privilege is abused by nobody or next to nobody, and it is worth notice that by a general consent and understanding the wrong sort of man never intrudes himself.

On New Year's Day here and elsewhere the customary luncheon breaks into a sort of sporadic splendour. Tables spread round three sides of a vast apartment are loaded with the most elaborate dishes. Salmon from three to four feet in length, smothered in mayonnaise, and decorated with every conceivable style of garnishing; lobsters in aspic, huge turkeys and prairie hens, game pies constructed as if to endure a siege, chines of beef, hams, a feast for Gargantua, and all laid out *pro bono publico* and gratis, while jacketed attendants in snowy aprons press all and every one of these delicacies upon the visitor, and carve for him with unstinted hand.

For one day the scene is a realization of that celestial lubber-land we used to hear of in the nursery jingle, where the little pigs run about

ready roasted, with knives and forks in their backs crying out, "Who'll eat me?"

In the houses where this princely hospitality is at its princeliest the customers are, of course, used to luxury, and are little inclined to take advantage of the profusion. But in the poorer quarters the new year must dawn well, I fancy, to many a poor devil, who would hardly know how, apart from this pretty and generous custom, to get a meal at all.

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CHAPTER X.

IN every new country one visits one finds unexpected inconveniences. In America the table knives are not made to cut. The chief object in their manufacturer's eye is to give them an attractive look and to enable them to be easily and expeditiously cleaned. They are made in one piece, of cast or stamped metal, and the blade and the handle are both plated. This is very agreeable for the servants (who can throw a handful of knives and forks into a pan of hot water and clean each one by a mere rub with a soft cloth), but is not so agreeable for the unaccustomed diner. It is a small illustration of that characteristic of national patience of which I have told you already. People submit to a personal inconvenience in order that their servants may enjoy a corresponding ease. The Cockney Columbus, you observe, is occasionally content with very tiny discoveries. Here is another of the same sort. I have in my pocket a halfpenny box of English matches, for which I

paid fivepence. In some of the best hotels, and in some of the best private houses, I have found in use the dirty and offensive old lucifer, which went out of employment when I was a boy—some thirty years ago, say. They are sometimes made in rows, like a sort of coarse comb. You break off a tooth of the comb. You strike it, and it burns until it has filled your room with a disagreeable odour, and then, before you can use it, it goes out. It impresses one as being very curious that in two such trifles as these a people renowned above all others for their swiftness in domestic contrivance should be content to be so ill served. Here is another little oddity. You may not put your boots outside your bedroom door in a hotel, lest, as a black waiter informed me, somebody might walk off with 'em. You may hand them to a waiter, who will take them downstairs. There, plain boots are polished at a charge of fivepence, russet boots are polished at a cost to their owner of sevenpence halfpenny, and patent leather boots at a charge of tenpence. If you choose to have them cleaned on your feet you can reduce these charges fifty per cent. The first business strikes one as a mere extortion—a trifle, of course, but one of the things which diminish the pleasure of travel. So is the payment of twelve shillings (three dollars) for a bottle of hotel whisky of no particular brand. Personal liberties are cur-

tailed in small ways, and it takes the stranger a day or two to discover the advantages of the system. You do not choose your own seat in a railway car or in a restaurant. You are put where the conductor or the head-waiter chooses that you should go.

Small officialdom is not always courteous in any country, and here I was warned by many American friends, that I should find it positively boorish. I should be very indisposed to agree with that verdict. Busy officials of the smaller sort, seeing in me a stranger, have gone out of their way to oblige and instruct me. Possibly that is because I have a knack of being civil. But outside officialdom, I am compelled to say that there is an ampler courtesy here than I have found elsewhere. People in the streets will turn back with you to put you in your way. In six weeks I have met with one disobliging person only. He was the driver of a horse-car, and he treated me as if he had been an incensed justice of the peace and I a felon of the most despicable sort. I had a momentary mind to tell him that he was a sulky and ill-conditioned brute, but I restrained myself easily enough. The politeness one generally encounters is not the unmeaning efflorescence of the French. It is the good breeding of good nature, and for the most part doesn't think of being well-bred at all, but only of being amiable and helpful. I am

speaking now of the common people. A good many years before I hoped to come here I wrote about "the beautiful cordial sincerity which marks the good American." I meet it every day now, and as a stranger in a strange land I have a better reason for liking it, and for being touched by it, than I have had when he and I have been foreigners together, or when my foot has been on my own accustomed Cockney asphalte.

In respect of some things America beats all countries easily, hands down. The plenitude of pure, natural drinking water, always deliciously cold, is one of them. The general use of ice for all things which deserve to be drunk or eaten cold is another. I have experience enough and courage enough in my own judgment to say, without hesitation or reserve, that the American table is the best in the world, and the best served. Nobody has eaten an oyster until he has it served on the half-shell on a bed of crushed ice. Nobody knows how delicious fresh fruit can be until he has eaten it with its native bloom untouched and newly brought from the ice safe. Why can't we have these little cheap pleasures in Europe? Why are we strangers to Tabasco sauce? Through how many centuries has the oyster waited for that crown of all his gustatorial glories? And what shall I say of the terrapin, of the venison steak "on a blaizer," of the inexpensive but glorious

clam chowder, of the score of game birds, and the novel and appetizing fish, of the "English mutton-chop" (which surpasses any mutton-chop nowadays to be found in England), of the glorious variety of fruits and breads?

This is a country in which a man may order oysters with an open heart. They are not quite as good as our own dear little gentlemanly Whitstable native, but very nearly, and they beat our common sorts out of the field altogether. I remember when our oyster famine set in that I made my first visit to England in the oyster season for a space of five whole years. I knew nothing of the appalling rise in price, and I invited some half-dozen men to an oyster luncheon. A certain glitter in the eyes of the invited was noticeable, but I failed to remark upon it until the bill came. I recalled it then. The precious bivalve was retailed at five shillings and sixpence per dozen—eleven cents per oyster. And it was not as if the men had been my dearest friends. They were everyday club acquaintances. No more.

If I recall one of the abiding sorrows of my life on this page, it is only to contrast it with the happier present. Sweet are the uses of adversity. They help to greaten later joys.

Wines are dearer here than they have a right to be, and the excellent vintages of California, which

are procurable at so cheap a rate in England, are hardly seen where one would expect them to be plentiful. I have looked in vain down the wine list of several hotels and half a dozen clubs for my favourite California Burgundy. I am told that many of the vintages are retailed under French and German names; a bad thing for the purchaser, and a bad thing for the reputation of the home vineyards.

For another thing in which the Americans are ahead of us they are indebted, not to all-bounteous nature, but to their own good sense. It will come to us in time, as other good things have come. For the urban and suburban railways they have a universal fare. For a payment of five cents you can travel any distance within the fixed limit. It is an extension of the idea of the postal system, which charges a penny for a letter sent from the Strand to Fleet Street, and a penny for a letter from John o' Groat's to Land's End; from the house round the corner or from London to Galway. Yet another advantage here is found in the checking of luggage. Our English railway experts are reported to have inquired into the American system and to have decided against it. All I know is that it is a mighty convenience to the traveller, though the men who handle one's baggage might perhaps knock it about less violently if they were not dealing with other people's property.

I fancy few English people ever get to like the American system of open railway cars. It has certain definite and clear advantages, but we prefer our own comparative privacy.

This is a letter of trifles, you observe ; but after all it is only in trifles that the new country seems as yet to differ from the lands to which I am accustomed. I shall familiarize myself with weightier matters by-and-by, no doubt. Some of them are looming dimly up already. Here is one which long familiarity—acquired in the work of half a lifetime—enables me to look at with some clearness. We are very proud of our newspaper press at home, and, as it seems to me, with justice. An English journalist bristles with prejudices of many sorts, and, finding his own trade carried on over here on other lines than those to which he has been accustomed all his life, he is naturally disposed to be antagonistic to the novel methods. The objections he has to offer will very probably deal first with questions of taste. Here is a very mild sample, indeed. I choose it only because it lies under my nose at this moment. A lady's house has caught fire, and the lady is rescued. "Mrs.— is a large lady," says the reporter. "In fact, adipose tissue is well represented on her comely person. She sleeps back of the parlour, and on Thursday night she had horrible dreams. She thought she was at the dentist's, had taken

gas, and was suffocating. Just as she was breathing her last gasp she awoke, to find her door burst open and all of her male boarders rushing into the room. . . . It was a great rescue. They took her all at once in one load; that is, it did not take two trips to carry her over." Now, that isn't much, but it isn't at all to my liking. Why chaff a private person who has suffered from an accident, and make public fun of a woman's personal peculiarities? It seems to me a little cruel and unfeeling, but the writer has got to get a smart turn out of the thing, and he does his business. The American journalist thinks his English fellow-workman slow, and is rather inclined to despise him for his want of dash and vim and sparkle. I hope we can express our differences amiably and in good temper.

One finds an outspokenness both in the press and in the pulpit to which on our side we are strange. There was an attack on a leading politician in a very influential and fashionable New York weekly a little while ago, so virulent, so savage, so unrelenting in its profession of righteous wrath, that to hear it read fairly staggered me. The editor of a great Boston newspaper read it out to me every word with a sternly rejoicing approval. I remarked that in England such an article, whether true or false in its assumptions, would be encountered by an action for libel. "We do our

duty here," I was answered, mildly. "This man merits every word here written, and if he dared to carry his grievance to the courts he would find the courts against him." That same politician was denounced from the Boston pulpit by a Christian divine in these words:—"He is the most infernal scoundrel that ever stood at the head of any party." The Christian divine prefaced this very open and candid statement of opinion by the express declaration that "he was not a partisan." What would he have said if he had been?

It is no wonder that the American journalist is proud of his trade as it is followed here, for he has done things which have not been dreamed of on our side. What English newspaper has absolute command of three thousand miles of cable sunk across the Atlantic? What British journal reports on a Monday the chief pulpit utterances of the world on Sunday? What British journal ever gathered a consensus of opinion of the world's exports by telegraph, and made an authentic forecast of the world's commerce in any one department of it? These are the imperial deeds of journalism—the winning of Waterloos and Sedans. But I don't like the lady who has adipose tissue well represented upon her person, and who was borne out of her bed by male boarders in one load.

The Sunday issues of the great journals are

portentous things indeed. Think of a newspaper of from forty to fifty pages, each page consisting of six columns of ordinary reading matter, containing fifteen hundred words! As much reading matter as there is to be found in one of the Waverley Novels, and all served hot and hot every week, piquant, up-to-date, the world raked from its palaces to its slums for intellectual provender. I used to think Fleet Street the great temple to the great human passion for gossip, but Fleet Street does nothing of that sort. These enormous journals are printed and sold by scores and scores of thousands. The clergy complain that they keep men out of church. But it is the solid business of a whole day to read one of them, and if a man wants to know all his world and every side of its opinions he may resign himself to despair. He might commit suicide, if he chose, under an avalanche of Sunday intelligence.

I have a personal antipathy to the exaggerated and startling headlines which mainly distinguish the outer aspect of the American journals from that of our own, but journalists over here, to whom I venture to express myself upon this point, smile with an indulgent, kindly pity. It is the business of a newspaper, they argue, to give the reader, day by day, an immediate bird's-eye view of the world. Here they say every item of news is plainly ticketed. If any one item gives you what you want to read,

you can read it. If not, the thing is plainly ticketed, and you can pass on until you find something which suits you better. They have an answer, too, even about the lady who was carried in one load. A newspaper, they say, is for everybody. What one reader doesn't like another does. A fight in the Bowery interests the Bowery man, and so we report the fight. Marriage engagements in circles of fashion interest the fashionable world, and so we print lists of people who are engaged to be married. Our notion of a newspaper is that it should present a microcosm of the great world every day. It is not prepared to suit your special taste alone, or anybody's special taste alone. It has something in it for everybody, and everybody has not your delicate refinement. And so I find myself silenced in argument, and just as prejudiced as ever, and just as wedded to my *Standard* and my *Times*—partly because I am getting to be an old fogey, and partly because I was bred to my own view of the business; and I don't like, and can't like, and won't even try to like, the newspaper man's grin at the portly lady who narrowly escaped from being burned to death, and who was not quite so fat that it took two trips to carry her. That is my confounded insular prejudice, and I stand on it, good-humouredly, I hope, but quite inexorable.

I have had many opportunities of listening

to American post-prandial oratory. I have not on all occasions heard picked men, but the average of such speech is very much higher here than it is with us. Nothing can be much more doleful than the efforts of the customary Englishman in such a position. I have heard nobody on this side to rival dear old George Dawson, or my other valued chief, so lately gone over to the majority, Edmund Yates, or anybody as brilliantly gossipy and charming as George Augustus Sala was in his great day, but I have heard some surprisingly good after-dinner oratory from many people who by no means make it the practice of their lives to speak, and I think that the faculty of apt and fluent speech is indigenous and characteristic of the race. Once or twice I have remarked a tendency to fly the old spread-eagle, a love for lofty and balanced sentences, an exuberance of phrase or imagery which our colder talkers would avoid like poison; but the manner is self-possessed and easy, and free of all seeming exaggeration, so that any tendency to hysteria in expression is more noticeable when the speeches are read or remembered than during their delivery. The American table-talker uses a bigger brush and lays on brighter colours than we are used to see, but his handling is more dexterous than ours—is bolder and looks more accustomed. I have many and many a time wondered in England why on earth the ghastly exercise of after-

dinner speech was invented, and why, being invented, it was tolerated by the men who suffer under it. But as yet, out of the forty or perhaps fifty people I have listened to, I have not heard one dull speaker. I suppose I must wait till I get to Congress. If anything can make a bore of a man, politics will do it.

CHAPTER XI.

I WAS taken yesterday to see a sight as moving, as full of human interest, and as instructive as anything I have beheld on this side of the Atlantic. This strange and most enthralling spectacle is open to all the world, and the theatre upon whose stage it is played is but an hour's distance from New York's busiest centres. The inhabitants of the capital are said to be just barely aware of its existence. What is done there is of the utmost importance to the interests of every citizen of the United States, and it transacts its business in the midst of a remarkable indifference. The place is Ellis Island, and the business there gone through is the reception or rejection of emigrants from the Old World. M——, with his quaint trick of phrase, christened it "the citizen factory."

We owed our visit, and the completeness with which we were enabled to see the whole workings of the place, to Assistant-Commissioner MacSweeney and to Dr. Wheeler, the latter of

whom has charge of the hospital arrangements. The visit was made on Sunday, January 27th, when three emigrant ships reached New York Harbour—the *Etruria*, the *Bretagne*, and the *Amalfi*. The incomers of that day were wholly foreigners, mainly from Italy, Germany, and Russia.

And now to give you an idea of the why and wherefore of this scene being so moving and so full of human interest as we found it. When an emigrant from the Old World to the New has scraped together, or begged, or borrowed, or stolen, or anyhow acquired the money necessary for his passage, and when he has been actually landed on American soil, there still remains open the all-important question as to whether he will be allowed to remain, or whether he will be sent back again to the old life of poverty and hardship from which he is struggling to escape. He stands at the gates of a land which he has been taught to look upon as a paradise, and now, in sight of the haven of his desire, with his feet already on the soil of promise, he learns for the first time that there is at least a chance that he may be turned back again. For the actually rejected, who are few, the time is one of inconceivable bitterness. For those who are put by to await the series of decisions by which their fate may be decided it is one of overwhelming anxiety, and these are the

considerations which make Ellis Island as pathetically interesting a place as may be found anywhere on the face of the earth perhaps.

The conditions under which an emigrant may be definitely refused are manifold. Time was when the United States of America were content to be the common sewer of Europe. From 1887 to 1893 the annual increase of population exceeded an average of half a million souls—that is to say, that for every day of all that time between thirteen and fourteen hundred strangers were landed on these shores. Among these were naturally many who were undesirable as citizens. It may be taken broadly that an immigrant is a person who desires to better his condition, and the mere impulse in that direction may be taken in the great majority of instances to indicate a certain promise of good citizenship. But many were the incurable failures of the Old World, and it is not very long since the Government of this country awoke to the fact that a time had arrived when it was necessary to protect itself against the inroad of the worthless, the physically disabled, the hopelessly poor, and so forth. The weeding-out process begins in Europe, where the commanding officer of every emigrant vessel has to make declaration on oath that he has made a personal examination of each and every one of his emigrant passengers, and to certify that he carries no idiot

or insane person, no pauper or person likely to become a public charge, or suffering from a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease, no person who has been convicted of a felony "or other infamous crime or misdemeanour involving moral turpitude, or who is a polygamist" or—and this is where the shoe cruelly and unexpectedly pinches—who is under a contract or agreement, express or implied, to perform labour in the United States. That the law should forbid the importation of insanity, idiocy, contagious disease, felony and polygamy, is obviously wise and just. But the other question, as to the exclusion of men and women who have found work before leaving their homes for a new country, is very subtle and full of difficulty. It would seem at the first blush that the immigrant who is coming here to a fixed and arranged employment is the most profitable and promising sort of person for the land to welcome, and the least likely to be a burden on the community. But here is the difficulty in concrete form. Before the passing of the law just cited, two actions, among many others, forced the hand of the Government. A manufacturer of boot and shoes gave his employés, five hundred in number, a notice that on and after the Monday next ensuing, their wages would be reduced by fifteen per cent. The employés refused to accept this condition, and on the day

named, into the factory walked five hundred people imported from Europe. The employer had known that the reduction would be refused, and he had planned a cruel coup, the method of which had been arranged weeks beforehand. An excavator played a similar trick with three hundred men under his employ, and filled their places with Italians, whom his agents had got together at Naples long before the ultimatum was offered to the workmen here. Now, this vile and cruel greed on the part of capital—for it is impossible to describe it in milder terms—set labour on its defence. The labour organizations of America are enormously strong, and in the face of an evil so monstrous and so evident they were able to dictate terms. The result is a law which, though never intended to be more than a protection to national industry, is as unjust and oppressive in individual cases as it well can be.

Let us try to see the place and the people as they show themselves to the looker-on, and so get a little closer to the human tragedy of which I have been speaking. The sparkling harbour, on this heavenly January Sunday, stretches eastward toward the Narrows, and Bartholdi's giant statue of Liberty, with the signal-light in one uplifted hand, towers over the dance and shine of the ripples, within musket shot of the island. The island itself is one-half natural and one-half

artificial, and the vast building it supports is partly built on piles. The great bare halls are open to the view from end to end, but are all partitioned off by a lacework of iron screens into corridors and apartments. The corridors are fenced in to the height of the elbow only, and serve merely to keep the immigrants in line, but the boundaries of the apartments are much loftier, and make veritable cages of them. In each corridor a clerk in uniform is stationed at a desk. The immigrants in a long queue approach him one by one, and each in turn is subjected to a rigorous interrogatory. Here comes a blear-eyed little Jew boy, barely five feet in height, pale and flaccid, with a blur of black down on his thick, projecting upper lip. He is a "laster" by trade, has lived nearly all his life in Jewish charitable institutions, has one dollar, has friends to go to, has been sent out by a Hebrew emigration aid society, has once earned as much as four shillings a week in England. He is put on one side for special inquiry, and has a ticket given him marked "S. I." Obviously not a desirable citizen. Far-off London has no use for him. America has no use for him. The Special Inquiry Board will assuredly send him home again—does, in fact, so decide—and in an hour or two you find him, pathetically bewildered and stupid, penned up under lock and key, with a whole herd of similar

unfortunates. But here comes a man whose undisputed entrance seems assured. He has travelled steerage, but he looks like a gentleman, and has the speech of one. He is French, and speaks his own language with an accent of culture. The clerk at the desk is a polyglot, or has at least enough of almost every language of Europe to put the statutory questions and to understand the answers. Name is demanded, and found on the roll call which lies before the questioner. Trade? "I am a preacher," says the gentlemanly Frenchman. "I belong to the Seventh Day Adventists, and I am here as a delegate from that sect to a convention of our people which is to be held here." What money has he? Money? He blushes a little, and stammers a little. He has but two dollars, but he has only to call at a certain newspaper office, of which he gives the address, to have all his wants supplied. Remanded for inquiry. If the tale he tells proves true, he will pass; if not, back he goes. We land no paupers here, and a man with only two dollars may be a public charge before you can say Jack Robinson. So with surprise and consternation written large upon him, the little Seventh Day Adventist is locked up in one of the purgatorial pens to await judgment. An hour will do his business, for the Board of Inquiry sits all day and every day, and

despatches its affairs with an admirable promptitude. But meanwhile the humiliation is not lightly to be borne, and the man is on the edge of tears of shame. They come in a long string, German and Russian Jews mainly, show tickets and money, and are passed on. They have nothing to do as yet, but they have friends to go to, and they can show the necessary thirty dollars. Here comes a man with a swagger, certain of passage. He is a German Jew, a bootmaker by trade. Where does he propose to go? To Philadelphia. What money has he? One hundred dollars (produced with a smiling flourish). Has he work to go to? Yes, with his brother-in-law, who guarantees him employment at two dollars a day. Is he willing to swear to that? Quite ready. That does his business. He is put aside for inquiry—thunderstruck, but not quite understanding things as yet. All the remanded are ushered into one cage. They sit dumb and wondering, more like so many sheep than human beings, wistfully staring and waiting—not knowing their own peril; knowing only that they are under arrest for some vague no-reason.

The Board of Inquiry is sitting. Let us go and see it at work. A room in most respects like a police-court, with a raised bench at one side of it, and at the desk are five gentlemen seated—a commission of four—with their secretary. A

Russian peasant is under examination, or rather, would be under examination if there were any one here who could speak his tongue. He is tested in any number of ways, German and Russian, and many dialects of both, but he understands not one word that is said to him. He speaks some barbarous patois of interior Russia, and has no other language. There is one man on the staff of the establishment who will be able to talk to him, but he happens to be absent, and in the meantime the immigrant might as well be deaf and dumb. He is, of course, put back once more, and unless he can show that he has friends who are willing and able to be responsible for him, he will be sent home. The next man who comes is stone deaf and has a defect in his speech. Rejected. Then we get a man from Poland, with a nose full five inches long, and forehead villainously low, sly, cringing, dirty, ragged, with an oily, ingratiating smile. He announces himself as a rabbi, and turns out to be a chicken butcher. Not wanted in the great republic. America can contrive to do without him. He will wrestle that astounding nose of his through the world somehow or other, and will be just as well among his own flea-bitten contingent, the moving insect-forcing farms they are, as here. Then comes a gentlemanly German, a little seedy in aspect, but a man of breeding. Has been a merchant. Has

failed in business. Has come over to join his brother, who is willing to take him into partnership. This is a man of intelligence, understanding his position accurately, and, though he stands like a rock, his fingers, and his lips and his eyes are eloquent of his anxiety. On examination, his private papers prove satisfactory. His story is held to be established, and he is allowed to go his way. Then come two men who have secured employment in the United States before leaving Europe, and it is carefully explained to them that they are not compelled to swear to that fact. It is even open to them to deny their former statement. They seem in every respect to be likely to make good citizens, and the Board is anxious not to strain a law which presses so cruelly in individual cases. They administer it, indeed, with great humanity, but so long as it stands upon the statute book they are bound to carry out its provisions. The two men, however, seem to suspect that some trap is being laid for them, and insist on rushing to their own destruction. They really think, poor devils, that the fact that they have work to go to is their passport to this land of promise, while that very fact is fatal to their hopes of entering it. To their shocking bewilderment, they find themselves rejected, and bound once more to the country they had quitted, with many bright and shining hopes only so brief a time before.

I learn, on the soundest authority, that many of the finally rejected are known to commit suicide on their return to their homes. They feel their rejection as a stigma, and cannot bear the apparent shame of it. Their story that they have been sent back because they had work to go to is not believed, and they find it impossible to persuade their wondering friends that they have not been returned for some degrading reason. The Assistant-Commissioner, Mr. McSweeney, acknowledges feelingly, that the hardships inflicted by the law are often bitter, though he does not see how they are to be avoided. For my own part, I can't help thinking that his office is a hard one for a man with a heart to hold. It is not pleasant to have to enforce a law which is obviously and flagrantly unjust, and which was never intended by those who framed it to operate in merely individual cases. The Assistant-Commissioner impressed me as a man of kindest nature, who felt and could not help feeling the suffering which surrounds him, but he has a high sense of the official responsibility which rests upon him, and, although I fancy he would very gladly welcome amendments in the law, he does his duty under it.

But I am hampered by no official sense of duty, and to me it seems a violation of human nature to forbid a brother who has prospered in this country from inviting his less fortunate brother to

join him. It is at once cruel and insensate to send back a single private person under such conditions, while admitting hordes who have no actual certainty of work. The law clamours for instant amendment, and it would be easy, by throwing the onus on the employer, to do all that is required for the protection of American labour.

Never anywhere have I seen a sadder or a more pitiable crowd than that composed of rejected immigrants, all penned together in one big cage in that building on Ellis Island. We went in among them, accompanied by the Assistant-Commissioner and Dr. Wheeler, and by the aid of one or two interpreters we talked with some of them. They pressed about us with piteous eyes and beseeching gestures. One poor fellow, a Russian Jew, tried to kiss the Commissioner's feet in the agony of his imploring. Another came to ask what he had stolen that he was penned up there. He had a few ragged papers in the pocket of his ragged coat, and held them out to us. He too, was a Russian Jew, and what a hell his life had grown to be you may guess from this. He was shovelled out of Russia into Germany, and shovelled out of Berlin before he had known its soil an hour. He had come straight here as a last resource, and here again the dreadful official shovel was under him, and he was being spaded out of the very land of freedom. He cried pitiably

as he told his tale, and was it any wonder? Think of it! Three of the greatest powers in the whole wide world will have nothing to do with him, and combine, unconsciously, to ruin him. Tyrannous Russia sets her face against him like a fire. Army-ridden Germany has a bosom of flint for him. Free America turns her back on those imploring hands and eyes. Into what sort of horrible, inconscient corporate monster has our civilization grown? How helpless it is to guard itself from being cruel! Poor, poor little helpless, ignorant, dirty, ugly Russian Jew! The world has no use for you—you may go hang or drown. We never wanted you. We shall never miss you. God help you, poor wretch. I protest my heart has ached over you, but is that of any use or service? And why should America take you in to swell her growing tide of poverty? Go back again. But whither? If there can still be good fortune in the world for you, make haste and die, poor friend and humble brother. You have, in common with the rest of us, a refuge in the grave. But how hard we make the road to that cold shelter. Honestly, I can't find heart to go on with this, but there are many pleasanter sides to Ellis Island, and I hasten now to their consideration.

In the old Castle Garden days large classes of a more or less criminal character lived upon the unprotected foreigners, who, ignorant of the

language of their new country and of methods of transit, of distances and directions, fell easily in their hands. Women were decoyed to shame, and men were fleeced remorselessly of their poor savings. This state of things had reached to the condition of a public scandal, but the beginning of the work at Ellis Island put an end to it. Walking about the great hall, with its cage-like divisions, the visitor comes across many partitioned spaces, at the entrance to each of which is printed the name of a line of railway, with the names of the chief cities which lie along its route. The immigrants are sorted out by the officials of the place, the destination of each one is carefully ascertained, and each batch of foreign strangers is personally conducted to its proper train. Aboard the trains, again, are official interpreters, whose business it is to see that each traveller is landed at his objective point. By this system the rascal crowd which once gorged itself on the stranger element is held at harmless distance.

Here, for instance, is a highly respectable looking young woman, of, perhaps, eight and twenty years of age, dressed with extreme neatness, though with no approach to fashion. She speaks French and German with equal fluency and exactness, but has no English. Her destination lies somewhere in New York city, where she is going to live with friends. She is not allowed to land

and encounter the possible dangers of the streets alone, but is detained until the coming of her friends, to whom a message has already been despatched, apprising them of her arrival. In all cases excellent care is taken of the detained. They are well and plentifully fed, and where the detention endures for any length of time they are accommodated with clean and comfortable quarters. There are grumblers, of course, for whom nothing is good enough, and divers English immigrants, who had probably never had such are put before them in their lives, were noisy in their complaints about the food. One of them, with his nose making a wrinkled progress of disgust toward his forehead, sat over a supply of appetizing and nourishing soup, with the declaration that he never "cared about broth." The purely alien elements seemed better satisfied, however—and, indeed, it is the inalienable privilege of an Englishman of any class and under any conditions to be dissatisfied.

The individual cases of hardship inflicted by that sweeping law against the importation of contract labour are not allowed to go unexamined. Here is an instance:—There is brought before the Assistant-Commissioner's notice a young fellow from the old country, lithe, well knit, with a face which for honesty, manliness, and good nature is a letter of recommendation for all the world to

read. He looks very clean and tidy and workman-like in his trim cap and sleeved waistcoat, and being pretty tolerably conscious of his ability to earn a living anywhere, he is less downcast than his companions in the miserable crowd of the rejected. The young man is questioned, and has a very plain and straightforward tale to tell. He is by trade a blacksmith, and comes from Wiltshire, England, not far from old Devizes. "My brother's in this country. He wrote to me and said he could give me work. I jacked up a good job I'd got there, and came out at two days' notice." Assuredly not at all the sort of young man any country would be justified in refusing. There is a court of appeal at Washington which finally settles these matters on the judgment of the Commissioners. This court is strict, but it has the power to override the mere letter of the law, and in cases where personal injustice would be obvious it often does it. The young man from Wiltshire is to be brought up for further examination on the morrow. He may secure a recommendation to the powers at Washington, and that recommendation may be favourably received. In that case he meets no further trouble, but has merely had an interesting insight into the working of the emigration law. In any case he can enter the bounds of the great republic if he is fixed in his determination. He can return to another port

than New York after his deportation to Europe, can announce himself as having no employment, and can leave the authorities without a vestige of a reason for sending him back once more. The feebleness of the law lies in the fact that a knowledge of its working would at once render it inoperative. If the incoming workman knew of its methods he might easily come over on a friendly understanding, and so join brother or father or other relative without trouble.

There is one wise provision in the statute, and that is, in throwing the onus of bringing fitting emigrants upon the shipping companies. They are bound to take back, without charge, all persons who, for whatever cause within the Act, are rejected by the United States officials. This reasonable stipulation is making the shipowners and their agents extremely careful, and it seems to me that a further application as to the employers of labour on this side would act as beneficially. But I have already expressed my opinion on that matter, and if the suggestion is worth anything it may bear fruit.

The pleasantest part of the whole fascinating exhibition on Ellis Island is the hospital, which is quite perfect of its kind, and amply provisioned in all respects for the claims which are made upon it. There is one provision with respect to the working of this institution which seems to be dictated by

an extraordinary generosity. Any emigrant received by the State has a right to treatment there, in case of necessity, for the space of one whole year after the date of his arrival. It would seem at first sight as if the space accorded to Dr. Wheeler and his assistants would be inadequate to the demand upon it created by this rule, but, in effect, it is not so. Few of the foreign emigrants are aware of the law. Few of them, again, remain in New York city or its vicinity. They are scattered far and wide over four million square miles of territory, and if any physical or mental trouble befalls them, they are treated by local institutions in the districts to which they have emigrated.

We learn in the hospital of curious devices resorted to by the relatives of detained women. Here is the case of a woman of proved immoral life, who is lying in the doctor's care, and who, on her recovery, will be sent back to her home in Europe. Her relatives, who are Continental Jews of a low type, have found a young citizen of her own race who is willing, for a consideration, to marry her. The authorities, however, are sufficiently familiar with this method to know all about the arrangement made, and to know that when once the undesirable female was smuggled into the country under this pretence the marriage would turn out practically a sham, and bride and

bridegroom would separate as soon as the desired object was accomplished. That is their experience, and a very odd little corner of human nature it opens up for contemplation.

Here again is an interesting case. A woman of weak mind—not absolutely an idiot—is sitting at a bedside twining her fingers, and smiling with a nervous foolishness. She is of Irish birth, has been sent for by relatives on this side, and was absolutely friendless and alone in her own country. She has a brother and several sisters here, who are very anxious to have her in their care. They declare that she will be moderately useful to them, that she has intelligence enough to mind children and undertake simple household work. They themselves seem respectable and well-to-do, and if, on inquiry, it should prove that they are able to give a sufficient guarantee that the poor thing is not likely to become chargeable to public funds, she will be allowed to join them. If, on the other hand, the Commissioner comes to the conclusion that there is danger of her becoming a public burden, home she goes. “Our first duty,” says the Assistant-Commissioner, “is to protect the body politic. That is the purpose for which we are appointed and paid. But in cases where, without danger, we can exercise a kindly discretion, the law allows it.” The only thing to be done is to preserve a strict impartiality, and to extrude all con-

siderations of mere sentiment. And that this is not an easy thing—for even officials, after all, are human—I saw enough in a single day to prove.

With the single exception of that one provision about contract labour, which pinches where it was never meant to pinch, I have seen no place more wisely and humanely ordered than Ellis Island. Judging by one sample day, it is distinguished by an unusually businesslike alacrity. The officers are courteous, urbane, and patient. The overwhelming letter of the law is not administered in its severity, but is chastened by a wise discretion. The waifs and strays of humanity, who come there in such great numbers, are treated to such a welcome as they would find on no other shore, are sedulously kept out of mischief, and are fed, housed, and finally transported to their destinations under the charge of experienced officers. Altogether, I take my leave of Ellis Island with very friendly feelings toward it, and with unstinted thanks for the courtesy and patience of the gentlemen to whose kindness I am indebted for my visit. And yet, all the same, the problem opened for consideration here is one of the saddest in the world—“The surplus population!” Ah, dear lady, should you or I become “surplus”—which may Heaven avert!—we should know a bitterness which without experience never can be known. I shall see the distorted, weeping face of that ugly, dirty

little Jew at times until I can no more remember anything. Rejected by the two greatest autocratic powers and by the great republic. Not wanted anywhere. Not suffered or sufferable anywhere. What has he done to be raised to that dreadful dignity—to be scorned and rejected by three great nations?

CHAPTER XII.

I HAVE travelled a matter of some seven thousand miles within this last four months, by rail, road, lake, and river, and all of it on British soil. The Cockney prejudice is ineradicable, and I can no more help being glad at finding myself amongst my own people than I can help breathing. In the United States I made a hundred agreeable acquaintances, and two or three friendships. I encountered an almost invariable courtesy and kindness, and I shall always hope to go back again. But home is home when all is said and done, and in Canada I have found myself less a stranger than I have done either in New Zealand or Australia or at the Cape, and a hundred times more at ease than all the goodwill of America could make me. That the United States and England will yet be solidly one in friendship, and that all the old soreness will die out in course of time, is a rooted faith with me, but the hour is not yet, and all the cordiality, the beautiful sincerity

of character and welcome one learns to know there do not hide the fact that there is a certain diffidence on either side, and even, here and there, a certain defiance and mistrust.

From the beginning of my colonial travels until now, I have always noticed that among such people as are naturally prone to be loyal to the old country, the sentiment of loyalty is increased with distance, just as the body is most sensitive at its extremities. In Canada a kindred fact comes home to the least observant. The further you get away from home in the limits of this vast dominion, the more home-like the people grow—the more home-like cities and townships appear—the more home-like is the accent which strikes upon the ears. This is not, as you might fancy, a result of custom, but an actual matter of fact, and is quite easily explained. If you take an eastern city you find that a good proportion of its business and social influences are from the United States. It would be surprising if Toronto, for instance (which is within a few hours' rail from Boston and New York, and a mere stride away from Buffalo, as distances are reckoned here) differed in any remarkable degree from the great American cities of the east. There is a spice of the American tone in speech, there is a touch of America in manners, there is a suggestion of the American physiognomy. A very observant young

American whom I met in Boston assured me that in the course of some years of travel on the European continent he had learned to know his countrymen by a single feature. He found the American eye unmistakable, and he declared that when once he had learned to set himself this test he had never made a mistake. Half the business men in Toronto might lead him astray. The differences which mark the two peoples have as yet scarcely grown perceptible. But travel westward, and with every score of miles you find a change towards the type you know in England, and by the time you have reached Vancouver you are amongst men and women as distinctly English as if you met them in Warwickshire or Devonshire. The houses are English—the suburbs of Vancouver or Victoria might belong to any prosperous English city—the flowers and shrubs are English. If the keenest observer in the world were carried thither on the magic carpet, he would find only one sign to tell him that he was over six thousand miles from Leamington. The grass which decks the trim and well-kept lawns of the suburban gardens is not the English grass. It is green and luxuriant, soft to the foot and pleasant to the eye, but it is another herb altogether. That is not much of a difference to mark so great a distance, but it is the only one that you will find on the outside. You will wake up by-and-by to the fact that no town of

equal size at home is anything like so well served in the way of electric light and electric communication. Things generally in this very new country are more "up-to-date" than they are with us. The cities of which I speak, the city from which I date this letter, and many others, are almost literally the children of the Canadian Pacific Railway. That great line is only eleven years old. The journey across the Continent so recently spanned provokes many strange reflections. The line threads across hundreds and hundreds of miles of prairie, level as a billiard board, and hundreds of miles of "rolling" prairie, heaving in giant billows like an arrested sea; and then traverses hundreds and hundreds of miles more along the stupendous passes of the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks. The iron threads, as if they were veritably alive, have created and fed a ganglion here and there, and already they palpitate from end to end. That small indomitable insect, man, has done many remarkable things in his time, but he has done little, if anything, more astonishing than this same Pacific Railway. The line across the mountains is one of the engineering feats of the world, and there is probably no route on the earth's surface where the traveller may enjoy in combination so much physical comfort and such a feast of natural splendour. There are no better appointed carriages on any line, there

is no better table, there is no better sleeping accommodation. The land passage across the Continent is as comfortable as the sea passage in the best appointed of modern ocean steamers in the steadiest weather, and for four days out of the six it occupies it is one long-drawn dream of splendour and delight. The beauty of the journey begins when you strike the shore of the first of the great lakes. The weather on my outward journey was divine. Great masses of pearly cloud floated all day long about the horizon, hanging, it seemed, at almost incredible distances. The shores of the fresh-water sea are lined in many places with rocks of vivid red, and craggy islands of the same colour and formation stud the surface of the water. The air is exquisitely clear, and details are visible at great distances. The islands withdraw in a procession of jewelled colour which is really quite indescribable. The nearest take a ruby glow in the sunshine; then the blue of distance tones the ruby into amethyst, and further on tones amethyst to sapphire. The sky is pale sapphire, and the lake is deep sapphire. This tells you nothing. One might write a list of beauties as long as an auctioneer's catalogue, and still tell nothing. Yet one cannot resist the temptation to attempt some description, and perhaps, though these quiet beauties evade us by their very tranquility and delicacy, the stormier grandeurs of the mountains

may yield something to lay hold upon. When you have done with the smooth monotonous of the treeless level reach of land through which the train has hurried you for two days and nights, the character of the landscape changes. You know that the mountains are as yet far in front of you, but you have arrived at the region where the volcanic action which originally lifted them gave as it were its last and feeblest kick. The last shudder of the solid earth shaken by that tremendous convulsion seems to have been felt here, and the surface for thousands of square miles is all in mounds and heaps and ridges. It is like nothing so much as the waves of a tumultuous sea fixed in solidity, and quiet at its maddest moment. Every traveller has had that simile forced upon him, and no man will find another to express the scene so well; but no sea that mortal eye has gazed upon ever ran in such tremendous waves. This district passed, you come upon more level prairie, and then as night closes down you get your first glimpse of the hills. We made "The Gap"—the portal of the mountains—late at night, and had no moon, so that there was nothing for it but to turn in and wait for daylight. By morning we were two thousand feet above the sea-level, and climbing fast, and the panorama of the Rockies was about us. There are many separate magnificences in the world of

mountain landscape to rival most of the views which break upon you here, but for extent and continuance you would be hard put to it to find an equal to the glory of this journey. I have never in my life experienced a fatigue of mind and spirit so crushing as that which fell upon me here. The mountain torrents with their deep voices call you to watch their swirl and leap and coil. Vast eminences lift their shining crests of white; long blue ranges butt their huge shoulders through the clouds; single peaks stand aloft with craggy heads cut out against the sheet of blue, as if it were a feat to stand so for a second; beyond the gloom of miles and miles of pine forest the broad field of a glacier dazzles as if the sun-rays struck it with a hammer and beat out from it endless splashes of white fire; some wall of basalt stares at you like a fixed blind human face; some stretch of cadmium and rose and violet, where lichen and heather have taken hold upon the rocks, is here and gone again; the mountain side overhangs the rushing train as if it would fall upon it; the rock that bears you is hidden from sight, so that your car seems to travel in mid-air; left or right the walls of the gorge break suddenly away, and you are aware of a tumbled glory of sun-smitten cloud and mountain top, and a wilderness of shadow as blue as deepest sea water; a distant waterfall, plaiting its quivering rope of silver wire, is seen

for a second and no more ; the splendid procession charges on, and on, and on, with every separate spectacle in it a wonder and a joy ; a fever of exaltation takes the mind, the eye and the spirit ache alike, and you would not rest from it if you could, and could not if you would.

It is no more possible to describe the Kicking Horse River or the Frazer Cañon than it would be to shoulder one of the mountains which line their courses. The first-named is the wildest worry of waters I have ever yet beheld ; the stream gnashing and howling down there in hellish chasms ; tearing at its rocky confines with raging hands, leaping, twisting into hard slow coils, as if in deadly resolve to stay its course and go no further, and then streaming on again and leaping out anew with shouts of triumph and horror and despair. The Frazer River bears a broader stream, and travels a less precipitate and awful road, but there is a steadfast terrible might in it which is to the full as impressive. I saw a giant pine tree in its waters, a great stripped trunk three times the length of any tree we grow in England, whirled hither and thither like a straw in a rain-filled gutter. There is one place where a massive fragment of rock stands in the centre of the stream. It is as big as a cathedral, and the rushing waters are banked up high against it by their own impetus. There the wave rears itself,

and has reared itself night and day for how many thousands of years? The great uplifted glittering coil, heaped against the rock, has never broken. It will never break for a million years to come unless some convulsion of nature shall divert the river's course, or hurl the obstacle from its base. And the base is deep, how deep only a careful mathematical calculation could tell you. Measurement by sounding, in such a torrent is out of question. But many miles further on this river runs through quiet plains, where it spreads out to a width of a mile or more, and here its volume might be estimated. The same press of waters is forced through a gorge not more, I should suppose, than three hundred feet wide in some places.

The night which followed on the first day of this mountain journey will be memorable to me as long as I remember anything. I was as weary with mere pleasure and excitement as I have ever been with anything, but for an hour or two sleep seemed out of the question. When it came it was a repetition of the day, but such an exaggeration of it as only sleep could bring. I travelled through gorges which could have been realized only at the cost of splitting the earth to its centre, and I shuddered under mountains, where impossibly magnified Alps were heaped on incredible Himalayas.

I made my return journey to Winnipeg slowly,

visiting many places by the way, and seeking to familiarize myself with the spirit of the mountains, but in a very small space of time everything had changed. The forest fires had broken out, and all the vistas were obscured. A mountain side was a flat wash of deep indigo. A mile further off another mountain side was a flat wash of paler indigo; and a mile further still earth began to fade altogether and mix with the pervading impalpable formless smoke-cloud. For two or three months in the year it is vain to travel by this route if you are in search of landscape. The fires destroy millions of trees annually, and fears are sometimes expressed lest they should denude the country, but when one remembers how many hundreds of thousands of square miles of forest there are, the dread begins to grow a little visionary. These conflagrations have many beginnings. Travellers who build fires at night, and take too little pains to extinguish them, are responsible for many. The attrition of dried boughs and grasses is answerable for others. One fruitful cause is little known, and is in itself singular enough to deserve mention. Most of the trees are resinous, and the great tears they weep in the hot summer weather collect and harden, and often form in a clear globular shape which focuses the sun-rays as a burning glass would do. This is the explanation of many fires which break out, in

perfectly still weather, in regions where no man's foot has trod for years. I had fancied in my ignorance that a forest fire would be a magnificent spectacle, and when I learned that on my journey through the Kootenay country I was certain to pass many thousands of blazing acres, I made up my mind to unheard-of grandeurs. But in this case at least the dullest imagination transcends the fact, from a pictorial point of view. You live in a world which is blotted out from view in a brown fog of smoke. You travel hundreds of miles through it, and it never lifts or breaks for a single instant. Sun, moon, and stars have disappeared for a season, and a gruesome twilight reigns even on a September noonday.

Nelson stills calls itself the capital of the gold-mining district, but it is a sleepy place, and looks as if it had had its day. Rossland is the real centre, and ferments with life and energy. It struck me as being very odd that at the time of my visit British capitalists were apparently ignorant of the existence of this great new gold-field, and that all the moneyed enterprise came from America. It was natural enough that this should be so just at first, for Rossland is within a score of miles of the American border, and Spokane Falls, in the State of Washington, is the nearest city. Six months before I reached it the place bore no name. Half a year earlier the

primeval forest stood there, silent and unbroken. Gold was discovered, the inevitable rush came, the forest was cleared away, and a town sprang up like magic. There were seventeen hotels already, and the electric light was installed everywhere. The town had water-works, shops and stores of all sorts, and a weekly newspaper. There was a population of nearly fifteen hundred male adults in actual settlement and regularly employed. There was a floating population of half as many more, and money was being made by the cart-load. One of the most amazing things I ever knew lay in the fact that this vast mob of humanity had but two policemen to guard its legal rights, and had never once been in need of more. Common labourers who could handle pick and shovel were making a pound a day. Drink was to be had in any quantity, but during my stay I did not see one drunken man per diem. Twenty miles off, across the border, there was a mining camp, peopled by exactly the same kind of adventurers, and there crimes of violence were common. In Rossland, I was told, there was a wholesome certainty about the administration of the law. One ruffian shot a man there, very early in the history of the place. He was arrested, very much to his surprise; was tried, very much to his surprise; and, finally, to his own prodigious amazement, hanged. He took it very bitterly,

and said, when the end came, that a man would have had a chance across the border.

We had one night of considerable excitement there during my brief stay. We had come out of the forest fires, and had got into the clear air again ; but one afternoon news reached the township that a fire had been somehow started within half a mile, and had taken a firm hold. At first people paid very little heed to this intelligence. Now and again a citizen would stroll out into the street and shade his eyes against the sun, whilst he took an observation of the rising smoke-wreaths. Then he went quietly back to his business, or dropped into the nearest hotel to discuss the matter idly with the barman. But as the night grew, further news came in, and the fire began to take a dangerous and disturbing look. The entire place is built of planking, and is as dry as tinder after its months of baking in the hot summer sun. The trees come up to the township on every side, and a single waft of wind in the right direction would have borne the flames down upon it. Had such a thing happened, Rossland would have been in ashes in a few minutes. For an hour or two after nightfall the air was almost still. A puff of wind came now and then, and even from the slowest-breathing air one got an idea of what might happen. The sulky fire smouldering on the hillside gathered itself into a ruddy glow, and as

the soft breeze fanned it, it broadened, and suddenly shot into a very pyramid of flame. Then the breeze died, and the fire dropped down again. Once when the wind (sucked up the long, curving valley by the change of temperature between day and night) grew vigorous for perhaps two minutes, the flames rose and made a leap to the very topmost spar of a giant pine, and for a few seconds the tree blazed like a torch. With the cessation of the wind, the light died out with a singular swiftness. Before this the people were wide awake to their danger. Six hundred men were drawn from the mines and sent out to fight the fire, and before morning they had cleared a very considerable tract of land. Had the wind held, their labours would have gone for nothing, but, happily for everybody concerned, the night was unusually still, and so the fire was isolated, and burned itself out without damage, except to one outstanding mill, which had to be abandoned. One smart gentleman who kept a store, ran off full tilt to Trail, which is on the river some seven miles away, and sent a telegram to ratify an insurance policy, for which he had been in treaty. This cost him some five hundred dollars, and when he got back from paying it the fire was practically subdued. I have heard more eloquent orators, but I never knew a public speaker more in earnest.

These new-built, weather-board, forest-bound townships are never safe until they have been burned down once, at least. One big fire clears away the forest, which is the first element of danger. A second, or a third fire, if the place should live long enough, leads to a more solid method of building.

I am back at Winnipeg, and after a month or two of wandering in the auriferous regions of the great North-West, I have seen a sight on my way hither which is worth all the goldfields in the world. I have just come through the great wheat-growing territory, where for many a mile, along the line, and as far as the eye can reach on either side, a perfect sea of corn lay waiting for the harvest. Three months ago on these prairie lands we encountered a spell of rainy weather, and one of my fellow-travellers was grumbling dismally. Another man rebuked him. "This rain," he said, "is worth a million dollars a day, solid." I have no doubt he was right, for there had been a time of serious drought, and the whole wheat-crop was threatened. Now everybody is happy and smiling. The bounteous harvest gives a fillip to every trade and industry. The discovery of gold brings prosperity to the few who find it, or who have the luck to speculate successfully in it. But its cheapening only makes bread the dearer, whilst this golden growth on the surface means, in its

degree, an added prosperity to the whole wide world.

I have been moved to write a song for Winnipeg, and I send it to you for what it may be worth.

WINNIPEG.

Here's a song for the Prairie Queen,
Alternate bride of the sun and the snow,
Her loves divided the twain between,
As the seasons come and the seasons go,
Clothed in her garment of silvery sheen,
Or in robes shot through with the summer's glow.

Here, where she stands in her beauty's pride,
But a decade ago did the Redskin roam.
I was grey already, when far and wide
These fertile fields were the bison's home.
So mere a ripple has stirred Time's tide
Since the Saxon came o'er the salt sea's foam.

And the Saxon hand and the Saxon brain
Wrought here, thought there, till the desert smiled,
Till they harnessed fire to the roaring train,
And made of the lightning a docile child,
Till the fields of a province were golden with grain,
Till a city stood in the midst of the wild.

O bright new link in the steel-strong band
Which clasps us close from the fear of ill !
You were forged in the fires of an alien land
With a Saxon heart and a Saxon will,
And the Saxon brain and the Saxon hand,
In the salt sea's spite are Saxon still !

CHAPTER XIII.

London.

I AM back in my own study, and I can mournfully assure myself that I have missed, by a hair-breadth only, one of the most moving and dramatic things in the recent history of the world. I was held back from it by considerations which looked quite adequate at the time, but if I had been able to forecast things, I would have thrown them to the wind.

I might have been one of the first organized band to set foot on the soil of Klondyke, and I can see now quite clearly that I ought to have gone when the chance was open to me. My regret at having lost my opportunity is not in the least increased by the belief that I should have found riches there, for gold-digging is one of the last games I should choose to play at, and the idea of speculating in the midst of such a crowd as is gathered there at this moment makes me laugh. But the great drama of life there would have been a thing to see and to remember. I talked inti-

mately with the men who first became aware of the riches of that region. I handled gold that came from its valleys before it had ever found its way to the market, and I more than half arranged, for the mere sake of the trip, to go there.

When I was travelling westward on the Pacific Railway, a bright, handsome and gentlemanly young fellow came to me aboard the train, with a letter of introduction. We talked for a little while, and he asked my good offices for a lady who was travelling in the same direction as myself, and was going to join her husband. I was introduced to the lady, and I discovered that she was bound upon a very unusual expedition. She was the wife of the officer who had been appointed to the command of the first body of Dominion forces to be quartered in British Alaska. The expedition consisted of two officers and twenty men. They were going by steamer through the Behring Sea, and down the Yukon River, and they had arranged to arrive at their destination in time to build huts against the winter, and be ready for the months of darkness which wrap those high latitudes in their cold and dreadful pall at that season of the year. This courageous lady was going with her husband. I have a horror of intruding on the privacies of life, but I think I may say without any danger of being offensive that her affection and devotion were very plainly to be seen, and

were very beautiful and touching. She had no illusions as to what she was called upon to face, and she neither feared the future nor made light of it. Captain Constantine had been there already, and knew all about it, and what was good enough for Captain Constantine was good enough for Mrs. Constantine. The discovery of gold was bringing a certain number of adventurous stragglers to the place, so I learned from her. It was British ground, but not very far from the United States border, and there was a question of Customs dues. Such excisable articles as were being brought into the district were paying no duty. Captain Constantine had gone over a year before to look at things, and had collected certain duties single-handed. I have forgotten the sum he realized for his Government, but small as it may have been, it was enough to show that trade was gathering there, and more as a matter of principle than of actual gain it was decided to establish a Government post. This was the first I had ever heard of Yukon gold, but Mrs. Constantine placed in my hand a bracelet which her husband had given to her. It was made of nuggets which he had gathered on his first visit. They varied in weight, the largest not being any bigger than a Barcelona nut, and the smallest about the size of a horsebean. They were simply threaded on a wire, and the precious metal was so

very soft and pure that when I handled it, it left upon my fingers exactly such a fine bright dust as the most delicate touch will carry away from a butterfly's wing. There were great quantities of gold to be found, but translating the opinion which was then universal, Mrs. Constantine assured me that very few people would ever go to look for it because of the difficulties of the road and the rigours of the climate.

At Regina, which is the seat of Government for the North-West Territory, and the headquarters of the North-West Mounted Police, I had the pleasure of encountering Captain Constantine himself, a compressed Hercules of a man, tanned and hardened by years of the toughest adventure in the wildest of places. I found him a man of few words, but unlike most silent men in the possession of a sunny temper. If he had little enough to say about himself, other people had a great deal to say for him, and it was not long before I discovered that he was one of those born adventurers and captains of men who are at work in every quarter of the world in the building of our empire. Alert, prescient, indomitable, thoughtful for others, a strict disciplinarian, saying, "Come" rather than "Go," thoroughly trusted, alike by his superiors and the men in his command—the pick of a whole picked force for the work in hand. I beguiled him once to talk

for an instant about his experiences on his first journey into the newly-discovered gold country, and he gave me the merest spice of a description of it. "Pretty tough road to travel," he said, with a cheerful brevity. "Hot sun by day—melted slush up to the knees—clouds of mosquitoes about your head—ground frozen solid at night." It was such a customary thing in the way of small discomfort as hardly to be worth talking about. Now, of course, he was going out under different conditions, with all the resources of civilization at his back. They would have their log huts up before the winter set in.

His second in command was Lieutenant Strickland, also a solid and reticent man, some years younger than his chief, and, by comparison with him, almost talkative. From him I learned a good deal about the expedition, the members of which had every one been chosen for his possession of a special faculty. One man, for instance, was a special hand at making a raft, and another man had a practical turn for boat-building, and still another was particularly excellent as a lumberman, and a fourth was a proven dandy as a builder of log huts. Take the twenty through, and there was no one thing which any such body as themselves could need to have done on such an expedition as they contemplated, but they could do it. They could bake and wash, and sew, make clothes,

mend boots, and do a hundred household things. They could build a boat or a cart, or a sledge, or repair an engine, or mend a gun. They could hunt and trap, and farm, and they were all intrepid horsemen, and first-rate scouts and soldiers. In point of fact you might drag the world with a net, and find nobody more capable of such a service as they were bound on. A great deal of this I learned from the second in command, but I should be doing him quite a grave injustice if I made it to appear that he was in any way boastful of his men. It was to him the merest matter of course, that they should be able to do all these things and many more. He knew his fellows to be well-equipped and widely accomplished, but if they had been other than the men they were they would have been stupidly out of place.

Perhaps there is hardly a force in the world which in all points deserves to be compared with the North-West Mounted Police. Their achievements have not been often chronicled, but if ever a man of the Rudyard Kipling type should happen to spend a year or two in their ranks the world will find a new realm of romance opened for its reading. There is a very large percentage of gentlemen in the ranks—a very unusually large percentage, I believe. I was standing in the square of the main quarters at Regina one day with a man who knew them well. "If you had

the life story of each of these boys," he said, "you wouldn't need to go further afield for plots for your story-books." He added that if the sack of each man's memory were overhauled it would not be a rare thing to find a pack of cards, or a bottle, or a lady in it. It is particularly likely that adventures have befallen a man of good family before he seeks for a berth in the Mounted Police, for the dignity affords no silken shelter from the storms of life, but the men who belong to the body have a magnificent *esprit de corps*, and the gentleman ranker wears his uniform with as just and proper a pride as the man who has risen to the ranks in place of falling into them. It is not by any slip of the pen that I write of rising to the ranks, for there are hundreds of well-bred youngsters in the Dominion who would be very proud of a place among them, and it is a feather in any man's cap to be enlisted in a body so remarkable.

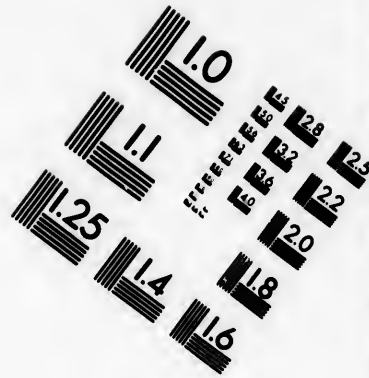
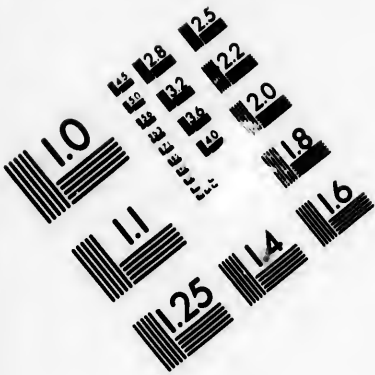
I did actually make application to accompany this Alaskan expedition, and my request was granted by the government, and welcomed by the men who would have been my comrades, but it turned out that it would have meant a disappearance from the world for at least eight months, and the adventure did not then seem to justify such an expenditure of time. If I had guessed what was coming, if any prophet had made clear to me the features of the Klondyke rush, I should not have

hesitated for a moment. There is transacting itself at this moment a tremendous episode—more dramatic and moving than most campaigns, and likely to be as full of suffering, courage, self-sacrifice, and disaster. Lieutenant Strickland has been sent back for a couple of hundred men, and has returned with them, with Major Walsh in command, and it seems likely enough that when the passes open next spring, and the crowds which now clamour in vain at Dyea and Skagway find an entry on the new land of gold, even so strong a contingent will have enough to do to hold its own. Mr. Ogilvie, the Government Mining Commissioner, reports from the Klondyke fields that there is room for about three thousand men. Last month seventeen vessels, crammed with humanity, sailed from Seattle and the ports of British Columbia, and if report is to be trusted, many thousands of people are only waiting for a more propitious season to follow them. There will be trouble, and trouble of the gravest sort.

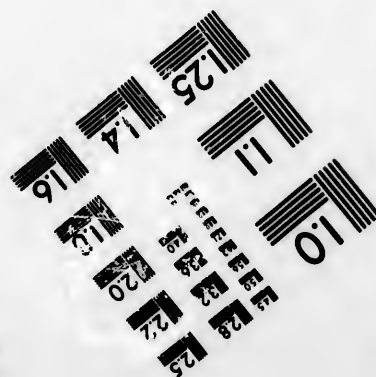
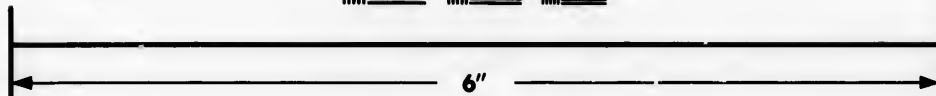
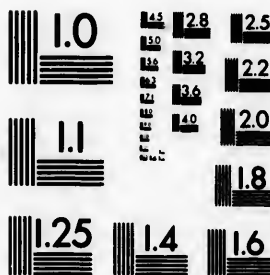
It is more than a little curious to notice how this Yukon rush has stricken the world of adventurers, whilst the much more easily accessible gold-fields of comparatively civilized regions in Canada have been neglected. The explanation of the puzzle is partly to be found in the fact that a good many of the Canadian gold-mining ventures of the early days resulted in failure. Men's eyes got

turned away, and speculators took to buttoning up their pockets when that kind of adventure was mooted. But in British Columbia a total exportation of gold to the amount of twelve millions sterling has been reached, and such private fortunes as have been realized have fallen mainly into American hands. Gold, after all, does less than the humbler metals towards the permanent enrichment of a country, but it serves one great end in bringing population. Population is Canada's great need; and she now seems fairly in the way to make such a spring as the Cape has recently made, or as was made by Victoria a generation ago, or by California a little earlier. Gold is found in almost every division of the country from east to west. There is a recent rumour of its discovery in the very streets of Winnipeg, but that seems so far to have disturbed the souls of few. In Ballarat, not so long ago, a man is known to have picked out with a clasp knife, a capful of nuggets from the road-metal of the streets, but in a city where foundations have been dug out, and the earth has been disturbed in every direction, such a find is, of course, an accident, and nobody need hope to repeat the lucky man's experience. Rossland, the centre of the Kootenay district, had when I visited it so brief a time ago, a fixed population of 1500. I learned only a day or two since that this number had





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grown to 4000. The Klondyke fever has probably served to deplete it a little, but its growth, though rapid, has been steady, and is likely to go on. Surface mining—"placer" work as it is called—has nothing permanent about it, but a gold-bearing quartz may last for many years, and yield as regular a return for capital and labour as coal and iron. British Columbia has undoubtedly the richest permanent goldfields so far discovered, and from Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island there is paying quartz to be found. The Dominion is rich too in silver and in copper, and it has every variety of coal in great profusion.

It was summer time when I visited Montreal, and I was prepared to find its winter pleasures out of season. But I was not prepared to find the discussion of them quite tabooed in certain circles, and I was a little surprised at the reluctance with which men who were interested in the advancement of the country could be brought to talk of them. At last the reason came out. "We have made a mistake," a member of the government said to me, "in advertising our ice and snows. We have contrived to give the world an idea that our climate is stern and inhospitable, whereas in reality it is nothing of the sort." The true Canadian will not admit that cold is cold in Canada. So far as a year's experience can serve for judgment, I am inclined to think the climate

very much preferable to that of Great Britain, but it is certain that the thermometer gets down very low at times. But the air in most parts is very dry and bracing, and the inhabitants, without being any tougher than the average Englishman, have rare good health, and live an open-air life for the most part with keen enjoyment.

Wherever I have travelled I have found old native races dying. In New Zealand the Maoris are going fast. In Australia the black fellows' numbers are diminishing year by year. In Canada the red man is going the way of all uncivilized flesh, and even in his reserves he dwindles fast. The redskin will never cease to have a romantic interest in the mind of one whose boyish fancies were nourished by Fennimore Cooper and Mayne Reid, but the modern traveller finds him a sorry spectacle, and I had read and heard so much of his degradation in these later days, that I was surprised and delighted to find the truth about him in certain quarters, and to realize that it was so much better than I had been taught to fancy. In the North-West there are plenty of practical red-skinned farmers. They work on a small scale, to be sure, but they keep their ground tidy, and they have modern implements of which they know the use, and their little bits of farms are often actually much more clean and orderly than those of the white squatters. In places far up country,

where settlers are wide apart, the white man deteriorates, and the white woman takes the same downward road. It is a melancholy fact to recognize, but there is no blinking it. Well-bred folks who have no neighbours sink into slattern habits, and grow content with dirt and disorder. I am not to be supposed to be talking for one instant of people who live in settlements. They are as self-respecting and altogether admirable a set of men and women as you could find anywhere in the world. I am talking of the solitaries who have found themselves cut away from social influences of all sorts, and I have seen some of these, whose lot was miserable, the more miserable perhaps that they had fallen into a dull contentment with it.

I visited one large school for Indian children, where I found the copper-coloured youngsters learning all manner of crafts and trades, and astonishingly clever at them—really very much smarter, as it seemed to me, than so many white children would have been. A number of very young boys were being taught the trade of sadlery, and the goods they turned out were very excellent and workmanlike indeed. They print a small magazine at this establishment, and in the compositors' room I found a dusky little chap of nine or ten years of age working at case. He was so very small that he had had to take two type-founders' packing-boxes, and set one upon the other for

himself to stand on before he could get at his work. He was engaged in setting up a poem by Mrs. Hemans for next month's issue, and I watched him at his work for a minute or two, and found him quite master of it. When he had filled his composing-stick, I took it from him and looked it over. It was quite workman-like, and without a blunder, and every line was accurately justified. He might have made a sad hash, I daresay, if he had been working from manuscript, but with his printed copy before him he was hard to beat, whether for time or accuracy. The superintendent of the institution told me that they had occasional desertions from the school, and he gave me the history of one case where a mere child found his way back to the paternal wigwam in one of the reserves, three hundred miles away. A percentage of the best educated and the cleverest go back to savagery, but on the whole the government has a right to be satisfied with its citizen factory, and turns out a useful article year by year.

Here and there in the wilder parts of the country you meet a wandering party slinking gipsy-like along wrapped in dirty blankets, and with faces smeared with vermilion, but for the most part they live on the land allotted to them, and are sufficiently quiet and depressed. Whilst I was in their neighbourhood the Blackfeet rose up against

the resident missionary, who bolted for his life, but their wrath soon simmered down again, and the presence of a few mounted policemen sufficed to restore order.

On the topmost plateau of the Rocky Mountains the attention of the traveller by the Canadian Pacific line, is called to a singular natural phenomenon, the inward significance of which he would certainly never discover for himself. A little stream has its beginning there—a very trivial little stream indeed, which a baby with a sand spade could block in the work of a few minutes. When this tiny rivulet has run but a brief distance it divides, and one half goes towards the Pacific and the other half towards the Atlantic. This insignificant runnel is in fact the well-head of two great rivers, and its waters are the connecting link between two great oceans, and really make an island of the continent which lies southward of their course. The northernmost railway line which belts the continent, starts at the east not far from the mouth of one of these great streams, and ends its course in the west, not far from the mouth of the other. Nature made the first link between the two great wastes of water thousands of years ago. Man made the second in defiance of Nature's sternest mood, within the lifetime of any boy who to-day is being legally bound apprentice. Spaces which were nameless in the white

man's tongue a score of years ago are centres of intelligence and commerce ; and a belt of human enterprise, which grows stronger and broader with each succeeding year, is drawn across a space which fills little less than one-sixth of the girth of the globe.

So huge and so new in development is the Dominion of Canada.

THE ANTIPODEANS.

IT is six years since the following chapters were first presented to the public in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. They aroused a rather astonishing *charivari* at the time, and a host of critics arose to denounce the ignorance and prejudice of the writer. The Earl of Jersey, who was then Governor of New South Wales, took up the cudgels in behalf of Australia at large, and was warmly indignant at the attack made on its financial condition. Australians were bidden not to mind the insolent stings of "a mosquito of the press." A few months later the crash, which some unprejudiced watchers knew to be impending, came, and Victorian credit was, for the hour, destroyed. I have never been able to persuade myself that it was criminal to see the truth beforehand, or any breach of public duty to proclaim it. It was natural that those whom the truth affected adversely should feel annoyed, and I was never

careful to shield myself from any attack they might have made upon me.

That melancholy episode in colonial history is over. The majestic resources of the country have enabled the Victorians already to struggle half-way out of the difficulties into which they had been betrayed, and there is no visible reason why they should not henceforth enjoy as complete a prosperity, and as sound a credit, as is owned by any people in the world.

But whilst in these pages the charge of financial unsoundness was made, and before the mournful verification of the charge befell, it would have been hard to find a better-abused person than myself, or one more freely threatened. A Melbourne daily (not one of the big and dignified journals of the city) reminded me, in view of an anticipated renewal of my visit, that road-metal was cheap and plentiful. The *Sydney Bulletin*—not a respectable or dignified publication at any time—gave room to a drawing of a man who was groping on the pavement at his feet. Underneath was a legend to this effect:—"What is this citizen doing? He has heard that Mr. Christie Murray is coming back, and he is looking for a brick."

It is not my purpose in republishing these papers to provoke a renewal of the hostility which thus expressed itself. I hope partly to establish the fact that the opinions expressed were in the

main sound. I hope partly to convince even some old enemies that those opinions were in the main favourable to themselves, and to the country in which they take so great a pride. I hope to persuade them partly to an admission of the fact that the views expressed were obscured by no ill-feeling. And lastly, I desire to emphasize such changes as have taken place in so brief a space of time as has elapsed between the autumn of 1891 and now.

The one object here below which seems to me best worth an Englishman's pursuit is the consolidation of the race. The man of British blood, who wilfully and with his eyes open to the consequence of his act, does anything to hinder this, to bar its consummation, or to check its progress, is, to my mind, guilty of a crime. The more closely people are tied together by relationship and affection, the more freely they have a right to the expression of plain and sometimes unpalatable truth. It is possible to abuse this privilege as it is possible to abuse anything, but it is only the abuse, and not the employment of it, which should be resented.

Some of the sketches in these pages are out of date already. Sir Henry Parkes, for instance, is asleep after scores of years of hard fighting with the world. Possibly even some of his old-time enemies may care again to get a glimpse of his figure. It seemed to me to have a certain solidity

and even majesty, and any born Australian has a right to be proud, that in his native country, a man of Sir Henry's beginnings should have risen to such a place of influence as he filled for some thirty years. In the England of his own day he could have been little better than a suffering malcontent, whilst in the freer atmosphere of the colonies he had ample opportunity for the justification of his manhood and his statecraft.

With slight additions, and very much slighter omissions, the impressions of the Antipodean colonies are printed here as they originally appeared. One omission has a claim for special mention. I was misled by an error in Mr. Heyter's generally excellent and accurate "Year Book," into an exaggerated estimate of the amount of spirituous liquors consumed in Australia. I was very angrily attacked for a mistake which was not originally mine. I took the figures as I found them in a statistical work, sanctioned by the government of Victoria, and issued by the government press there. Mulholland's monumental book of statistics helped me to correct the blunder, which was withdrawn with apologies almost as soon as it was made.

CHAPTER I.

IT is many years since I saw a sight which so pricked and stirred my blood as the final episod of the procession on Eight Hours' Day in Melbourne. The day was wintry and dismal. Early rains had threatened the dispersal of the patient crowds which lined the roads, the pavements were muddy, and the sky was lowering. The march of the trades bodies did little to dispel the gloom of the day for the one onlooker concerning whose sentiments I am authorized to speak. The vast crowd gave each trade a reception as it passed, and sometimes the marchers paused below the treasury windows and cheered the governor. There was plenty of noise and enthusiasm, but I was unawakened until the tail-end of the procession came. Two brakes drew up below the governor's standing-place, and some score of grey-bearded men rose up in these vehicles and waved their hats with vigour, whilst the whole orderly mob roared applause at them, and Lord Hopetoun

himself clapped his hands like a pleased boy at the theatre. All the men in the two brakes were elderly and grizzled, but, so far as I could see, they were all stalwart and able-bodied, and the faces of a good many were bronzed with years of sun and wind. Over the leading vehicle was suspended a strip of white cloth, and on this was painted the words, THE PIONEERS. These men were the makers of Victoria, the fathers of the proud and populous city which lay wide-spread about us. There is no need to be eloquent about Melbourne. Many people have sung its praises already. But it is one of the marts of the world; it has a population of over half a million; it has its churches, its chapels, its synagogues, its theatres, its hotels; it is as well furnished in most respects as any other city of its size; and these grey men, yet staunch in body, bronzed and bright-eyed, were among the beginners of it.

When I first visited Melbourne I was introduced to a gentleman who, between the present site of the Roman Catholic cathedral and the present site of the town hall, had been "bushed" for a whole day; lost in the virgin forest. I knew already how young the city was, how strangely rapid its growth had been; but I had not realized what I knew, and this elderly stranger's bodily presence made my thought concrete. That beautifully appropriate and dramatic finish to the trades'

procession struck the same chord of splendid wonder, but with a fuller sound.

Apart from the miraculous rapidity of its growth, the city is commonplace enough in itself, but the Victorian, quite justifiably, refuses to think so. Men come back from London, and Paris, and Vienna, and New York, and think Melbourne the finer for the contrast. In reality it is very far from being so; but it is useless to reason with patriotism and its affections. The men of Victoria run devotion to their soil to an extreme. I was told an exquisite story, for the truth of which I had a solemn voucher, though it carries its internal evidences of veracity, and needs no bolstering from without. An Australian-born—he came, of course, from that Gascony of the Antipodes which has Melbourne for its capital—visited the home country. An old friend of his father's was his cicerone in London, and took him, amongst other places, to Westminster Abbey. And—"There, my young friend," said the Englishman, when they had explored the noble old building, "you have nothing like that in Australia." "My word," said the colonial export, "no fear! You should just see the Scotch Church at Ballarat!"

The tale is typical. I would tell it, in the hope that he would find it an open sesame to many things, to any fair-minded observant man who was going out to Victoria. It *is* a little outrageous to

the stranger, but in it the general public sentiment is drawn in grand outlines, magnified many times, but not in the least caricatured. The patriotic prejudice goes everywhere. It lives at the very roots of life. Truthful men will tell you that London is vilely supplied with cabs in comparison with Melbourne. They believe it. They will tell you that the flavours of English meats, game fishes, fruits, and vegetables, are vastly inferior to those they know at home. And they believe it. To the unprejudiced observer, Melbourne is the worst-cabbed city in the world, or amongst the worst. A gourmet would find a residence in Australia a purgatory. For my own part, I have learned in a variety of rough schools at whatsoever meat I sit therewith to be content. In matters of gourmandise I am contented wi' little an' cantie wi' mair. But, shade of Savarin! how I relish my morning sole after two years' banishment from that delicious creature! How I reverence my sirloin! How I savour my saddle of mutton! What a delightful thing I now know an English strawberry to be! But to the New South Welshman my doctrine is a stumbling-block, and to the Victorian it is foolishness. Mr. Sala preached it years ago, and the connoisseurs of the Great Britain of the South have never forgiven him.

Another patriotic delusion is the glorious climate. The plain fact is, that in Melbourne

there is no such thing as a climate. They take their weather in laminæ, set on end. You walk from the tropics to the pole in five minutes. A meteorological astonishment lies in wait at every street-corner. It blows hot, it blows cold, it scorches, it freezes, it rains, it shines, and all within the compass of an hour. Yet these wonderful Australians love their weather. Other people would endure it. They brag about it. I think they must be the happiest people in the world.

By the way, I must qualify, before I forget to do so, the judgment expressed above with respect to the Australian table. I tasted in Adelaide a favourable specimen of the wild turkey, and I believe it to be the noblest of game-birds. Its flavour is exquisite, and you may carve at that bounteous breast for quite a little army of diners. And remembering one friendly feast puts me in mind of many. Is there anywhere else on the surface of our planet a hospitality so generous, so exuberant, so free and boundless as that extended to the stranger in Australia? If there be, I have not known it. They meet you with so complete a welcome. They envelop you with kindness. There is no *arrière pensée* in their cordiality, no touch lacking in sincerity. This is a characteristic of the country. The native-born Australian differs in many respects from the original stock,

but in this particular he remains unchanged. You present a letter of introduction, and it makes you the immediate friend of its recipient. He spares no pains to learn what you desire, and then his whole aim and business in life for the moment is to fulfil your wishes. Your host will probably be less polished than an Englishman living in a like house and boasting an equal income, but his *bonhomie* is unsurpassable. I used to think there was nothing like an English welcome. Australia has killed that bit of English prejudice.

The very sincerity of heart in which your host stands before you, is the means whereby the traveller first learns to be dissatisfied. He has come out with his own judgment of things raying from him in all directions—a very porcupine of preconception. He is not merely persuaded that the colonies are loyal, but he is certain that they are loyal after his own conceptions of loyalty. So long as he encounters only the old folks he will find his preconceptions flattered, but he will not go long before he meets a member of the A.N.A. (which letters being interpreted signify the Australian Natives' Association), and then he must be prepared to be hurt and astonished beyond measure. In a while, if he be a man of sense, he will begin to see how natural the position of the Australian native is, and then he will

cease to be astonished, though he may still be grieved. The association is large and powerful. It includes within its ranks a great number of the most capable of the rising men, and of the younger already risen. Speaking broadly, its aspiration is for a separate national life. It will "cut the painter"—that is the phrase—which ties it to the old ship of state. In its ranks are many who love the old country, and reverence its history and traditions, and these an Englishman naturally regards with the readier excuse for what he must esteem an error. But there are others, and the melancholy fact, too long concealed or slighted, is, that they are many and growing in numbers, who hate England and all things English. There are men, not stigmatized as dullards or as fools, who publicly oppose the teaching of English history in the State schools. The feeling against England is not a fantastical crank, it is a movement growing yearly in strength. I have seen men keeping their seats in serious protesting silence when the health of the Queen has been drunk at public banquets, and have found in private converse that hundreds approve their action, but do not follow it because they fear to be thought singular. The out-and-out journalistic supporters of this body vilify and traduce the Mother Country as a trade. They belittle its history and besmirch its rulers,

Loyal Australians pooh-pooh these prints, and entreat the stranger within their gates to believe that they are despised and without influence. The stranger has only to travel to learn better than this. The strongest current of Australian feeling is setting with a tide of growing power against the mother country.

[I find my first annotation necessary here. The reader, who has patience with me for another paragraph, will read an allusion to our "shameful and criminal ignorance of our colonies." In these swift-rolling days it is sometimes difficult to remember what complexion was worn by the week before last. It seems scarcely believable now that half a dozen years ago these words should have been true. It seems scarcely believable that a sane man should have declared, as I did, with all sincerity and truth, that "the strongest current of Australian feeling" was "setting with a tide of growing power against the mother country." It is not easy to credit the fact, that ten years ago there was not a single newspaper in Great Britain which found the Australian colonies worth one paragraph per week. It is not easy to believe that even when the body of this article was written, in 1891, the *Daily Chronicle* was the only journal in the country which gave us any regular information about Australasian affairs, or that the news afforded by that sole enterprising organ was less full and

systematic than is now offered by any well-edited daily in the kingdom. The colonies have been invariably and naturally sensitive to home feeling, and the change in our temperature has brought about a change in theirs. The jubilee demonstrations, though their sentimental value may turn out to have been over-estimated, have exercised a very potent force. They might have exercised a force still greater if a most crass officialdom had not provided so frigid a greeting for the Australian contingent, which it was the patent duty of England to receive with the warmest welcome.]

Our ignorance of our great dependencies is shameful and criminal. Our colonial governors, from some of whom we suppose ourselves to learn something, and many of whom have been men of especial capacity, do not come in contact with the crowd. Lord Carrington saw more of the people amongst whom he lived than any governor before him, and I had from him a single story of a man of the country who expressed in drunken Saxon his opinion of existing forms of government, but the tale was jocularly told, and was not supposed to have any importance. It could have had no importance to one who found it a single instance, as a governor would be likely to do. The governor sees smooth things. All sorts of people (except the working sort) frequent his receptions—

the fashionable classes, who are far more loyal to England for the most part than the English themselves; their fringe; and then the wealthier of the tradespeople. It is proven every day that a democracy is the happiest hunting-ground for a man with a title. The very rarity of the distinction makes it more precious to those who value it, and the titled governor of one of our great colonies occupies a position which is vastly higher in public esteem than that of any of his fellow-noblemen at home. He is the local fount of honour. To sit at his table, and to be on terms of friendship with him, is to gratify the highest social ambition. He is the direct representative of the Crown, and the people who desire to associate with him must not have views which are inimical to existing forms of government, or if they hold them, must keep them carefully concealed. The governor responds to the toast of his own health, and talks of those ties which bind and must bind the mother country and her children. His hearers are at one with him and cheer him with hearty vigour. Absence from the dear old land has made their hearts grow fonder. Their loyalty is perfervid. Everybody goes home in a sentimental glow, and the native-born workman reads his *Sydney Bulletin* over a long-sleever, and execrates the name of the country which bore his father and mother.

The journal just named is very capably written and edited. The brightest Australian verse and the best Australian stories find their way into its columns. Its illustrations are sometimes brilliant, though the high standard is not always maintained. And having thus spoken an honest mind in its favour, I leave myself at liberty to say that it is probably the wrongest-headed and most mischievous journal in the world. People try to treat it as a neglectable quantity when they disagree with it. But I have seen as much of the surface of the country, and as much of its people as most men, and I have found the pestilent print everywhere, and everywhere have found it influential. For some time past now it has been telling blood-curdling stories of the iniquities of prison rule in Tasmania, with the tacit conclusion that nothing but the power of the working classes makes a repetition of those atrocities impossible. It compares the Russian Government with the English, and compares it favourably. It loses no opportunity of degrading all things English as English. England and the Englishman are as red rags to its bull-headed rage. Of course, its writers are not all sincere, though doubtless some of them are. Vast numbers of people who do not agree with it read it for its stage and social gossip; but there is a class of working-men who take its absurdities for gospel, and it is one of the factors

in the growing contempt for the mother country which is noticeable amongst uninstructed Australians.

[The pages of the *Bulletin* for the present year will show anyone who cares to study them, how far the popular enthusiasms of the jubilee year have modified the rancour of its feeling towards Great Britain. It is idle to pooh-pooh its influence, or to pretend that a populace genuinely loyal (as loyal Englishmen and Australians alike construe the word), would support a publication conducted on its lines.]

Another and a more potent factor is supplied by Englishmen themselves. I have never in my life known anything more offensively insolent than the patronizing tolerance which I have seen a travelled Cockney extend to a man of the colonies who was worth a thousand of him. I have seen an Englishman unintentionally insult a host at his own table, and set everybody on tenterhooks by his blundering assumption that colonists are necessarily inferior to home-bred people. Nobody likes that sort of thing. Nobody finds himself feeling more kindly to the race which sends out that intolerable kind of man. "Met a little girl th' other day," says the eye-glassed idiot, beaming fatuously round the table. "Little colonial girl, don't you know. She'd read George Eliot. Never was more surprised in my life." And this

to a company of Australian ladies and gentlemen born and bred.

This kind of person has his influence, and on that ground he is to be regretted. The student of men and manners finds him as good as meat and drink; but we can't all be *Touchstones*, and perhaps, on the whole, it would be as well if he were buried.

Yet another and a still more potent factor is found in the habit which prevails amongst English fathers and guardians of sending out their incurable failures to the colonies. "You shall have one more chance, sir, and it will be the last. You shall have a hundred pounds and your passage to Australia. This is the last I shall do for you. Now go, and never let me see your face again." So the whisky-bitten *vaurien* goes out to Melbourne, has an attack of delirium tremens aboard ship, finds his alcoholic allowance thenceforward stopped by the doctor's orders, swaggers his brief hour on the Block in Collins Street, hangs about the bars, cursing the colonies and all men and things colonial in a loud and masterful voice, to the great and natural contentment of the people of the country, pawns his belongings bit by bit, loafs in search of the eleemosynary half-crown or sixpence, and finally goes up country to be loathed and despised as a tender-foot, and to swell the statistics of insanity and disease. The most loyal and friendly of Australians resent *this* importation.

The uninstructed and untravelled native accepts him as a pattern Englishman, and the satirical prints help out that conclusion in his mind. There is no signboard on the Australian continent indicating that rubbish of this sort may be shot there, and the English tendency to throw its waste in that direction has never been regarded in a friendly spirit. We gave them our convicts for a start, and now we gift them with our most dangerous incapables. They do not like this, and will never be got to like it.

At the Bluff in New Zealand people show the stranger the southernmost gas-lamp in the world, and it is the correct thing for the stranger to touch this in order that he may tell of the fact thereafter. The traveller may take the spirit of Sheridan's excellent advice to his son, and *say* he has touched it, but as a rule he takes the trouble to go down and do it. I was escorted for this festal ceremony by a resident, and leaning against that southernmost lamp-post was a Scot in an abject state of drunkenness, and, as Stevenson says of a similar personage, "radiating dirt and humbug." Nigh at hand was another drunkard, sitting pipe in mouth on an upturned petroleum tin, and the two were conversing. 'Et's a nice lettle coal'ny," said the man against the lamp-post, "a vera nice lettle coal'ny indeed. But it wants inergy, and it wants interprise, and it wants (hic) sobriety." He spoke

with a face of immeasurable gravity, and I laughed so that I forgot to touch the lamp-post.

It is difficult to express the varying sentiments of a community, but in many respects the Australia of to-day resembles the America which Charles Dickens saw on his first visit. There is an eager desire to ascertain the opinion of the passing English visitor, of however little worth it may be, and this exists, inexplicably enough, even amongst the people who despise the visitor, and the land from which he comes. They ask for candour, but they are angry if you do not praise. A good many of them, whilst just as eager for judgment as the rest, resent praise as patronage. It is certain that in a very little while this raw sensitiveness will die away, and leave a feeling of national security, which will not need to be shored up by the prop of every wanderer's opinion. At present the curiosity for the traveller's judgment is a little embarrassing, and more than once I was reminded of a drawing of Du Maurier's in *Punch*, where a big man standing over a little one declares, "If any man told me that wasn't a Titian I'd knock him down, and I want your candid opinion."

There is a stage of national hobbledehoyhood, and Australia has not yet grown out of it. The working man is surly to the man who is better dressed than himself, not because he is naturally a surly fellow,

but because he has not yet found a less repellent fashion of asserting independence. I shall come to the consideration of the great colonial labour question by-and-by, but the attitude of the workman is curiously consonant with the momentary characteristics of the land he lives in. Labour is growing towards such a manhood of freedom as has never been achieved elsewhere. It, too, has reached the hobbledehoy height, and has all the signs which mark that elevation, the brave aspirations, the splendid unformed hopes, and the touchy irascibility.

Australia is governed by the working-man. The working-man has got hold of a good thing in Australia, and he is resolute to keep it, and, if he can, to make it better. He has got it into his head that the one thing he has to be afraid of is the influx of population. He takes no count of the fact that all the wisest men of the country admit a crying need of people—that labour is everywhere wanted for the development of giant resources. His loaf is his, and he is quite righteously determined that no man shall take it from him. He is not in the least degree determined that he shall not take away another man's loaf, but that is a different question. England is the one country in the world which could, under existing circumstances, or under circumstances easily conceivable, seek to send any appreciable number of new

people into the colony. Therefore England is to be feared, and any scheme which may be promulgated in favour of further emigration is to be resisted to the uttermost.

No public man who sets the lightest value upon his position dares discuss this question. The feeling is too deep-rooted, and its manifestations are too passionate. The scheme propounded by "General" Booth afforded an opportunity for a striking manifestation of this fact. Long before the nature of the scheme was known or guessed at, before any of the safeguards surrounding it were hinted, it was denounced from one end of the country to the other. It is not my present business to express any opinion as to the feasibility of the plan. The point is that the mere mention of it was enough to excite an intense and spontaneous opposition. Australia will never, except under compulsion, allow any large body of Englishmen to enter into possession of any portion of her territories. The ports for emigration on a large scale are finally and definitely closed.

The population of Australia is 3,326,000. These people have an area of 3,055,000 square miles from which to draw the necessaries and luxuries of life. Suppose it be allowed that one-half the entire country is not and will not be habitable by man. Australians themselves would resent this estimate as being shamelessly

exaggerated, but the supposition is, so far as the argument goes, in their favour. Take away that imagined useless half, and every man, woman, and child in the community would still have very nearly half a square mile of land if the country were equally divided. It is evident that the populace is unequal to the proper exploitation of the continent. Let them multiply as the human race never multiplied before, and they must remain unequal to the task before them for many centuries.

The cry raised is that of "Australia for the Australians." Well, who are the Australians? Are they the men of the old British stock who made the country what it is, or the men who had the luck to be born to the inheritance of a splendid position, for which they have not toiled? It is the honest, simple truth, and no man ought to be angry at the statement of it—though many will be—that Australia was built up by British enterprise and British money. It is a British possession still; and without British protection, British gold, and the trade which exists between it and Britain, would be in a bad way. Looked at dispassionately, the cry of "Australia for the Australians" seems hardly reasonable. The mother country has a right to something of a share in the bargain.

[All this remains as true as it was when it was written, but at that time the Australian position

was strenuously defended in many quarters where it would be avoided or abandoned now. There is no truth more unescapable than this,—that the wealth of a country is its population. The United States of America have found that in a generation or two the mixed populations of most civilized countries can be fused into homogeneity. The Australians have no such problem as this to encounter, and the prejudice which leads a section of them to oppose the free influx of men of their own race and language is a thing to be fought with the whole armoury of reason.]

The argument would be infinitely less strong if the Australians were using Australia. But they are not. The vast Melbourne of which Victoria is so proud holds half the population of the colony, and produces little or nothing. Melbourne is the city of brass-plates. There are more brass-plates to the acre in the thoroughfares which diverge from Collins Street than can be found in any other city in the world. The brass-plate, as all the world knows, is the badge of the non-producer—the parasite, middleman, agent, call him what you will—the man who wears a tall hat and a black coat, and who lives in a villa, and lives on and by the produce of the labour of others. As society is constituted he is an essential when he exists in reasonable numbers. In Melbourne his numbers are out of reason; for almost every

producer in Victoria there is a non-producer in the capital. In the early days men went into the country and set themselves to clear and till the soil. That impulse of energy has died out, and a new one has succeeded it which is infinitely less profitable and wholesome. The tendency is now towards the city. The one source of permanent wealth is neglected, and commerce and speculation occupy the minds of men who fifty years ago would have raised mutton and wool, corn and beef and wine. With every increase of growth in the great city there is a cry for rural labour to preserve the necessary balance of things. The call is not listened to or answered, and Melbourne is a hundred times more abnormal than London. In Melbourne half a million do the business of another half-million, and the country necessarily suffers. No student of social economy can deny the position, but the working-man will have it otherwise.

He is the ruler of Australia, and the destinies of a people pointed out by nature for greatness are stunted in his hands. He is worth studying, therefore, and to convince him might mean the salvation of a continent. There, as here, the workman is the victim of a prodigious blunder, a mistake so obvious, that the onlooker wonders at his blindness. A month or two ago he was in the thick of a struggle, which was everywhere called a

fight with capital. The real battle, however, was never with capital for a moment. The one engagement—and it raged hotly all along the line for months—was between organized and unorganized labour, between the unionist and the non-unionist. Wherever a workman of the union declared against the conditions imposed by the employer, a workman outside the union accepted those conditions. The capitalist changed his staff—that was all. The unionists were thrown permanently out of employment in large numbers, and when at last the strike fizzled out, their leaders made a melancholy proclamation of victory, which deceived nobody, not even themselves. The unionist clock in Australia has been put back a year or two. It is probable that the men will know with whom they have to fight before they are again lured into conflict.

It is an old adage, that much will have more. The Australian working-man is the best fed, the best paid, and the best housed, and the least worked of all the workers of the world. In the great towns house-rent is dear, much dearer than it has a right to be in so new and so wide a country. This is a consequence of the rush for centralization, and the ensuing neglect of the resources of the land. Clothing is dear, as a consequence of protective imposts. The Australian workman is a staunch protectionist, being somehow persuaded that it is

essential to his interests that he should suffer for the benefit of his natural enemy, the middleman. But except in the articles of house-rent and clothing, he lives in a paradise of cheapness. There are hundreds of restaurants in the second-rate streets of colonial towns where you may see painted up the legend—"All meals sixpence." For that small sum a man may have a sufficiency of hot or cold beef or mutton, bread, tea, and a choice of vegetables. I can testify from personal knowledge that the meals are well cooked, well served, and plentiful. I have eaten a worse luncheon in a London club or restaurant than I found at one of these cheap eating-houses in Syaney, and have paid five times the price, although it has to be confessed that for five times the price one *can* get a much finer meal. Wholesomer or more plentiful fare no man need ask for.

Well, as I have said, much will have more. The workman has got his whole programme filled up. There is one vote for one man, and about that fact almost the whole land is jubilant, though the practical good of it may as yet be a problem. The aspiration expressed in the old quatrain is fulfilled—

"Eight hours' work,
Eight hours' play,
Eight hours' sleep,
And eight 'bob' a day."

The eight hours' movement has been crowned

with success, and there is a magnificent annual procession to commemorate it. It is announced that a movement is to be set on foot for the further reduction of the hours of labour. Six hours a day is to be the limit of the future. The comic journals, or, to speak by the card, the journals which study to be comic, prophesy four hours, two hours, and then no hours at all; but these celestial visions are out of the workman's eyeshot.

Here and there an individual might be found who, being entrusted with an irresponsible power, would not desire to use it tyrannically. But, since corporations are never so moral, so high thinking, or so forbearing as individuals, corporate bodies tend always and everywhere to the misuse of their powers, and demand constantly to be held in check by some influence outside their own. The workman of the Antipodes is told so often that all the power (as well as all the virtue and the honour) lies in his hands, that he is disposed to do strange things. A mere glance at the history of two phases of the great strikes which have lately shaken Australasian society may be of service.

In New Zealand, where, under conditions similar to those of Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland, the labourer has grown to think himself more worthy of his hire than anybody

else can possibly be, the fight between unionist and non-unionist, with capital as an interested spectator, began on a curiously trivial question. A firm of printers and stationers in Christchurch were ordered to reinstate or to discharge an employé. The firm declined to obey the mandate of the union, and an order went forth from the representatives of the latter body to the effect that no man belonging to any of its branches should handle the goods of the obdurate company. This was all very well in its way, until the order touched the railway hands, who are in the employ of the government. The union appealed to the railway commissioners to "remain neutral," and *not to carry the goods of the offending firm*. The commissioners responded that they were the servants of the public; that it was no part of their business to recognize the quarrel, but that it *was* their business to carry for any and every citizen who did not infringe their rules. The representatives of the union renewed their plea for "neutrality." Why would these domineering commissioners take the side of capital and fight in its interests? The commissioners again represented that they were the public carriers, that they had no right to refuse to work for any law-abiding citizen, that they had no place or part in the quarrel, and intended simply and merely to do the duty for which they

were appointed. The din which arose on this final declaration was at once melancholy and comic. Here was the government lending all its power to crush the working-man. Here was the old-class tyranny which had created class hatreds in the old country. This was what we were coming to after having emancipated ourselves from the trammels of a dead or effete civilization. Here was a government so crassly wicked and purposely blind as to profess neutrality, and yet refuse to fight our battles. What did we—the working-men of New Zealand—ask for? We asked that the government should hold our enemy whilst we punched him; and whilst they traitorously proclaimed their neutrality, they refused this simple request for fair play. Therefore are we, the working-men of New Zealand, naturally incensed, and at the next election we will shake these worthless people out office, and we will elect men like Fish, who know what neutrality really means!

The Honourable Mr. Fish was one of the labourers' faithful. The palpable unfairness of the commissioners wounded him profoundly.

The more recent strike of the Queensland shearers has afforded opportunity for the display of an equal faculty of logic and sweet reasonableness. The shearers, at loggerheads with the squatters, proposed to arrange their differences

by arson. They threatened openly to fire the grass upon those vast northern plains where fire is the one thing to be dreaded amongst many and terrible enemies. They not only threatened, but they carried their threats into effect in many places; and, but for the exceptional rains, which mercifully interfered between them and their purpose, they would have created scenes of unexampled desolation. Here, again, a government had no sense of fair play. Troops were sent to watch the shearers' camps and to prevent active hostilities. A natural thrill of horror ran through the country at this autocratic and unwarrantable act. Here at the Antipodes we have founded a democracy, and in a democracy the government motto should be non-intervention. The unionist workman roared with indignation at countless meetings. Why were not the shearers allowed to settle the dispute in their own way? Why were the poor men to be threatened, intimidated, bullied by armed force? A continent cried shame. When, in that eight hours' procession to which I have already twice alluded, the shearers' deputation rode by they were received with rolling applause all along the line, and a free people cheered the victims of oppression.

In the middle of all this madness it was good to see that the greatest of the democratic journals had the courage of honesty and spoke its mind

plainly. The Melbourne *Age* is a very wealthy and powerful journal, but it risked much, for the moment at least, in opposing the mingled voices of the populace and the Trades Hall. Excited leaders of the people denounced it in unmeasured epithet, and the crowd boo-hoed outside its offices in Collins Street, but the writers of the journal went their unmoved way, as British journalists have a knack of doing.

The Australian press is amongst the best and most notable in the world. The great journals of Melbourne and Sydney are models of newspaper conduct, and are nowhere to be surpassed for extent and variety of information, for enterprise, liberality, and sound adhesion to principle, or for excellence of sub-editorial arrangement, or for force, justice, and picturesqueness in the expression of opinion. It is not only in the greater centres that the press owns and displays these admirable characteristics. Adelaide, Brisbane, Dunedin, Christchurch, Auckland, Wellington, have each journals of which no city in the world need be ashamed; and when the limitations which surround them are taken into consideration their excellence appears all the more remarkable and praiseworthy.

It is not unnatural, perhaps, that a man trained in English journalism, and having worked in every grade of it, should esteem it highly. But, allow-

ing all I can for personal prejudice, and striving to look with an honest eye upon it and its rivals, I am compelled to think it far and away the best in the world. In Australia the highest traditions of the parent press are preserved, and amongst many strange and novel and perplexing signs, one can but gratefully and hopefully recognize the splendid enterprise and the lofty sense of public obligation which guide the youngest school of journalism.

In one respect Australian journalism surpasses English. We have nothing to show which will at all compare with the *Australasian* or the *Leader*; but it is easy to see that they and their congeners of other cities (which are all worthy of the same high praise) owe their especial excellencies to local conditions. These great weekly issues give all the week's news, and all the striking articles which have appeared in the daily journals of which they are at once the growth and the compendium. They do much more than this, for they include whatever the gardener, the agriculturist, the housewife, the lady of fashion, the searcher of general literature, the chess-player, the squatter can most desire to know. They provide for all sorts of tastes and needs, and between their first sheet and their last they render to their readers what we in England buy half a score of special journals to secure. The reason

for their existence is simple. There is not population enough to support the specialist as we know him at home, and an eager and inquiring people will be served.

The first unescapable belief of the English traveller is that the Australian is a transplanted Englishman pure and simple. A residence of only a few months kills that opinion outright. Many new characteristics present themselves. To arrest one of the most noticeable—there is perhaps no such pleasure-loving and pleasure-seeking people in the world. I wish now that I had thought of securing trustworthy statistics with respect to the number of people who present themselves on the colonial racecourses within the limit of a year. It would be interesting to know what proportion of the population is given over to the breeding and training of horseflesh and the riding of races. The Melbourne people exult—and not unjustifiably—in the Melbourne Cup, and on the spectacle presented at its running. That spectacle is quite unique so far as I know. Neither the Derby nor the Grand Prix can rival it for its view of packed humanity, and neither can approach it for the decorous order of its crowd. Is it Dean Swift who tells the story of the creation of an English village? I am not quite sure, but I remember the genesis. You must have a church to begin with. For a church

you want a parson, and a parson must have a clerk. From this established nucleus grows everything. In Australia they begin with the racecourse. This statement is not to be accepted as a satiric fable but as a literal fact. Nearly two years ago, travelling in the Blue Mountains, I came—miles upon miles away from anywhere—upon a huge great board erected in the bush. The board bore this inscription: "Projected road to site of intended racecourse." There was not a house visible or the sign of the beginning of a house, but half an hour later, in apparent virgin forest, I found another board nailed to a big eucalypt. It had a painted legend on it, setting forth that these eligible building sites were to be let or sold. The solemn forest trees stood everywhere, and the advertisement of the eligible building sites was the only evidence of man's presence. It was for the benefit of future dwellers here that the road to the site of the "intended racecourse" had been "projected."

Again, there are more theatres and more theatre-goers to the population than can probably be found elsewhere. The houses and the performances are alike admirable. Like the Americans, the Australians endure many performances which would not be thought tolerable in England, but they mount their productions with great pomp and luxury. Whatever is best

in London finds an early rendering in the great cities, and for serious work the general standard is as high as in Paris or London. The Princess Theatre in Melbourne has given renditions of comic opera which are not unfairly to be compared for dressing, *mise-en-scène*, and artistic finish to those of the Savoy. The general taste is for jollity, bright colour, cheerful music. Comedy runs broader than it does at home, and some of the most excellent artists have learned a touch or two of buffoonery. The public taste condones it, may even be said to relish it in preference to finesse. The critics of the press are, in the main, too favourable, but that is a stricture which applies to modern criticism in general. There is a desire to say smooth words everywhere, and to keep things pleasant.

Outside the southernmost parts of Victoria Australia has a climate, and the people can rejoice in midnight picnics. In the glorious southern moonlight one can read the small print of a newspaper. The air is cool after the overwhelming furnace of the day. The moonlight jaunts and junketings are characteristic and pleasant, and they afford an opportunity for the British matron, who flourishes there as here—heaven bless her!—to air her sense of morals in letters to the newspapers.

The creed of athleticism speaks its latest word

here. The burial of poor young Searle, the champion sculler of the world, was a remarkable and characteristic sight. That he was a grand athlete and a good fellow seems indisputable, but to the outsider the reeling excited by his early and mournful death looked disproportionate. Every newspaper, from the stately *Argus* down to the smallest weekly organ of the village, sang his dying song. He was praised and lamented out of reason, even for a champion sculler. The regret seemed exaggerated. At his funeral obsequies the streets were thronged, and thousands followed in his train. It was mournful that a young man should be struck down in the pride and vigour of his strength. It is always mournful that this should be so, but it is common, and the passion of the lament provoked weariness. The feeling was doubtless genuine, but it might possibly have had an object worthier of a nation's mourning.

Another fine athlete and good fellow is Frank Slavin, the prize-fighter. I have acknowledged a hundred times that I belong to a lost cause. My sympathies are with the old exploded prize-ring. Rightly or wrongly, I trace the growth of crimes of violence to the abolition of that glorious institution. I want to see it back again, with its rules of fair play, and its contempt for pain, and its excellent tuition in temper and forbearance. I

am an enthusiast, and, being almost alone, am therefore the more enthusiastic. But I grew tired of the wild exultation in Slavin's prowess, the mad rejoicing over a victory, which meant less than it would have done in the days which I am old enough to remember. In Australia, better be an athlete than almost anything, except, perhaps, a millionaire.

Take the average native and ask him what he knows of Marcus Clarke, of James Brunton Stevens, of Harpur, or Kendal, or the original of Browning's "Waring." He will have no response for you, but he will reel off for you the names of the best bowler, the best bat, the champion forward, the cunningest of half-backs. The portraits of football players are published by the dozen and the score, and the native knows the names and achievements of every man thus signalled out for honour. In England the schoolboys would know all about these people, but in Australia the world at large is interested. A bank-clerk, who has a recognized position in a football team, enjoys professional privileges which another man may not claim. His athletic prowess reflects upon him in his business. His manager allows him holidays for his matches, and is considerate with him with regard to hours for training.

From all this one would naturally argue the existence of an especially athletic people, but the

conclusion is largely illusory. The worship of athleticism breeds a professional or semi-professional class, but it is surprising to note how little an effect it has upon the crowd of city people who join in all the rites of adoration. The popularity of the game of football is answerable for the existence of the barracker, whose outward manifestations of the inward man are as disagreeable as they well can be. The barracker is the man who shouts for his own party, and by yells of scorn and expletives of execration seeks to daunt the side against which he has put his money or his partisan aspirations. When he gathers in his thousands, as he does at all matches of importance, he is surprisingly objectionable. He is fluent in oath and objurgation, cursing like an inmate of the pit. This same man is orderly at a race meeting, curiously enough, and takes his pleasure mildly there.

The barracker and the larrikin are akin. The gamine of Paris, grown up to early manhood, fed on three meat meals a day, supplied with plentiful pocket-money, and allowed to rule a tribe of sailors, would be a larrikin. The New York hoodlum is a larrikin, with a difference. The British rough is a larrikin, also with a difference. The Australian representative of the great black-guard tribe is better dressed, better fed, and more liberally provided in all respects than his compeers

of other nations. He is the street bully, *par excellence*, inspired to deeds of daring by unflinching beef and beer. When Mr. Bumble heard of Oliver Twist's resistance to the combined authority of Mrs. Sowerberry and Charlotte and Noah Claypole, he repudiated the idea of madness which was offered as an explanation of the boy's conduct. "It isn't madness, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, "it's meat."

There is the true explanation of the larrikin. He is meat-fed, and is thereby inspired to ferocity. Darwin, if I remember rightly, tells of a sheep which was gradually accustomed to a flesh diet. Its wool began to take the characteristics of hair, and the mild beast grew savage. The forerunners of the larrikin were never very sheep-like in all probability, for if one could trace his pedigree, it would, in most cases be found that he is the descendant of the true British cad. But he has improved upon the ancestral pattern, and has become a pest of formidable characteristics and dimensions. The problem he presents has never been faced, but it will have to be met in one way or another before long. The stranger is forced to the conclusion that magistrates are absurdly lenient. I recall a case of some few months ago, where a gang of well-fed ruffians assaulted an old man in Finders Street, Melbourne. The attack was shown to have been utterly unprovoked, and

the victim's injuries were serious. Three of the most active participators in the sport were seized by the police, and were each sent to prison for six weeks. A sentence of six months, with a brace of sound floggings thrown in, would have gone nearer to meet the exigencies of the case; but there is a widespread objection to the use of the cat, the argument being that it is wrong to "brutalize" these refined young men by its application. The same spirit of false sentiment exists in England, but in a less marked degree.

The democracy is determined to test itself completely, and female suffrage seems to be within measurable distance. It is conceivable that it may have a refining effect, and that it may act as a corrective, though the experiment is full of risk. The one man one vote principle, together with the payment of members of the legislative chambers, has not, so far, achieved the happiest conceivable results. The parliament of New South Wales is occasionally notorious as a bear garden. The late Mr. Mac Ehlone (who once informed the speaker that, when he encountered outside an honourable gentleman to whom the ruling of the chair compelled him to apologize, he would "spit in his eye") has a worthy successor in the person of a Mr. Crick. Some time ago Mr. Crick was expelled by an indignant house, wearied of his prolonged indecencies of demeanour, but his con-

stituency sent him back untamed and rejoicing—his mission being to prove that the ministry was composed of thieves and liars. The miserable charges dwindled into nothing; but one at least of his constituents is persuaded that the debates, as printed in the newspapers, would lose so much of sparkle if Mr. Crick were banished permanently from the House, that the breakfast enjoyment of the public more than atones for the shame of his presence there. Women are notoriously deficient in humour, and it is possible that, when they come to vote, the reign of Mr. Crick and his like will be over.

The best hope which lies before Australia at this hour is in the federation of her several colonies. Her determination to keep her population European in its characteristics can hardly fail of approval, but the immediate work to her hand is to consolidate her own possessions. The attempt to find material for six separate parliaments in a population of three and a half millions, has, it must be confessed in all candour, succeeded beyond reasonable expectations, but concentration will be of service. There will be a laudable rivalry between the colonies which will result in the choice of the fittest men, and a combination parliament will be a more useful and dignified body than has yet been assembled within colonial limits. But this is one of the smallest of the

results to be anticipated. The ridiculous tariff restrictions which now harass individuals and restrict commerce will pass away, and with them the foolish hatreds which exist between rival colonies. At present, if one desire to anger a Victorian he has only to praise New South Wales. Would he wound a Sydneyite under the fifth rib, let him laud Melbourne. There is a dispute pending about the proprietorship of the Murray River. It runs between the two colonies, and New South Wales claims it to the Victorian bank. When it overflowed disastrously a couple of years ago, an irate farmer on the Victorian side is said to have written to Sir Henry Parkes, bidding him come and pump the confounded river off his land, and threatening to agitate for a duty (per gallon) on imported New South Wales water. The dispute is nothing less than childish; but I have the personal assurance of the leading statesman of New South Wales that he is perfectly satisfied with the position. It is probable that he sees in the existing riparian rights a chance for a concession which may win a concession in its turn. The Victorians are eminently dissatisfied, and would seem to have a right to be so.

Federation is on all counts to be desired, but it has yet to be fought for, and will only be gained with difficulty. Wise men long for it, but the petty jealousies of rival States will hold it back

from its birth-time as long as delay is possible. How infinitesimally small those jealousies are, nothing short of a residence in the land could teach anybody. Wisdom will have its way in the long run, but the belief of the veteran leader of New South Wales that he will live to see the union of the Australian colonies is a dream. It is a dream which only his political enemies will grudge him.

The wide and varied resources of the country, and the ups and downs which men experience, breed a careless courage which in some of its manifestations is very fine. During my first stay in Melbourne the waiter, who attended to my wants at Menzies' hotel, brought up, with something of a dubious air, a scrap of blue paper, on which was written, "Your old friend ——." I instructed him to show my visitor in, and a minute later beheld the face of my old companion, a little more grizzled and wrinkled than when I had last seen it, but otherwise unchanged. When we had shaken hands, and he was seated, I found that he was dressed like a common labourer, and in answer to my inquiries he told me bravely and brightly, that he had fallen upon evil times. "I should like a glass of champagne, old man," said he when I asked him to refresh himself, "and a cigar, if it will run to it. I'm strange to that sort of thing for a year or two, and I should enjoy it."

We talked away, and he told me a history of success and failure, and at last he explained the purpose of his visit. He wished to hear the three lectures I was advertised to deliver, and he had come to ask me for a pass. "I shan't disgrace you, my boy," he added. "I've been down on my luck for a couple of years past, but I'm not going to stay where I am, and I've kept my dress clothes."

This, in its way, is a bit of unconscious courage, and the incident helps one to a certain faith in the spirit of the colonies. There is a gambling element in it, no doubt, but the ever-present sense of hope is a great and valuable thing. It finds such a place in a new country as it can never have in an old one. The English gentleman who in England had fallen to be a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, would never have "kept his dress clothes." He would have known that he was permanently under the weather, but here the British pluck had rational hope to feed it, and on that rational hope survived, and even flourished.

And this leads me back to that question of the self-confidence of the Australian-born colonial with which I started. Hope looks so sure that what Australia wants and has not it seems self-evident in a little while she will have. And so she might if she would go the right way for it, and instead of packing three-fourths of her sparse inhabitants in towns, would take the work which lies before her

nose and subdue the land and replenish it, and instead of shutting the gates churlishly on rival labour, would draw the stranger to her coasts, and pour population on vast tracts of land which now lie barren and unproductive, but only wait for the hand of man to break into beauty and yield riches.

[Whilst I was in Australia an official document of great interest was issued by the government of one of the colonies—I think Victoria, but at this distance of time I am not sure. Its purport was to show how many male and female hands were actually needed, and in demand, in rural districts, and how many male and female unemployed were then to be found in the chief centres of population. The numbers coincided with a curious accuracy. The returns were authoritatively stated to have been compiled with every care, from the most trustworthy resources, and it was proved that for every idle person in the towns employment waited in the country. There were not merely, it appeared, so many vacancies which might be filled. There was an actual and urgent need of labour in rural places, but the habits of centralization had unfitted people for rustic work, and the vacant situations went begging unavailingly.]

In a hundred ways timidity would have been criminal, and when one sees in what directions courage and hope have led the way, and to what effort they have prompted, a little over-confidence

looks pardonable. Everywhere the colonists have worked for the future. They have built railways and roads which will not be fully used for many and many a day. Their public buildings are made to last, and are of dimensions nobler than present needs can ask for. Generations to come will thank the wisdom and generosity of the men of the last fifty years. In certain places there is an admirable spirit of emulation amongst private citizens who have set themselves to beautify the towns in which they live. This is very notable in Ballarat, where it has grown to be an excellent fashion to present the town with statues. Should that fashion continue, and should the same spirit of local patriotism prevail, Ballarat may grow to be the Athens of the southern hemisphere. The phrase is a little large, perhaps, but it is in the colonial fashion, and one would willingly believe in the chances of its ultimate justification.

The unborn generations will have to thank their predecessors for some of the loveliest pleasaunces in the world. Every town has its gardens, the property of the citizens. Those of Brisbane and Sydney and Adelaide are exquisitely beautiful. But more beautiful than the grounds themselves is the inscription which I found at the gates of the loveliest of them all. I wish I had the *ipsissima verba* of it, for it is characterized by an admirable simplicity and directness. The sense of it is this :

These gardens belong to the public, and the owners are asked to protect their own property.

There, to my mind, speaks the true voice of democracy, and that inscription afforded me the pleasantest spectacle I saw in the course of my two years' pilgrimage through the Australias.

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CHAPTER II.¹

THE observant traveller is certain to find himself struck by one fact before he has been long in Australia. There are certain daring and adventurous things being done in the way of constructive politics, and ideas which are only mooted at home are put into actual effect. Whether these movements are for the final good, or whether it will be seen wise in the long run to retrace some

¹ I am privately informed, on high authority, that my estimate of the relative positions of Victoria and its capital are curiously superficial and misleading. *If* Melbourne, with a population amounting to very nearly one-half of that of the whole colony, did only the business work of that colony—*if*, that is to say, forty-four non-producers lived on the profits of the labours of fifty-six producers—the thing might be regarded as abnormal, and even, possibly, as mischievous from an economico-social point of view. But Melbourne, so I am instructed, does the trade of the Australian continent, and my contention therefore falls to the ground. Let us see. In the year 1888—the latest of which I have complete statistical information—the total tonnage entered and cleared in Australian ports (not Australasian) amounted to 12,855,575. The total tonnage entered and cleared in Victorian ports for the same year amounted to about one-third of this—viz., 4,307,833. Whether there be danger in over-centralization or no, here, as I have said already, is the most abnormal instance of it in the world.

of the steps already taken, only time can show. But from the fact to the reason for it is a direct and single step. A considerable number of the men who hold ministerial appointments are so young that, in the more crowded political spheres at home, they would be occupying (at their most advanced) positions which might more or less afford an opportunity for the display of promise. There nobody asks for probation. A clever and ambitious young man does not dream of waiting through a quarter of a century of public service, as he would be compelled to do with us, before he can be rewarded with the least responsible of ministerial positions. Young brains are in demand, and the dreams of young heads are translated into fact more rapidly than those of old ones. As in politics, so in law, medicine, education, and business; lofty and responsible positions are held by men much younger than those who have found similar promotion in the older countries. There is more work to be done, and there are fewer competitors. In most cases the positions lose nothing in real dignity or in usefulness; but in politics there is an ever-present fear of over-impetuosity, and there is no safeguard against it. Within its own limits the feeling of democracy is absolute. The veto of the Crown has caused delay, and may cause delay again; but if the Australian voter sets his heart upon a thing he will have it, and the desires of

the mother country will go for less than she imagines.

How far climate and environment may ultimately change the race no man can guess with any degree of certitude. It is a question on which Australians themselves are fond of speculating, and on which they like to induce their visitors and critics to speculate also. One of the contentions favoured is that they are running to the Greek type. The average traveller will probably change his conception of the Greek type very broadly before he gives any warmth of acceptance to this claim. That they cannot long remain unchanged by the influences which pour in upon them every day seems certain. The average mean temperature of Melbourne itself is only slightly lower than that of Marseilles. Sydney is five or six degrees higher, Adelaide is higher yet, and part of Queensland is of course distinctly tropical. In the northernmost parts of Australia it is evidently impossible that any race of men can for many generations preserve the characteristics of European peoples. In the towns the people show less change than in the country. The country-bred man has already shown the beginning of a new racial type, a type less heavy and solid than the English, but taller, slimmer, and more alert. These men ride like centaurs, and drive at break-neck speed where an English charioteer would infallibly

get down and lead his horses. They are born to the companionship of the horse, and ride almost as soon as they can walk. The riders of trained buck-jumpers in the "Wild West" shows excited derision amongst men who do the real thing in that direction constantly and in the way of business. They are rather ugly horsemen to an English eye, slouching and lanky, but they can take a horse anywhere and can sit anything that has four legs. No Briton, however expert, can hold a candle to the native-born colonial in this respect. In their races they strike one as riding rather cruelly, and their distances are much heavier than ours. Lindsay Gordon, whose dashing Australian verse is hardly as well known in England as in the colonies, was a courageous and successful steeple-chase rider, and was praised for his faculty of getting the "last ounce out of a horse," a phrase which is less humane than its writer probably thought it. They breed grand horseflesh, and it is open to doubt if there is a better horse than Carbine in the world. The noble beast is something of a fetich, and it was odd to see the skin of a deceased racer exhibited in the Intercolonial Exhibition recently held at Dunedin. I made the passing acquaintance of one youth, who had travelled thousands of miles to visit that show, and who, of all the things he had seen there, could recall, or thought it worth while to recall, nothing

but the skin of "old Musket." Side by side with the leathery remnant of that equine hero nothing was worthy of remembrance.

In all up-country places men drink tea. They drink it all day long and at every meal, in amazing quantities, and at a most unwholesome strength. The method of preparation is simple, and one would think that if the aim were to brew a concoction altogether poisonous it ought to be effectual. On Sunday mornings the tea-maker starts with a clean pot and a clean record. The pot is hung over the fire with a sufficiency of water in it for the day's brew, and when this has boiled he pours into it enough of the fragrant herb to produce a deep coffee-coloured liquid. On Monday, without removing yesterday's tea-leaves, he repeats the process. On Tuesday, *da capo*, and on Wednesday, *da capo*, and so on through the week. Towards the close of it, the great pot is filled with an acrid mash of tea-leaves, out of which the liquid is squeezed by the pressure of a tin cup. By this time the "tea" is of the colour of rusty iron, incredibly bitter and disagreeable to the uneducated palate. The native calls it "real good old post-and-rails" (the simile being obviously drawn from a stiff and dangerous jump), and regards it as having been brought to the very pitch of perfection. Doctors tell of cases resulting from this abuse which

closely border, in their manifestations, on the signs of delirium tremens.

Since the old days many changes have taken place. It used to be the fashion for shepherds, stock-riders, station hands, and others whose business held them in the wilds for months at a time, to draw their money at the expiry of a definite time, and to make it their immediate concern to "blow the cheque down" in a single orgie. Here is a true and characteristic sample, given to me by Sir William Clarke. A shepherd in the employ of Sir William's father drew a cheque for some fifty pounds, and, "humping his bluey" (Australian for "shouldering his blanket"), tramped down country, and put up at the nearest shanty at which drink was obtainable. There, to the surprise of his host, he called for nothing but tea. It was known that he had a cheque with him, and day by day it grew to seem more wonderful that he made no attempt to spend it. The man sat on a felled gum-tree opposite the shanty-door, smoked his pipe, sipped his tea, and took stock of the few folks who dribbled along the lonely highway. At last he found what he waited for in the person of a passing sundowner, whom he hailed. "Hillo, matey! Want a job?" "Yes. What is it?" "Drink fair along o' me." "What's the wages?" "Dollar a day." "Right! I'm on." So they sat

down together, and drank until the change for the cheque was exhausted. Then the shepherd arose to go, but his new-found mate stopped him by a question. "Want a job?" "No. What is it?" "Drink fair along o' me. Can't pay no wages; but we'll see *my* earnings out." So proposed, so done. The shepherd and the sundowner went their several ways when the final bout was over. The late owner of the cheque returned to his duties, and, after two or three days of illness, revived from the effects of his half-yearly outburst, and lived as a total abstainer until the next pay-day came round.

The shepherd had been robbed aforetime by dishonest landlords, and had felt he was not getting his money's worth. In those old days, which are not so very long ago, it was no rare thing for a man to get through the earnings of half a year in a day or two, "shouting" drinks for all and sundry until he was told that his cheque was "through," and was ignominiously turned out to make room for the next hero. There was a man of New South Wales, who used to open his half-yearly spell of madness by calling for half a dozen of champagne and washing his feet in the wine. The legend concerning him was that he had somehow come to ruin through champagne, and that he expressed in this fashion his contempt for the beverage. It was no uncommon thing,

when men had drunk until they could drink no more, to set up full bottles of liquor and pelt them with empties. I heard a landlord of those old days boasting that he had sent in one half-dozen of champagne to one man's order four or five times, had taken it away each time unopened, and had each time charged for it as if it had been consumed. A similar story came to me from a magistrate, who received a complaint from a digger to the effect that whilst he had got drunk on whisky he was charged some fifty pounds for champagne. The magistrate rode over to the house in which the swindle was said to have been perpetrated, and demanded a view of the landlord's invoices. The rascal could show no invoice at all for wine, and could only find on his premises three empty old mouldy champagne bottles.

Here and there you may still find a conservative who clings to the good old ways of the good old times, but the race is practically extinct. The gross sum to the credit of depositors in the Australian Savings Bank is now nearly sixteen millions sterling, and this shows a higher average per head of population than exists in England. The shearers, who used to work in a very happy-go-lucky way, have now reduced their labour to a system. Vast gangs begin the year's work in Queensland, where the wool crop is ready earliest,

then drop down to South Australia, then to Victoria, and so on in due order to Auckland and Otago. Many, perhaps most of the men, have other occupations to fall back upon in the off season. The world's total of sheep is nearly five hundred millions, and of these the colonies of the southern hemisphere own almost a fifth, so that the shearers are naturally a very large and important body.

It is a striking characteristic of the working-man in Australia that he should be able to make no distinction in his own mind between courtesy and servility. The stranger is at first apt to count this fact for more than it is worth ; for when you have broken the repellent husk of manner, you find that the man who has chosen to cloak himself behind it is a very likeable good fellow. But he will meet you on his own terms or none. He will have no airs of patronage, and endure no touch of condescension. He is savagely on the outlook for these things, and waits for an opportunity to resent them. He derides with an unpleasing openness anything which seems to him an affectation, and makes no allowance for any mannerisms but his own. Sparsely as the country is populated, there is as much blasphemy to the square mile as serves for the people of Great Britain. It is an understood thing amongst such as have to do with cattle, that our four-footed brethren are

connoisseurs in this especial art, and that they lend a ready obedience only to such as are complete masters of it. A teamster in a tight place will shoulder a novice out of duty with a "Let me get at 'em!" and will at once begin to curse so horribly that for very shame's sake the dumb creatures in his charge will move. The ears of a man who has spent a year in barracks with the British private are not easily scorched, but mine have been made to tingle pretty often within the past two years. To *this* particular mannerism the young colonial is charitable in the extreme, but if he should light upon an accent which has a touch of "culchaw" in it, his wrath and his vicarious shame go beyond bounds. It is not an absolute essential that the traveller should speak the language of the country, but the ordinary globe-trotter, armed only with the Queen's English, is at a grave disadvantage.

It might perhaps be naturally expected that the slang of the country should be richly developed, but this is not so. It is, all things considered, very meagre and unimaginative and vulgar. The raciest part of it is American. Good slang is figurative, incisive; is fuller, more condensed, and keener than ordinary speech. The true slang of one decade is the idiom of another. Of slang of this sort there is none in Australia---none, at least, which is native to the soil. Such stuff as flourishes

there is ugly, shameless, and good for nothing but to be forgotten.

The fashionable accent of New South Wales is a droll thing. All self-respecting people there speak of home as howm. They describe themselves as colownials. They tell you that the "d'y" is "faine" when they desire to say that the day is fine. The odd part of it is that high Sydney and low London have for the moment got hold of the same affectation. It is a trick of the local satirist to set forth "Hingerland" as the typical Englishman's pronunciation of the name of his native land. The local satirist has probably been unfortunate in his associates, but if he choose to look at home he has really a fine hunting-ground.

[Nothing gave greater offence to my New South Wales critics than the foregoing paragraph. It was interesting to me to notice that when the professional humorists had exhausted all the resources of satiric anger against me, and had proved to their own satisfaction that I was a dunder-head and a liar, they took up the parable I had taught them. They have preached from my text ever since, and for a full five years the accent I noted has been the object of their own legitimate scorn. This is a small thing, but it is worth a word, because it throws some light on the spirit of angry antagonism which the most harmless and playful criticism had power to awaken.]

Nothing of a very distinctive character has so far been done in the way of art in the colonies, but the way is being paved with great expedition. Those people who proclaim Australia flat and uninteresting from a pictorial point of view, and who tell us that, on that ground, we can look for the development of no school of landscape painters there, are either curiously undiscerning, or can have travelled very little. In respect to easily attainable landscape beauties of the higher sort, I am disposed to count Sydney as amongst the most favoured cities of the world. In three days only, if the sight-seer be minded to hurry himself, he can visit the Blue Mountains and the Bulli Pass, and can explore the Hawkesbury River from Wilberforce downward. If I knew of any town from which one could more easily reach more noble or varied scenery, I would certainly make haste to visit it. There are pictures in the Blue Mountains which will one day be painted, but which will never satisfy the man who has once seen the originals until they are put on canvas by an artist of the noblest genius. The scenery there is by itself, and no mere description can do it justice. The vast sombre-coloured bowl of the Katoomba Valley lies before me now, its pathless forests swimming in blue air, its weird rocks rising like the ruins of some pre-Adamite fortress, the wild

waters of the falls leaping from ledge to ledge ; a spectacle never to be forgotten whilst life remains, strange beyond strangeness, gloomily splendid, the home of awful spirits of solitude and silence. The critics who say the scene is monotonous in colour have a mere surface justification and no more. The colour-scheme is severe, but there are a thousand *nuances* in it which the hand of genius can translate.

Trollope likened the Hawkesbury to the Rhine, not, I think very felicitously. The Rhine is trim and orderly, with garden-like banks of vineyard rising in gradual steps one above the other. The Rhine is romantic with a hundred castled heights. The Hawkesbury is savage, unkempt, bound in by forest as virgin as on the day when the undisturbed savage fished its waters and trapped its wild fowl. But it is memorably beautiful, and no comparison can help the untravelled reader to an actual conception of the forms its beauty takes.

The Bulli Pass is a lofty coastal road, rising to a height of two thousand feet above the sea. There are places from which one might drop a pebble straight to the sands. The outlook towards Sydney Heads is grand beyond expression. In the foreground enormous boulders lie heaped one above another—the rocky fragments at the base are huge as churches—the stunted wind-tormented trees are blown into all

conceivable shapes—and in the growing distance headland after headland looks out loftily over amber sands and creaming foam, and a sea of veridian and sapphire and malachite.

Sydney is happy, too, in the possession of one of the most beautiful harbours in the world, and in New South Wales at least the landscape artist is in no danger of dying out for lack of material to work upon.

In a life of which much has been given to travel in search of the picturesque, I have seen nothing so exquisite, so ethereal, so unearthly, so altogether apart from all other forms of beauty, as the Murray River in flood. I travelled by steamer from Morgan to Mildura, a journey of three days, and from the beginning to the end of the voyage was enchanted. The stream at this time was of an average width of five miles—it was nine miles wide in places—and for two days the steamer held its way through a noble forest of eucalypt which stood knee-deep in water. In the lonely, lovely forest glades the water slept so glassy still that every tree was mirrored to its finest twig and topmost leaf. There was not even a ring of moisture on the trunks to show where the real trees ended and the mirrored trees began. The doubled forest lay about us on every side save in the rear, where the ripple caused by the boat's passage confused the reflected forms. The sky

lay jewel clear above, and jewel clear below. The flocks of wild-screaming white cockatoos, which crossed our path at times, were seen as clearly in the mirrored concave as in the actual atmosphere. The illusion was absolute and complete in many places where the sleeping waters gave not even a passing gleam, and the real rested on the pictured columns, and the real and the pictured masses of dark foliage hung under and over, as if the whole beautiful scene were suspended before the eye by some strange enchantment, poised in rich-coloured air. And to see the sunset pave the watery forest aisles with gold and amber, and scarlet and violet, and all sunset hues, and to see it build stained windows of exquisite dyes at the far end of the solemn ways, and to watch the windows, in aisle after aisle, as they faded and faded and faded, was to enjoy such a feast of beauty as I had never known before, and can hardly hope to find again.

Take it for all in all, the great Australian island-continent is stern and repellent to the unaccustomed eye, but there are countless spots of beauty in it, and the more familiar one grows even with the savage raggedness of the bush, or the awful desolation of the plains, the more one finds eye and spirit alike reconciled. The native-born colonial loves the country passionately, and finds beauty in desolation, and grandeur in the wide-

spread miles of squalor and despair. He will have his word in art one of these days, and even if for awhile it may seem untranslatable to the outsider, it will none the less be spoken, and will none the less grow to be finally intelligible.

In the domain of art, as in whatsoever else is excellent and of good repute, one finds the men of wealth most open-handed and generous. In matters of art the vast mass of people are absolutely ignorant and uninterested. Very good. They shall be awakened and instructed. So says private munificence. Tell us—the men of wealth—what is wanted, and, so far as money goes, you shall not want for it. Some of us know little enough about art and the like. We have spent our lives in other ways than in the pursuit of æsthetic excellence. But we mean that nobody shall look down upon Australia.

“The spirited action of the body of gentlemen who some time ago arranged for an exhibition of British Art in the principal cities of Australia”—so writes the *Argus*—“is to be followed this year by another effort to form a gallery. Experience teaches, so the axiom has it, and Mr. Lake, the executive officer of the movement, should be able to make the new collection more attractive than the last. In the first venture he had to contend against the natural disinclination of leading artists to send work to Australia, because the scheme

was largely experimental. But this year he will be able to show that the society he represents has a status which promises to become permanent."

In New Zealand, when the project for the Dunedin Exhibition was in danger of being wrecked by the action of the bank, a citizen stepped in with an offer of a guarantee of a hundred thousand pounds. Show, anywhere in these new countries, an object which is for the public good, touch the public pride, and the private purse is open.

The art movement is not only likely to be useful to Australia, but, whilst it succeeds in educating the local public taste, and brings to the native artist the best production of modern Europe for his study and imitation, it extends the art market of the old world. From the last collection exhibited pictures to the value of more than £6300 were sold.

The value of this scheme to colonial artists can be measured, of course, by no monetary standard. About two years ago I was invited to visit an Impressionist Exhibition in Melbourne, and I am afraid that a little on I caused some pain by a criticism which was possibly too outspoken, and which had the sting of being addressed to a rival association in a rival city. Courage goes for much in art, as it does everywhere, but there is a differ-

ence between it and audacity. The young colonial is everywhere a trifle over-confident, but he is not often so widely out in his measurement of himself as he was in this particular instance. The Melbourne critics, in their desire to avoid giving unnecessary pain, went through the exhibition with apparent gravity, and wrote about it with what looked like seriousness. They know their business thoroughly, as they have proved over and over again, but they were far too amiable here. Half the exhibits were tragi-comic, but it is not likely that the strange fiasco will find a repetition. An examination of the best work of the modern European schools will convince the aspiring and ambitious that facility and value are not one, and that the accomplished master's rapid notes are not to be matched by the hasty records of the half-drilled student. And apart from the exhibitions—though undoubtedly aided by them—there is a growing school of Australian artists, which, as I have said already, will make itself heard of in due time.

Until now the Antipodean poets have been for the most part men of European birth and culture. Harpur and Kendall were both born in New South Wales, and may be called respectively the grandfather and father of Australian verse, but they are chiefly remarkable as having been the pioneers of poetic effort in their own country. Some of their

verses have been printed here, but they are mainly interesting as curios, and have no enduring value in themselves. Adam Lindsay Gordon, identified with Australia as he is, was already grown to manhood when he first landed there. Marcus Clarke sailed from England at the age of eighteen, and James Brunton Stevens did not emigrate until he was thirty-one. Gordon and Clarke are held in loving remembrance by all Australian readers. The memories of men who admire letters there cling with a tender and touching fidelity to these two, who were the first to carry authentic news of the literary promise of the colonies to the hearts of their relatives over seas. It is not probable that they consciously rank either of them with Burns, but they have much such a personal affection as Scotchmen extend to their great national bard. They pity their weaknesses, they condone their faults—in short, they *love* the men. Clarke can stand, and will, on his really great novel, "His Natural Life," but he has left little else which the world outside Australia will care to keep. He died young, and of all the flower of his splendid promise has left but that one ripened fruit. It was the first Antipodean novel which made a real mark in England, and it is safe to say that it will not be eclipsed by any new comer for many a year.

Poor Gordon!—it seems impossible to think of him in any other way—lives in the hearts of the

whole Australian people. The very larrikin knows him—barracker, bush-whacker, sundowner, millionaire, shearer, young lady of the drawing-rooms, man of business, lonely shepherd, half-savage stock-rider, and blasphemous driver of the bullock team—everybody. I suppose that if a poll were taken it would be found that "How we beat the Favourite" is known to more Australians than any other poem in the world. The old "Doxology," "Auld Lang Syne," and "God Save the Queen" might enter into competition with it, perhaps. Gordon was never a professed man of letters, and he left behind him but a single volume of verses, breathing here and there the very spirit of the land of his adoption, but of strangely unequal merit.

James Brunton Stevens, who is a more finished artist than either of his peers, has not taken quite the hold he deserves to have, and would certainly have found in a community more widely cultured. It is certain that we had no writer of humorous verse in England in his time who deserves at all to rank with him. His "Convict Once" is overburdened with verbiage, though it is finely conceived and has many beautiful passages; but in some of his serious poems, notably in "The Dominion of Australia: a Forecast," he rises to an equal height with the best of modern poets.

[In obedience to the request of several Englishmen of letters, who were interested by the single verse of this remarkable poem, cited by me in my original pages, I here transcribe the whole of it.]

THE DOMINION OF AUSTRALIA.

(A FORECAST.)

1877.

She is not yet; but he whose ear
 Thrills to that finer atmosphere,
 Where footfalls of appointed things,
 Reverberant of days to be,
 Are heard in forecast echoings,
 Like wave-beats from a viewless sea—
 Hears in the voiceful tremors of the sky
 Auroral heralds whispering, "She is nigh."
 She is not yet; but he whose night
 Foreknows the advent of the light,
 Whose soul to morning radiance turns
 Ere night her curtains hath withdrawn,
 And in its quivering folds discerns
 The mute monitions of the dawn,
 With urgent sense strained onward to descry
 Her distant tokens, starts to find her nigh.
 Not yet her day. How long "not yet?" . . .
 There comes the flush of violet!
 And heavenward faces, all aflame
 With sanguine imminence of morn,
 Wait but the sun-kiss to proclaim
 The Day of the Dominion born.
 Prelusive baptism!—ere the natal hour
 Named with the name and prophecy of power.
 Already here to hearts intense
 A spirit force, transcending sense,
 In heights unscaled, in deeps unstirred,
 Beneath the calm, above the storm,
 She waits the incorporating word
 To bid her tremble into form.
 Already, like divining-rods, men's souls
 Bend down to where the unseen river rolls ;—

For even, as from sight concealed,
 By never flush of dawn revealed,
 Nor e'er illumed by golden noon,
 Nor sunset-streaked with crimson bar,
 Nor silver-spanned by wake of moon,
 Nor visited of any star,
 Beneath these lands a river waits to bless
 (So men divine) our utmost wilderness,—
 Rolls dark, but yet shall know our skies,
 Soon as the wisdom of the wise
 Conspires with nature to disclose
 The blessing prisoned and unseen,
 Till round our lessening wastes there glows
 A perfect zone of broadening green,—
 Till all our land, Australia Felix called,
 Became one Continent Isle of Emerald;—
 So flows beneath our good and ill
 A viewless stream of common will,
 A gathering force, a present might,
 That from its silent depths of gloom
 At wisdom's voice shall leap to light ;
 And hide our barren feuds in bloom,
 Till all our sundering lines with love o'ergrown,
 Our bounds shall be the girdling seas alone.

The people of the colonies have not yet learned to trust their own unaided judgment in letters, and, until London has placed its imprimatur on the work of one of their own men, they are disposed to think little of him. "Rolfe Boldwood" wrote in obscurity for years, until he secured a London publisher, when he sprang to fame with a suddenness which would have turned the heads of some men. It seemed to affect him very little, if at all. I found him charmingly cordial, simple, and sincere; the sort of man who at once enlists esteem and liking. "Robbery under

Arms" is a rather phenomenal book, but the writer's experience fitted him perfectly for the task he chose; the life he painted so truly was new to ninety-nine people in every hundred to whom the story appealed, and the unadorned, simple, and manly style he adopted in it was exactly suited to his powers.

Not to multiply instances, it may be said generally that the tendency of Australian writers is wholesomely and honestly realistic. They write of what they know, and find that best which lies nearest. This is the only way to a national and distinctive literature. Writers find the opposition of the London book market cruelly oppressive, and for many who would fain follow letters as a profession the road looks sterile and difficult. Henry Kendall, in his *In Memoriam* verses over Marcus Clarke, makes heart-felt moan :

"The laurels in the pit were won;
He had to take the lot austere
That ever seems to wait upon
The man of letters here."

One can see that the thought was often present to his mind, for, in a dedication to his wife, he has employed the very words which he echoes unconsciously in the verse just quoted :

"Who faced for love's sole sake the life austere
Which waits upon the man of letters here."

Everywhere, of course, there are countless people who were born to fall and who strive to climb,

and at the Antipodes, as elsewhere, there are literary aspirants whom no conspiracy of fortune could lift to the place they covet ; but I speak out of personal knowledge when I say that there is much work done there which in a larger and more literary world would command respect, which waits, as yet in vain, for the light of day to shine upon it in the colonies. The wanderer in those climes who has a literary reputation at home is in one particular a man to be pitied. He is buried under an avalanche of manuscript, and, if he read but half the matter submitted to him, might far better be chained to the critic's oar at home. The efforts range, as they always do, from excellence to vileness. The most comical thing I ever saw was a manuscript submitted to me in New Zealand. In a certain town there which I will not name, a play of mine had been produced under my own supervision. Two elderly ladies called at my hotel, and one of them confided to my care as something precious the manuscript of a three-act drama. I was asked to collaborate in the finishing of this work, and to secure for it a London production. The earliest lines of the drama, which was untitled and gave no list of dramatis personæ, ran thus :—" Somebody has tolled Alice that she is no wife, but she is a wife. Three days later, Alice's horse throughs Alice at the husband's door and his leg is broken." To this day I know no

more of the drama. I left it free of those "finishing touches" I had been asked to supply, resolute that no meddling of mine should destroy its native charm. But if ever it is produced in its original form I promise it an audience of one.

Melbourne shines in respect to its musical organizations. Orchestral music there is a fashion, and the Victorian Orchestra could hold its own in any country. The part-singing of the Liedertafel is excellent. But in everything in the colonies there must be a vogue, a "boom," or it can have no success. Since Mr. Frederick Cowen created the fashion in the Victorian capital concerted music draws all ears. Madame Schiller played to empty benches. When Santley was singing his way through New Zealand, the great baritone and I stayed at the same hotel in Christchurch. I overheard a fragment of conversation at the bar, which seemed to me amusing and instructive. "Santley?" said a big energetic man with an explosive voice. "Santley! Santley can't sing the Village Blacksmith! You should hear my brother Jack!" There are some splendid singers, who ought to be quite sure of their position, to whom one would not like to repeat even so harmless a criticism, but Mr. Santley is not one of them. I met him a few minutes later and told him what I had heard. He laughed, and answered that he thought he must have met that man's brother

Jack pretty often since he had left England. Writing of music reminds me of what I have said earlier respecting the droll little jealousies which exist between the colonies. Sydney built a majestic organ in its new Centennial Hall, an instrument which, if not *the* grandest, is amongst the grandest. Sydney invited Mr. Best to inaugurate this splendid kist o' whistles. Mr. Best, accepting the invitation and the high and merited compliment it paid him, went out, and found that from some cause or other the great organ was not ready. Whilst the musician waited, doing nothing, Melbourne thought it would like to hear him, and wrote him to that effect. The Sydney committee refused to allow his acceptance of this supplementary invitation. The hated Melbourne was not to reap any advantage from Sydney's enterprise. It is only a trifle, of course, but all trifles are blown in that direction fiercely, and they show the way of the wind. Melbourne was, and is, most lordly wrothful.

I have only quite recently re-read the critical essays of Marcus Clarke, and, *à propos* of the changes which must inevitably take place in the physique of the Australian people, I note this passage:—"In another hundred years the average Australian will be a tall, coarse, strong-jawed, greedy, pushing, talented man, excelling in swimming and horsemanship. His religion will be a

form of Presbyterianism; his national policy a Democracy tempered by the rate of exchange. His wife will be a thin, narrow woman, very fond of dress and idleness, caring little for her children, but without sufficient brain-power to sin with zest. In five hundred years—unless recruited from foreign nations—the breed will be wholly extinct; but in that five hundred years it will have changed the face of nature, and swallowed up all our contemporary civilization." These things being thus definitely settled for us, it is of course useless to speculate further, but there are some actual facts about the people who form the subject of this daring prophecy which may perhaps aid us in arriving at a conclusion which, if less definite, may not be much farther from the mark.

The go-ahead, tarry-for-nothing spirit of the people is curiously exemplified in the fact that there are a thousand boys in the colonies under the age of twenty-one who have taken upon themselves the responsibilities of married life. The Australian boy is a man as soon as he is breeched. Parental control, as we know it in England, has faded out entirely. There is no reverence in the rising generation, and the ties of home are slight. Age and experience count for little. Youth will have its way, and takes it, with a freedom less agreeable to the onlooker than to itself.

The whole country is filled with a feverish,

restless, and reckless energy. Everybody is in a hurry to be rich. The ambition to turn the nimble ninepence pales before the desire to make a *coup*, and to achieve independence at a step. In 1888 there was an insolvency to every 1500 of the population of Australia, including Tasmania and New Zealand.¹ Even in the disastrous 1879 we could only show half that in the United Kingdom, and the normal average is less than a quarter of the colonial record. Farmers, selectors, builders, contractors, and architects, stand high in the list of insolvents. The two former are subject to risks of drought and flood, and the other three are ruined by over-speculation. It is a matter of frequent boast in Melbourne that land there has realized higher prices than it has done even in the City of London. The statement has been offered to me proudly by many people as a proof of the city's progress. It is surely something of a pity if it be true, and at least it affords a fair instance of the mistakes men make in the calculation of a community's prosperity. The "land-boom," which only two or three years ago made Victorians

The importance of this statement is enormously discounted by the fact that the Colonial Bankruptcy Courts grant relief to debtors of a much humbler class than are forced or permitted to seek its shelter at home. With this allowance the discrepancy in great part disappears. I allow the passage to stand with this note as a just penance for insufficient carefulness in inquiry.

imagine that they had come to a kind of financial millennium, has left business lax and languid. Of this fact the table of the Registrar-General's transactions and fees affords indisputable evidence. From 1888 to 1889 the fees fell by nearly one-third of their total value. For crowds of Melbourne men, whilst the "boom" lasted, a river of champagne flowed over a bed of gold, and "all the delicacies of the season" bloomed at the edge of that delightful stream. Even now they boast that any community less vigorous than their own would have been killed or shattered by that prolonged delicious orgie. It is perfectly true that they have come out of it with less damage than might have been expected, and that in an older country the suffering would have been much greater. It is not easy to kill the resources of a country like Australia; but perhaps it is as well not to try too often.

In a land so new a certain element of boisterousness is to be looked for naturally, and the real wonder is not that there should be so much of the rowdy element as there is, but that there should be so little. Van Diemen's Land and Botany Bay are expunged from the maps and the Gazetteers, but, as an American philosopher of my acquaintance is recorded to have said, "if you call beef mutton it don't alter the flavour much," and the elements of which the earlier populations of

Tasmania and New South Wales were compact still remain to leaven the modern mass with influences not altogether wholesome. Our southern relatives are tender on this theme, as they have a natural right to be, and only a fool would use it as a handle for reproach. There is nothing more significant of the inherent desire for good in men and women who belong presumably to the least desirable classes than the modern record of one of the old convict settlements. Hope and elbow room have done more for the regeneration of man at his imagined worst than all the wicked severities of the past could have effected in a thousand years. But where elbow room is denied the criminal characteristics crop out again, and the criminal statistics of the two great towns are unusually high. The figures for insanity, alcoholism, suicide, and crimes of violence are sadly large. In Victoria one person in every 105 of the population was in prison during some part of the year 1888.¹ In the United Kingdom for that year the average of convictions in proportion to population was 3·64 per 10,000. In New South Wales it was 8·59, and in the whole of Australasia it amounted to 6·15, although

¹ It was angrily objected by my critics that these figures were only arrived at by the repeated convictions of petty offenders within the same year. The objection has no force, for it applies equally to the figures with which those for Victoria are contrasted.

South Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania showed a joint average of only 3·81. In the United Kingdom the average of suicide is 5·5 to every 100,000. In Victoria it is 11·6, in New South Wales 9·5, and in Queensland 13·7. In the United Kingdom the average of deaths from excessive drinking is 54 in a million. In Victoria it is 113·50—more than double. In New South Wales crimes of violence are almost four times as numerous as in New Zealand, where everything is tolerably normal from the British standpoint.

Whilst all this is true, the standard of adult education is higher than in any other country in the world excepting Prussia. The education of the young—so far as mere schooling is concerned—is nowhere better controlled or more liberally provided for. In every one of the Australian colonies the State system of education is compulsory and undenominational, or secular. In Victoria, Queensland, and New Zealand public instruction is free. In the other colonies fees are charged; but in cases where the parents are unable to pay them they are remitted, partially or entirely. The cost of State education is set down at ten shillings per head of the colonial population. The efforts of the State are magnificently seconded by private munificence. The Hon. Francis Ormond spent more than a hundred thousand pounds in the foundation and endowment of the

college which bears his name, and many such instances of a wise and splendid benevolence might be cited. In this regard the colonies take rank with any country in the world.

Victoria is easily ahead of the other colonies in its educational record, and there, even so long ago as 1881, the Census returns showed that out of ten thousand children between the ages of five and fifteen 9088 could read. How happily situated this colony is in this and one other important respect may be gathered from the contrasted facts that where France spends ten times as much in armaments as she does on education, Victoria spends three times as much on education as in armaments.

Public libraries, museums, and art galleries are everywhere, and are in all cases excellently built and admirably ordered. Unfortunately, in the very nature of things, they appeal most to those who have least need of them, and least to those who have most need. This unhappily is always true, but it is truer in the colonies than elsewhere for many reasons.

There is no country in which so high a condition of general comfort, so lofty a standard of proved intelligence, and such large and varied means to intellectual excellence exist side by side with so lax a commercial morality, and such overcharged statistics of crimes of violence.

Convictions in Australia are to convictions in the United Kingdom as two to one. The highest percentage of deaths from the abuse of alcohol is recorded in Australia. It is 113 as against 80 even in Switzerland, and as against 46 in England and Wales. In the figures given the issue is confused by the introduction of the statistics of "towns" and "principal towns" of some few countries, though even there Paris reaches no higher than 95 and London falls to 74. In Ireland the deaths from alcoholism are only a little over a quarter of those registered for the Australias. The towns of Denmark rise to the awful average of 274, but it is evident that a full statement of the facts would reduce it greatly.

The answer to the question propounded above cannot be given in a nutshell, but it can be made fairly clear. To begin with, it must be remembered that the law-abiding and law-breaking populations are divided with an unusual sharpness of distinction. The ordinary traveller, of ordinary culture, finds nothing as he makes his tour in the colonies which enables him very keenly to differentiate between the Home and the Colonial standards. In other words, he meets very much the same kind of people he meets at home, and, though he may tire of wool and gold as a substitute for Shakespeare, and the musical glasses as themes for converse, he will in the main find himself in the

kind of moral and intellectual quarters to which he has been accustomed. The balance of population, as against crime, might be very nearly normal, if it were not for the introduction of disturbing influences. These are traceable to our ancient and now abandoned habit of shooting the Imperial human refuse on Australian shores; to the natural boisterousness of a young and partially settled community; to the adventurous and frequently lawless character of the men drawn to great alluvial gold-fields; and to the wild, unsettled life still led by a considerable number of men in the far north and west.

The position of the facts cannot be rightly appreciated until the colonies are classified. Out of the seven, five may be said to be reduced to order as completely as a perfect system of magistrature and police can secure it. In the northern parts of Queensland, and in nearly the whole extra-mural regions of West Australia, the population is sparse and wild, and, though offenders are reached after the commission of crime, they are not quelled beforehand by the immediate threat and presence of the strong arm of the law. Now, of the five remaining colonies, New Zealand, Tasmania, and South Australia present characteristics which, in the main, resemble those of Great Britain. South Australia is the model colony, being clearer of insolvency,

drunkenness, and crime than the Mother Country itself. It is droll to see how little account her two more populous sister colonies take of her. Melbourne and Sydney vote Adelaide "slow," and the Victorian and New South Welshman deride the South Australian for his want of dash and vigour.

Thus the charge narrows. It would as yet be unfair to expect of Western Australia, with its population of 47,000 to its more than a million of square miles, the decorum of civilized Victoria, networked with railways, and built over with churches, chapels, and State schools, or that of New South Wales, with its history of a hundred years. We have, then, to deal with the parent colony and its great offshoot. We have to deal, in short, with what most men mean when they talk about Australia in a business sense. Let us see how Victoria and New South Wales stand when taken together. We find twenty-nine convictions, as against seven in the United Kingdom; and seven deaths from alcoholism, as against three in the United Kingdom.

New South Wales has its old convict population to fight down, and Victoria has yet to absorb a not easily digested mass of unruled humanity, and so far the explanation is easy. But it is evident that a certain commercial laxity has grown to be a part of the constitution of the country, for it is not

only the descendants of old convicts, or the searchers of alluvial gold and wild adventure, who are responsible for its widespread commercial rottenness.

Pardon one more quotation. The most eloquent defender of Australia writes:—"Criminality is not reproductive. The genius of the thief buds, blossoms, and dies as surely as does the genius of the artist. But for emigration the convict continent would have been de-peopled. Immigration ensued, and what an immigration! The best bone and sinew of Cornwall, the best muscle of Yorkshire, the keenest brains of Cockneydom—Bathurst, Ballarat, Bendigo had them all. With them came also the daring spendthrift, the young cavalry officer who had lived too fast for the Jews, the younger son who had outrun his income. Barristers of good family and small practice, surgeons having all the Dublin Dissector in their heads and all the hospital experience of Paris in their hands, met each other over a windlass at Bathurst or in a drive at Ballarat. If there was plenty of muscle in the new land, there was no lack of blood. Put aside prejudice and look at the Bench, the Bar, and the Church of this great continent. Look at the schools, libraries, and botanic gardens of Australia. Read the accounts of the boat races, the cricket matches, and say if our youth are not manly. Listen to the plaudits

which greet a finished orator or a finely gifted singer, and confess also that we have some taste and culture. Go into those parts of the country where the canker of trade has not yet penetrated, and mark the free hospitality, the generous kindness, the honest welcome which shall greet you. Sail up Sydney Harbour, ride over a Queensland plain, watch the gathering of an Adelaide harvest, or mingle with the orderly crowd which throngs to a Melbourne Cup race, and deny, if you can, that there is here the making of a great nation. You do not deny it; but—. But what?"

I am very much afraid that the last few pages find something of an answer to the eloquent apologist's question.

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE as yet done little more than allude to that portion of the colonies which is, after all, the most interesting, and, to my mind, the richest in promise. New Zealand is the future home of the dominant race of the Southern Hemisphere. She lies under a cloud just now, and her finances have been thrown into a dreadful muddle by extravagance and mismanagement. Some of the public works are a standing reproach to the public men of New Zealand, and some years must elapse, even if the wise economy of the present administration be continued, before the country can recover itself. The natural growth of the community has received a severe check, but not all the folly and rashness of which the race of politicians could be guilty could permanently arrest it.

I was confidently assured in Australia that I might see New Zealand thoroughly in the course of a two months' trip, and when I set out to visit it, it was my purpose not to extend my stay greatly

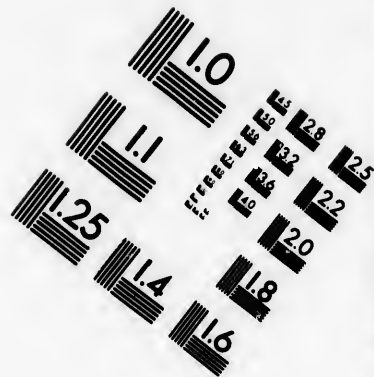
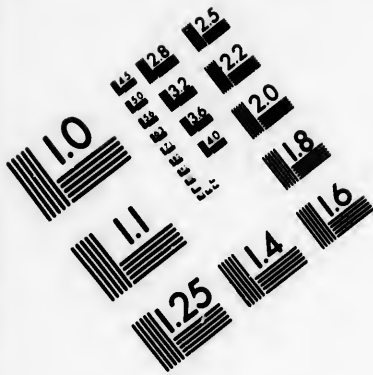
beyond that limit. In effect, I found a year all too little for my purpose. The physical aspects of the country alone are so extraordinary and delightful that a lover of Nature finds it hard to withdraw himself from the influence of their charm. New Zealanders delight to speak of their country as the Wonderland of the South. They are justified, and more than justified. The northern island is an amazement, but its gruesome volcanic grotesqueries please less than the scenic splendours of its southern neighbour. The sounds of the west coast more than rival the Norwegian fjords. Te Anau and Manipouri and Wakatipu are as fine as the lakes of Switzerland. The forests, irreverently called "bush," are beyond words for beauty. A little energy, a little courage, might make New Zealand the pet recreation ground of half the world. The authorities are already filling its lakes with trout, and will by-and-by people its forests with game. There is a very large portion of country which, except for purposes of sport and travel, is not likely to be utilized by man. The lake trout grow to enormous size, and as they multiply, and food grows comparatively scarcer, they are learning to take the fly. It was an understood thing for years that there was no sport for the fly-fisher with the trout at Wakatipu, but that theory has died out, for the very simple reason that the facts have altered. There is no

reason in nature why an acclimatization society should not succeed in a very few years in making the south-west portion of the middle island an actual paradise to the sportsman. It is the plain duty of New Zealand to invite the outside world to enter its borders, and, for once in a way, a plain duty is recognized.

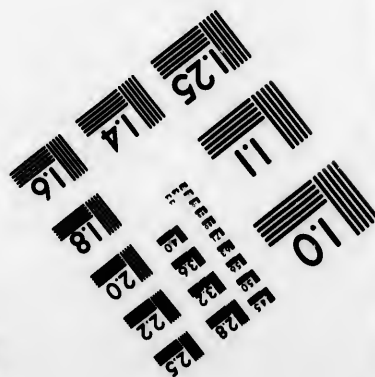
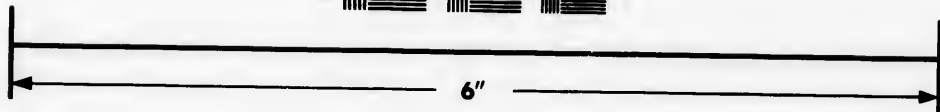
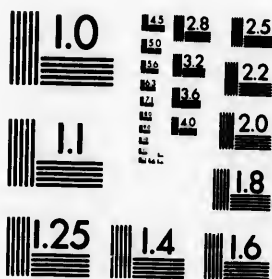
I wish I had the remnant of these pages free for a description of the glories of sound and forest and lake and mountain; but my space must be kept for matter which is dryer and less interesting to the writer. I shall, however, remember, so long as I remember anything, the three avalanches I saw and heard thundering down the side of Mount Pembroke as I sat in a boat on the glassy waters of Milford Sound. In many and many an hour I shall see Wetjacket Arm and Dusky Sound again, with their vast precipices, luxuriant forests, and rejoicing cataracts. I shall dream, thank Heaven, of the awe and worship I felt as the steamer crept round the edge of Rat's Point, and little by little, one by one, the white wonders of the Earnslaw range slid into view, until at last the whole marvellous, unspeakable panorama stood revealed, a spectacle the world may perhaps rival elsewhere, but cannot surpass. So long as I remember anything I shall remember a summer day on the banks of the Poseidon. I sat on a fallen log on the track which leads to Lake Ada, and the

robins, in their beautiful, fearless unfamiliarity with man, perched on my feet, and one feathered inquirer ventured even to my knee. The sunlight steeped the thick foliage overhead until the leaves shone transparent with colours of topaz and of emerald. The moss on the trees was silver-grey and vivid green, and there were fungoids of vermilion and cadmium, and scaly growths of pure cobalt blue; the most amazing and prodigious riot of colour the mind can conceive. The river ran below with many a caverned undertone. It is the desire of all good New Zealanders that the beauties of their country should be advertised. I offer this humble contribution to that end with a willing heart. I shall be thankful to my latest day to have seen those beauties, which I have been able only to hint at. The traveller who misses New Zealand leaves unseen the country which, take it all in all, is probably the loveliest in the world. The climate varies from stern to mild. That of Auckland is warm and sluggish; that of Dunedin keen, inspiring. Situate midway between the two you find perfection. Napier will be the sanatorium of that side of the world one of these days. All over New Zealand one meets people who went out there to die, twenty, thirty, forty years ago, and who are living yet, robust and hale. The air is fatal to phthisis, as it is also in Australia. The most terrible foe of the British





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race is disarmed in these favoured lands. Take it in the main, the climate of New Zealand is fairly represented by that of Great Britain. The southern parts remind one of Scotland, the northern of Devon and Cornwall. The variety of which Lesser Britain has so much reason to complain is absent. The British climate is idealized in New Zealand.

This fact alone is of the utmost importance in the estimation of the future of the race. In similar environment the British people have already pretty clearly shown what they can do, and in New Zealand I found myself absolutely unable to trace the beginning of a variation from the British breed. Dunedin, allowing for an influx of Southern Britons, might be Aberdeen; Christchurch, population and all, might be planted in Warwickshire, and no tourist would know that it was not indigenous there. They call their local stream the Avon, and boating there some idle summer days, I easily dreamed myself at home again, and within bowshot of the skyward-pointing spire which covers the bones of Shakespeare. It is, I believe, a fact that the stream is christened after another river than that which owes its glamour to the poet's name, but in a case of this kind mere fact matters little, and the inhabitants themselves are, for the most part, quite willing to ignore it.

I grieved the dearest and kindest friend I left behind me in Australia by telling him that I thought the people of New Zealand more advanced in art than those of his own adopted country. I shall grieve him again by repeating that belief in these pages. I intrude a personality for one passing moment only, and stretch out a hand to that loyal friend, good comrade, good fellow, and prince of wanderers. He shall not be angry with me if I can help it, because I cannot blindly share his enthusiastic and unquestioning glory in all things Australian.

Perhaps I was unfortunate on the one side and fortunate on the other in my encounters, but I seemed to find in New Zealand twice as many people who knew and loved books, pictures, and music, as I had found in Australia. I cannot help thinking my own judgment accurate, for, apart from an observation which may be incomplete, there are many reasons why the fact should be as I seem to find it. Australia enlisted, and still enlists, some classes of people for whom New Zealand has no charm, the pushing, eager men, who are in a hurry to be rich. New Zealand was largely peopled by English gentlemen and ladies, not of the adventurous type at all, but just quietly courageous enough to go out and face the difficulties and perils of a new country. They went out to make the soil their own, to found new

families, and to disencumber old ones. They have not made money as fast as their more eager and tenacious neighbours. They have even of late fallen back from some of the advantages they had secured, but the repulse is only temporary, and the government of Sir Harry Atkinson has made it evident that the necessary lesson has been learned. The public debt is no longer to be increased with a light heart. The Government has learned economy, and in a few years the financial basis will be as sound as ever. There is a good deal of England's best blood in Australia, but its owners were, in most instances, adventurers, and their wild spirit has not yet cooled down. The emigrant to New Zealand was of a staid type, and more generally cultured. On the whole, he is more loyal to racial traditions, and nurses a love of the old country, a pride in its history.

There has been in old times matter for shame, sometimes for the deepest shame, in our treatment of conquered savage races, but in New Zealand we have shown a lesson to the world. The necessary fight is over. It is hard on the noble savage that the all-invading white man should dispossess him, but, after all, the event is unescapable by any human arrangement. It is likely enough that the Maori race owes much of the exceptional treatment it has received to its own high qualities.

Only the other day they were at war with the white invader, and now their representatives sit in the legislative chamber. Many of them have adopted the ways of civilization, and even those who retain the primitive habits of their forefathers are redeemed from the coarser ways of savagdom. They are altogether a very lovable people, and in not a few respects they remind the traveller of Paddy. Paddy's good lady has a knack of wearing her husband's coat, and of smoking a short clay. Her Maori sister has the same habits. Paddy keeps a pig, and gives him the run of the house. So does the Maori. Both in Ireland and in Maoriland the cultivation of the potato is the form of agriculture most practised. To complete the parallel, the Maoris have a land grievance. Like Paddy, they are idle, voluble, rollicking, emotional, hospitable, ready to fight or kiss at a moment's notice. They are partially converted to European ideas about costume, and the dress of a great number of them would do credit to Ballyporeen. The statement looks odd at the first sight of it, but their adoption of European dress is killing the race as surely as if it were a pestilence. They get wet through, and have no idea of removing their clothes, and, as a natural consequence, consumption, which has no native right in the country at all, is rife amongst them.

I am writing at a distance from my books, or I

should like to cite a legend or two from Sir George Grey's collection to illustrate the mental characteristics of this surprising race of savages. They are sometimes genuinely, and even exquisitely, poetical. One of them relates how the heavens and the earth were, at the beginning of things, united in marriage, and how the sky was torn away from the partner of her love by her own children, the storm winds. Every night she weeps over her lost husband, and her tears are the dew. Sometimes the stories are very quaintly and oddly imaginative, as where the tale is told of three brethren who took a canoe to fish, and went far, far away out into the open sea, when one of them, who had prepared a magic hook, caught what was supposed to be a great fish at the bottom, and drawing it up to the surface, found that he had discovered New Zealand. That was how the land came into being, and the Maoris point to two or three of the great mountain ranges as the stone canoes in which their giant ancestors came from some far-off country to people the land. The mixture of childish *naïveté* and high imagination makes the collection actually fascinating.

One legend which reached me lately, though for aught I know it may have been published, seems interesting enough to be related here. There are two volcanoes, a big one and a little one, standing near to each other. The big one is

the husband, the little one the bride, and when the smoke blows from the gentleman's cone in the direction of the lady, he is supposed to be paying his addresses to her. In the old original times there was an interloper in the person of a third volcano, who, whilst the lady's proprietor was supposed to be asleep, ventured to project *his* smoke in her direction. But the bridegroom had only feigned to slumber, and had expected this attempted encroachment upon his privileges. He had gathered his forces already, and smote his rival from beneath with such a shock of earthquake that he lifted him from his rocky roots and hurled him to a lonely promontory thirty or forty miles away. He has never recovered sufficient spirit to go back again, and stands there still. Modern men name that ejected intruder Mount Egmont.

I am glad to have been led to the mention of these curious legends, because they bring me, in a perfectly natural and easy way, to the man to whom the world owes most of its knowledge concerning them. There is little enough talk of Sir George Grey on this side of the world, and little enough knowledge of his achievements. He is the Nestor of New Zealand. He was the Governor of South Australia half a century ago, and he did as much for the development of the resources of British possessions at the Cape as any man alive. A statesman, a soldier, an orator, and a scholar, a

man who has showered gifts of all sorts on the latest country in which he has served his people and his Queen, he lives still with a freshness of political ideal which is perhaps only rivalled by our own Gladstone. He is full of somewhat Irish suavities, and has those delightfully urbane manners which are associated, in the minds of reading people, with the gentlemen of eighty years ago. Mr. Froude is generally supposed to have been too much under Sir George Grey's dominion, and his book is condemned by the mass of New Zealanders partly on the ground that it represents too exclusively Sir George Grey's opinions. I can recall few pleasanter days than those I spent in the society of the ex-Governor of New Zealand. He is commonly credited with a desire to make all men proselytes to his own opinions, but we exchanged no word of politics together. He took me to one of the public institutions of the northern city, and showed me there a splendid array of MSS., and a most unique collection of Polynesian curios. I admired them to the full, but it was only from the curator that I learned that all these things were Sir George Grey's gifts to Auckland. I have long ago come to the conclusion that the game of politics is about as little worth playing as any in the world, and have grown to be absolutely indifferent to anybody's political opinions. Sir George Grey is far more than a politician. He

is a patriot, and a patriot of the best type, and there are few men to whom the British colonies owe a larger debt of gratitude. He used to own a very beautiful house and estate at Kawa, and the people of Auckland were made absolutely free of it. Hundreds and hundreds of steamboat excursionists thronged unpatrolled and unwatched through chambers crowded with beautiful and costly curiosities, but Sir George himself assured me that he had not only never missed the merest trifle from his collection, but had never had anything broken or misplaced. In his old age he has retired to quieter quarters, has made over all his rich collections to Auckland, and leads a life of great simplicity. He still holds his place in Parliament, and in spite of age still retains his fine oratorical power. He was received quite recently at Adelaide, where, half a century ago, he occupied the post of Governor, and there, for once, his oratory failed him. The Nestor of the great southern island was welcomed with an enthusiasm so disturbing that he could only speak a few broken words through tears. There are servants of the Empire by the score who do work in our far-off possessions which would make them immortal if it were done at home, and whose names are barely known to the English public. Sir George Grey is one of these.

The next great figure which presents itself to my

memory is that of Sir Henry Parkes. He was a Warwickshire peasant to begin with, learned a handicraft, migrated to Australia, started a newspaper there, threw himself into the vortex of politics, found a seat in the Legislative Assembly, came to be Minister, and finally was made Premier. This is a wonderful record, and it is one of the exceptional glories of the colonies that they have made such a career possible. One would have to travel very far indeed to find a more strongly marked personality than that of Sir Henry Parkes. He may be called strictly a self-educated man, and though his written and reported speech is pure, vigorous, and cultured, there linger yet in his manner, and will always linger, certain traces of the educational disabilities of his youth. He is the *bête noire* of that Australian Thersites, the *Sydney Bulletin*, which slangs him weekly with a surprising constancy and vivacity. One might have thought that in the course of a year or two a weekly repetition of such fun as is to be got out of a misplaced "h" would have palled alike upon the satirist and upon the public, but with unfailing regularity fifty-two times in every year the local humorist tips his quill dagger with the venom of the superfluous aspirate and stabs the Premier with it. There are few men in the world who have been so royally abused as Sir Henry Parkes, and few men who have come through abuse with

less damage to nerve tissue, fighting force, or good temper. Until now he has been, in one respect at least, an unmitigated blessing to New South Wales. He has saved her from the commercial canker of Protection, and although it seems more than likely that the present colony will follow the mistaken example of Victoria, the most distinguished champion of Free Trade in Australia has the satisfaction of seeing his own colony still in the way of righteousness.

The student of the various problems the colony has so far solved, and of the problems she still has to face, might fairly point to the veteran Premier of New South Wales as the most striking example of the advantages the colonies afford to intellectual powers which, in older countries, would not only go without help, but might be finally, and even fatally obstructed. It is quite easy to see now, and cheap to proclaim the fact, that he is a born leader and ruler of men. Even in his native Warwickshire he could not have failed to be remarkable, but it is, of course, impossible to say in what direction the obstructive forces would have turned his powers. I saw enough of him to learn that the rugged, forceful, yet kindly and genial outside of the man is in complete accord with his inward gifts and nature. His opponents proclaim him a trickster, by which they really mean no more than that he has generally out-

witted their own attempts at political jugglery. The Liberals of England denounced Disraeli in the same terms, and the Tories of to-day employ them in regard to Gladstone. The game of politics, the whole world over, is so rootedly and unconsciously dishonourable that the dispraises of an enemy are but the reverse of the praises of a friend. The Warwickshire peasant, before he became Premier, and since that date, might have found life a bitter business if it had not been leavened through for him by a virile and enduring sense of humour. Like Abraham Lincoln, he loves and can tell a good story, and his sense of fun relieves for him a good deal of the tedium of official business. I was with him one day when, in an up-country town, he was boarded by a friendly deputation at the exit from the railway depôt. Some local functionary read an address of portentous length, and the Premier, who was already fatigued by a dreary railway journey, and had yet heavy work that day before him, listened for a while with a somewhat forlorn expression of statesmanlike interest. The remorseless periods droned on, and it was evident that the reader had no intention of allowing his hearers to escape a solitary paragraph of the lengthy MS. he carried. A little Chinese boy, some six or seven years of age, had somehow found his way through the crowd, and stood bareheaded between the recipient of the

address and its presenter. His almond-shaped eyes were fixed on the grizzled features of the Premier, and he stared with all his soul. Parkes stood with his silk hat in his hand, wearily nodding to the droning periods, when his eye fell upon the small celestial, and stooping with a solemn twinkle, he blotted the infant out of sight with his hat. He kept the hat on the child's head until the address was exhausted, and from the moment when the jest occurred to him until the tiresome function was over, he sparkled with a dry complacency.

It was my good fortune to be present at that now famous meeting at Tenterfield at which Sir Henry chose to make his pronunciamiento with regard to Australian federation, and I shall not readily forget the enthusiasm his speech evoked. His utterance was plain, straightforward, and convincing, and the speaker's sterling belief in the greatness of his theme and the propitious character of the hour was strikingly evident. The excellent choice of words, the masterly elaboration of phrases which were obviously moulded whilst he stood there upon his feet, were in some contrast to the manner of his utterance. The voice was a little veiled by fatigue and age. The massive shoulders were a little bowed, but the huge head, with its streaming wave of silver hair and beard, was held as erect as ever. The rough, homely

features were as eloquent as the words he spoke, and the instinct of the natural fighting-man lit up the ancient warrior's eye. The mere aspect and manner would have been remarkable to a stranger anywhere ; but there, where for the first time the voice of an authoritative statesman gave soul and utterance to the aspiration of a people, it was truly memorable, and not without a touch of sublimity. The petty jealousies of rival states will yet fade away, the infinitesimal bickerings about imported lemons and exported onions, which now help to embitter a strife that is altogether puerile in itself, will come to an end. And here was the beginning of that better state of things which every lover of the British race at the Antipodes must hope for and believe in.

I had returned to Australia when the Federal Convention met at Sydney as an outcome of the speech of which I have just written, and of the memorandum to his fellow Premiers with which Sir Henry Parkes followed it. The Sydney Convention did not do everything the most sanguine of the Federationists desired, but it far surpassed the expectations of the moderate. It may be that in the pages of future historians the tale of that convention's doings will read as the first page of annals more glorious than any the Old World has to show. For there, for the first time in the story of the world, an attempt was

made to found an empire without the preliminary of bloodshed. In that foolish and wicked isolation from her children in which the mother country chooses to live, England learned little, and perhaps cared as little, about the convention, and near at hand it took for some minds that air of unimportance which is the mischief that lies in neighbourhood for commonplace people. I expressed at the time, as well as I could, the thoughts with which it inspired me.

Because they live among us, and we know
 The unheroic detail of their days,
 Since they and we move in familiar ways,
 We scant the greatness of the deed they do.
 But could the magic power of fancy throw
 A thousand years between, the work would loom
 Vast on the spirit, big with hope and doom,
 Sublime as any act yet wrought below.
 They weld an empire, not in old world wise,
 'Mid crash of war and clamour of armèd men ;
 But in calm conclave, where each citizen
 May speak his share of truth with fearless eyes.
 Blest State so founded. May their work be blessed,
 And here at last the war-sick soul of man find rest.

Men say that if, within a reasonable time, these aspirations should be realized, Lord Carrington, the late Governor of New South Wales, would probably be the man selected as the first Viceregal ruler of the consolidated colonies. The new fashion of sending out men of title as the representatives of the Crown, and of making the Viceregal Court a reflex of what the English Court used to be, is a source of delight to scores and a prompting

to dissatisfaction amongst thousands. But Lord Carrington was unusually fortunate in his administration, and is undoubtedly one of the most popular of modern Governors. Whether he has the greater diplomatic faculties, he has so far had no opportunity of showing; but he possesses the lesser in perfection, and he owes the widespread esteem and affection he secured as much to the tact of the diplomat as to his inborn good-nature. If democratic Australia is to have a titled English representative at the head of its affairs at all, it will have a man for whom it can entertain a personal affection. The attempt to conciliate the democracy by an occasional sprinkling of inferior titles upon distinguished citizens is met with outspoken derision. As I have said already, Lord Carrington lived in a Court, and courtiers say smooth things. Shrewd as he is, and well as he knows the people amongst whom he lived for five years, he could hardly have offered a poorer panacea than he proposed in a speech in London shortly after his return. Outside the Court fringe, the Australians not only refrain from asking for titles, but have a cordial and, from their own standpoint, a logical dislike of them. For good or for ill, the country has made up its mind. The democratic sentiment of Australia is profound and immovable.

It is hard for a man of plain common sense to

keep his temper in view of the ineptitude with which the Colonial Office in London has dealt with the magnificent interests confided to its care. It is not a question of what the colonies are to us at this hour, or even have been, until now. It is a question of what they should be and might be in the future, if their destinies were rightly ruled. One of our statesmen said, probably as a mere rhetorical flourish, that if England lost Australia and New Zealand she would sink to the position of a third-rate power. This is obvious nonsense. It will be many years before they can be much more than a source of affectionate anxiety to us, but the possibilities of the future were incalculable. Those possibilities have been muddled away with a recklessness, ignorance, and folly which are barely conceivable. For once in the history of the world it was possible that a great race might grow up free of those social hatreds which have disturbed every section of the old world since a time when history had not begun to be written. British people were first in possession of the whole band of Antipodean and Pacific islands. Not a single European power would have raised a hand in menace or a voice in protest had the British flag been planted on every one of them. Australian statesmen have always seen what was coming, have always struggled against it; but the Colonial Office has been invincibly ignorant.

France, in making New Caledonia the receptacle of its human offscourings, has only followed the example England set her. But nothing in the world would have been easier than to forestall her action. New Caledonia is now a perpetual thorn in the side of Australia, and it might be a *casus belli* any day. It is all very well to hope that it may never prove so, but the possibility is there, and the bare chance should never have been risked. We have let in Germany on the north, and have made possible another complication there. The plague of the thing is that the responsible people have never, from the first, been allowed to go without warning. Sir Henry Parkes has some fine and spirited lines which must have found an echo in the hearts of many Australians :

“ In other lands the patriot boasts
His standard borne through slaughter’s flood,
Which, waving o’er infuriate hosts,
Was consecrate in fire and blood.

“ A truer charm our flag endears,
Where’er it waves on land or sea ;
It bears no stain of blood and tears,
Its glory is its purity.

“ God girdled our majestic isle
With seas far reaching east and west,
That man might live beneath His smile
In peace and freedom ever blessed.”

That patriotic and beautiful hope might have stood a chance of being fulfilled practically and to the letter, had all chances of the growing power of Australia being embroiled with the empires of old

Europe been wisely held aloof. As matters stand the materials for conflagration have been even painstakingly brought together, and if the fire never breaks out, it will be more through luck than judgment.

Another matter, on which opinion will be more divided, is the question of practically unlimited rights of self-government to the colonies. It is too late to discuss that question since the final surrender of a few months back, but it may at least be doubted whether it would not have been wiser to have retained some powers of colonization. This has grown to be a ticklish subject, and it is of course quite hopeless to expect that Australia will surrender the powers conferred upon her. Her cry is, quite naturally, for greater corporate freedom, and any attempt at restriction would be angrily resented. But a wise and politic reservation was practicable not so many years ago, and had it been put into force, it would have been good both for the colonies and for England. It is almost incredible that any overcrowded country should have had possession of millions of miles of virgin land, and should deliberately and with open eyes have surrendered the right of state-aided emigration from her own shores to those vast possessions. Australia could refuse and would refuse to accept any large number of emigrants from the old country, though plans might easily

be constructed, by means of which the transfer of population could be made without the slightest danger of overflowing her labour market, and with no prospect but one of benefit to both the giver and the receiver.

I have insisted so strongly on the indifference of the young Australian to England that I feel bound to offer an illustration of the very different way of thinking which distinguishes the original settler. The story may serve to lighten a page which runs some danger of growing too monotonously serious. When I started on my two years of travel to the Australias I left England by way of Plymouth Sound. When the anchor was weighed it brought with it a quantity of Devon mud and ooze, which, in the course of a day or two, under a summer sun, baked into stiffish earth. Half by way of a sentimental joke, and half seriously, I took a cubic inch or thereabouts of this English soil, placed it in an envelope, and determined to carry that morsel of Old England with me on my travels. Many months after I was the guest of a pastoralist away up country. I told him jestingly that I had brought a bit of England with me, and he begged excitedly to see it. I took it from my portmanteau, opened the envelope, and displayed the relic. He begged it from me so movingly that, had I attached much more value to it than I did, I could have found no other way than to surrender it. "You'll

be going back there," he said, "and I never shall. I've been away from home for sixteen years, and I'd value that bit of Old England more than the Kohinoor." When next I passed his way I found that he had ridden sixty miles (out and home again) to buy a little plush stand and a glass shade for the precious trifle. A fact in the history of another old settler breathes the same sentiment this little story illustrates. At his commission a ship came out from England in ballast. It carried English earth, and on that he built his house and planted his garden. One would naturally be disposed to think that the sons of men like these would grow to feel the distant homeland dearer for its distance.

It seems rather pitiful that inertness on the one side and a sentiment purely mistaken on the other should rob Great Britain of the opportunity of grappling at once with one of her most serious and difficult problems. I am no statesman, and I can see difficulties in the way of the scheme I desire to propose, though I can find none that are really insuperable in the nature of things. I offer the scheme tentatively and with humility. Even if it should prove to be worthless, I shall have done a citizen's duty in offering it for public consideration. The dread of emigration in the colonial mind is excited only by the thought of a sudden influx, and by the fear that England should

attempt to dump down her poverty and rascaldom on colonial shores, to the increase of a pauper class already threatening to make itself visible, and to the diminution of the current rate of wages, and the lowering of the existing state of comfort. Possibly, if a plan could be considered on both sides of the world which, while depleting the English labour market at home, should run no risk of overcrowding the colonies, it might, by a joint and willing effort, be made to serve a double purpose.

Suppose, to begin with, that the Government of New Zealand could be induced to appoint an emigration committee. I choose New Zealand because I am inclined to think that opposition there would be less angry and rooted than elsewhere. Imagine the committee seated in London with ample powers to inquire into the physique, history, and general status of every person who was presented as a candidate for the advantages of the scheme. Let it be understood that only "live" men, as the Americans say, should be appointed to sit on the committee, and that they should do their duty. This would of course preclude all possibility of the deportation of undesirable people. Suppose further that, when once the committee has been formed, but before the necessity has arrived for it to enter on its labours, the New Zealand Government should appoint a surveyor to choose a district as yet unopened, and

that, this being done, roadmakers and the men required for the first rough work of clearing should be despatched from England. The plan would, of course, have to be matured carefully beforehand in most of its details, but for the present it is enough roughly to indicate its general lines. The roadmakers and clearers would have to be accompanied by a carefully-allotted number of teamsters, wheelwrights, smiths, and carpenters. In a while, an architect, builders, bricklayers, and other handicraftsmen would follow. Villages would be planned and built, and the whole appurtenances of a thriving settlement would have to be provided: schools, places of worship, shops, or, if it were better thought of, one general co-operative store, and to each of these as they grew, and only as they grew, the chosen emigrants would be carried. Behold in time, and in no great length of time, a settlement of British bone, and brain, and sinew, on land at present lying waste and useless. The hub of the design is that there shall be no haste about it, and that no creature shall be deported until his presence on the settlement is needed, until his place is prepared for him.

All this will take money. How is the money to be found without overburdening a revenue already sufficiently surcharged with liabilities? Thus. The New Zealand Government might make over, for the time being only, the actual

propriatorship of the plots selected. Holding this security, the home Government could advance all necessary financial aid. The settlers might pay such a rental as shall be calculated to repay the original outlay and its interest, say in twenty years. At the expiry of that time the settler should enter on the fee simple of the soil, and the British Government should relinquish its claim upon it. By this means, at only a temporary cost, the settlement would have been founded and the emigrants would be placed in possession of a cheap and valuable freehold. The new country would have within her boundaries a yeoman population of the utmost value.

The scheme could be worked continuously. The selector would be always ahead of the makers of roads and the clearers of the land. They, in their turn, would always be ahead of architects, builders, and handicraftsmen. The selection committee would sit *en permanence*. The influx would be graded, and would serve as a constantly increasing stimulus to existing manufactures and trades. The beginnings might be made on a small scale, and as the experiment was found to answer the motion might be accelerated until such time as the land subjected to this peaceful and beneficent invasion should cry "Hold!"

New Zealand has at present, roughly speaking, the land of Great Britain and the population of

Glasgow. By force of climate she is marked out as the home of such characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race as we are specially proud to call "British." She will rise to greatness in one way or another, and by the adoption of some such method as is here suggested she might accelerate her rise. If Australia could anyhow be persuaded to adopt such a method of increasing her population and developing her resources, the question of an overcrowded labour market both for herself and England might be staved off for a thousand years, by which time, it is to be humbly hoped, the collective wisdom of the world will have discovered some way of escape from the countless unintentioned wrongs which society inflicts upon the greater number of its members. The world is not ill-hearted, and needs but to learn how to be comfortable. Unless many men and books do lie, there is a million or so of square miles in Australia at present incapable of supporting a creature, which might, by human effort, be made to flourish like a garden. We who write and read to-day will not live to see it, but the marvellous underground rivers will be tapped, and blessing will be poured upon a thirsty land. The secret is known already, and scattered enterprise is gathering wealth from it in many places. It will be by no means surprising if even that alleged *over-sweetness* of some of the Australian underground streams, which has

so far made their waters barren of blessing, should some day be corrected by the aid of science.

I have dared to be outspoken, and here and there I have little hope that I have escaped offence. But I have never doubted the future of the Antipodean colonies.

The children of England will form a compact with the old lady who bore them and sent them forth into the world. There is no brag in it—the history of a thousand years has declared the fact—the Anglo-Saxon English-speaking race is the salt of the earth. Its whole tendency has been upward towards the divine ideal of all great minds. It is the dominating influence of the world at this hour. Should it federate to-morrow, it could police the planet, and bid wars to end.

Here—to wind up with—is a mere set of verses which roughly expressed my mind when these pages were written. The suggested title was “A Possible Colloquy,” and I dedicated the lines to the members of the Australian Natives’ Association—the gentlemen who desired to “cut the painter” and sail away from the old land:—

The lanky lad, as vain as shy,
And full of inward strife,
Regards, with half-defiant eye,
The author of his life.
He knows, or thinks he knows, his plan,
Dictation drives him mad ;
He'll take no chaff from any man,
And least of all from Dad !

" Confound the patronizing tone
 These worrying oldsters use !
 We're big enough to stand alone,
 Six feet without our shoes.
 Thump ! There's a manly pectoral swell !
 And feel the heart below !
 And—as for sage experience—well,
 We'll gain that as we go.

" Each dog his day. The turn is ours,
 Australia takes her fling !
 You think to tie those growing powers
 To any apron string ?
 Who but a peddling time-worn fool
 Would prison thews and brain
 Like these in any old dame school
 With any hope of gain ? "

* * * * *

" We part, hot heart ? Well, well. Good day.
 How could I be your foe ?
 Dear lad, go on your prosperous way,
 God with you as you go.
 And whether you may hate or praise
 The cast-off father's name,
 One thing I know—in all your days
 You'll never bring it shame.

" Your heart is of that stalwart stuff
 That pulses Britain's blood ;
 The mould's the same old rough and tough,
 No better, yet as good.
 Go ! Live your day and live your fling,
 And when you're fully grown
 I think your British heart will bring
 The wanderer to his own.

" No blame. Not half a word of blame :
 No wrong, or thought of wrong :
 This only : choose your boyhood's aim
 High, since your arm is strong.
 Your head will counter in the dark
 On many a solid wall ;
 And many a shaft will seek its mark
 And fall to reach, and fall.

“Though strength and youth and hope conspire
To animate your soul,
Your heart may droop, your feet may tire
Before you reach your goal.
But Wilful must if Wilful will ;
God bless you, lad ; good-bye.
At least we're son and father still,
And must be till I die.”

Only six years since there was a possibility of such an ending. To-day it seems remote indeed, and the words which record its likelihood have no more interest than attaches to a land-mark.

THE END.

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