

**THE MONTHLY  
REVIEW**

EDITED BY  
**CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS**

VOL. XXVII.  
APRIL—JUNE 1907

**LONDON: JOHN MURRAY  
ALBEMARLE STREET, W.**

THE MONTHLY  
REVIEW

EDITED BY  
CHARLES HAYES WILKINSON

Printed by BALLANTYNE & Co., LIMITED  
Tavistock Street, London.

## INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
ANON . . . . .	Virgil's Dying Soliloquy . . . June 141
ARCTURUS . . . . .	Sketches in Somaliland . . . June 111
CARDIGAN . . . . .	Political Significance of Mr. Haldane's Army Bill . . . May 63
CHANNING, F. A. . . . .	Latest Lights on Small Holdings . June 26
CLAY, FELIX . . . . .	Art in the Struggle for Existence . June 68
COLERIDGE, GILBERT . . . . .	In Praise of Hippo the Sage . . June 18
DEWAR, G. A. B. . . . .	The Ruskin Copyright . . . April 43
DORMAN, MARCUS R. P. . . . .	Plea for Greater Portion of Gold to Paper . . . . . April 95
	Principles of Imperial Taxation . June 119
ELLIS, A. L. . . . .	Mr. Sutro's "Morality" Plays . . May 116
FITZGIBBON, M. . . . .	Should Women Emigrate ? . . May 99
FLECKER, JAMES . . . . .	Laurence Hope . . . . . June 164
FRITH, WALTER . . . . .	John Thurtell's Second Trial . . June 98
FORD, S. G., MISS . . . . .	Song of the Vanquished . . . May 172
GORKI, MAXIM . . . . .	New York, The City of the Yellow Devil . . . . . April 1
HALL, PROFESSOR T. D. . . . .	A Budget of Roman Letters . . May 106
HORWILL, H. W. . . . .	Leisurely America . . . . . April 137
"J." . . . .	Lord Milner in South Africa . . April 54
GARRETT, L. S. . . . .	The Essence of Hardysism. . . June 59
KEETON, A. E. . . . .	Wanted: Music Critics . . . May 89
LOYD, E. H. . . . .	They Call it Progress . . . May 153
MACDONAGH, MICHAEL . . . . .	Control of the Public Purse . . April 21
MALORTIE, V. DE . . . . .	Marcello . . . . . May 164
"NAVAL OFFICER" . . . . .	Strength and Distribution of the Fleet . . . . . June 1

138350

## INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
NICHOLSON, A. P. . . . .	Vanishing London . . . . . May 142
O'BRIEN, R. BARRY . . . . .	Ireland at Westminster . . . . . April 64
ON THE LINE . . . . .	. . . . . May 173
ORAGE, A. R. . . . .	Discipline in Elementary Schools . . . . . May 129
OSBORN, E. B. . . . .	The American Tramp . . . . . April 107
	The Colonial Premiers . . . . . May 75
PRATT, E. A. . . . .	The Conversion of Westminster . . . . . June 125
ROLT, F. W. . . . .	A Border Mining Camp . . . . . June 83
ROSS, JANET . . . . .	Galileo in the Val D'Arno . . . . . April 123
RUSSELL, W. CLARK . . . . .	The Plymouth Buccaneers . . . . . April 16
SIMON, MRS. E. M. . . . .	Women's Suffrage . . . . . May 22
STERNHEIM, E. . . . .	Spinoza . . . . . June 36
STREET, G. S. . . . .	Ghosts of Piccadilly . . . . . April 84, May 14, June 51
SYMONS, ARTHUR . . . . .	A Forgotten Poet (John Clare) . . . . . May 45
	Great Acting in English . . . . . June 12
TOZER, BASIL . . . . .	Cosmopolitanism and Humour . . . . . April 129
	A Plea for Shorter Novels . . . . . May 34
VAY DE VAYA AND LUSKOD, COUNT . . . . .	Alien Immigration to U.S.A. . . . . April 151
"X." . . . .	The Irish University Question . . . . . May 1

## INDEX OF SUBJECTS

	PAGE
Acting in English, Great . . . . .	ARTHUR SYMONS . . . . . June 12
Africa, Lord Milner in South . . . . .	"J." . . . . April 54
Alien Immigration to U.S.A. . . . .	MONSIGNOR COUNT VAY DE VAYA AND LUSKOD . . . . . April 151
America, Leisurely . . . . .	H. W. HORWILL . . . . . April 137
American Tramp, The . . . . .	E. B. OSBORN . . . . . May 75
Art as a Factor in the Struggle for Existence . . . . .	FELIX CLAY . . . . . June 68
Border Mining-Camp, In a . . . . .	F. W. ROLT . . . . . June 83
Budget of Roman Letters . . . . .	PROFESSOR T. D. HALL . . . . . May 106
Clare, John, A Forgotten Poet . . . . .	ARTHUR SYMONS . . . . . May 45
Colonial Premiers, The . . . . .	E. B. OSBORN . . . . . April 107
Control of the Public Purse . . . . .	MICHAEL MACDONAGH . . . . . April 21
Conversion of Westminster, The . . . . .	E. A. PRATT . . . . . June 125
Cosmopolitanism and Humour . . . . .	BASIL TOZER . . . . . April 129
Discipline in Elementary Schools . . . . .	A. R. ORAGE . . . . . May 129
Essence of Hardyism, The . . . . .	L. S. GARRETT . . . . . June 59
Fleet, Present Strength and Distribution of . . . . .	"NAVAL OFFICER" . . . . . June 1
Forgotten Poet (John Clare) . . . . .	ARTHUR SYMONS . . . . . May 45
Galileo in the Val D'Arno . . . . .	JANET ROSS . . . . . April 123
Ghosts of Piccadilly . . . . .	G. S. STREET . . . . . April 84, May 14, June 51
Great Acting in English . . . . .	ARTHUR SYMONS . . . . . June 12
Hardyism, Essence of . . . . .	L. S. GARRETT . . . . . June 59
Hippo the Sage, In Praise of . . . . .	GILBERT COLERIDGE . . . . . June 18
Hope, Laurence . . . . .	JAMES FLECKER . . . . . June 164
Ireland at Westminster . . . . .	R. B. O'BRIEN . . . . . April 64
Irish University Question . . . . .	"X." . . . . May 1
John Thurtell's Second Trial . . . . .	WALTER FRITH . . . . . June 98
Latest Lights on Small Holdings . . . . .	F. A. CHANNING . . . . . June 26

	PAGE
Laurence Hope . . . . .	JAMES FLECKER . . . . . June 164
Leisurely America . . . . .	H. W. HORWILL . . . . . April 137
London, Vanishing . . . . .	A. P. NICHOLSON . . . . . May 142
Lord Milner in South Africa . . . . .	"J." . . . . April 54
Marcello . . . . .	V. de M. . . . . May 164
Mr. Sutro's "Morality" Plays . . . . .	A. L. ELLIS . . . . . May 116
Music Critics Wanted . . . . .	A. E. KEETON . . . . . May 89
New York . . . . .	MAXIM GORKI . . . . . April 1
On the Line . . . . .	. . . . . May 173
Piccadilly, Ghosts of . . . . .	G. S. STREET . . . . . April 84, May 14, June 51
Plea for Shorter Novels . . . . .	BASIL TOZER . . . . . May 34
Plymouth Buccaneers . . . . .	W. CLARK RUSSELL . . . . . April 16
Political Significance of Mr. Haldane's Army Bill . . . . .	EARL OF CARDIGAN . . . . . May 63
Praise of Hippo the Sage . . . . .	GILBERT COLERIDGE . . . . . June 18
Present Strength and Distribution of the Fleet . . . . .	"NAVAL OFFICER" . . . . . June 1
Principles of Imperial Taxation . . . . .	MARCUS R. P. DORMAN . . . . . June 149
Ruskin Copyright, The . . . . .	G. A. B. DEWAR . . . . . April 43
Should Women Emigrate? . . . . .	M. FITZGIBBON . . . . . May 99
Small Holdings, Latest Lights on . . . . .	F. W. CHANNING . . . . . June 26
Song of the Vanquished . . . . .	S. GERTRUDE FORD . . . . . May 172
Spinoza . . . . .	E. STERNHEIM . . . . . June 36
Taxation, Some Principles of Imperial . . . . .	MARCUS R. P. DORMAN . . . . . June 149
They Call it Progress . . . . .	E. H. LLOYD . . . . . May 153
Thurtell's Second Trial, John . . . . .	WALTER FRITH . . . . . June 98
Vanishing London . . . . .	A. P. NICHOLSON . . . . . May 142
Virgil's Dying Soliloquy . . . . .	ANON . . . . . June 141

## NEW YORK: THE CITY OF THE YELLOW DEVIL<sup>1</sup>

A GREY mist, densely permeated with smoke, was hanging over land and sea; a fine drizzle was lazily descending upon the gloomy buildings of the city and the turbid waters of the bay.

On board the steamer the emigrants had collected. Silently and gravely they surveyed everything around with the searching gaze of hope and of dread, of terror and of delight.

"Who is that?" inquired a young Polish girl gently, pointing with amazement at the statue of Liberty.

There was a long silence as if none could make up their mind to reply. Then three words rang out:

"The American God."

The massive rugged figure of the woman in bronze was covered from head to foot with verdigris, like mildew. The cold face gazed blindly through the mist into the ocean waste, as if the dark bronze absorbedly expected something bright from afar, which would animate her motionless, lifeless eyes. There was small foothold under Liberty's feet—she seemed heaved out of the ocean—and her pedestal to be the frozen billows. Her hand, raised aloft above sea and masts of ships, lent proud majesty and beauty to her pose. As if that torch, clasped in close fingers, would radiantly flash forth, profusely bathing all around in warm cheerful light.

And around the exiguous piece of ground upon which she

<sup>1</sup> Only English translation authorised by Gorki.

stood, huge iron vessels glided like antediluvian monsters over the face of the waters; small steamers and barges gleamed like hungry beasts of prey. Syrens shrieked, like the voices of legendary giants adrift in the fog, sharp angry whistles resounded, anchor cables rattled, billows splashed austere and severely. . . .

Everything around was hurrying, rushing, quivering from tension. The screws and paddles of the steamers thrashed the water swiftly, which was covered with a yellow turbid foam of anger, intersected by wrinkles of suffering. . . .

And it seemed as if everything—iron, stone, waters, timber—was filled with powerless protest against this life without object, devoid of songs and of gladness, in bondage to hard work. Work was—everywhere. Everything was engulfed in its hurricane. Everything groaned, howled, ground, and served the will of some secret power, hostile to man and to nature. . . . Everywhere over the face of the waters, furrowed and lacerated by iron, befouled—in black patches—by greasy spots of oil and naphtha; strewn with splinters, chips, straw, and remnants of food, invisible to the eye, worked the cold malignant power. Grimly and monotonously it propelled the whole of this huge machine, exempt of sense and object, in which vessels and docks represented—only small fractions—and man a screw of no account, an insignificant dot amidst ghastly and foul entanglements of iron, timber, vessels, docks, and flat barges laden with carriages.

Bits and fragments of the machine whirled about restlessly upon the waters, and in their strange wearisome dance, devoid of rhythm or delight, man—his will, his personality, was nonexistent. . . .

Some kind of a biped, covered with soot, greasy, benumbed, and stupefied by the noise; tortured by this involuntary dance of inanimate matter, gazed strangely at me, shoving his hands into his trouser pockets. His face was smeared with a thick layer of greasy dirt, and not the eyes of a living man flashed out therefrom, but the white ivory of teeth.



The vessel slowly glided amidst crowds of others. The emigrants' faces became strangely grey and stolid, sheep-like meekness and obtuseness uniformly bedimmed all eyes. People were standing on deck, all gazing silently into the mist, and thereout came forth something incalculably huge, full of sonorous murmuring; it greeted people with an odoriferous exhalation, and in the sounds it emitted, something menacing, hungry, ravenous, was audible. . . .

This was the City of New York. On the shore stood houses twenty storeys high—"sky-scrapers"—silent and gloomy. Quadrangular, with no wish to be beautiful, these plain ponderous buildings loomed aloft grimly and tediously. The straight monotonous dead lines were without the beauty which is imparted by harmony of parts. And every house had a chill arrogant self-conceit in its monstrosity—in its height. But at this altitude, freedom is lacking—houses grow so high, because land is dear and artistic taste low. One realises, that in these great gaols dwarfed people live dull lives. No flowers nor children are seen at the windows. . . .

From afar, the city seems a great maw with uneven black teeth. It exhales clouds of smoke, and appears like a giant suffering from obesity. On entering, you feel that you have chanced into a belly of stone and iron, into a stomach which has engulfed millions, and which crunches and digests them. And yearly awaits more and more.

The street—is a greasy ravenous throat; therein, somewhere deep down, float the town's murky food-scrap—living people. Everywhere—over head, under foot, on a level—lives and roars sinister iron, triumphing in its victory. Evoked into life by the power of gold, inspired thereby, it envelops man in its close meshes, stuns him, drains blood and marrow, devours muscles and nerves, grows and expands, spreading its chains even wider, reposing on silent stone.

Locomotives and cars crawl like great worms; motor horns screech like fat ducks, electric wires wail grimly. The suffocating atmosphere is permeated as a sponge with moisture,

with thousands of roaring noises. Packed in this dirty city, grimed with the smoke of factories, man is imprisoned as in a gaol between high walls covered with soot. He shudders apprehensively, exhales foul odours in one's face; he has been poisoned, is suffering and moaning.

In the open spaces and small squares where the dusty foliage, motionless and sad, droops from the trees, stand dark, gloomy statues. The faces are covered with thick layers of grime, and eyes which once glowed with love of country, are smothered in the dust of the city. These bronze-beings are dead and isolated in a network of many-storeyed houses. They seem dwarfs beneath the black shadows of high walls, have gone astray in the chaos of aberration around, have halted and half-blinded, mournfully, grief at heart, gaze at the eager bustle of those at their feet. Small black beings rush restlessly past the statues, and none casts a look at the heroes' countenances. The ichthyosaurus of capital has wiped from men's minds the import of the founders of freedom. And it would seem as if all the bronze beings had been slain by one and the selfsame overwhelming and distressing reflection—"Can this be the life I wished to produce?"

Feverish life bubbles around as soup on a hob. People rush, whirl, disappear in this effervescence, as groats in broth, as splinters in the ocean. The city roars and engulphs one after another in its insatiable maw. Some of the heroes have let their hands droop, others have uplifted them, spreading them out above people's heads, just as if they wanted to say—"Stop! this is not life, this is madness!"

And all are superfluous amidst the chaos of street-life; all are out of place amidst a fierce roar of avidity, in close bondage to a grim phantasy of stone, glass, and iron. Some night all will suddenly descend from their pedestals, and with the heavy step of the injured will traverse the streets, will carry the sadness of their isolation somewhither far distant, away from this city, to fields where the moon glistens, where is air

and calm peace. When a man has toiled his life long for the good of his country, he undoubtedly deserves to be left in tranquillity at his death.

People hurry along the pavement enticed by the power which enthral them. They walk here and there swiftly, in all directions in which the streets lead. Everywhere the deep-set pores in the stone walls absorb them. The triumphant rattle of iron, the loud moan of telegraph wires, the rumbling of work proceeding for the construction of new interlacings of metal, new walls of stone—all this deadens human voices, as a storm at sea the cries of birds.

Men's faces are immovably calm—it must be that none feel the misery of being slaves to life, the ailment of the city monster. With sad self-conceit they consider themselves masters of their fate. At times the consciousness of their independence flashes in their eyes; yet it is obviously unintelligible to them that this should be merely the independence of an axe in the hand of a carpenter, of a hammer in the hand of a smith, of a brick in the hand of an invisible bricklayer who, laughing slyly, builds for all one huge but close and stifling prison. There are many energetic countenances, yet on each it is the teeth which first strike one. Inner liberty, freedom of soul, gleams not in their eyes. And this energy, devoid of inner freedom, recalls the cold glitter of a knife which has not yet been dulled, the gloss on a rope which has seen little service. It is—the freedom of blind instruments in the hands of the Yellow Devil—gold.

I beheld such a monstrous prodigious city for the first time; never before had mankind seemed to me so insignificant, so enslaved, so subjugated by life. At the same time, nowhere have I met men so tragi-comically self-satisfied as they are in this avid and foul stomach of a glutton, who has fallen into idiocy through greediness, and devours brain and nerve with the fierce roar of a wild beast.

Of man—it is terrible and painful to talk. The cars of the

overhead railway speed past with a groaning and a rumbling between the walls of houses which are uniformly enveloped in a network of iron stairs and balconies. Windows stand open with people at almost each. Some are at work sewing, or doing accounts, with heads bowed over desks; others are simply sitting at the window leaning against the sill, and gazing at the cars which cross their vision every minute. The old, the young, the children—all are equally silent, all uniformly quiet; they have become used to this violence without object—accustomed to think that this represents the object. In their eyes is no anger against the sovereignty of iron, no hatred of its triumph. The flashing past of cars shakes the walls of houses—women's bosoms and men's heads tremble; behind balcony-railings children are lying about; their bodies too vibrate, becoming inured to consider this hideous life as something obligatory, necessary, inevitable. In brains constantly shaken up, it is probably impossible for thought to weave bold beautiful lacework, impossible for it to give birth to a living audacious dream.

Here flashed the sombre face of an old woman in a dirty jacket unbuttoned in front. Expelled by the cars, the far-drifting poisoned air rushed frightened to the windows, the old woman's grey hairs fluttered, just like the wings of a bird. She closed her leaden dim eyes, she disappeared.

In the turbid interiors of rooms glistened the iron bars of bedsteads covered with rags; dirty crockery and remnants of food were on the tables. One longed to see flowers at the windows, sought for some one book in hand . . . walls poured past the eyes as if liquefied, they flowed towards one in a grimy stream, and in their uniformly swift rush, wearily wriggled silent, preoccupied people. A bald head flashed in a looking-glass covered with a layer of dust. It swayed monotonously over some kind of loom. A girl, red-haired and slight, sat at a window and knitted stockings, counting the stitches with her dark eyes. The puff of air made her lean within—she never lifted her eyes from the stocking, nor arranged her dress blown

about by the breeze. Two boys, about five, were building a house out of chips on a balcony. These fell down owing to the vibration. The children clutched the small chips in their tiny fists, that they might not drop into the street between the railings—and neither did they glance at the cause which impeded their task. Still more faces, one after another, flashed through the windows, just as if fractions of some great whole; but shattered, smashed into insignificant atoms, ground to gravel.

And all were silent as the grave.

Chased by the frantic flight of the cars, the air, blew about people's hair and clothes, struck them in the face, warm and damp with the scent of the waves, pushed them, thrust thousands of sounds into their ears, flung in their eyes fine stinging dust, blinded, deafened, choked and howled with a protracted, uninterrupted wailing sound. . . .

To a living being who reflects, who brings forth in his brain dreams, pictures, images, figures, who is always originating wishes, who wearies, who longs, who denies, who awaits—to a living being this fierce, howling, screaming, roaring; this trembling of the stone in the walls, this cowardly rattling of the glass of the windows—all this would confuse him. And indignant, rebelling at the preventions to life, he would issue forth from his house, and would raze and destroy this abomination—"the overhead railway"; he would cause the bold insolent yelling of iron to cease; he—is lord of life—life is for him—and everything that prevents his living must be annihilated.

Within the houses of the City of the Yellow Devil—people quietly endure everything that kills the man within them and turns them into beasts.

Below, beneath the iron network of the overhead railway, children silently play about in the dust and dirt of the pavement—silently: though they both scream and laugh as children the world over, the voices are drowned in the racket overhead, as a drop of rain in the ocean. They seem as

blossoms which some one's rough hand has flung from house-windows into the filth of the street, and amidst the open spaces of the city they are like garden stuff upon a glutton's table. Nourishing their bodies upon the city's greasy exhalations, they are pale and yellow, their blood contaminated by the poison in the air, and their nerves irritated by the baneful noise of rusty metal, by the grim groaning of enslaved lightning.

Can healthy, fearless, proud beings develop out of these children?—one asks oneself. A screaming, a laugh, an evil grating resounds in reply. The cars speed past East Side, the poor quarter, the compost-pit of the city. Deep trenches formed by streets bring people to some spot in the centre, where—one imagines—a huge bottomless opening has been arranged—a kettle or a saucepan—whither all these people flow, and from them gold is extracted, is smelted. The trenches of the streets teem with children and destitution.

I have seen much beggardom: its green, bloodless, bone-stretched face I am acquainted with. Its eyes dim with hunger, and burning with avidity, cunning and revengeful, or slavishly submissive, and always inhuman, everywhere have I seen—yet the horrors of destitution in East Side are blacker than anything known to me.

In these streets, packed with people as a sack with grain, children seek eagerly in the garbage-pails which stand upon the footway for rotten vegetables, and devour them, mildew and all, on the spot, amid the acrid dust and exhalations.

When they discover a crust of rotten bread, it arouses fierce enmity among them; seized by the wish to devour it—they fight like small dogs. They pervade the pavement in great flocks, like gluttonous pigeons; at one in the morning, at two, and later—they are still wallowing in filth, these wretched blossoms of destitution, living reproaches to the voracity of the wealthy.

At the corners of the dirty streets stand pea-nut stands or roasters; something is always being cooked, and the steam escaping to the open through a tiny chimney, hisses through

the small whistle affixed to its end. This piercing whistle intrudes with its vibrating shrillness upon all street noises; it is spun out like a blindingly white cold thread, twines round the throat, perplexes thought, maddens, races off, and not for an instant silent, quivers through the rotten stench, the consuming atmosphere, vibrating mockingly, sharply; viciously penetrating and reproaching all this life amidst filth.

Dirt is—elemental. It has pervaded everything; walls of houses, glass of windows, the clothes of the people, the pores of their bodies, their brains, desires, thoughts. . . .

In these streets the gloomy recesses of the doorways resembled festering wounds amidst the stone of the walls. When you glanced through them, you perceived the black stones of the staircase covered with rubbish, clammy with dirt; then it seemed as if everything had decomposed there within, and was suppurating as in the belly of a corpse. And the people appeared to be the worms. . . .

A tall woman with great dark eyes stood in a doorway, a child in her arms; her bodice was unbuttoned, and her elongated breast hung powerless, all shrivelled and in dirt. With tiny fingers the child clawed at the withered naked body of its mother, shoved at it with its face, smacked its lips, drew milk for one moment, yelled afresh with great strength, and again thumped its mother's breast with hands and feet. She stood as stone, and her eyes, round as an owl's, were immovable—they gazed steadfastly at one point beyond—you felt that this gaze could see nothing but bread. She had pressed her lips tightly together, breathing through her nose; her nostrils quivered, slowly inhaling the pestilential dense atmosphere of the street—this human being existed upon the recollection of food swallowed yesterday, in dreams of the morsel she would some day devour. The child screamed, spasmodically twitching its small yellow body—it seemed as if she heard not its cries, did not feel its thumps.

An old man, tall and gaunt, with ravenous face, without a covering to his grey hairs, puckering up the scarlet lids of his

sore eyes, rummaged carefully in the garbage pail, singling out bits of coal. When one went up to him, he was as ill-favoured as a wolf, turned his shoulders and said something.

A very pale young fellow leaned against a lamp-post, gazing with grey eyes down the street, shaking his curly head now and again. His hands were plunged in his trouser pockets, and his fingers twitched therein spasmodically. . . .

Here, in these streets, human beings were visible, their voices audible—angry, exasperated, revengeful. Here a human being's face was—famished, perturbed, sad. It was obvious that they felt; it was perceivable that they thought. They swarmed in these foul gutters like dirt in a turbid stream; the force of hunger wheeled and whirled them, they were animated by the keen desire of eating something that day.

In the expectation of food, in dreams of the delight of satiety, they swallowed air saturated with poisons, and in the dark recesses of their soul bitter thoughts, crafty feelings, criminal desires arose.

They were as disease-creating microbes in the city's vitals, and the day will dawn when they will poison it with the same virus upon which it now nourishes them so liberally.

By the lamp-post a youth stood, and from time to time shook his head, firmly clenching his ravenous teeth. It seemed as if I understood what he was considering, what he wanted; to possess huge hands, tremendous strength; and methought he longed for wings upon his back. In order that he might upon occasion soar by day above the city, lower his hands therein like two steel hand-spikes, and mix all therein into a heap of rubbish and ashes; bricks and pearls, gold and the flesh of slaves, glass and millionaires, filth, idiots, churches, grime-poisoned trees, and these senseless many-storeyed "skyscrapers"; everything, the whole town—into a heap, into a paste of dirt and human blood—into that elemental dreadful chaos out of which he himself was created! This terrible wish was natural to the brain of the youth, as an ulcer on the body of some one suffering from scrofula. Where slaves labour



much, there can be no place for free creative thought, there can only thrive ideas of destruction, the poisoned blossoms of revenge, the violent protest of the animal. This much is clear; defacing the soul of mankind, people must not themselves look for mercy.

Man has a right to revenge—this right is given him by his fellow men.

In the dull sky shrouded in smoke, day waned. The huge houses became still gloomier, more sombre. Somewhere in their dark recesses lights flashed out gleaming like the yellow eyes of strange beasts, who had all night long to guard the dead wealth of these sepulchres.

People had finished the day's work, and not reflecting why it had been done, whether it was incumbent upon them, quickly ran off to sleep. The pavements were inundated by black streams of human beings. All heads were uniformly covered by round hats, and all brains, as was obvious from the eyes, had already fallen asleep. Work was ended, there was nothing further to think about. All thought for the master alone; of themselves there was no time to think: if there was work, there would be bread and the cheap pleasures of life; nothing beyond that was necessary to man in the City of the Yellow Devil.

People retired to their beds, to their wives, to their husbands, and at night in stuffy rooms, perspiring, clammy with perspiration, they would kiss each other, in order that fresh aliment for the city might be born. . . . They strolled about. No laughter was audible, nor merry conversation, nor did smiles illuminate.

Weary faces with white lips—languid curiosity, or dull expectation of beholding something until now unknown, of hearing something new.

Motors screeched, whips cracked, telegraph wires hummed in deep tones, cars rumbled. Probably music was going on somewhere.

Boys stridently called out the names of papers. The vulgar sound of a barrel organ and some one's sob flowed together in the tragi-comic embrace of murderer and mountebank. . . . Small black people walked about without any will, like stones rolling down hill. . . .

Yellow lights flashed everywhere more and more frequently—entire walls glistened with fiery words concerning beer, whisky, soap, new razors, hats, cigars, and theatres. The rumble of iron, chased in all directions down the streets by the eager thrusts of gold, was never silent. Now, with lights burning everywhere, this groaning, this uninterrupted wail was more ominous, it acquired a new meaning and more oppressive power.

From walls of houses, from sign-boards, from restaurant windows flowed the blinding brightness of liquefied and fused gold. Insolently, clamorously, it triumphantly throbbed everywhere, pierced one's eyes, distorted the face with its frigid brilliance. Its cunning sparkle filled with hatred, full of biting covetousness, extracted the paltry crumbs of their earnings from people's pockets; it fused its flickerings in words of fire, and with these words silently invited the workers to cheap pleasures, offered them useful articles. . . .

There was a terrible amount of light in this city—at first it seemed beautiful, astounded, excited, cheered. Flame is—a free element, the beautiful child of the sun proud of its offspring. When it impetuously blossoms forth—its colours throb, live, more beautiful than all earthly colours. It cleanses life, it can destroy all that is decrepit, dead, and foul.

But when you gaze for long upon flame in this city—upon light caged in transparent glass prisons, when you see how dead and dull is its brilliance—then you realise that here, like all else, fire is enslaved. It serves gold for gold, and is hostilely aloof from mankind . . .

Like all else—iron, stone, wood—flame has likewise conspired against man: dazzling him, it calls to him.

“Come hither!”

And lures him :

“Render up your money !”

People respond to this invitation, buy useless trash, gaze upon spectacles which stupefy them, and silently depart, intoxicated, to their rooms.

It seems as if somewhere, in the centre of the city, a huge lump of gold whirled with voluptuous squealing, at terrifying speed : as if it scattered small particles of dust about the streets, and all day long people eagerly caught, sought, clutched at them. But evening set in : the heap of gold began to revolve in the opposite direction, occasioning a chill whirlwind of flame, and drew people therein in order that they might give back the gold-dust captured during the day. They always restored more than they had taken, and on the morning of the following day the mound of gold had increased in circumference, its rotation was swifter, the triumphant groaning of iron its slave, and of all forces it had subjugated, rang out louder.

And more ravenously, with greater strength than the previous day, it sucked people's blood and brains, in order that towards evening this blood and brains should be turned into yellow, hard metal. In its throbs was—the life : in the increase of its circumference was—all meaning.

To this end men tilled the soil for whole days, forged iron, built houses, inhaled the smoke of factories, imbibed poisoned, impure air through the pores of their skin—for this they sold their comely bodies.

This abhorrent witchcraft lulled their soul, it made of people facile instruments in the hands of the Yellow Devil, a mine from which he ceaselessly smelted Gold, his flesh and blood.

From ocean-wastes night neared, exhaling a salt refreshing breath. The frigid lights pierced her with thousands of darts ; she advanced, tenderly wrapping in her black cloak the ugliness of houses, the meanness of small streets ; shrouding the

filth of beggardom's rags, the monstrous abnormal splendour of wealthy attire. A fierce wail of ravenous madness floated towards her, rending her silence—she advanced, and slowly extinguished the shameless, impudent glitter of subjugated flame, concealing with her gentle hand the city's festering sores.

But entering the network of streets, she had no strength to overcome, to chase with fresh breath the rank odours—the contaminated exhalations of a city which poisoned her. She rubbed along the stones of walls warmed by the sun, crept along the rusty iron of roofs, over the dirt of the pavement, was steeped in the poisonous dust, swallowed the stench, and folding her wings, lay her down powerless upon the roofs of houses, in the gutters of streets, and expired. She no longer breathed—only darkness remained of her; the freshness and coolness had vanished, swallowed up by stones, iron, timber, the foul lungs of mankind. . . . There was neither peace nor poetry more in her. . . .

The town dropped off to sleep in the sultriness, snarling like a great beast. It had devoured too much food of different kinds during the day, felt heated, uncomfortable, and slept an evil heavy sleep.

The flickering flames expired, having ended their wretched service of clerk as lackey to advertisement. Houses absorbed people one after another within their stone interiors.

A lean, tall, stooping man stood at a corner of a street, and wearily, with colourless eyes, gazed right and left, slowly turning his head. Whither? All streets were similar, and all houses gazed at each other through pale, dim windows, all alike and dreary. . . .

A suffocating melancholy gripped one's throat with moist warm hand, impeding breath. Over the roofs a transparent haze hovered motionless, the daily exhalations of the cursed unhappy city. Through this cloud, in the unattainable heights of heaven, quiet stars dimly twinkled.

The man removed his hat, raised his head, gazed aloft.

In this city, the height of the houses has thrust the heavens further from the earth than anywhere else. The stars are minute, lonely. . . .

Far off a brass trumpet sounded anxiously. The man's long legs shook strangely, and he entered one of the streets walking slowly, hanging his head and swinging his arms. It was already late, the streets were growing more deserted. Solitary small people disappeared like flies in the darkness. At the corners policemen stood motionless in grey helmets, baton in hand. They were chewing tobacco, moving their jaws slowly.

The man went past them, past the telephone poles, past numbers of dark doorways in the walls of houses, black doors drowsily yawning with square jaws. Somewhere afar trams rumbled and roared. Night had been suffocated amidst the dark street-cages, night had expired.

The man walked along moving his legs measuredly, and swaying his long bent body. In his figure was something thoughtful, and though undecided, resolute.

To me he seemed—a thief—and to-day he was hungry.

It was pleasant to behold a man who felt himself to be alive, to be living apart in the dark network of the city.

Open windows exhaled the nauseous odour of human sweat.

Incomprehensible muffled sounds drowsily reverberated in the suffocating sultry gloom.

The dismal City of the Yellow Devil had dropped asleep, and was delirious in its slumber. . . .

MAXIM GORKI.

New York, Staten Island.

(Translated from the Russian by J. MACKENZIE)

## THE PLYMOUTH BUCCANEERS

FROM Plymouth Bay we sail'd away afore a pleasant gale;  
Our quarry was the San Paulo, a galleon of Old Spain.  
We knew if we fell in with him our cannon would not fail;  
And a million pieces of eight, my boys!  
And silver—tons in weight, my joys!  
In crucifix and altar-piece would be our noble gain.  
Five hundred stood upon the Hoe to watch us sailing out;  
And whilst the white sails grew aloft, the gallants gave a  
shout,  
And waved their hands, and bawl'd again, and rent the wind  
with cheers—  
“Huzzah for the galleon San Paulo and the Plymouth  
Buccaneers!”

From Acapulco she was bound to come around the Horn,  
And when we sail'd the galleon was three thousand leagues  
away;  
But steering large we swept in foam, and on the morrow's  
morn  
We fill'd our cans with sack, my boys!  
And drank to Spanish Jack, my joys!  
For the Scilly Isles were far astern, and so was Plymouth  
Bay.  
We swore by patteraro, by swivel and by saker,  
That if we came across that Paul we'd founder or we'd take  
her.

We'd hunt for her and find her, though we kept the sea for  
years,  
For fiery is the spirit of the Plymouth Buccaneers.

With roaring bows and shrieking shrouds we thunder'd to the  
Line :

"Twas maypole on the village green in Merry England then ;  
We cut th' Equator May-day, Anno Sixteen eighty-nine,  
"Twas naught but "plunder and the Don" at sea among us  
men.

Says lion-hearted Rice, " My boys !

He'll be among the ice, my joys !

When we are stemming southward where the coast stands  
white and bold.

They have stout hearts in the Tropiques, but they're cowards in  
the cold.

And what'll be their shivers and what'll be their fears

When they find the men who lust for them are Plymouth  
Buccaneers !"

We were northward of the mountain bergs by ten degrees at  
at least,

When daylight flash'd the ocean into lines of brilliant blue ;  
"Twas Master Rice, our skipper, who stood blinking at the  
east,

Roars out, " O Jesus ! see, my boys !

She's dead upon our lee, my joys !

Hang out your ancient ! Cheerly load ! We'll ply him fast  
and true !

How like a lordly castle sits that Don upon the sea !

If there's room enough for Spaniards there is room enough for  
me !

He marks us and he makes a leg as slowly off he sheers—

No, good my lord ! your treasure is the Plymouth Buc-  
caneers'."

Ease off your sheets! the mizzen furl! a long chase hath begun.

Prepare your stink-pots, hand-grenades, stack store of pikes at hand!

We'll have him in some hour this day 'twixt morn and evening sun.

He's a thousand tons all told, my boys!

There's millions in his hold, my joys!

By twice two hundred soldiers, priests, and sailors is he mann'd.

His cannon peer like heads of snakes from four-score yawning ports;

He's armed with sakers, culverins, and murderers of all sorts.

But what say ye, my Plymouth hearts—do they arouse your fears?

We have no saints to pray to but—we're Plymouth Buccaneers!

Now pitch a shot and try the range: we're closing him amain.

He answers, and the ill-spced ball squirts up the yeast abreast.

Now luff and ply him fierce as hail and thick as thunder-rain!

His flag droops from its peak, my boys!

Its eloquence is weak, my joys!

Is weak—is gone! O goodly shot! the youngest and the best!

And now he rounds in foaming wrath to bring his guns to bear.

So! Keep your luff, O courteous Don, and hold it, if you dare!

You're big, we're small: we're short, you're tall; you'll vex us not by sneers,

Our King is not a Spaniard, and we're Plymouth Buccaneers!



We swept right down upon him, and his guns their red fire  
spout,

The sun was not yet near his bed when we did range along-  
side.

His face was dim beyond the smoke as though his light was  
out.

Our blood streamed black on deck, my boys !

But little did we reck, my joys !

Our hellish blasts had cleared the heads that showed above  
his strong side.

We heard amid the pauses in the roaring of the guns

The priests a-singing Aves, and the chanting of some nuns.

We pitied those sleek fathers, and were sorryer for their  
dears,

But we'd come to take the treasure, and were Plymouth  
Buccaneers.

“ At five o' th' clock we grappled him—'twas yardarm and yard-  
arm.

His scuppers gushed in crimson on our low tormented  
deck.

Our belching stink-pots drove his people forward out of harm,  
Away into close quarters, boys !

And shelter'd thus they fought us, joys !

But our boarders charged in fury that admitted of no check.

We sprang aloft and from the yards dropped fiend-like on the  
Spaniard.

Our topsail-yard did parallel the galloon's mighty mainyard ;

And ere the sun had sunk his shield we'd hurled below with  
cheers

The last of those who durst oppose the Plymouth Buccaneers.

“ The captain of the galleon, and four lieutenants too,

Had died like men by pike and ball, and, ere we dredged the  
hold,

We buried them with musketry, and others of the crew

Who perish'd in that fight, my boys !  
Which lasted unto night, my joys !  
We funeral'd with our Plymouth hearts, who number'd ten  
all told.  
But under hatches, under guard, we kept the well and  
wounded,  
And filled our hold with treasure till the cock his clarion  
sounded.  
The moonlight helped our vision, for the battle-smoke soon  
clears,  
And by the morn the millions were the Plymouth Buccaneers' !

When deep our little spunky craft lay rolling in the sea,  
We lifted all the hatches of the castle-grand galloon,  
And, calling up her sick and well, we said, " Señors, you're free;  
For Mexico again, my boys !  
To load afresh for Spain, my joys !  
Ye will not meet us here, oh, no ! for many a coming moon."  
And thrice we swelled our tough throats in the cheers we felt  
a duty :  
Our ship had one, the Don had one, the best was for our  
booty.  
Then trim the yards, we fill our cans, for home the helmsman  
steers,  
And so a health unto our King and the Plymouth Buccaneers !

W: CLARK RUSSELL.

## THE CONTROL OF THE PUBLIC PURSE

**L**EGISLATION is but one of the functions which Parliament discharges. Perhaps more important still is its control of the collection and expenditure of the National revenue. It was around questions of taxation that in the past the battle of securities for good government and the liberty of the subject was fought and won. In the new field of political and social thought and action that has opened in this country, into which the Legislature is entering swayed by fresh impulses, taxation occupies a position of even greater magnitude. It is the chief bone of contention between parties. Still more does it promise to be the engine by which great changes and revolutions will be effected, or at least attempted, in the future.

The resources which our statesmen have to play with are indeed stupendous. Before a select Committee of the House of Commons which sat last year on the income tax the property of the United Kingdom was estimated at £11,500,000,000 by Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P., an able financier and author of "Riches and Poverty," and Sir Henry Primrose, Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, calculated that the annual income of the country was somewhere between £1,600,000,000 and £1,800,000,000. On this national property and income the State in the financial year which ended on March 31, 1907,

placed the charge of £142,835,000 to defray the cost of the administration and defence of the Empire. The vast bulk of this enormous public revenue comes from the pockets of the people directly or indirectly. Of the total amount £118,010,000 was contributed by Customs and Inland Revenue, from taxes, direct or indirect, levied by Parliament, and £24,825,000 obtained from non-tax sources, such as the Post Office and Telegraph services.

The revenue of the country is lodged by the departments charged with its collection in the Bank of England to the account of "His Majesty's Exchequer," and forms what is called "The Consolidated Fund." The chief exception to this procedure is that payments out of revenue amounting to £10,000,000, assigned by Acts of Parliament in aid of local taxation, are intercepted and sent direct to the local authorities. As the stream of revenue flows from all directions into this Fund, so out of it comes the money to meet every item of Imperial expenditure. Payments from the National Exchequer are of two kinds—namely "Consolidated Fund Services" and "Supply Services."

The first services consist of regularly recurring annual charges, that have been authorised and made permanent by Acts of Parliament, and are, therefore, issued to the Treasury without coming every year under the supervision of the House of Commons. These charges amount to over £30,000,000. As much as twenty-eight millions of this sum go to pay interest on our National Debt (which amounted last year to £788,990,187), and to create a sinking fund for its redemption. Over half a million goes to the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family; half a million is spent on the salaries and pensions of judges and magistrates; about £339,000 on annuities and pensions for naval and military services (including perpetual annuities to the heirs of Nelson and Rodney), and for diplomatic, political and civil services; about £82,000 on existing salaries and allowances to high State functionaries—as, for instance, the £20,000 to the Lord

Lieutenant of Ireland, and £5000 to the Speaker of the House of Commons. The effect of placing these charges on the Consolidated Fund is to remove them entirely beyond the criticism of the House of Commons, it being agreed that the services they are intended to meet ought not to be liable every year to discussion, and perhaps heated and undignified criticism, in the representative Chamber.

Over the "Supply Services," or the second class of charges on the National Exchequer, the Commons exercise an annual supervision, for they must be voted by the House every year. They amounted last year to £111,076,000; and are divided into three classes—Army, Navy, and Civil Service. The Army estimates last year came to close on thirty millions sterling, the Navy estimates to over thirty-one millions, and the Civil Service estimates to close on fifty millions.

In November and December the permanent officials of the various departments are busy calculating their expenditure for the coming year. The estimates thus prepared have to be approved in each case by the political chief or Minister, whose duty it will be to get the Cabinet to assent to them and afterwards to expound and justify them in the House of Commons. But before the estimates are submitted even to the Cabinet they come under the scrutiny of the Treasury, a department which is vested with control of the other departments in the expenditure of public money. The Treasury, by all accounts, keeps a tight hold, in the interest of the taxpayer, on the strings of the public purse. I remember hearing a remarkable attack on the department by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords during the South African War. The Prime Minister did not go so far as to transfer the blame for the deficiency in guns and stores from the War Office to the Treasury, but he intimated that such was the parsimonious character of the control exercised by the Treasury over the spending departments that it led to delay in action, and consequently tended to weaken the power of the Empire in a crisis. The position was certainly curious. Here was a Prime Minister, strong-willed personally,

with a harmonious Cabinet and a united Party supreme in the House of Commons, and yet on his own confession he was unable to assert his supremacy over "the system"—as he called it—of the Treasury. It seemed to indicate that the Treasury is independent of the Government, vested with a statutory or constitutional control over the public purse which enables it absolutely to disallow any item of departmental expense which may not meet with its approval, though the political chief of the department, and even the Cabinet as a whole, declare the expenditure to be essential to the national welfare. But it is impossible seriously to accept this presentation of the Treasury as a power beyond the control of the Ministry. The Treasury officially rejoices in the high-sounding title of "The Board of Commissioners for executing the office of Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain, and the Lord High Treasurer of Ireland"; and its ukases to the spending departments are issued in the awe-inspiring name of "My Lords of the Treasury." But as the power behind the Board of Trade is the President, a member of the Government, so the Board of Treasury is really the Chancellor of the Exchequer—one of the chief henchmen of the Prime Minister—in the sense at least that he is the final arbiter in all things concerned with the national finance.

We may be sure that whatever authority is exercised by the Treasury in the way of criticising, revising, and curtailing the Estimates, is inspired by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "The Budget" is one of the most familiar of our Parliamentary terms. It is the comprehensive statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the House of Commons usually at the end of April, dealing with the income and expenditure of the Kingdom for the ensuing twelve months. The balance-sheet of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is based as regards revenue upon the returns of the past financial year, ending March 31, and as regards expenditure upon the Estimates of the departments. His object is to present a popular Budget, which means a Budget that proposes a decrease rather than an increase

## THE CONTROL OF THE PUBLIC PURSE 25

in taxation. With that end in view the Treasury endeavours to check any tendency on the part of the departments to indulge in what it conceives to be unnecessary expenditure. But where the expenditure at issue involves a question of policy to which the Party in office is pledged, the Treasury's craving for economy must remain unsatisfied. It is impossible to think of the Treasury arrogating to itself a general control over the policy of the Government; or that such a preposterous claim would for one moment stand unchallenged by the Ministry.

Disraeli was prouder, it is said, of being Chancellor of the Exchequer than of being Prime Minister of England. That, however, is doubtful. He showed unexpected capacity as Finance Minister, but his bizarre and romantic temperament found its completest expression in the dignity, power and influence of the Premiership. The one statesman to whom the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer had an irresistible charm was Gladstone. He told Sir Henry Taylor in 1864 that for nine or ten months of the year he was always willing to go out of office. "But," said he, "in the two or three that precede the Budget I begin to feel an itch to have the handling of it." During these two or three months the Chancellor of the Exchequer lives, moves and has his being in an atmosphere of figures. He has to make himself acquainted with the financial conditions of the country, and the state of affairs in the wide domain of commerce. He has to consider how the money required to carry out the policy of the Administration, and to meet the working expenses of the departments, can best be provided with the least inconvenience to the taxpayer, and without detriment to trade and industry. He is in receipt of bagfulls of unsolicited advice through the post. Here, for instance, is an extract from the Budget speech of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in 1899:

I have been the victim for the last few weeks of an extraordinary number of persons who all seem to think that the object of taxation is not to raise revenue, but to penalise their pet aversions. (Laughter.) Dogs and cats, men

servants and maid servants, advertisements and grinding organs, the bicycles which are so dear to my right hon. friend the First Lord of the Treasury—(laughter)—the perambulators of which more domesticated persons know the value—(loud laughter)—have all bitter enemies in this country. One gentleman wants me to tax soap and artificial light; another suggests that if I would put a small duty on aerated waters I might make a man of the teetotaler—(laughter)—by whom I suppose he imagines that those beverages are principally consumed. (Renewed laughter.) Another gentleman tells me I might raise an enormous revenue if I would put a tax of £100 a head on every pauper alien landing in this country; and lastly, a very enticing person assures me that there must be at least 1500 individuals, gentlemen, men of birth, education, position, respected of their countrymen—not, of course, members of the House of Commons—every one of whom would gladly give £10,000 for a baronetcy—(laughter)—if I would only give them the chance. And then, on the other hand, there are those comforting prophets, all of whom have doubtless shouted with the loudest for increased expenditure, who assure me that any kind of fresh taxation will be a screw in the coffin of her Majesty's Government. (Laughter.)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has at the Treasury probably the strongest staff of any Minister in the Administration. He needs it. Without his staff even Gladstone would have collapsed under the attack of "Budgetitis," so enormous is the rush of business as the time approaches for the annual financial statement. It is curious to read how Lord Althorp, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the early 'Thirties, used to do all his Budget calculations, however complicated, alone in his closet. This system of working unaided in seclusion strikes the biographer of the noble lord as very admirable; and he contrasts with it the habit of William Pitt, who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, used to take a Treasury clerk into his confidence. Pitt himself tells us that he never had a private secretary, as he had no duties requiring such assistance; and Macaulay dwells in wonder on the fact that he could explain a Budget without notes. Yet his first Budget in 1784 was very complicated. It dealt with as many as a hundred and thirty-three different taxes. In our times the Chancellor of the Exchequer unfolds his Budget to the House of Commons with the aid of a huge pile of typewritten documents.

In the autobiography of the eighth Duke of Argyll there



is an interesting passage in which Gladstone's explanation of his first Budget to the Aberdeen Cabinet in 1853 is described.

He came into the room with a large flat, shallow, official box, very old and shabby, covered with drab-coloured leather. He sat on a chair nearly fronting the window, whilst we all sat in a kind of loop around him. Opening the box on his knee, so that its lid stood upright and afforded a rest for any paper placed upon its edge, he began a conversational exposition, which endured, without a moment's interruption, for more than three hours. Not a word of it was read, except when he had to refer to exact figures, which were accurately put down on pages of full-sized letter paper, which just fitted the box. The flow of language was uninterrupted, with just enough inflection of voice to mark the passages from mere statements of arithmetical bent to reflections upon them, or to consequent arguments and conclusions. The order was perfect in its lucidity, and the sentences as faultless as they were absolutely unhesitating.

The Budget speech in the House of Commons occupied four hours and three-quarters. "Gladstone set figures to music," some one said. "Not one of us could think for a moment of interrupting him, even to ask a question," says the Duke of Argyll, describing the scene in the Cabinet. But it is not always that the objections and doubts of Ministers in regard to the Budget are thus silenced by the magic of a great financier. Indeed, Gladstone himself declared that no Chancellor of the Exchequer should attend a Cabinet discussion on financial proposals without a letter of resignation in his pocket. Conflicts are inevitable, perhaps, between him and his colleagues in reference to the estimates. His desire is for economy. He protests that he cannot meet the claims of a colleague without imposing fresh taxation. The Minister declines to accept a reduction of the expenditure which he holds to be essential to the efficient working of his department. The difference can be settled, if it is amenable to settlement at all, only by the Prime Minister. He possesses the controlling power in the Cabinet; and in the investigation and settlement of differences between Ministers his natural desire, of course, is the stability and harmony of the Government. If no settlement is possible then the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the chief of the department concerned resigns. Lord Randolph Churchill fell in 1886, because he was unable with

any regard for economy to sanction the estimates for the Army and Navy. The cost of these services is now so enormous that it governs the whole financial programme of the year, and yet they are deemed to be so vital to the existence of the Empire that their estimates do not come under the supervision of the Treasury until the decision of the Cabinet has first been taken upon them. In the "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill," we are told that on his return to the Treasury, after having explained his Budget to his colleagues—a Budget which was prepared but never opened in the House of Commons—the officials offered him their congratulations upon the acquiescence of the Cabinet. But he was far from confident. He had been oppressed by the silence which followed the explanation of his proposals. "They said nothing," he told Sir Reginald Welby, the Permanent Secretary, "nothing at all; but you should have seen their faces!"

"Budget Night" is awaited with intense interest throughout the kingdom. It is one of the big occasions of the House of Commons—an occasion when the House is crowded to its utmost extent and is most animated. There is much speculation beforehand in regard to the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The departmental estimates have already been published. The state of trade is known. It can, therefore, be guessed whether the revenue of the coming year will balance the expenditure, or whether there will be a deficit—an excess of the estimated expenditure over the estimated revenue; or a surplus—an excess of the estimated revenue over the estimated expenditure. If there is a prospective deficit the Chancellor of the Exchequer must devise means to meet it. New taxes will have to be imposed, or existing taxes augmented. If, on the other hand, there is a prospective surplus, the Chancellor of the Exchequer chooses the particular imposts to be modified or abolished. Even if expenditure and revenue are evenly balanced there is always the prospect of some re-adjustment of the public burdens—a transfer of taxation from one class of the community to another class, from

some commodities to other commodities—being announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. And as the financial secrets of the Government are never allowed to leak out until they are disclosed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "Budget Night" is usually, therefore, a night of surprises.

There are two Committees of the House of Commons for dealing with the national revenue and expenditure which are appointed immediately that the Address in reply to the King's Speech is voted. One is called "Committee of Ways and Means," and the other "Committee of Supply." The Committee of Ways and Means deals with the proposals of the Government for raising by loans, taxes, duties, and imposts the money required for the administration and defence of the State. In other words, it determines how the national revenue shall be raised. The Committee of Supply decides what sums shall be granted to the Crown to meet the requirements of the various State departments. In other words, it settles how the national revenue is to be spent. The House, accordingly goes into Committee of Ways and Means to hear and consider the Budget statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is a constitutional rule that every demand for money on behalf of the Crown must originate in a resolution proposed in Committee of Ways and Means. Therefore, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer has made his financial statement he moves a series of resolutions providing for the continuance, imposition, remission, or reduction of taxation, which are discussed by the Committee of Ways and Means, and may be amended or rejected. Even when passed by the Committee they require confirmation by Act of Parliament. To put it in another way, the resolutions agreed to in Committee of Ways and Means are embodied in a Bill, known as the Finance Bill, which has to pass through all the stages prescribed for legislative measures—second reading, Committee, and third reading, and thus the House of Commons is found, long after "Budget Night," discussing over and over again the Budget proposals on one stage or another of the Finance Bill,

Yet any new duties or increased duties on wines, spirits, beer or tobacco, proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, come into operation the morning after he opens his Budget in the House of Commons. That night the necessary instructions to begin levying the new duties or the increased duties forthwith, are posted to the various Customs and Excise centres throughout the Kingdom ; and in order to give these proceedings an anticipatory authority the resolutions sanctioning the increased duties or the new duties are passed by the Committee of Ways and Means before the adjournment of the House on Budget Night. The imposts, however, are not legalised until the passing of the Finance Act. That alone can give them the force of law. If, therefore, a resolution to which anticipatory effect has been given is subsequently modified in the progress of the Finance Bill through the House of Commons any money collected by the Customs or Excise authorities in excess of the amount to which legislative sanction is ultimately given would have to be refunded. Such readjustment became necessary in 1885, when the Liberal Government was defeated on the Budget of Mr. Childers, after a resolution had been agreed to increasing the beer duty ; and again in 1888, Mr. Goschen being Chancellor of the Exchequer, when a proposal to impose an increased duty on all bottled wines was, before the passing of the Finance Bill, limited to sparkling wines only.

The functions of the second committee for the transaction of financial business, that is the Committee of Supply, are entirely different. It considers the estimates of expenditure presented by the Ministers. The first day the House of Commons resolves itself into Committee of Supply after the assembling of a new Parliament is marked by an interesting event. This is the election of the Chairman of Committees, an official almost as important, if much less conspicuous, than the Speaker, for he presides in Committee of Ways and Means when the Budget is opened and discussed, in Committee of Supply when the estimates are under consideration, as well as

in Committee on the clauses of Bills. Since 1853 he takes the chair as Deputy-Speaker in the absence of the Speaker. The office is held, like the Speakership, until the dissolution of Parliament, and carries a salary of £2500 per annum (half that of the Speaker), but, unlike the Speakership, there is no official residence and no pension. The absence of formality in the selection of the Chairman is in striking contrast to the elaborate ceremonial associated with the installation of the Speaker.

The appointment rests, like the Speakership, with the House itself, but whereas the election to the Chair is regarded as non-political—the proposer and seconder never being Ministers or ex-Ministers—and is permanent, subject only to formal reappointment at the beginning of each new Parliament, the office of Chairman is admittedly political or party in its character, being filled on the nomination of the Leader of the House of Commons, and terminating with the downfall or resignation of the Government. Directly the order "Supply" was read out for the first time by the Clerk, after the assembling of the present Parliament in February 1906, the Speaker left the Chair, and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, the Leader of the House, simultaneously rising, said, "I move that Mr. Alfred Emmott do take the Chair." The motion was endorsed by a cheer from the Ministerial Benches, and Mr. Emmott took the chair accordingly—not the Speaker's Chair, but the place at the Table usually occupied by the Clerk, who leaves the Chamber when the House is in Committee. The Chairman has no distinctive costume. He usually wears evening dress. There is also a Deputy-Chairman appointed likewise by the Government, at the commencement of any Parliament, who in the absence of the Chairman presides in Committee, and acts also, when necessary, as Deputy-Speaker. He has a salary of £1000 a year. Moreover, for the assistance of the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman the Speaker nominates a panel of five members, men of experience selected from all parties, to act as temporary Chairmen of Committee.

In what a puzzled state of mind the stranger unacquainted with Parliamentary customs and procedure must be who is present in the gallery of the House of Commons for the first time on a night that the House is in Committee of Supply! He cranes his neck as far over the high barrier in front of him as those sharp-eyed attendants in evening dress, with gilt-chains on their breasts, will permit him, and sees—what? Well, not much more than empty benches. He is surprised to observe that the Speaker's Chair is empty. The Mace, too, is invisible, for that emblem lies on the Table only when the whole House is sitting and the Speaker is in the Chair. A gentleman in evening dress or ordinary morning attire sits in the place of the Chief Clerk beside the Clerks-assistant. This is usually the Chairman of Committee or the Deputy Chairman, but it may be one of the temporary Chairmen, appointed for the relief of those officials from the private Members of the House. Deserted and unpicturesque is the House, indeed, on nights when the money of the taxpayers to grease the wheels of that mammoth machine, the British Empire, and provide it with steam, is being voted by the "faithful Commons"; but at any rate if the proceedings are dull they are usually practical and businesslike.

The Chairman puts each vote to the Committee in the prescribed form:—"The question is, that a sum not exceeding £29,050 be granted to his Majesty to defray the charge which will come in course of payment during the year ending the 31st day of March, 1908, for the salaries and expenses of the department of his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies." On the Treasury Bench sits the Minister who represents the department for which the vote under discussion is required. By his side is a small oblong box, known as a "despatch box," filled with papers and memorandums of various kinds, to aid him in answering questions in relation to matters of administration for which he is responsible. But however efficient and industrious the Minister may be it would be impossible for him to carry in his head or in his notes all the

details of the work of his department. Seated close at hand, therefore, on a bench immediately behind the Speaker's Chair are one or two of the permanent officials of his office ready to supply him with any information he may lack. A Member rises and calls attention to some new or unexpected subject. Left to himself the Minister probably would be unable to give any definite information in regard to it. But he disappears behind the Speaker's Chair, consults for a minute or two with his official advisers and then returns to the Treasury Bench competent to cope with the matter.

It is these out-of-the-way questions on small things, perhaps, but of personal interest, rather than matters of policy, abstract and general, that contribute the element of entertainment to proceedings in Committee of Supply. Notwithstanding the changes which are being continuously made in the *personnel* of the Legislature by death, by resignation, and the ill-fortune of General Elections, there are always in the House a number of Members who delight to burrow into the three ponderous quarto volumes—each with its hundreds of pages crammed with figures—issued every year, containing the estimates for the Army, Navy and Civil Service respectively; and passing by items of expenditure millions in amount, call attention, in Committee of Supply, to insignificant, but none the less interesting, demands on the public purse. The votes for the Civil Service afford the most opportunities for the display of this sort of futile industry and pitiless economy.

For instance, when the Chairman informs the Committee in the usual form that a sum not exceeding £17,062 be granted to his Majesty for the maintenance and repair of the palaces in the personal occupation of his Majesty, a Member may rise and ask the President of the Board of Works, to whose department this vote belongs, why it is the ancient office of ratcatcher to the royal palaces is not abolished. The abolition of the office would mean a saving of only £18 a year to the State, £8 being paid to the ratcatcher of Buckingham Palace, and £10 to the ratcatcher of Windsor Palace, but I have seen this

question debated for hours with the greatest interest, not to say excitement, by Radical Members when a Unionist Government was in office.

“This House,” one of the Standing Orders declares, “will receive no petition for any sum relating to public service, or proceed upon any motion for a grant or charge upon the public revenue, whether payable out of the Consolidated Fund or out of money to be provided by Parliament unless recommended from the Crown.” In other words, the House of Commons can make no money grant except on the initiative of a responsible Minister of the Crown, in which, of course, is involved the sanction of the Cabinet. It follows from the principle embodied in this Standing Order that unofficial Members are precluded from proposing the increase of any of the estimates in Committee of Supply. This restriction on the privileges of Members of Parliament provides a salutary check to extravagance, and places a decisive bar to the demands of constituents for administrative action or legislation at the public expense. But if a Member cannot move to increase a vote he may propose to reduce it. A motion to reduce a vote by a nominal sum is a common thing in Committee of Supply; and it is done for the purpose of giving an additional emphasis to a complaint against the Minister of the department—whose salary is covered by the vote—on account of some question of administration. Committee of Supply, therefore, affords to the representatives of the people opportunities for calling attention to abuses and demanding the redress of grievances. In olden times, when the entire executive authority was vested in the King, when Ministers were appointed by him and responsible to him alone, the representatives of the people in Parliament insisted upon satisfaction for grievances before voting the tax the King demanded, and now that executive and administrative authority is controlled by Ministers, all complaints and remonstrances in regard to wrongs and grievances are addressed to them in Committee of Supply. There is no doubt that the anticipation of criticism in Committee of Supply exercises a



wholesome control over the executive Government, and secures honest and pure administration in the various departments of the State.

If the motion for the reduction of the vote is pressed to a division, as it frequently is when the Members who support it are dissatisfied with the explanation of the Minister, it is, of course, opposed by the followers of the Government and is usually rejected. The estimates are as much a part of the political policy of the Government as the Bills they introduce. Therefore, if a motion for the reduction of a vote or the reduction of the salary of a Minister were carried, it would mean disapproval of the policy covered by the vote, or imply discontent with the administration of the Minister; and as the responsibility of the Government is collective and not individual, a hostile motion would bring about, not so much the downfall of the Minister specially attacked, but the resignation of the entire Cabinet.

It used to be the custom to take supply intermittently during the Session. But in 1895 new Standing Orders were adopted on the motion of Mr. Balfour, then Leader of the House, by which twenty days were allotted for the consideration of Supply, with three additional days at the option of the Minister. When the debate on the King's Speech has concluded Supply is set down as the first "Order of the Day" on every Thursday, the order in which the votes are taken being arranged by the Whips of the various parties. It was intended by this regular progress of Supply to afford weekly opportunities throughout the Session for the criticism of questions of public policy. But by the operation of the closure under these Standing Orders enormous sums of money are voted by the House for purposes in regard to which Members are unable to offer any criticism. At 10 o'clock on the last but one of the allotted days, the Chairman proceeds to put all the outstanding votes without discussion; and on the same hour on the following night the reports of the votes are disposed of in the same summary fashion. Under the opera-

tion of the closure in the [Session of 1906 votes undiscussed to the amount of fifteen millions were carried. In 1905 the amount was fifty millions, and in 1904, twenty-eight millions.

It has become an accepted maxim of the Constitution that the House of Lords is precluded from originating and even from amending a Money Bill. Originally the Lords exercised, co-ordinately with the Commons, the little power that was vested in the Parliament over the national revenue in the days of absolute Monarchy. The King's revenue was supplied by the rents of the Crown lands, and the proceeds of certain duties, which were settled on him for life, and he governed the Realm with as little regard as possible for the opinions of Parliament. It was only when this personal revenue was insufficient for his needs that the King stooped to ask the Parliament to make good the deficiency. But with the growing control of the Parliament over taxation and expenditure, the Commons began to regard the interference of the Lords in money matters with increasing jealousy and resentment. The struggles between the two Houses for the control of finance reached a crisis in 1677 over a Supply Bill, by which money was to be raised for building ships of war. The Peers made amendments in the Bill, and with these the Commons disagreed, upon the ground "that the Grant of all Aids to the King is by the Commons, and that the Terms, Conditions, Limitations, and Qualifications of such Grants have been made by the Commons only." The Lords, on the plea of the necessities of the public service, gave way, though they passed a resolution declaring that their right to amend Money Bills could not be questioned. The next year when another Supply Bill was sent up by the Commons the Lord Chancellor declared that to yield their right to amend it would be to "give up the greatest share of the Legislature to the Commons, and by consequences the chief power of judging what laws are best for the Kingdom." The Lords accordingly amended the Supply Bill, and as they resolutely refused to yield, this time, the measure had for the Session to be dropped. It was at this

juncture that the Commons passed on July 3, 1678, the following historic resolution :—

That all Aids and Supplies, and Aids to his Majesty in Parliament, are the sole gift of the Commons; and all Bills for the Granting of any such Aids and Supplies ought to begin with the Commons; and that it is the undoubted and sole right of the Commons to direct, limit, and appoint in such Bills the Ends, Purposes, Considerations, Conditions, Limitations, and Qualifications for such Grants, which ought not to be changed or altered by the House of Lords.

The House of Lords for a long time stubbornly opposed these claims of the Commons. More than a quarter of a century later, in the reign of Queen Anne they protested that the Commons were constantly trying to "break in upon the Lords' share in the Legislature," and formally affirmed "that neither House of Parliament hath any power, by any Vote or Declaration, to create to themselves any new Privilege that is not warranted by the Known Laws and Customs of Parliament." But the growing power of the Commons enabled them to assert their exclusive right to determine the matter, the measure and the time of every tax imposed upon the people. This right has never been theoretically established by legislation. It has never even been formally admitted by the Lords. It is based on the principle now universally acknowledged that no man should be taxed except by his own consent, or in other words that taxation and representation should go together, and the Lords have bowed to it at least to the extent of giving to the denial by the Commons of any power in them to initiate or alter proposals of taxation or expenditure a tacit admission, or the acquiescence of silence. Yet it is a curious fact that the Commons are unable to grant a farthing of these "aids and supplies" to the Crown, which, they say, is their "sole and entire gift" without the concurrence of the Peers. All proposals involving the raising or spending of public money can originate only with the Commons. Should a Bill which entails a charge on the public purse be first introduced in the Lords, the financial clause appears like a pale shadow in italics, to convey that it forms

no part of the Bill as it passed the Lords, but is offered merely as a suggestion for the acceptance of the representative Chamber, whose assent alone can give it vitality. But the taxing or expending proposals of the Commons must, nevertheless, be clothed with the form of law. Accordingly, these proposals are embodied in a Bill which after it has passed through the House of Commons is sent to the House of Lords. This Money Bill the Lords have now no power to alter or amend. But the Lords, no more than the Commons, can be taxed without their consent. They may, consequently, reject a Money Bill.

The last collision between the hereditary and the elective Chambers in regard to a Money Bill occurred in 1860. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Palmerston was Prime Minister. Part of the Budget proposals was the abolition of the duty on paper which yielded the Revenue the sum of £1,200,000 a year, and made the morning journal a luxury at threepence or sixpence a copy. The repeal of the paper duty was not, however, included in the Budget Bill, but was embodied in a separate measure, and so strong was the feeling against it, because the loss to the revenue would have to be met by the imposition of other taxes, the third reading of the Bill was carried only by the narrow majority of nine. The strange fact that the Prime Minister was personally opposed to this Bill, introduced by his own Chancellor of the Exchequer, was subsequently disclosed. Palmerston in his letter sent as Leader of the House to Queen Victoria that night, dwelt on the small majority by which the Bill had been passed, and went on to say: "This may probably encourage the House of Lords to throw out the Bill when it comes to their House, and Viscount Palmerston is bound to say that if they do so they will perform a good public service. Circumstances have greatly changed since the measure was agreed to by the Cabinet, and although it would undoubtedly have been difficult for the Government to have given up the Bill, yet if Parliament were to reject it the Government might well submit to so welcome a defeat."

The Lords did exactly as Palmerston anticipated and evidently desired—they threw out the Bill. In the following year, however, Gladstone adopted a method which practically compelled the Lords to accept the repeal of the paper duties. As I have said the Lords have no power of amending a Money Bill. All they can do is to reject it. In 1861 Gladstone combined the repeal of the paper duties with all the other proposals of the Budget in a single Bill, and the Lords did not care to face the responsibility of throwing out the whole Budget on account of a single obnoxious part.

Among the guarantees provided by the working of our political institutions against unjust taxation, extravagant expenditure and corrupt financial administration, are the passing of three Acts of Parliament through both Houses of the Legislature. The first is the Finance Act, containing the taxes and duties for raising the revenue to defray the Imperial expenses. The second is the Consolidated Fund Act, authorising the application of sums of money out of the Consolidated Fund necessary for the services of the year. The passing of the third measure, the Appropriation Act, at the end of each Session is the consummation of the control which Parliament exercises over the public expenditure. In this Act are embodied all the votes passed in Committee of Supply, and its purpose is to ensure that the votes are applied strictly to the purposes for which they were granted by Parliament.

It is a very elaborate procedure. Nevertheless it can hardly be said there is a thoroughly searching supervision of departmental expenditure by the House of Commons. Indeed, that would perhaps be impossible in the circumstances of Parliamentary life. The criticism of the votes in Committee of Supply is mainly directed to the ventilation of grievances and to opposing the policy of the Government, so far as it finds expression in administration. Beyond this, Members are content with asking for fuller information with respect to other items of expenditure. That vigilant control and scrutiny

which are necessary to prevent the misappropriation or misapplication of public funds are supplied by means extra-parliamentary. The supreme guardianship of the public purse reposes in the Comptroller and Auditor-General, the head of the Exchequer and Audit Department. He is a permanent official appointed by Letters Patent, independent of the executive Government, and removed from office only by a joint address from both Houses of the Legislature. It is his duty to see that the national revenue is appropriated strictly to the purposes authorised by Parliament. Supply is voted, as we have seen, by the House of Commons, as a grant to the King. "Gentlemen of the House of Commons," says his Majesty, in the Speech from the Throne at the end of each Session, "I thank you for the liberality with which you have made provision for the services of the year." The King then places Supply at the disposal of the Exchequer by warrant under the Sign Manual. The money, as we know, is in the custody of the Bank of England. Under the authority of the "Supply resolutions" of the House of Commons, the Comptroller and Auditor-General grants to the Treasury a general credit on the Exchequer Account at the Bank of England. The Treasury does not pay over to the various departments the sums voted for their services by Parliament. In fact the money does not reach the departments at all through the Treasury. Armed with the warrants issued by the Comptroller and Auditor-General, the Treasury, as the money is required, directs the Bank of England to place the sums to the account of the Paymaster-General, an unpaid Member of the Administration, who acts as the banker of the departments, and these transfers are immediately communicated to the Comptroller and Auditor-General. Payments are made by the Paymaster-General only against orders issued upon him by the departments. These orders are like bank cheques, and the books of the Paymaster-General are kept in the same manner as those of a banker—that is, each department is credited with the amounts received on its account

from the Treasury, and is debited with the various sums paid on the orders or cheques it issues.

The spending power of each department is limited during the financial year to the amount voted for its service. If the money should prove insufficient, owing to a miscalculation in the estimated expenditure, the Treasury can raise the amount necessary to cover the deficit by the issue of bills on the security of the Exchequer, which are subsequently redeemed by means of supplementary Estimates, which must be presented to Parliament before the close of the financial year on March 31. On the other hand, should a department spend less than the amount voted for its service, the unexpended balance has to be returned to the Exchequer at the close of the financial year; into which each department has also to pay any amount it may have received from any source other than its "vote," as, for instance, the proceeds of the sale of old stores.

The amount of taxation each year being calculated to provide for the expenditure of that year and no more, it may be asked how new and unforeseen demands on the public purse are met. Has the Executive to wait for another year to get the money from Parliament? One permanent reserve fund has been created to meet expenses indispensably necessary to the public service, but provision for which has not otherwise been made. The "Civil Contingencies Fund," consisting of £120,000, is placed permanently at the disposal of the Government to meet unexpected public services at home and abroad. This is the only action on the part of the State to set aside funds to meet the "rainy day" mentioned in the proverb. Among the items included in the "Accounts relating to the Civil Contingencies Fund, 1905-1906," are the following:—Expenditure incurred in connection with the visit of the King of Spain, £6260 9s.; and in connection with the visit of the King of the Hellenes, £6397 1s. 1d.; customary allowance for outfit to the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, M.P., on his appointment as Speaker, £1000; equipage money of Lord Loreburn on his appointment as Lord Chancellor, £1843 13s.; equipage money

of the Earl of Aberdeen, on his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, £220. These miscellaneous advances to the Treasury are submitted to the House of Commons in one general vote for repayments to the Civil Contingencies Fund towards the close of each Session.

The Comptroller and Auditor-General not only controls the passing of the moneys voted by Parliament to the various public departments; but also examines the vouchers and audits the accounts of the entire expenditure, and reports on it to Parliament. But there is a further provision for real and effective financial control by Parliament. Lest the supervision of the Exchequer and Audit Department should not be sufficient, every Session the House of Commons appoints a Public Accounts Committee, consisting of experienced business men, and men of weight and authority on finance, whose duty it is to audit the Audit Department. They closely scrutinise the reports of the Comptroller and Auditor-General, and the accounts in which each of the spending departments shows what it has done with the money entrusted to it; and their reports to the House of Commons are noted for independence of view and judgment absolutely uninfluenced by party considerations. The system by which the public funds of the Realm are administered is, indeed, beyond suspicion. Peculation is impossible. Every penny of the money is spent on the purpose for which it is voted by Parliament. The point of importance after all—the vital point for the community—is the purpose.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.



## THE RUSKIN COPYRIGHT

IN the lawsuit between Whistler and Ruskin in 1878 there was a passage of arms between the plaintiff and defendant's Counsel that is well worth recalling just now. The Attorney General wished to make the point that the works to which Whistler attached such mighty value were done quickly and easily. He pointed to a certain nocturne and asked Whistler how long it took to "knock off." Whistler, accepting with irony the Attorney General's slang, replied that the nocturne was knocked off in a day or two. "Oh, two days!" exclaimed with triumphant scorn the Attorney General. "The labour of two days then is that for which you ask two hundred guineas!" "No," replied Whistler, "I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime." Whistler *v.* Ruskin has become Whistler for Ruskin. How exquisitely Whistler's reproof of the Attorney General cuts to-day at people who are for arguing that the "paltry" alterations and additions which Ruskin made in the later editions of most of his works are of no value or interest. Paltry they may be in bulk, so far as several of Ruskin's books are concerned—and paltry in bulk is a grain of radium. I think they are like a tiny flower of the chalk downs, say mill-mountain or lesser woodruff, half a dozen of which will not fill the palm of the hand—and yet we hold in that hand so much of the wonder and wiseness of creation. But Whistler's reproof to burly ignorance is especially applicable only to a few of the less revised and less

known books by Ruskin and to a few "notes" considered separately. The additions and revisions (often, as we shall see, the first term includes the second) in the 1883 edition of "Modern Painters," vol. ii.—the final, full and only edition that really ought to be printed at this time of day—are by no means trifling even in bulk. I have not counted the exact number of words in these additions and revisions in vol. ii.; but the new preliminary matter and the epilogue amount to quite twelve thousand words; whilst the "Additional Notes to vol. ii." must contain over four thousand words. Hence in this volume alone of "Modern Painters" we have an addition of fully sixteen thousand words—and sixteen thousand words by Ruskin count. Simply as additions these new pages are of deep interest to every serious reader of Ruskin. The epilogue is like some pages broken loose from "Preterita," and a page of "Preterita" is beaten gold and precious stones of literature. The additions, however, which Ruskin made to "Modern Painters" in 1883—which will not be out of copyright till 1925—are more than interesting or charming to the student and general reader: they are essential. The additions contain the revisions. It is this which makes them absolutely indispensable. Reading them through, several times of late, I have been surprised that this point has not been made clearer. In future it should be always kept in mind. It is essential beyond all others, and absolutely decisive. The additions as additions are delightful: the additions as revisions—revisions which cost Ruskin thirty-seven years to learn and make—are imperative. Let us see whether I exaggerate this point—a point one might make not only as regards "Modern Painters," but half a dozen other important works of Ruskin. I turn to the notes belonging to vol. ii. of "Modern Painters." Amazing, but a fact, these notes have lately been described by a firm of London publishers as "a few notes" and have been swept aside as light and unimportant trifles!

These notes are all contained in any of the shilling or half-crown editions which Ruskin House publishes, but it is

convenient to examine them in the "New Edition in Small Form" of the complete work (published by Ruskin House in 1897), for here they are all grouped together at the end of the volume.<sup>1</sup> Some of these notes may be chiefly worth reading for their fierce criticism of modern life and manners; for instance, the "Must" note referring to the second page of the book, wherein Ruskin writes of "the violently increasing number of extremely foolish persons, who now concern themselves about pictures." Here and there is a note marked by delicate by-play of wit and irony, used often against himself. Then there are notes in which he praises his own youthful insight; for instance, we find him declaring in 1883 that his definition of a true artist's mind remains the best short statement he has ever given—the mind of "incorruptible and earnest pride which no applause, no reprobation, can blind to its shortcomings, or beguile of its hope." But scattered throughout are notes of unsparing, drastic criticism of "Modern Painters" itself, and these beyond all cavil, are essential to the right reading of Ruskin. Most authors, criticising themselves thus mercilessly, would have altered the text, and expunged or transformed the offending passages. Ruskin's was not this way. He let the passages stand. Such alterations as he made in the text itself were really paltry, just a slip set right, nothing more. He wore his offending passages as scarlet letters. Here are extracts from a few of his self-condemning notes as examples: "A long, affected and obscure second volume sentence, written in imitation of Hooker"; "This is wildly overstated"; "Nonsense again; from believing the talk about Titian's landscape too easily"; "I would fain . . . moderate the whole passage"; "morbid violence of passion and narrowness of thought"; "assumption again, and of the unblushingest."

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, vol. ii., which alone Ruskin touched in 1882-3. Other volumes were added to in 1884-5 when he made the selections "Cœli Enarrant" and "In Montibus Sanctis." The extremely important "Frondes Agræstes" notes were added in 1875.

Now these criticisms refer largely not to literary defects, which after all are of minor consideration in Ruskin, but to ethical questions of profound importance. We must read them clean into the text, if we would read "Modern Painters" as Ruskin finally gave it to the world. If we read any edition of "Modern Painters," vol. ii., save that of 1883—or of course those of succeeding years taken word for word from the 1883 edition—we read Ruskin only as a young man, wanting a lifetime of experience, wanting the mature thought and judgment which he gained in the thirty-seven years that separated the edition of 1846 from that of 1883. As it is vain to seek this Ruskin in the first edition of "Modern Painters," it is equally vain to seek him in any of the intermediate editions between that and 1883, for it was not until this year that he rebuilt and perfected this volume of the book.

These are facts open to any student of Ruskin. They are convincing so far as "Modern Painters" is concerned. If the publication of defective and unauthorised editions should unhappily be persisted in, I shall hope at another time to show that the case is not less strong as regards various other books of his, such as "Sesame and Lilies," which can be reserved for the moment as even its old and discarded editions are not yet out of copyright.

But now I come to facts bearing on this question which have not hitherto been available to the public. A number of unpublished letters by Ruskin have been kindly put at my disposal. They are extraordinarily apposite to the discussion about the copyright of Ruskin's works; for they show Ruskin himself at work discarding the very editions which we are now told that it is a public benefit to reissue! I think I shall make no indiscreet use of these letters if I quote from them generously in the interest of the revised and authentic editions of Ruskin's works, which is also the interest of a world of readers. Ruskin to-day is read literally by the masses. A quarter of a million copies of one edition alone, the shilling "popular edition," have been distributed within little more

than a year by Ruskin House. Ruskin is read undoubtedly for his ethics chiefly. Hence the importance of a revised and authentic issue only of his works.

Let us now see Vulcan at his forge. Two letters giving glimpses of Ruskin at work on the 1883 edition of "Modern Painters" were printed in the *Saturday Review*—which has honourably associated itself with this matter—of February 9, 1907. In one of these Ruskin states that he deserved to go in a white sheet the rest of his life for having written "Modern Painters," so shocked was he in later life by its flaws: in the other he says he might as well have undertaken a new work as revise the second volume of "Modern Painters" for this new edition of 1883. These letters were written to Miss Grace Allen, who was helping Ruskin with his proofs—no light labour, yet one, I think, the memory of which must be for her an abiding joy. Here it will be well to give a quotation which explains why Ruskin decided to republish the second volume of "Modern Painters." It is from "Deucalion."

I have never given myself out for a philosopher; nor spoken of the teaching attempted in connection with any subject of inquiry, as other than of a village showman's "Look—and you shall see." But, during the last twenty years, so many baseless semblances of philosophy have announced themselves; and the laws of decent thought and rational question have been so far transgressed . . . that it is forced upon me, as the only means of making what I have said on these subjects permanently useful, to put into clear terms the natural philosophy and natural theology to which my books refer, as accepted by the intellectual leaders of all past time.

To this end I am republishing the second volume of "Modern Painters," which, though in affected language, yet with sincere and deep feeling, expresses the first and foundational law respecting human contemplation of the natural phenomena under whose influence we exist.<sup>1</sup>

October 14, 1882, is the date of the first of these unpublished letters of Ruskin dealing with the revision and re-arrangement

<sup>1</sup> In Mr. E. T. Cook's masterly editorial work for the "Library Edition" of Ruskin, we are referred for correlative passages bearing on these paragraphs to "Love's Meinie" (paragraph 122), and to the Preface of the re-arranged edition of 1883 of "Modern Painters," vol. ii.

of "Modern Painters" for the press. Ruskin, writing to Mr. George Allen from Lucca, says :

I have yours of 11th with first sheets of M.P. ["Modern Painters," vol. ii.]. It will be nice if we can get it out by Christmas—but I must give the time necessary to revise it myself—and must add notes which will probably increase the volume, by a sheet or two each. I think I can answer for letting you have every sheet back on the second day after I get it—this first is done, but I must buy a little "Dante" to find a little reference in a new note, so it must wait till to-morrow's post. The new notes may, I think, be enough distinguished by mere parenthesis without printing 1882 all over the book. Also sometimes a passage may be cleared by *adding* a word, which I will do in italics and parenthesis. (The words "of England" added in this proof at p. 13 were omitted by mistake in the last edition, and are therefore simply replaced.) There shall be no delay caused by the preface, which I will send in a few days. I mean to distinguish the passages I like by italics—not larger print.

Five or six letters following this, and addressed to Mr. Allen, show that Ruskin was hard at work on his revisions—which, forsooth, we are asked to regard as wholly unimportant—between October 1882 and December 7, 1882, though he was moving about from one Italian city to another during this period. I give a few extracts from this correspondence :

Here's your second sheet ["Modern Painters," vol. ii.] by return post. It is rather fun cutting it up myself. I'm keeping quite well, and doing two very important drawings.

The first of these sheets gave me a lot of trouble, but I've got the second knocked off as soon as I got it. I find we jump suddenly into paragraphs in III. Chapter. I've got to put them, therefore, yet into the first and second.

You won't save time by sending me hurried or unfinished revises. I can do nothing with this first sheet, which please put to rights and send again. It's rather sharper work than I intended, to do a sheet a day for you! But I'm finishing my drawings just now, and think I can keep you going—but see that the revises are as clear as possible before they come.

I have your letter here all right, and am glad you sent no more revises ["Modern Painters," vol. ii.], as I am off for Turin to-morrow, and hope to be at Anney by Sunday afternoon. I shall despatch from here, before leaving, sheets 209-224; but these parts of the book give me a lot of trouble. As we get on to "Imagination," &c., I shall be able to pass them much more easily.

I send in separate packet four sheets for press, and the last for revise. I hope the second volume [of the re-arranged edition of vol. ii. in 2 vols.] will run easier. As far as I recollect, its contents need less cutting up.

I shall set to work also on the M. P. ["Modern Painters," vol. ii.] revises again now, but we mustn't hurry; it will do very well got out for Easter.

Meantime Miss Grace Allen had taken over and was dealing with the proofs and the work of re-arrangement. This was not, I think, the first aid Miss Allen had given Ruskin with his proofs. Several years before this work of "Modern Painters," Ruskin had strongly felt that he ought to relieve Mr. Allen as much as possible from the labour of correspondence so as to leave him free for engraving. There is a charming letter from Ruskin to Miss Allen which shows this. It does not, strictly, belong to the series I am touching on, and has no reference to the revision of "Modern Painters." But I shall take French leave to extract a sentence which illustrates Ruskin's consideration for other workers, and his quick affectionate appreciation of their talents exerted on his behalf. In this letter, written from Brantwood, Ruskin expresses sorrow that he has so little acknowledged or availed himself of "the faithful regard kept for me by all your 'House'—using the word in its deepest sense." He says that in future he and she can manage together various matters connected with the books without troubling her father. "I want to spare his hand and head for engraving now which he does more beautifully than ever." The thought occurs to one—what would Ruskin have said could he have foreseen that in 1907 a few years after his death an attempt would be made to relieve this friend of the duties of issuing his books to the public? Assuredly he would have spoken something in English of a stern sort.

The revised edition of vol. ii. of "Modern Painters" was not out before April 1883, and Ruskin and the Allens continued to work at the proofs through the winter and early spring. Now he was hot, now cold over the work. Here are

extracts from three letters to Miss Allen, the last one characteristic, and showing Ruskin for the moment despondent about the work :

ANNECY, Thursday, Nov. 22/82.

I send you 193-208 for press. There are some important alterations in notes, but no more than you can easily revise for me, with the section and chapter numbers. I go to-morrow to Geneva, where I expect more work from you.

GENEVA, Nov. 26/82.

I have all your packets here, but must strike work on M. P. ["Modern Painters," vol. ii.] now till next week, for my lecture [on "Cistercian Architecture," at London Institution, Dec. 4/82] now that it is got into form, takes up all the head I have to give. But of course the division of volumes [this edition of vol. ii. was issued in 2 vols.] will be: vol. i. of the *Theoretic Faculty*; vol. ii. of the *Imaginative*. It will be the shortest, but there is no other proper division.

LONDON, Dec. 6/82.

I send you a sheet of awful bosh to-day; it's enough to swamp the book, to *my* mind.

Small matters requiring amendment are attended to with the larger ones. Even punctuation is studied. Thus, writing in December 1882, Ruskin says: "I find in a corner, with consternation, three of your sheets unreturned. I have glanced through them, but finding nothing to add to your corrections except one full stop for a semicolon, I will not further hinder you by looking at the second revises." I fear lest that full stop has reverted to semicolon in the unrevised editions which are now being published! "A tiny flaw"—it may be urged. No doubt it is tiny, compared with the many other flaws which these inauthentic and unrevised editions are restoring to the text of Ruskin. And yet is it not just an easy kindness we owe to our great national benefactors in literature to print their very commas, colons, and the like as they wished them to be printed? There is a pedantry of the conscience in these literary matters of which we need not be ashamed.

The following extracts from seven letters written from



Brantwood to Miss Allen all refer to the struggle over the same proofs of this great book :

There are a lot of sheets which I don't want to see any more of—there are some few bits of change in them—but this last part of the book goes along in its own gushing way glibly enough, and is pretty right. I think I can keep up with all that you want to send me now.

I've sent you to-day the proofs to end, all but the addenda sheet. I can't find the proof of the beginning, but hope the notes to your bit of re-enclosed letter may be enough. Anyhow, I can't do more this week than this, having had the whole contents of Brantwood to put in new "sections" on the floors.

There are six fols. of the M. P. preface—in an awful mess. I've nobody here to copy them, and I think you'll be good and do it for me, especially as you only can fill in references rightly, and send your copy to printer. There will be about one fol. more only, but this may as well be in hand.

I'm having some larks with my "addenda" this morning, and hope to finish all off.

I'm finishing *that* ["Fors Clavigera," Letter 90] now, and can't see to anything till it's off my mind, so M. P. must wait for a week yet.

I send the Addenda and Epilogue to Jowett [the printer's manager], and leave them wholly now to you and him.

I forgot to say this morning that the Wordsworth was all to be on the title-page as before. It becomes more and more apposite as time goes on.

The last extract is from a letter written by Ruskin in London on March 13, 1883. "Wordsworth," of course, refers to those noble lines in the "Excursion" which are on the title-page of every volume of "Modern Painters":

Accuse me not

Of arrogance, . . .

If, having walked with Nature,

And offered, far as frailty would allow,

My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,

I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,

Whom I have served, that their Divinity

Revolts, offended at the ways of men.

Prophetic words! It seems to me there is a new and curious significance in them as they appear on the title-pages of editions which it is a slight to the memory of Ruskin to re-issue.

The above letter, dated March 13, 1883, is the last I shall quote from the series relating to the re-issue of "Modern Painters," vol. ii. There are other letters of a slightly earlier date both to Miss Allen and to Mr. Allen, dealing with the preparations for the famous 1883 edition of the volume, but I have not thought it necessary to include them. The extracts I have given are quite enough to show that Ruskin attached great importance to the revision of the book, and that he and his assistants devoted themselves to it for months. The priceless thought of genius, the experience of a rare and wonderful life, inform the revisions which Ruskin made. Yet the public is being asked to dishonour these revisions, not in one of Ruskin's books but in a dozen or more, and to go back to the editions which he discarded! We owe this to a fatal flaw in the law of copyright. If Parliament could have foreseen that the Copyright Bill of 1842 would permit of an evil which has already been felt in the case of old editions of Darwin—as Mr. John Murray has reminded us—and is now rampant with Ruskin, it would of course never have passed the measure. The law should suppress this evil. Everybody must approve Mr. Lloyd George's clear, statesmanlike declaration on the subject in the House on February 27, 1907.

Meanwhile the public should discourage the circulation of reprints of discarded editions of books of the first importance treating of ethics and science and history, to say nothing of pure literature. The Ruskin copyright is surely a glaring case in point. Ruskin's books have for many years been produced with precision by Ruskin House. The head of that house has made the publishing of Ruskin's books his life's work. He has been supported in his work by members of his family who know the particulars of every sketch which Ruskin made for the books, and who have studied every section in these books with care for each detail. Nothing has been done with regard to new editions and prices without consulting the Ruskin Trust. Mr. Wedderburn, K.C., and Mr. E. T. Cook have worked together for years on the great Library Edition

of Ruskin ; and Mr. Wedderburn has found time in a busy life to attend to a multitude of details connected with the publication of the cheap but exact reprints. It is necessary to give these facts to show that Ruskin has been published on scientific principles, and with minute precision. Money has no more been spared than pains ; thus, the proof corrections alone in the Library Edition up to now have cost more than a thousand pounds. Finally, Ruskin's books have been published for some time in shilling and half-crown, and even in sixpenny forms by Ruskin House, and distributed by hundreds of thousands, so that poorer book-buyers have no cause for complaint, as writers in two or three London and country papers seem to suppose.

We owe it as a solemn debt to our great writers and thinkers, such as Darwin and Ruskin, to present their works in the authentic form on which they insisted when living. This act of faithfulness is the only return we can make them for the benefit they have done us. It is idle to set up monuments in their honour and "to garland the tombstone" if we debase their text.

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

## LORD MILNER IN SOUTH AFRICA

**T**HIS book ("Lord Milner's Work in South Africa," by W. Basil Worsfold. Murray: 15s. net) is a calm and dispassionate study of the work of a great Civil servant in the storm and stress of South Africa's political existence.

Sir Alfred Milner (as he then was) started on his task with good wishes and high compliments from politicians on both sides. "A man deserving all praise and all affection," Sir William Harcourt called him—a side of his character which those of his detractors who see in him a second Bismarck would do well to keep before them. "No appointment of our time," said Mr. Asquith, "has been received with a larger measure both of the approbation of experienced men and of the applause of the public to an office at the present moment the most arduous and responsible in the administrative service of the country"—full of "embarrassing problems," with "formidable personages" to be confronted. "But we know that he takes with him as clear an intellect and as sympathetic an imagination, and if need should arise a power of resolution as tenacious and as inflexible, as belongs to any man of our acquaintance."

But Milner has also the gift of foresight, and his warning words on the same occasion ring now in the ears of those who heard him: "To succeed in it, to render any substantial service to any part of our world-wide State, would be all that in any part of my most audacious dreams I had ever ventured to

aspire to. But in a cause in which one absolutely believes even failure—personal failure I mean, for the cause itself is not going to fail—would be preferable to an easy life of comfortable prosperity in another sphere.”

A character as sympathetic, but less forceful, would perhaps have saved us from war, but would it have saved South Africa for the Empire?

A poll of the true Imperialists in that country at the time would leave little doubt as to their answer to the question.

There was no “cocksureness” in Milner when he started, to land in South Africa a practically unknown man, handicapped by the previous failures of others and by the glaring indiscretion of the Raid.

For the Raid was now a bit of history, and history has to be reckoned with—whatever he did could not efface it—so he said to himself: “Let us put it behind us and work for the future well-being of this great country—ignoring that error so far as we are able. Let us heal the wound so far as we can, but in the healing process do not let us forget that we have the future of a great Imperial asset in our hands, and that a continuance of weak and vacillating policy is neither good for the Empire nor the Transvaal.”

Majuba,<sup>1</sup> too, that mountain of mourning, had left its stain upon the British Army in the mind of the Boers, and sore hearts among all loyal South Africans, though there be men in England still who believe that the policy of scuttle which was so sadly illustrated in those dark days was the right and wise one to pursue.

<sup>1</sup> One at least—now passed away, but who at the time of Majuba was in high place among those responsible for the back down—had changed his mind, for he wrote to a friend in South Africa: “I was over-persuaded into approving the Majuba policy. I now see that my first idea was right and that the other policy was based on a mistaken view [of the Boer character]. I hope to God we shall not make the same mistake again. . . . Pardon or kill, but kill, if it becomes possible, a great deal. It is a case to remember the Cromwellian maxim ‘Stone dead hath no fellow.’”

After his arrival we read of his journeys all through the Cape Colony—to Rhodesia, to Basutoland (a country of which he has been accused of being personally ignorant—the Basutos could probably clear this point themselves); and during these travels he was thinking, studying, working, and wondering—wondering how it were possible to gather together into peace and prosperity a population with such strangely adverse views.

The clouds had rolled up—clouds caused by wild, weak policy, by reverses, by Raid—and there was no rift. The Bond was then the offspring of Majuba and of the Rev. S. J. Du Toit, whose sad disillusionment is on record—the Bond, that might have been as Milner's right hand, and was the sullen, scowling, mischievous organisation which Merriman in his saner days had described in a speech at Grahamstown in 1885: "Is England or the Transvaal to be the paramount power in South Africa? My quarrel with the Bond is that it stirs up race differences. Its main object is to make the South African Republic the paramount force in South Africa," whose avowed object was "a united South Africa under its own flag." How much of the Union Jack would have been found in that flag Milner's hostile critics would find it difficult to say. "It must be considered a disgrace to speak English—in the schools, in the church, and in the family life." One could hardly look to the framers of a resolution such as this for help to smooth over our difficulties with the Transvaal.

Among the "great personalities" on the very spot was Cecil Rhodes, who quickly recognised that this quiet new High Commissioner was to be a force in South Africa, while those who had leant on Rhodes, feeling that they had in him, Raid or no Raid, a great Imperial worker, gradually learned, as they got to know Milner, that "here was a man," a man sympathetic, but without fear, a man who dared to say things, and who meant what he said.

The months rolled on, and Milner had found an aggressive Transvaal, the Bond in secret sympathy with it and working

in its views, but covering its movements and its work with a cloak of maudlin loyalty; and then the time came when it was necessary to speak more plainly—to let a hint of the facts he had learnt leak out—and Graaf-Reinet was never so astonished as when on March 3, 1898, it heard the sudden note of warning. “Of course you are loyal!” A High Commissioner had arrived who was not afraid—who would be friendly, but who showed plainly that South Africa was in a state when honest words were best and a straightforward course the wisest.

All this time affairs in the Transvaal were going from bad to worse, becoming, under the administration of Kruger, every day more rotten, more corrupt, and more dangerous to the peace of South Africa.

The position of the Uitlanders—men of all nations, and not only the millionaires of whom we hear so much—was one which no self-respecting man could bear. Arguments, petitions—all were unavailing, for the wily old President knew that at his broad back he had the support of the Bond and its malicious Press; but Milner’s speech was startling, and Mr. J. X. Merriman urged President Steyn, in a letter of March 11, to warn Kruger to be careful:

One cannot conceal the fact that the greatest danger to the future lies in the attitude of President Kruger and his vain hope of building up a state on a foundation of a narrow, unenlightened minority, and his obstinate rejection of all prospect of using the materials which lie ready to his hand to establish a true Republic on a broad liberal basis.

Such a state of affairs cannot last. It must break down from its inherent rottenness, and it will be well if the fall does not sweep away the freedom of all of us.

Plainly in Merriman’s view it was a case of the sword or the olive branch, and we all know in what fashion the latter was extended! Sir Gordon Sprigg took courage and defied the Bond, deciding to throw in his lot with Rhodes—the actual head of the Progressive party. Those who had leant on Rhodes as the only strong man gradually began to turn to

Milner; he had no Raid to handicap him—he at any rate was free of those shackles which still hung to Rhodes. The transition was slow but sure, and the High Commissioner was working all the good qualities of Rhodes, whose loyal service to the Empire is revealed again and again in these pages.

*Ons Land* was becoming daily more vindictive, more bitter. On October 15, 1898, this journal published a letter which pointed out that “the majority of the Afrikaner nation in the Cape Colony still go bent under the English yoke.” “One day the question of who is to be master will be referred to the arbitrament of the sword, and then the verdict will depend upon the Cape Colonial Afrikanders.” “The vast majority of them are still faithful, and will even gird on the sword when God’s time comes.” And these were the powers that were helping Milner to ensure peace in South Africa.

For whom were they to gird on the sword? For the Empire under which they enjoyed the perfect liberty which is the lot of all our Colonies? or for the narrow, unenlightened oligarchy of the Transvaal?

Milner’s difficulties were only beginning. During his visit to England in 1898–99, he surrendered his post for the time being to General Sir William Butler, and while the High Commissioner in England was patiently but clearly pointing out the state of unrest in South Africa, his place was filled by this gallant officer, whose political interference and indiscretions went far to help on a war in which, under other circumstances, his services might have been of real value to the Crown.

Milner returned, after a carefully weighed warning of how the balance lay in South Africa, to find Butler the soldier merged in Butler the politician—his nearest friends, Sauer, Merriman, Te Water, none would accuse of being on the side of justice to the Uitlanders. These men, it is true, were writing words of warning to their friends in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, *not* bidding them “change your ways, alter your methods, or we will have none of you,” but “change



your ways, alter your methods *in appearance*, and all will go well. You have only to do as you have done before, and the Empire-builders will be deceived; but we have a strong man here, and it behoves you to be careful."

Where was Milner's support, when a British general suspected all Imperialists of being "raiders," and instead of being the "strong right arm" to the man who asked for justice, and meant to have it, wanted no increase of troops, and urged patience—patience while arms were pouring into the Transvaal through Delagoa Bay, and into the Orange Free State over our own railways in the Cape Colony?

How long was our patience to last? Till every man, woman, and child had a Mauser ready to their hands; till the best big guns which could be bought for money had been ranked together in the arsenals of the Transvaal; till the Bond had laid its schemes, had secured the allegiance of all its members and enlisted new ones to work for the Republic, under whose Vierkleur were marshalled the foes of English liberty and the open advocates of corruption and oppression. The Uitlander petition at which the general had laughed was serious reading for the High Commissioner, for the "case for intervention" was indeed overwhelming.

I can see nothing [wrote Milner in his despatch of May 1899] which will put a stop to this mischievous propaganda [of a rebel Press] but some striking proof of the intention of her Majesty's Government not to be ousted from its position in South Africa. And the best proof alike of its power and its justice would be to obtain for the Uitlanders in the Transvaal a fair share in the government of the country which owes everything to their exertions. It could be made perfectly clear that our action was not directed against the existence of the Republic.

All this time Great Britain was asleep, noticing now and then in a more or less bored way that South Africa seemed to be giving a lot of trouble. One man, however, was awake, and Mr. Chamberlain was realising that the sand in the glass was running very low, and that the pledge given on February 4, 1896, for the redress of the "*admitted* grievances" of the Uitlanders had not been fulfilled.

A Ministry under Schreiner was in power at Cape Town, which, to put it mildly, was a Bond Ministry: Te Water, Sauer, and Merriman, all closely in touch with the Transvaal either directly or through the Free State, all men who had sworn "to be faithful and bear true allegiance to her Majesty," but who, by word or deed, were striving with all their power to minimise the efforts of the Imperial Government—efforts which would, had it not been for their "mischievous propaganda," have averted the necessity for war. At the door of the Cabinet sat Hofmeyer—the prompter to the actors of this tragedy—artful and able, missing none of the points which would call for the applause of the audience outside; and, as he sat behind the scenes, revolving in his mind how best he could thwart and ruin the efforts of Milner, making no attempt to improve the state of affairs in the Transvaal until he saw the storm was bursting, and then only taking action to save the cause of Afrikaner Nationalism—not to assist the British Government in winning justice for the Uitlander.

We can almost see Milner sitting in his chair—tired and worn, patient and persevering—with apathy on one side and anarchy on the other, bearing his burden alone; for the man who should have been his great support—the British general—was hampering instead of helping; Schreiner, his chief adviser, was a consistent and convinced opponent of Imperial intervention, torn between duty to the Crown and denial of its rights to intervene; Merriman was a mad convert to his new political creed. Te Water—the jackal of the party—kept urging that we (mark the we!) should play to win time: "When we hear that you have been successful in Pretoria, then we must bring influence to bear here."

The success was to be, [not fair dealing, but merely some "colourable concessions," and we find him sending the private Cabinet code, borrowed from Sauer, to President Steyn. Verily a loyal servant to the Crown!

Sauer, who was well aware of the passage of 500 rifles and 1,000,000 cartridges over Cape Colony railways to the Orange

Free State, never thought it worth while to mention such a trivial incident. We were not to make preparations for war lest we should hurt the feelings of the Boers and ruin the chances of peace; we were, in fact, to sit calmly by while weapons and ammunition poured into the Republics, and endeavour to settle by fair words while our opponents prepared for that settlement *vi et armis*. This was the man of whom Mr. Bryce said that he "did excellent service in allaying passion and averting disturbance in the Cape Colony."

"I stand here," Sauer said in London in 1901, "as a representative of the Dutch people, and declare that they never mean to be a subject race. If they cannot get their rights by justice they will get them by other means." And a fortnight later he attended the banquet at Queen's Hall, where the stewards of the meeting wore Transvaal colours, where a member of the audience who uncovered at the mention of King Edward's name was ejected, and the Union Jack hissed and hooted. While they banqueted Briton and Boer were pouring out their life's blood upon the veldt.

At last Sauer, gun-runner, the smooth-tongued orator, had spoken out.

Such were Milner's supporters at Cape Town when he entered the conference chamber at Bloemfontein to face the rugged old man who was to find in him a new adversary, the most formidable he ever met.

Mr. Worsfold puts before us clearly and concisely the history of that conference, and of the period that ensued on its failure, a failure principally due to the fact that Kruger and his colleagues were well aware that behind them they had not only the backing of their own clique at Pretoria, but the encouragement of their friends to the south, and, last but not least, the sinister figure of Dr. Leyds in the far distance, scheming, stirring, agitating to raise up an anti-British feeling on the Continent by his "carnival of mendacity."

The days dragged on slowly, Milner striving his best—even against his own conviction of the hopelessness of it all—to

make some plan to preserve peace in South Africa, while well aware of the risks that would be taken in its preservation.

All this time no troops—a dribble coming in now and then, just enough to prepare the enemy, but not to preserve the Empire; and every true Imperialist wondering whether the folk at home had forgotten their existence.

The Boers discussed and were busy preparing for the invasion of Natal, a contingency, according to Mr. Labouchere, as likely as the prospect of their invading England.

It is difficult to see what more could have been expected of the British people in the way of patience. We were not to send troops—we were not to make warlike preparations—we were to wait, wait, wait. But the men on the spot in those days were worn and tired—straining at the leash, and heart-sick of the tardiness of those at home.

There are plain words in Mr. Worsfold's book, but will people learn even now how much better it would have been for us always to have had plain words in South Africa?

At last, on the night of Monday, October 9, the fagged secretary at Government House deciphers one of many telegrams—"commencing his task with languid interest," but suddenly he finds that this one is "business."

The ultimatum had come, and this was war!

"Her Majesty's troops which are now on the sea shall not be landed in *any part* of South Africa."

Thus spoke the Transvaal, and at last Great Britain was aroused, for Milner had made the Boers speak out, and the real work was just beginning. Then follows the long record of reverse and failure, followed by renewed confidence in the great little man who won back glory for the British arms when the gallant Buller had failed in Natal, Buller, who in his memorandum to General Forestier-Walker wrote on November 20, 1899: "Ever since I have been here, we have been like the man who, with a long day's work before him, overslept himself, and was late for everything all day."

Lord Salisbury's answer to the Boers' overtures offering

conditions "on which we are ready to restore peace," is next before us—calm and dignified, like the man who wrote it "This great calamity has been the penalty which Great Britain has suffered for having in recent years acquiesced in the existence of the two Republics."

A reply which is "cited at length for two reasons." It affords a concise and weighty statement of the British case against the Republics, and contains a specific and reasoned declaration of the central decision of the Salisbury Cabinet, against which the efforts both of the Dutch party in the Cape and of the friends of the Boers in England continued to be directed until the controversy was closed by the surrender of the Republican leaders at Vereeniging.

It is a long, sad tale of calumny, and "conciliation" of the type illustrated by Mr. Sauer in August 1900, in Parliament: "A time would come when there would be very few Dutchmen who would not blush when they told their children that they had not helped their fellow countrymen in their hour of need." Surely Mr. Bryce spoke in irony.

Then at last peace. Whether that peace was made on the right and best lines future history will tell. But one thing is certain, that those who read Mr. Worsfold's work will feel assured that the British Empire had, and thank God! still has, in Milner a true "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche."

"J."

## IRELAND AT WESTMINSTER

**A**T the first General Election after the Act of Union, Ireland sent a hundred Members to the English House of Commons. Grattan was not among them. He came later (in 1805). It would perhaps have been more in accordance with the fitness of things had he remained at home. He had led the fight for legislative independence in 1782; he had led the opposition to the Union in 1800. The man who in immortal eloquence had enunciated the principle that the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland could alone make laws for Ireland ought not to have sanctioned, by his presence in the English House of Commons, the settlement which violated that principle. Politically, he ought not to have survived the Irish Constitution. He ought to have gone down with the ship.

But in truth, Grattan entered the English Parliament to serve the cause of Catholic Emancipation, which was then the question of the hour. He failed in his advocacy of the Catholic claims. His oratory electrified the House of Commons, but his appeals for justice were unheeded.

The speech of the honourable member [he said in 1805, replying to an attack made upon the Catholics by the renegade Duignan, who had abandoned both faith and coun'try] consists of four parts. *First*. An invective against the religion of the Catholics. *Second*. An invective against the present generation. *Third*. An invective against the past; and (*fourth*) an invective against the future. Here the limits of creation interposed and stopped the number. It is to defend these different generations that I rise—to rescue the Catholics from his attack and the Protestants from his defence.

Pitt said, "Hear, hear, hear!" and the whole House cheered. The whole house often cheered Grattan, but he died in 1821 without seeing the Catholics emancipated. His last words were, "Keep knocking at the Union."

Cromwell was the first English ruler who brought Irish Members to Westminster. In 1659 one of his Members said, "I am not here to speak for Ireland, but for the English in Ireland." The Irish Members who sat in the English Parliament from 1801 to 1829 might have said the same thing. Of course they were Protestants; they belonged mainly to the landlord class; they represented the garrison. In those times, to use the words of Bright, "The gallows was the great preserver in Ireland." Force was the remedy; coercion was the order of the day.

"The Habeas Corpus," says Mr. Lecky, "which is perhaps the most important part of the British Constitution, was suspended in Ireland in 1800, from 1802 till 1805, from 1807 till 1810, in 1814, from 1822 till 1824." The Insurrection Act was in force from 1800 till 1801, from 1808 till 1804, from 1808 till 1809, from 1814 till 1816, from 1822 till 1823. The power of England was used in wringing impossible rents from a starving peasantry, in extracting tithes from Catholics in support of a Protestant Church, and in stifling every cry for justice: in all these things she found willing allies in the "Irish" Members. At length, in 1829, Emancipation came under circumstances which have been well described by Peel and Wellington. Peel wrote on February 8, 1829:

In the course of the last six months England, being at peace with the whole world, has had five-sixths of the infantry force of the United Kingdom occupied in maintaining peace and in police duties in Ireland. I consider the state of things which requires such an application of military force much worse than open rebellion. . . . If this be the state of things at present, what would be the condition of England in the event of war? Would an English Parliament tolerate for one moment a state of things in Ireland which would compel the appropriation of half her military force to protect, or rather to control, that exposed part of the empire?

On May 4, 1829, Wellington wrote:

If you glance at the history of Ireland during the last ten years you will find that agitation really means something short of rebellion; that and no other is the exact meaning of the word. It is to place the country in that state in which its government is utterly impracticable, except by means of an overawing military force.

And again the Duke said :

If we cannot get rid of the Catholic Association we must look to civil war in Ireland. It is quite clear that the organisation of the disaffected in Ireland is more perfect than ever. If they can raise money they will have good arms and ammunition, and then the contest may for a moment be serious.

O'Connell had lashed the country into fury, and the English Ministers surrendered. Up to 1829 the Irish representation was a farce.

What was it afterwards? We know what O'Connell was able to do out of Parliament. He won Emancipation. What was he able to do in Parliament? In 1830, 1831, and 1832 the question of Reform held the field in England. O'Connell threw himself on the side of the Reformers. Dr. Doyle, the famous Irish bishop, had said to him in effect, "Until Parliament is reformed, justice will not be done to Ireland." The agitator believed it, and was a Reformer *à outrance*. The English Reform Bill passed the Lords in June 1832. The Irish Reform Bill was read a second time in the Commons in the previous May.

O'Connell proposed various amendments in Committee. They were all rejected. O'Connell said the Bill would be a failure. Ministers said it would be a success. Time justified O'Connell. In 1850 John Bright declared that the Irish representation was virtually extinguished. The first Reform Parliament met in January 1833. The Liberals were returned with an overwhelming majority. Earl Grey became Prime Minister. English Governments, whether Liberal or Tory, like to be independent of the Irish vote; and Grey rejoiced that, as he fondly believed, the Irish agitator would be of no account in the new combination. The Prime Minister



counted without his host. The first act of the Government was the introduction of a Coercion Bill, the fiercest perhaps of its kind that was ever placed on the English statute-book. O'Connell blazed forth with characteristic energy. He called the measure—which placed the liberties of the Irish people at the mercy of the English Viceroy—"the Algerine code," denounced the Whigs as base, bloody, and brutal, and in the House and in the country waged incessant war against the Ministry. But the Bill was passed without even a mitigating amendment. The day of retribution came. O'Connell fanned the flames of agitation in Ireland. The Coercion Act did not put them out. "No tithes! No coercion!" was the war-cry of the peasantry. Around tithes and coercion the battle raged in the House of Commons. It soon became clear that the "strong" Grey Ministry was drifting on the rocks. The Cabinet was divided about Ireland. In May 1834 a crisis was forced. Mr. Ward moved that the Church Establishment in Ireland exceeds the wants of the population, and ought to be reduced. Althorp took refuge in a Commission to inquire into the revenues of the Establishment. But this compromise pleased neither the friends of the Church in the Ministry nor its foes outside. Ward pressed his resolution to a division. Althorp stood by his Commission, and Stanley (Colonial Secretary), the Duke of Richmond (Postmaster-General), Sir James Graham (First Lord of the Admiralty), and Lord Ripon (Lord Privy Seal) resigned. The first breach in the first Reform Ministry was made. The second quickly followed. The Coercion Act was to expire on August 1. Wellesley (the Viceroy), Littleton (Chief Secretary), and Brougham (Lord Chancellor) intrigued with O'Connell behind Grey's back. Althorp knew what was going on. Littleton met O'Connell; a bargain was practically struck between them. The agitator was to support the Government, and the Coercion Act was to be dropped. Nevertheless, on July 1, Grey proposed the renewal of the Coercion Act in all its original rigour. O'Connell at once

revealed to the House of Commons what had passed between himself and Littleton, and blew the Government to pieces. Littleton resigned, Althorp resigned, Grey resigned. The first Reform Ministry was dead within fifteen months of its birth. Ireland was the angel of destruction. On July 16, Lord Melbourne became Prime Minister. The Government passed a moderate Coercion Bill, which the Lords reluctantly accepted; and a Tithe Bill, which they cheerfully threw out. Coercion which was not hot and strong was unpalatable to the hereditary Chamber; remedial legislation in any shape or form was abominable.

The King dismissed Melbourne in November. Peel succeeded. Parliament was dissolved. In England the Tories won heavily at the polls. But Ireland redressed the balance, and in February 1835, Lord Melbourne again became Prime Minister with an Irish majority. O'Connell was master of the situation. What did he do with it? The Lichfield House compact was made. O'Connell suspended the demand for repeal to give the Government a chance of passing remedial measures for Ireland. "I am trying an experiment," he said. "I want to see if an English Parliament can do justice to Ireland. I don't think it can. But I will give it a chance." The experiment was a failure. The Government had come into office on the Irish vote, pledged to appropriate the surplus revenues of the Protestant State Church to purposes of general utility. The proposal was dropped. The payment of tithes was indeed transferred (by the Tithe Commutation Act of 1838) from the tenant to the landlord, but the landlord was able to reimpose, and did reimpose, the tithe on the tenant in the shape of rent. The Church gained by the transaction, for the parson was saved from the odium of collecting in person a disgraceful impost. The landlord did not lose, for he took from the tenant to give to the parson. The tenant alone was the loser. He was swindled in the name of the law.

The Irish Municipal Reform Act, 1840, was (to use the

words of Sir Erskine May) a measure of "virtual disfranchisement." Of forty municipal corporations in Ireland, thirty were abolished, and a restrictive franchise was given to the remaining ten. The legislative failures of the Government were partly compensated for by the successful administration of Thomas Drummond. He was appointed Under Secretary at Dublin Castle. He became practically the governor of the country, and he ruled on popular lines, with firmness and justice, holding the Orange faction in check, and telling the landlords that "property had its duties as well as its rights." Drummond died in 1840. The Melbourne Ministry fell in 1841, and Peel became Prime Minister. O'Connell immediately unfurled the banner of repeal, and flung himself heart and soul into the movement.

He ceased practically to attend Parliament, and organised those monster meetings which rooted the idea of legislative independence in the soil. The repeal movement failed because O'Connell died, because famine overspread the land, and the peasantry, perishing by want and pestilence, and unable in their sore necessity to pay impossible rents, were exterminated by the hand of the landlord and the power of the law.

In 1841 the population of Ireland was 8,199,853. In 1851 it fell to 6,514,473. The fell work of eviction went on and the tide of emigration flowed unceasingly. The number of emigrants in 1847 was 258,270. In 1852 it reached the grand total of 368,764. It seemed as if the Irish Celt would disappear from his native land. "In a short time," wrote the *Times*, "a Catholic Celt will be as rare on the banks of the Shannon as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan."

Ireland had now been sending Members to the English Parliament for fifty years. It is impossible to point to a single great measure of justice which was placed on the statute-book by those Members. Of course Catholic Emancipation was passed in 1829. But it was not the work of the Irish Members. It was the work of a great revolutionary organisation founded and led by O'Connell before O'Connell entered

Parliament. In Parliament O'Connell and his followers were not a legislative force. O'Connell himself was, as the *Times* called him, a "Cabinet maker and a Cabinet breaker," but Ireland gained little by these Parliamentary manœuvres. In the end of his days O'Connell expressed his appreciation of what Irishmen could do for Ireland in the English Parliament by withdrawing from active service in the House of Commons and unfurling the banner of repeal.

There was a General Election in 1852. Sir Gavan Duffy, himself one of the leaders of the new Irish party, states the result: "When the elections were over, the Government [Lord Derby's] and the Opposition each claimed a majority in the new Parliament; this was the precise result we had hoped and predicted, for now, plainly, Irish votes would prove decisive."

There was a new departure. The Irish party of "independent opposition" was formed, pledged to act independently of all English parties and to support only whatever English party took up the Irish question. The Irish question of the moment was the land question. It had been brought before Parliament in 1835 by Mr. Sharman Crawford, who introduced a Bill to secure to Irish tenants on eviction compensation for improvements—prospective and retrospective—made by them on the land. This Bill was thrown out again and again.

The party of independent opposition, supported by a strong agitation—in which North joined South—now resolved practically to force this Bill on the Government. The Irish numbered fifty Members in the new House, and had to be counted with. "We shall be glad to support the Government," said Serjeant Shee (one of the Irish leaders) to the Ministerial Whip, "when we agree with them." "You are very obliging," rejoined the Whip, "but we want men who will be glad to support the Government when they don't agree with them." "The Queen's Speech," says Sir Gavan Duffy, "announced that her advisers meditated a liberal and generous policy towards Ireland." Mr. Napier, the Irish Attorney-General, practically made Crawford's Tenants' Compensation

Bill his own. He introduced it in the House of Commons on November 22, 1852. He said, "The whole structure of society in Ireland is in a vicious state." The wretched tenantry were "neglected by absentee landowners, ground down by middlemen," and "left without any security whatever for their industry and enterprise." That was a condition of things "befitting the idle and improvident man, but altogether unsuited to the honest and industrious occupier." It was, therefore, the business of the Legislature to interpose, and to protect the fruits of the tenants' exertions. It was the tenants who, in the main, improved the land, and, in the interests of justice and of property itself, the value of those improvements ought to be secured to them. So said Mr. Napier. The Bill was read a second time on December 16. Then a crisis arose. A combination of parties in Opposition was formed to defeat the Government on Mr. Disraeli's Budget. The Irish were approached, and asked to join in the general attack. They declined on the ground that they would await the action of Ministers on the Tenant Right Bill. Sir Gavan Duffy tells us what happened.

At this moment Serjeant Shee invited Lucas and me to a consultation at his chambers in Serjeants' Inn on an overture which was private at the moment, but the lapse of a generation has rendered it historical. A Cabinet Minister still living requested him to ascertain on what condition the independent Irish party would support the Government on the coming division. We set down in writing the concessions which would justify our support, of which the chief was that a Land Bill providing compensation for past improvements should be made a measure on which the Government would stake its existence. Others related to a Catholic University, and Catholic chaplains in the army and navy, prisons and workhouses. We received back our paper after a day or two with the propositions noted. Some were rejected, others postponed for future consideration; but enough was conceded on the main question to justify us in taking the responsibility of advising our friends to vote against the Whig amendment. The Conservative party at that time distrusted nobody so rootedly as Mr. Disraeli. They were always ready to believe stories of Machiavellian subtlety and bad faith against their brilliant leader. The solemn and circumspect Peel had betrayed Conservative interests, and what was to be expected of a middle-aged dandy who wore a plum-coloured velvet waistcoat and a goatee, and had written tragedies and

romances? Some official, to whom rent was dearer than office, whispered among the Irish peers that Dizzy had sold them for the League vote, and a deputation was immediately sent to Lord Derby to demand explanations and guarantees. Lord Roden, Grand Master of the Orangemen, was put forward in the House of Lords to question him on the subject. He inquired whether the fact of reading for the second time a Bill identical with Mr. Sharman Crawford's indicated any intention of adopting the principles of that measure if they should be approved of by the Select Committee to whom it was about to be referred. Lord Derby assured him that, whatever might be the decision of the Committee, the Government would not under any circumstances accept the principles of Crawford's Bill. The discontented landlords were appeased, but the Irish party, who were pledged to support no Government which did not accept these identical principles, could no longer vote with Mr. Disraeli without violating their pledges and setting a fatal example. On the division they voted against the Government, and it fell by a majority of nineteen in a very full House. Ten votes transferred from the "ayes" to the "noes" would have saved them, and they would have had twenty such votes but for Lord Derby's declaration.

Lord Aberdeen now became Prime Minister. In February 1853, the Select Committee appointed to consider Mr. Napier's Bill met, and, subject to certain alterations of detail, approved ultimately of the measure, which was read a third time on the 1st of the following August. On August 9 it was read a second time in the House of Lords without opposition, but finally dropped by the Government for the session. Early in the ensuing session it was again passed through the Commons, and on February 28, 1854, read a second time in the Lords. It was then referred to a Select Committee, condemned by the Committee, abandoned by the Government, and lost. The party of independent opposition had made a gallant fight for the Irish tenants; their efforts were attended with a certain measure of success, but in the end they failed to place any measure of redress on the statute-book.

Between 1855 and 1870 the Irish representation reached its nadir. The policy of independent opposition was abandoned. The Irish Members became part and parcel of the English Liberal Party. The result was disastrous to Ireland. The Irish questions of this period were the Church and the land.

The Church did not move forward; the land went back. We have seen that in 1854 a 'Tenants' Compensation Bill not only passed the Commons, but was read a second time in the Lords. In 1858 practically the same Bill was rejected in the Commons by 200 votes to 69, and Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, said: "The leading principle of this Bill is to transfer the property of one set of persons to another and a different class. . . . A retrospective enactment, which transfers from the landlord to the tenant that which by law has hitherto been the property of the former, which both parties know, and have always known, to have been the property—an Act which does this is, I conceive, most unjust, and ought not to be allowed." But the very year that Lord Palmerston made this speech, and thought no doubt that in making it he had disposed of the Irish land question for all time, a formidable organisation, destined, by producing a political convulsion, to bring both Church question and land question within the range of practical politics, was founded. The Fenian Society sprang into being. Fenianism has been described as a movement of despair. I know not how that may be, but it certainly is true that the ranks of the Fenians were filled by men who had lost all faith in Parliamentary agitation. Fenianism aimed at separation from England, and it kindled a flame of disaffection which gradually spread all over the country and extended to Britain and America. By the lurid light of the fires which Fenianism had set blazing the English Minister studied the Irish question, and realised that Ireland was "the danger of the Empire." In 1868 an Irish Member, Mr. Maguire, gave a description of Ireland which thrilled the House of Commons. He said in effect

the country presented the aspect of a nation on the eve of a great struggle. It was occupied by a powerful army, "such as we might expect to see in Poland under Russian rule." Its cities and towns were strongly garrisoned, its barracks were filled to overflowing, and detachments of horse and foot were quartered in districts where the face of a soldier had never been seen before. Even the police barracks had been converted into "semi-fortresses," with stanchions, iron shutters, iron doors, and loop-holed masonry. Formidable

fleets lay in the principal harbours, gun-boats were to be found in the rivers and remote creeks, and swift cruisers kept watch and ward round the coast. The gaols were filled with political prisoners, and "constitutional liberty was on a par with that enjoyed by the subjects of the Emperor of Morocco or the King of Abyssinia."

The Church question and the land question were now brought within the range of practical politics. In 1869 the Church was disestablished, and in 1870 the first important Land Act was passed. The tenants were given not only compensation for improvements, but compensation for disturbance. The Land Act of 1870 was more extreme than the Land Bill of 1852.

Fenianism had succeeded where Parliamentarianism had failed. "A few desperate men," said the late Lord Derby, "applauded by the whole body of the Irish people for their daring, showed England what Irish feeling really was, made plain to us the depth of a discontent whose existence we had scarcely suspected, and the rest followed of course."

Between 1801 and 1870 three important measures of justice for Ireland were placed on the English statute-book. But not one of these measures was placed on the statute-book by the action of the Irish Members. They were all due to the pressure of revolutionary movements outside Parliament.

It is more than doubtful whether the presence of Irish Members in the English House of Commons during the first seventy years of the last century was of the slightest benefit to Ireland.

In 1870 the Home Rule movement, itself an expression of distrust in the Irish representation at Westminster, was formed by Isaac Butt. It grew apace, and soon became what it still is, the question of the hour. Other questions were also brought forward—the question of the land (which had not been settled by the Act of 1870), and the education question. In 1873 Mr. Gladstone tried to settle the question of university education by a measure which gave general dissatisfaction. He proposed to abolish the Queen's University and



Dublin University, and to substitute in their places one central establishment, to which the Queen's Colleges at Belfast and Cork, Trinity College, the Catholic University College, and several other Catholic seminaries were to be affiliated. The government of the new University, which was to be a teaching as well as an examining, body, was to be vested in a council of persons to be named in the Bill. Future vacancies were to be filled up for ten years by the Crown, and afterwards by a mixed system of co-option and election, in which the preponderating powers would ultimately have devolved on the affiliated colleges. There were to be no professorial chairs in the new foundation in theology, moral philosophy, and modern history; and a portion of the revenues of Trinity College was to be devoted to its support. Irish Radicals and Tories opposed this measure, and it was defeated by 287 to 284 votes.

In 1874 there was a General Election. The Tories won, and Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister. Ireland sent 59 Home Rulers to the new House of Commons.

Mr. Disraeli took up the university question, and carried a Bill abolishing the Queen's University, and establishing an examining board with power to confer degrees upon all approved candidates, irrespective of their places of education. This examining board is called the Royal University, and after a trial of a quarter of a century has failed to settle the Irish university question. Home Rule made no progress in Parliament, and Land Bill after Land Bill was rejected with scorn by both English parties. Then a crisis came. Famine once more visited the land. Tenants unable to pay exorbitant rents were mercilessly evicted. Parliament was asked to stay the hand of the landlord, but Parliament refused to interfere. Then the spirit of lawlessness was invoked to resist the tyranny of the law. The Land League was founded. Fenianism, which had been scotched but not killed, raised its head. The neo-Fenians united with the Land League, not only to obtain justice for the peasantry, but to undermine English power in

the island. A small band of Irish Members waged war upon the House of Commons itself, and an unparalleled system of obstruction and disorder brought contempt on that ancient institution. In fine, Charles Stewart Parnell appeared, to "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm." Before the end of the year 1879 Ireland was, for the fourth time in the century, in the throes of revolution. In 1880 there was a General Election. The Liberals won, and Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister. Sixty-one Home Rulers were returned, under the command of Parnell. We have it from Mr. Gladstone himself that no such party as the Irish party of that day had ever entered the House of Commons. It was an army made, disciplined, led by an incomparable general.

Parnell [says Mr. Gladstone] had a most efficient party, an extraordinary party. I do not say extraordinary as an Opposition, but extraordinary as a Government. The absolute obedience, the strict discipline, the military discipline, in which he held them was unlike anything I have ever seen. They were always there, they were always ready, they were always united; they never shirked the combat, and Parnell was supreme all the time.

Ireland throbbed with agitation, and the Irish Members faithfully represented the spirit of defiance and lawlessness which animated the masses of the Irish people, rendered desperate by injustice and oppression. The policy of independent opposition was revived and perfected. War *à outrance* was waged against all English parties. The fatal policy of *pour-parlers* was abandoned. Parnell treated only with Ministers across the floor of the House, or if he negotiated, he negotiated with shotted guns. He came not to conciliate, but to exasperate; not to win, but to force his way. The Government began by trying to stay the hand of the landlord. A Bill was introduced to check eviction, but the House of Lords would have none of it. The failure of Ministers to protect the tenants against the rapacity of the landlords increased the disorder in the country, and intensified the hostility of the Irish Members in the House of Commons. Then the Government resolved to put down the Land League, and to crush

the Irish Members. Parnell and his followers were prosecuted for conspiring to prevent the payment of rents. The jury refused to convict, and Parnell came forth from the trial stronger than ever. A Coercion Act practically suspending the Habeas Corpus was next introduced. The Irish Members fought it fiercely, but it became law. Hundreds of political prisoners were flung into gaol, but order was not restored. Under the Coercion Act the last state of Ireland was worse than the first, and the power of Parnell increased enormously. The Government finally returned to the policy of "concession." The Land Act of 1881 was passed. It was a sweeping measure of reform. It established a Land Court, to stand between the landlord and tenant, to fix fair or judicial rents. It also recognised the tenant's right to sell his holding, and provided facilities for the creation of a peasant proprietary. I have said that Catholic Emancipation, the Church Act, and the Land Act of 1870 were due to the pressure of revolutionary movements outside Parliament, and not in any degree to the action of Irish Members. I cannot say the same thing of the Land Act of 1881. It was due partly to the act of Irish Members and partly to the pressure of a revolutionary movement outside Parliament.

In fact, it was due to the combination of Parliamentary action and revolutionary agitation—a combination brought about by John Devoy and Michael Davitt, and directed with matchless power and skill by Parnell. There cannot, however, be a doubt that the Act was due less to what was done in Parliament than to what was done outside. Lord Salisbury in his extraordinary speech delivered on the second reading of the Bill has made the point clear. He said: "In view of the prevailing agitation, and having regard to the state of anarchy [in Ireland], I cannot recommend my followers to vote against the second reading of the Bill." A wave of revolution had swept over Ireland, and all opposition to land reform went down before it.

The Land Act of 1881 was important not only for what it

did at the moment, but for what it rendered inevitable in the future. It pulled the central brick out of landlordism, and the system has been tumbling to pieces since. Dual ownership established by it was doomed to failure, and destined sooner or later to end in a peasant proprietary. It did not tranquillise Ireland for an hour.

During the years 1882, 1883, 1884, and 1885 the struggle went on. The fires of agitation burned as fiercely as ever in Ireland, and in the House of Commons the Irish Members continued to show implacable hostility to English rule. Further concessions were made by Parliament. An Arrears Act was passed in 1882, by which the tenants' arrears were on certain conditions cancelled. In 1884 household suffrage was established in Ireland. In 1885 another Land Act was passed, still further facilitating the purchase of their holdings by the tenants, and in 1888 another Act on the same lines was carried. The Land Acts of 1882 and 1885 were the necessary complements of the Land Act of 1881; and the Reform Act of 1884 was essential, as the Liberals had determined to pass a Reform Act for England, and they could not, consistently with their principles, deal out exceptional treatment to Ireland in the matter. I think it was also thought (strange as it may seem) that the extension of the franchise in Ireland would be favourable to the Liberal party—a grotesque delusion. In 1885 came the General Election. The issue was Home Rule. Both English parties opposed the Irish demand. The result of the election was, Liberals 335, Tories 249, Home Rule 86. Parnell was master of the situation. By throwing his 86 men upon the side of the Tories he could neutralise the Liberal majority. By supporting the Liberals he could enable Mr. Gladstone to form a majority of 172. Mr. Gladstone, who had been partially if not wholly converted to Home Rule before the General Election, now took the question up *con amore*, and carried the bulk of his party with him. In the summer of 1886 he introduced a Bill for the establishment of an Irish Parliament. It was opposed by the full strength

of the Tory party, reinforced by a strong contingent of dissentient Liberals led by Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, and defeated by 343 to 313 votes. Parliament was at once dissolved. The elections were over by the end of July, and the Tories and dissentient Liberals combined beat the Liberals and the Irish Nationalists combined, and Lord Salisbury became Prime Minister. A Coercion Bill was passed, and the policy of twenty years of resolute government (to use Lord Salisbury's famous expression) was inaugurated. Nevertheless, another Land Act was passed in 1887, another in 1888, and another in 1890. The ball which Parnell had set rolling in 1881 could not be stopped. Lord Salisbury again surrendered to Irish "anarchy."

Between 1887 and 1892 Home Rule held the field. Coercion and evictions were enforced, agitators were thrown into gaol, but the people stood to their guns and defied the Government. In 1892 there was a General Election, and despite the fact that a great cleavage was made in the Irish ranks by the dethronement and death of Parnell under circumstances to which I need only allude here, Ireland returned 85 Home Rulers, and in England the Liberals gained the day. Mr. Gladstone once more became Prime Minister with an Irish majority. He immediately introduced another Home Rule Bill. It passed through the Commons, but was rejected in the Lords. The Government did not dissolve. They held on for three years, passing English measures by the help of the Irish vote, but unable to do anything for Ireland; if we except the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the financial relations between England and Ireland, which, dominated by the financial genius of Mr. Sexton, proved the Irish case up to the hilt. In 1895 there was another General Election. The Tories and dissentient Liberals swept the board in England, and Lord Salisbury became Prime Minister. The Home Rule majority in Ireland remained intact. I have said that between 1855 and 1870 the Irish representation reached its nadir. It reached its zenith in

the days of Parnell. The storm of revolution which swept over the country carried the Irish Members on with it, and under the masterly guidance of Parnell they brought the English Parliament to its bearings.

Nor has the storm yet spent its force. All that has been done between 1895 and the present day is nothing more nor less than the back-wash of the Parnell agitation. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the Land Act of 1896, the Local Government Act of 1898, and the Land Act of 1903 are as much the work of the great Irish leader as the Land Acts of '81, '82, '85, '87, and the Home Rule Bill of 1886.

On the accession of the Salisbury Ministry in 1895, a strange era was opened in the history of the relations of England and Ireland. The Tories were now sick of coercion. The idea of "twenty years of resolute government" was given up. A policy of conciliation was actually adopted by a Tory Unionist Administration. In 1886 the Tory cry was "Kill Home Rule by coercion!" In 1895 the cry was "Kill Home Rule by kindness!"

At this time the Irish Parliamentary party was disorganised. The country was disorganised. Little pressure could be put on Ministers. Yet they were bent on a policy of conciliation. In 1896 another Land Act (facilitating land purchase, and amending the tenure clauses of the Act of 1881 on lines previously laid down by Parnell) was forced through the House of Lords; and in 1898 the Irish Local Government Act was placed on the statute-book.

Why, it may be asked, at this time and under these circumstances, did the Government move forward? The answer may be given in a word—Parnell. The impetus which he had given to the forward movement in Ireland could not be checked. He had sown seeds which bore fruit after his death, and which still continued to bear fruit. The first answer which the Tory Unionists gave to Home Rule was coercion. Coercion was a failure. There was only one other answer to be given, namely, local government, and accordingly the Local Government Act

of 1898 became law. It was the greatest revolutionary measure ever passed by the English Parliament for Ireland. An Irish Member described it as the complement of Catholic Emancipation. But it was more far-reaching than Catholic Emancipation. It took the local government of the country out of the hands of the "loyal" oligarchy, and placed it in the hands of the "rebellious" populace. It has made Home Rule inevitable.

Still impelled by the necessities of the situation which Parnell had created, the Government continued to move forward. During the years 1898-99 the mischievous effects of the divisions in the Irish ranks were brought forcibly home to the Irish people, and they resolved that these divisions should cease, and that a united Irish force should once more confront English parties in the House of Commons. There were peacemakers among Parnellites and anti-Parnellites alike. By establishing the United Irish League Mr. William O'Brien gave those men an opportunity of coming together; and the work which he had begun in Ireland was completed in London when, in 1900, Mr. John Redmond was elected the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party. Putting aside O'Connell and Parnell, Mr. Redmond is unquestionably the ablest and most astute Parliamentary leader that Ireland has ever sent to the English House of Commons. He had no easy task before him on his accession to "office." The instrument which Parnell had forged was broken in 1890. Mr. Redmond had to put it together again, and this he has done with skill and success. Since 1900 the Irish Members in the House of Commons have once more presented a solid phalanx to the foe.

During the years 1901 and 1902 the United Irish League grew in strength and influence. The Government at first pretended to treat the movement with contempt, but ended by throwing several of the Leaguers into gaol. Mr. Redmond rejoiced at these coercive tactics. Coercion, he said, is the only "salt" which is required to bring the country into a healthy state. The central plank of the League platform was the compulsory sale of the land to the people. Outside

the League there was an agitation in Ulster, under the direction of Mr. T. W. Russell, practically for the same object. As a result of these movements in Ireland the Government once more took up the land question and introduced another Land Bill, still further facilitating the purchase of their holdings by the tenants. Ministers had no hesitation in declaring that all this land legislation was made necessary by what Mr. Gerald Balfour called the "agrarian revolution of 1881." The policy of Mr. Gladstone had been the establishment of dual ownership in the possession of the land. The Tories condemned that policy, and held that the only remedy now available was practically the establishment of a peasant proprietary—an extraordinary revolution in Tory opinion, made possible by the genius and power of Parnell and the persistence of the Irish people.

Having passed several measures of justice, the Government crowned its work by trying to carry an infamous measure of injustice. In July 1905 Mr. Balfour proposed certain resolutions on which he intended to found a Redistribution Bill, the effect of which would be to reduce the number of Irish Members in the House of Commons from 100 to 80 at least. In resisting these proposals Mr. Redmond won a great tactical victory. He asked the Speaker whether it was not the practice that resolutions of the nature in question should be submitted to a Committee of the whole House, in order that the propositions involved might be discussed in detail in the same way as the clauses of a Bill in the Committee stage. Mr. Gibson Bowles followed up this question by asking whether, as Mr. Balfour's first resolution contained not fewer than eleven distinct propositions, it would not be necessary to put each proposition from the Chair, and to have each separately discussed. The Speaker said that both questions were of great importance, and that he would take time to consider them. He did take time, and then ruled, first, that according to practice it was necessary to submit the resolutions to a Committee of the whole House; and that, second, it was further necessary that each proposition contained in the resolutions should be separately put from the Chair and



separately discussed. This ruling was received with prolonged Irish cheers. Mr. Redmond then asked Mr. Balfour what course he proposed taking in view of the Speaker's decision. Mr. Balfour replied that he would drop the resolutions and proceed directly by Bill next session. But Mr. Balfour's Government was dead next session. A General Election took place in December, and the Liberals were returned with an overwhelming majority.

This is the story (as briefly as possible) of Ireland at Westminster. Does it justify the continued presence of Irishmen in the English House of Commons? That is the question which Ireland is pondering at the present moment. I express no opinion on the point. Let the facts speak for themselves. One thing, however, I may say: Ireland is now anxiously looking forward to the work of this session. If at the end of the session Mr. Redmond returns to Ireland with an Act for the establishment of an Irish Parliament, Parliamentaryism may stand justified; but if he returns without even a measure "leading up to the larger policy," then it will stand jeopardised, if not condemned.

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

# GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

## THE GREAT DUKE

**M**Y concern with the Duke of Wellington is not as he moved in battle or the council chamber, but in drawing-rooms and dining-rooms and the public street; as he appeared to his friends and others who sought him in Apsley House, or to the world at large as he rode or walked in Piccadilly; I am concerned to picture him, if I may, in his habit as he lived familiarly. Even so, I might well be fearful that the range of my local theme had brought me to a point where I had best make a silent reverence and pass on. The weight of so forceful a tradition as this lies heavy on one still. This man has stood to England as a very incarnation of eminence and greatness, and in truth he was, in character as in achievement, emphatically and beyond question a great man.

O civic muse, to such a name,  
To such a name for ages long,  
To such a name,  
Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

But who am I that I should gossip of him in conversational prose? Well, he comes into the subject I have chosen, and would have been the last man living to be patient with me if I stand niggling before it. I can say that, whether or no I interest my readers in my view, at least I am profoundly interested myself.

One word of the background. The first known occupant of the site of Apsley House was, appropriately enough, an old soldier, named Allen, to whom (so tradition goes) George II. gave a piece of ground at Hyde Park Corner, having recognised him as an old acquaintance of Dettingen, of which battle George was not unreasonably proud. Allen's wife kept a stall here, and when Lord Chancellor Apsley, afterwards Lord Bathurst, started building in 1771 (from designs by the Adams) she brought an action against him and forced him to compensate her handsomely. It was unkindly said to be a suit between two old women. That is all the pre-Wellington history of Apsley House. The Duke enlarged it and cased the old house, which was of red brick, with Bath stone. I will not cavil at his taste; it was characteristic of him to be enchanted with his possessions, and his opinion of this result was extremely high. At any rate, he could hardly have had his dwelling on a more delightful spot, parked on two sides and in his day with a much more open run than now to Kensington. "Number 1, London," was then an appropriate description of it.

Let us first look hard at the Duke in the mind's eye. Happily in this case the light is good, for we have portraits and minute descriptions and the memory of living men. The late Duke of Argyll, who went to call on him at Apsley House in 1847, tells us that

what struck one most in his appearance was not his high aquiline nose, which is so prominent in all the pictures, but his splendid eyes. They were blue in colour, and very round and very large . . . the eyelids cutting across them very high up, but not leaving them uncovered. They arrested all one's attention in a moment. One thought no more of the beaky nose or of the small and firm mouth. . . .

I do not remember any other description that insists so exclusively on his eyes, but with a copy of the engraving after Lawrence before me as I write I can well believe in it. Splendid, forthright, well-opened eyes they are, with the fine prominence

of their own quality, not at all protruding. "Blue," simply says the Duke of Argyll; "a dark violet blue, or grey," says Mr. Gleig, his biographer; exact agreement about eyes is rare to find, but a deep blue we may take his to have been. Then of course there is the aquiline nose, "beaky," even too beaky, on a mean face, but merely giving point and command to his. The eyebrows straight and thick, but not bushy, the forehead almost low, but broad and square; the mouth small, a little tight at the corners; the jaw strong, the chin prominent and firm. A grave expression habitually, a winning smile on occasion. He was five feet nine inches high, very erect, at least until his latter years, when observers differ; probably he bore himself like a soldier still by instinct, and drooped in inattention. He was broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with finely made hands and feet.

Then you must regard his dress. Probably Thackeray—in "Pendennis," you remember, when he stops to speak to the Major walking with Pen—describes him as he was most familiar to Londoners, "in a blue frock-coat and spotless white duck trousers, in a white stock with a shining buckle behind." Mr. Gleig adds to this, as his civilian dress in summer, a low-crowned, narrow-brimmed hat and a white waistcoat. In winter the hat and stock and frock-coat remained the same, but the trousers were blue, and blue or red the waistcoat. Sir William Fraser tells us that the hat had a very clean lining of pale yellow leather. I like to think of Sir William taking it up in the hall, and making his note on it. He confuses us a little about the trousers—surely this does not bore you?—with the statement that they were of "Oxford mixture," except on the first of May, when they were white: I believe he is wrong, but forgive him for the knowledge that the Duke always carried two cambric pocket-handkerchiefs. . . . You are watching the Duke in Piccadilly, and you are to add to your observation the curiosity and deep respect with which all his fellow citizens regarded him in passing. Pen, for example on the occasion I have quoted, was in ecstasy over the encounter.

The Duke gave the elder Pendennis a finger of a pipe-clayed glove to shake, which the Major embraced with great veneration; and all Pen's blood tingled, as he found himself in actual communication, as it were, with this famous man (for Pen had possession of the Major's left arm, whilst that gentleman's other wing was engaged with his Grace's right), and he wished all Grey Friars School, all Oxbridge University, all Paternoster Row and the Temple, and Laura and his mother at Fair Oaks, could be standing on each side of the street, to see the meeting between him and his uncle, and the most famous duke in Christendom.

A friend of mine remembers seeing the Duke in 1851, the year of the Exhibition, and the year before his death, cantering along Piccadilly on a small white cob, upright in the saddle, with his cane held to his hat in salute and the people uncovering as to Royalty.

Even the late Duke of Argyll felt diffident and nervous, when as a young man he went to ask a favour of the venerable hero. He takes us with him, by the way, into Apsley House, into

a large room on the ground floor, to the eastern side of the Piccadilly front. It was full of articles in much confusion—of writing tables with blue-books, of articles of clothing hung on screens, and of furniture with no definite arrangement. The Duke presently entered by a side door. . . .

And what manner of man, truly and intimately, was it behind the white stock and the blue frock-coat? Had we been present invisible at this interview we should have heard him putting his nervous visitor at ease, giving sound advice on the matter in question, readily promising his aid. Yes, but the Duke of Argyll was of his own class and society. It is certain that he lived by choice almost exclusively in that class. Even his biographer—Mr. Gleig again—admits that “the circle in which he chiefly moved was that of fashionable ladies and gentlemen, who pressed themselves upon him.” It is said that he liked their flattery, which is true to some extent, no doubt, and it is hinted that he was something approaching to a snob, which is ridiculous. He was born in that class, he had a strong sense of caste, which in his time was a reality, and he was most at home in it: that is all. But

it is curious to note the different reports of him from those in and outside it. When we have allowed for the immense prestige of him from Waterloo onwards, we still must think there was something of superficial coldness and aloofness in his personality to leave so much awe in the minds of those who merely spoke with him as it were at a distance. And then turn for contrast to his letters to "dearest Georgy"—the late Lady de Ros, who died a nonagenarian and was one of his girl favourites—about the romping at Mont St. Martin, the men harnessed and dragging the ladies about on rugs: "the night before, the ladies drew me the *petty* tour, and afterwards Lord Hill the *grand* tour, but the 'fat, fair, and forty' and M. were so knocked up that some of us were obliged to go into the harness, although we had already run many stages." Or follow him through Lady Granville's letters: "the Duke as merry as a grig," "the bonhomie and adorable qualities of the Duke," the Duke acting in charades, or "the poor Beau," his significant nickname, "is much harried, being considered to go along with favours and cakes when a Tory marries," and so forth. And then my mind goes back to Haydon's account of him at Walmer, reading the paper after dinner, while the painter sat gazing at his grey head in silent reverence, admiring him as something near divine.

Again: the popular tradition of him, much supported by evidence, is of a stern man—something hard, curt, a foe to emotion. Even some of those who knew him more or less familiarly report him blunt, matter-of-fact, and if not unfeeling, certainly this side sensibility. There is Thomas Creevey's interview with him in Brussels, immediately after Waterloo.

He made a variety of observations in his short, natural, blunt way, but with the greatest gravity all the time, and without the least approach to anything like triumph or joy. "It has been a damned serious business," he said. "Blucher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. By God! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there."

That is not exactly unfeeling, and it is thoroughly of his nation and class in its sporting metaphor and its plain statement. One admires the absence of personal triumphing on the one side, of false modesty on the other. But one misses the imaginative feeling for the horror of all that slaughter. Well, it merely was not for Mr. Creevey. We know from Raikes that when, at this same time, the Duke went to the rooms of his niece, Lady FitzRoy Somerset, he burst into a flood of tears. When Mrs. Arbuthnot, his most intimate friend among women, died, he was called unfeeling because, as Charles Greville says, "he had the good taste and sense to smooth his brow and go to the House of Lords with a cheerful aspect." But we know how he could feel the death of a friend; he who sat with the tears streaming down his cheeks at the funeral service for Arbuthnot. We know, too, from Gleig how when that friend's fatal illness was told to him, he seized the doctor's hand and protested brokenly, "No, no, he's not very ill: not very bad—he'll get better; he'll not die."

One remembers these and many stories like them, and one looks at the portrait, and one sees surely that those eyes and that mouth are not of an unfeeling man. Very greatly otherwise. It is no wild guess that this was a man who felt both strongly and readily, and living in high places with curious eyes ever on him, had the habit of cloaking his feelings as best he might. Many appeals to feeling were not for him, of course. He was blind to art and books. Also—that too is in the eyes—he was proud, and by nature contemptuous of what to him was little. Those were intellectual limitations to feeling; when the passage was clear there was no hard substance of nature to check it.

And if one thinks of his pride of class, of his contempt for the mob, one should remember some facts about him and it. All his life he had done his duty to his country single-heartedly, with immense personal success, to be sure, but also with much hardship and strain of energies and in the teeth of calumny. In

1831 he was honestly opposed to Reform. The King was to dissolve Parliament, but the Duke could not go to the House of Lords, because his wife was dying in Apsley House. She died as the guns began to fire. And presently came a yelling crowd before Apsley House, and in a while stones crashing through the windows, breaking them in pieces and destroying pictures within. What wonder that he kept the iron shutters to his windows to the day of his death? Twelve years later an immense mob, cheering this time, followed him up Constitution Hill. The Duke took no notice whatever, but trotted leisurely to Apsley House; then he stopped at the gate, pointed to those iron shutters, bowed to the mob, and silently rode into the court. He was not a democratic politician.

Remember also that if he despised the common man he was punctiliously courteous to him. No great man ever took so much trouble about small men as he. Those innumerable autograph letters beginning "F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to" Mr. Buggins or Master Brown, or what not! His peculiar humour, half playful, half grim, no doubt made him sometimes rejoice in his answers.

Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington has received a letter from Mr. Tomkins, stating that the Marquess of Douro is in debt to his mother, Mrs. Tomkins. The Duke of Wellington is not the Marquess of Douro. The Duke regrets to find that his eldest son has not paid his washerwoman's bill. Mrs. Tomkins has no claim upon the Duke of Wellington. The Duke recommends her, failing another application, to place the matter in the hands of a respectable solicitor.

In this case he was hoaxed; Mr. Tomkins, the distressed washerwoman's son, was a collector of autographs. And of course he was often hoaxed over his charities, which were large and incessant: he admitted once that an officer of the Mendicity Society had given him the severest scolding he had ever had in his life.

If he despised common people, he never pandered to great personages. It was to the credit of George IV. that he



always had a great respect for the Duke, whom he called "Arthur"; it is not much to the discredit of the Duke that he had little or no respect for George IV., of whom he once told Creevey—condemning the Regent's bulk and swearing, in pretty forcible language of his own—that he was ashamed to enter a room with him. And he told Lady de Ros that when George and Charles X. were together, George, with "his flourish and display, might have passed for his valet." I must not repeat stories at large, but if the reader has not heard it, this one—it is irrelevant, I know—helps to fix the Duke's manner and humour: "Were you surprised at Waterloo, Duke?" asked some fool at a dinner. "No," with his charming smile, "but I am now."

And now I come to what, after all, is most to the purpose in my sketch of the Duke on his social side—his relation with women. He was susceptible, as it used to be called, in an extreme degree, and like most susceptible people, he was inconstant. His marriage was finely characteristic. The lady's family disapproved of the engagement, and he, serving abroad, had not seen her for years. She suffered disfigurement from the small-pox, and wrote to release him. Whatever the sentimental traditions of romance might require, I fancy that most men, given the circumstances, would have acquiesced in their freedom. But though another person might release Arthur Wellesley from a promise, he could not release himself; he returned to England and married the lady, and they lived unhappily, more or less, ever after. I hope that this conduct may balance, in my moralising reader's mind, something at least of conduct he will condemn. I believe that most of the Duke's intimacies with women were "innocent"; he was soft about them, was amused by them, liked to indulge them. But there is no use in pretending that he thought much of chastity, or that his life was chaste. We will not pursue an argument which might annoy the reader, and to me would be stupid and tiresome. As we study great men of the active and commanding sort in history, we find that most of them

seem not to have been naturally monogamous; if we must judge, we should judge comparatively; our modern habit of reticence and silence has induced a false perspective: that is all I feel disposed to say. The great Duke got himself into little scrapes, no doubt whatever. He never escaped the consequences of a fault by committing what he would have considered a greater one. We know the famous answer to the threat of exposure: "Publish and be damned!"

In the year 1825 there was published the memoirs of Harriet Wilson, a celebrated courtesan. Walter Scott notes the occurrence in his journal, and says it had "kept the gay world in hot water." He recollects having met Miss Wilson, and congratulates himself that her memory was not so good as his. It is, I must confess, a most amusing book, written really, I suppose, by some hack of letters from Harriet's confidences and suggestions, but its attempts at pathos and sentiment are exceedingly nauseous. The Duke figures largely in it. In 1816 Lady Frances Webster, Byron's old friend, was accused by one Baldwin of misconduct with the Duke; she prosecuted for libel and got £2000 damages, but I fear the world must have smiled. There were other scrapes, but I am sure it was softness and kindness, not libertinism, which most often involved him. Lady Caroline Lamb, also Byron's old friend, set her cap at him in 1815. "Nothing is *agissant*," writes Lady Granville from Paris, "but Caroline William in a purple riding habit, tormenting everybody, but I am convinced ready primed for an attack upon the Duke of Wellington, and I have no doubt but that she will to a certain extent succeed, as no dose of flattery is too strong for him to swallow or her to administer." There it was, you see; he had this reputation for softness and accessibility to women. Once when he left Woburn prematurely on the plea of Cabinet business in London, the indignant Duchess of Bedford wrote after him: "Dear Duke—For Cabinet read boudoir. Yours, G. B." Yes, I fear he had this reputation. Charles Greville, who knew him well, and whose brother Algernon was his

secretary for thirty-five years, writing about his intimacy with Madame Grassini, adds that "these habits of female intimacy and gossip led him to take a great interest in a thousand petty affairs, in which he delighted to be mixed up and consulted." A pity, perhaps, that he so wasted valuable time, but I do not think there was much harm in it all.

And what return did women make him for all this interest and devotion? One of low degree made "copy" out of him, as we have seen. Another, of high degree, according to Sir William Fraser—but then Sir William was wrong about the trousers—threatened him with an action. But on the good side? "I suppose, Duke," said a woman to him once, "you have inspired a great deal of admiration and enthusiasm among women during your life?" "Oh, yes, plenty of that! plenty of that! But no woman ever loved me: never in my whole life." It is a sad commentary on all the stories and scandals. Likely as not, he spoke the truth. For the Duke's nature was above all things masculine, one of which that very softness about women is an indication; and masculine men, when they achieve great things before the world, have, as he said, admiration and enthusiasm from women in plenty: but women are fond of men most commonly, as I believe, for weaknesses they understand and share. I may be wrong, and I rather fear to pursue the analysis; let us hope the Duke was deceived. "I was the only thing he ever loved," said the complacent Lady Jersey after his death. Let us hope that somewhere or other lived a woman who might have said the converse.

So we see the great Duke as he was for his chosen friends, gay, affectionate, generous, loving a simple joke, loving flattery a little overmuch, loving women a few too many. We may fancy him in his dining room at Apsley House, courteous, talking freely, without the least preoccupation with his own reputation or position, downright, prejudiced, and to the best of his understanding just. We may follow him in his daily habits, methodical, simple, temperate, and withal hearty. We may imagine him with strangers and slight acquaintances,

punctilious, humorous, a little oddly blunt and grim at times. And thanks to painted and written records, we see him vividly all the time. And so we part with him, but Piccadilly has a memory of him other than of the living man : a great memory of one of the two great funeral processions of our time : a vast and reverent crowd, the strains of the Dead March, and, more solemn than all else, the silent tramp tramp of his soldiers.

G. S. STREET.

## A PLEA FOR A GREATER PRO- PORTION OF GOLD TO PAPER

**T**HE condition and size of the currency has always to a very great extent determined prices and has affected credit and all commercial and industrial transactions. This has been recognised by political economists for many years, but it is not so generally remembered by business men. The Bank rate goes up, the market price of securities goes down, and for a time at least business is more or less embarrassed and disorganised. More gold arrives, the rate goes down and things assume their normal course.

In this article an attempt will be made to show exactly why and how this takes place, and to suggest a method by which the variations in the prices of commodities, credit and securities, as far as they are due to change in the currency, may be reduced both in frequency and volume.

The best teacher is personal experience, and the next best history. The former has usually to be bought dearly, but the student of history learns by the experiences of others inexpensively. As the prosperity of every country has always been affected to a greater or less extent by the actions of its Governments, by bearing in mind the results which followed we can judge which path to take and what pitfalls to avoid. Legislation affects trade and general prosperity when it changes the currency regulations, alters the tariff and revenue, or amends the laws influencing social conditions and industry. Practically

indeed every action of the Government, either at home or abroad, may directly or indirectly affect the prosperity of the country, but here it is proposed to deal only with the important part the currency regulations have played in the past and are playing to-day.

In modern times the ordinary business of the world has been carried on by means of money, bank notes, cheques and promissory notes, but it has always been held that the stability of a Bank depends upon the fact that it can produce gold in payment of its debts whenever called upon to do so. To business men a bank note or other form of a promise to pay issued by a solvent institution is just as valuable as gold, but to great numbers in times of panic paper appears worthless and specie is demanded instead.

This is exactly what happened in 1797. There was a run on the Bank of England, gold rose in price from £3 7s. 10d. an ounce to £4 4s., and it appeared as if in a few days it would have to stop payment. Pitt, in spite of opposition in the Cabinet, therefore ordered the Bank to stop payment in cash, and an unrestricted paper coinage was substituted instead. The number of the notes in circulation rose rapidly, and their total face value was more than 50 per cent. greater three years after. That meant that the currency was enlarged to this extent, and that the purchasing value of the paper money was correspondingly decreased. The price of commodities, therefore, rose to a similar extent. If we take the average normal price of forty typical commodities in general use in 1783 as 100, this average or index number of price, as it is called, in 1800 was 142. After some violent fluctuations the index number reached 151 in 1809, which was the highest point touched during the whole of the nineteenth century.

A similar result followed the issue of paper money, or assignats, in France before the Revolution, and in both cases the increase of the currency caused great inconvenience and hardship.

These well-known historical instances are only quoted here

to establish the first point in the argument, which is that, *ceteris paribus, the amount of the currency determines price*. The high range of prices which ensued during the next few years caused much speculation, and in 1818 large quantities of cotton were imported. Then suddenly prices fell, and a number of bankruptcies followed. Ministers who had been studying the works of political economists now commenced to realise that prices would continue to fluctuate rapidly and violently unless the currency was placed on a firm and fixed basis. They therefore decided to follow the advice of Mr. Ricardo in his work "Proposals for an Economical and Secure Currency," and to arrange for the Bank to pay for all its notes in gold on demand. This was done, and on May 1, 1821, cash payments were resumed. From that day to this *the currency has been on a gold basis*. The result of the change was that less notes were issued, the size of the currency was diminished, and prices rapidly fell.

The index numbers now generally used are those of Jevons from 1801 to 1846, of Sauerbeck from 1846 to 1871, and of the Board of Trade since that date. They are calculated by representing the prices in 1871 as normal or 100. In 1822 the index number was just above this level, and excepting in the year 1825, when much speculation took place, it remained within 5 per cent. of 100 until 1842.

The value of the notes in circulation between 1830 and 1843 was between twenty-five and thirty millions, but the bullion in the Bank of England varied during this period from £2,816,000 in September 1839, to £12,996,000 in December 1843. The banks were obliged to give gold in exchange for notes, but there was no limit to the notes they might issue. It was, therefore, apparent that if a panic set in at any moment and gold was demanded in large quantities, the banks might not be able to redeem their notes, and a great crisis might follow.

To avoid the possibility of this, Sir Robert Peel carried through Parliament the celebrated Bank Act of 1844, which

limited the power to issue notes payable on demand, and compelled the issuing banks to keep an amount of bullion in hand in proportion to the value of the notes in circulation. The Act allowed the Bank of England to issue notes to the extent of £14,000,000 on securities, of which the £11,015,100 lent to the Government was the chief item. If any of the other banks ceased to issue notes, then the Bank of England was permitted to issue on securities two-thirds of these notes. For every note issued beyond this amount there must be an equal amount in bullion or coin in the possession of the Bank.

The third stage was now reached, in which *the total amount of the currency varied with the amount of the gold held*. The result was that the notes in circulation had fallen to £24,459,000 and the bullion risen to £17,000,000 by December 1849. Prices therefore fell, and the index number was under 80 for a few years until 1852, when great shipments of gold were made from California and Australia. They then rapidly rose, and the index number remained about normal for the next twenty years. No inconvenience was experienced by the Bank under the new regulations, except in 1857, when the statutory limit of the issue of notes was exceeded temporarily with the sanction of Parliament. In the middle of the seventies the index rose to 120, but fell to normal in 1880. For the next few years the annual output of gold decreased, while at the same time Germany, Italy, and the United States absorbed more than £150,000,000 for currency purposes. The result was a shortage of gold here, and a further fall in prices, which continued, in spite of the supplies which commenced to arrive from the Transvaal, until 1896, when the index number was well under 80 again.

In this year the amount of gold produced was estimated at £40,500,000. This figure had risen to £61,250,000 for 1899, and £76,250,000 for 1905. The total in the ten years from 1896-1905 being £580,000,000, or an average of £58,000,000 a year. This great amount of gold has been absorbed by new



coinage, by the arts, and by those banks which have increased their reserve during this period.

The stocks of gold held by banks and establishments under the control of Governments in various countries have increased from £432,000,000 in 1896 to £692,000,000 in 1905, or at the average rate of £26,000,000 per annum. France has added £38,000,000, and the United States £134,000,000 to reserve. These figures are derived from the *Statist*. The stock at the Bank of England, on the other hand, has for the last three years been more than two millions less than it was from 1896 to 1899. Still, in spite of the fact that foreign countries absorbed so much of this gold, and that the Bank did not increase its holding, prices have risen slightly during the last ten years. Wheat, for example, was 44s. 4d. per quarter in 1880, 31s. 11d. in 1890, 22s. 10d. in 1894, 26s. 2d. in 1896, 26s. 11d. in 1900, 28s. in 1903, and 26s. 9d. in 1904. The reason why prices have not risen more is the very simple one that, although the supply of gold has been so great, the demand for it in all parts of the world has been equally great. Besides the large quantities stored in the cellars of banks abroad, a great amount has been used in the arts, and in the coinage of gold, which has to a great extent taken the place of silver in those countries which until recently used that metal exclusively. But the main business of the country is now carried on by cheques, and the use of them, with a few exceptions, does not influence the size of the currency at all. For instance, my publisher sends me a cheque for £10, which I pay into my bank, and then send my tailor a cheque for £10, which he pays into his bank, and then he sends his butcher a cheque for £10, and so on *ad infinitum*. All these cheques are cleared eventually, but it is perfectly obvious that whether they total to £100 or £1,000,000, or any other figure, it simply means that the balance at the bank of the first drawer is decreased by £10 and that of the last receiver is increased by that amount, while the balances of all the intermediate people are not affected at all. The currency is at the same time neither increased nor decreased.

Supposing, on the other hand, I take the cheque to my bank and receive ten sovereigns for it, and go to Paris and spend it there—then my action has reduced the currency in England by £10. But if a Frenchman lands in London on the same day and spends £10 in gold which he obtained in Paris, then the total of the currency remains the same. These obvious truths must be stated in order to explain how it was that cheques to the amount of £270,695,000 were cleared during the week ending November 1, 1906, without affecting to any appreciable extent the size of the currency.

If the butcher, in the example given above, gave a written undertaking to supply the tailor with meat for ten weeks in return for two suits of clothes, the result would be the same as if the former had paid for the clothes with a cheque for £10 and the latter had paid for the meat with a cheque for the same amount. But any one can, if he wishes at any time, obtain gold for his cheques or banknotes. In practice people do not do this to any great extent, which is fortunate, for otherwise the banks would soon have to suspend payment. The same arguments apply to promissory notes of all kinds; and it therefore happens that the size of the currency and prices are not affected to any great extent by the cheques or other promises to pay which are given and received daily.

To return to the currency of gold and notes. The next point of interest is how the prices of credit and securities are affected by any change in its extent. In order to simplify matters, we will only deal with the Bank of England; and as an example give the balance-sheet of the Issue Department for the week ending October 31, 1906.

## ISSUE DEPARTMENT

Notes Issued £45,643,760	Government Debt . £11,015,100
	Other Securities . 7,434,900
	Gold Coin and Bullion 27,193,760
<u>£45,643,760</u>	<u>£45,643,760</u>

## PROPORTION OF GOLD TO PAPER 101

In order that the stock of gold should be kept at one level, it is obvious that the amount paid out should not exceed the amount received. If the supply of gold falls short, or the demand for it becomes great, the Bank has to protect itself by raising its rate and so discouraging those who wish to borrow. This happened in October, owing to recent withdrawals of gold for Egypt. The Bank reserve fell, and the rate was raised to 6 per cent.

When this happens less money is available for investment purposes, and the market price of securities as a rule falls. During the last ten years the rate has been altered very many times, and has varied from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to 6 per cent. It has, however, on the whole steadily risen as the level of gold in the bank has fallen from £44,000,000 in 1896 to £27,000,000 in October. In 1895 it averaged 2 per cent., in 1896  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., in 1900 4 per cent., and in November 1906, it was 6 per cent. The result has been a steady fall in the market price of securities. This movement has been fairly uniform throughout all gilt-edged securities. The prices of Consols, Corporation Stock, Railway, Bank and Insurance Shares, Brewery and old established Commercial Shares, all rose more or less between 1893 and 1897, and have been falling steadily since. In a scientific analysis of the causes influencing market prices, it is necessary to neglect altogether those shares which are constantly used as speculative counters. For example, the great boom in South African mines in 1896 was due to hopeful emotions acting upon a public which did not stop to inquire into reasonable probabilities, and the rapid fall was due to as senseless an alarm. But here we are only concerned with the effect of currency conditions on those investments which do not attract habitual speculators.

Having shown then the connection between the level of the Bank rate and the market price of securities, the next point is to show the connection between the level of the rate and the amount of the Reserve. This is so well known that it will be sufficient to give a few extreme examples :

Year	Annual Average	Annual Average
	Reserve of Bank of England <i>Notes and Specie.</i>	Minimum rate of <i>Discount.</i>
1857 . . .	£5,347,000 . . .	£6 13 3
1871 . . .	£14,162,000 . . .	£2 17 8
1896 . . .	£34,645,000 . . .	£2 9 8
1900 . . .	£21,455,000 . . .	£3 19 6

If we compare with these the Reserve on October 31, 1906, we find it stood at :

£18,157,671 and the rate was 6 per cent.

Other causes may effect the rate, but, as Mr. Inglis Palgrave says in "Bank Rate and the Money Market," from which the above figures are taken, "the larger the reserve has been the smaller the number of fluctuations, and in a degree the severity of those fluctuations correspond."

It must, however, be understood that it is not so much the smallness of the reserve which is of importance in raising the rate, as the proportion which it bears to the liabilities of the Bank. To give some more examples from the same work. On October 30, 1847, the Reserve was 12 per cent. of the liabilities and the Bank Rate was 8 per cent. On May 16, 1866, the Reserve was 5 per cent. of the liabilities and the rate was 10 per cent.

As is shown above, during the last ten years the Bank reserve has greatly decreased, while the volume of the business of the country has greatly developed and expanded. The demand for credit, in other words, has been much greater than the supply. As far as the price of credit is concerned, the same result occurs either when the demand for it is doubled or when the demand is stationary and the supply is halved. The market prices of securities have, however, been influenced by many other factors. First and foremost, the nature of the investments have influenced their price. People drink less beer, therefore brewery shares go down. Then there is the condition of trade generally, the fear of socialistic legislation, the floating of enormous loans to enable Local Authorities to

## PROPORTION OF GOLD TO PAPER 103

experiment in various trading enterprises, organised action by "bears," or simple depression due to a wet day, or an earthquake which may or may not hit a few insurance companies badly. All these causes influence prices day by day, but if we take only gilt-edged securities from year to year, we shall see that they vary as regularly with the price of credit as prices of commodities vary with the size of the currency.

It is possible to summarise the three distinct stages of development since 1793 as follows :

The currency consisted of gold and

1. Unlimited and unredeemable paper until 1821.
2. Unlimited paper redeemable at demand in gold until 1844.
3. Paper limited by the amount of securities and gold held since that date.

The results have been :

1. A great rise and violent fluctuations in prices.
2. A great fall and smaller fluctuations in prices.
3. A further fall and still smaller fluctuation in prices.

These stages show clearly that the greater the part played by gold and the less by paper the steadier prices of commodities have become. The question now is, how can the price of credit also be steadied without creating a great disturbance in the money market by increasing or decreasing the currency suddenly ?

No legislation or voluntary arrangement can possibly ensure that the supply of and demand for gold can be kept always equal, but the effects of variations in one or the other or both can be greatly minimised if the amount of coin and bullion in stock be largely increased. Supposing we have a tank, three square feet in area, full of water, and we draw off enough to lower its level two inches, then it is obvious that if the same amount is drawn from a tank double the size, it would only lower the level one inch. The same applies to the raising of the level when water is added. Similarly if the amount of gold in the Bank is £50,000,000 and £1,000,000 is

drawn out, the amount is reduced by 2 per cent., but if it is £100,000,000 the amount is reduced by 1 per cent. only.

The greater the amount of gold, therefore, the less the movements in the Bank rate and the less the fluctuations in the market price of securities. The gold held in the Issue Department of the Bank of England usually is about £30,000,000, whereas the amount in the Bank of France is generally over £100,000,000. The result is that the rate in France has been usually  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 per cent., and only rarely higher than 4 per cent., for a third of a century, and that although the gold held fluctuated by £19,000,000 in the twelve months preceding the report of 1904, the rate was not changed at all. It is, therefore, obviously desirable to increase the stock of gold held by the Bank as soon as possible in order that the rate may be lowered and fluctuations lessened.

This can be done by maintaining the Bank rate high for the present and so preventing further withdrawals. This action will not, however, attract gold. Pressure can be brought in many ways to bear on foreign debtors, and speculators in American railways can be discouraged by high contango rates. It may be profitable to finance American or other undertakings abroad, and no doubt it is sound business to do so, provided that it does not entail such a shortage of gold here as to raise the price of credit to a great height.

It must be remembered, however, that if the stock of gold were increased, and a corresponding amount of notes issued, the size of the currency would be increased and prices would rapidly rise, which is to be avoided if possible. This raises the very important question, which is the crux of this article, whether it would not be beneficial to the trade of the country as a whole if the stock of gold could be greatly increased without inflating the currency to a corresponding extent. The Act of 1844 does not limit the issue of notes against gold. To take an extreme example. Supposing the Bank bought £10,000,000 of bullion, the gold would go into the Issue Department, and notes to the same amount would be issued. The gold dealer

would be paid for his bullion in notes, and if he took them away with him the notes in circulation would increase by £10,000,000. To this extent the currency outside the Bank would be increased, and prices would rise, which would not benefit any one. At the same time the total currency inside and outside the Bank would be increased by £20,000,000, *i.e.*, the value of the bullion and the notes issued against it. The greater then the accumulation of gold in the Bank the larger becomes the currency and the higher rise prices.

Now if the Bank, instead of issuing notes and paying the dealer with them, had given him £10,000,000 of Government securities, he would have been equally satisfied and the circulation would not have been increased. But which transaction is most profitable to the Bank? At the end of the deal in the first case the Bank possesses its Government Securities intact, £10,000,000 more in bullion in its cellars, and has issued that amount of notes which it is bound to redeem with sovereigns whenever called upon to do so. In the second it has parted with £10,000,000 of Government Securities, and has that amount more of bullion in its cellars and has issued no more notes. Now it is obvious that if the bullion dealer brought all the notes to the Bank the same day he received them, and demanded sovereigns in return, the amount of gold in the stock would not be affected by the deal at all. It is, however, extremely unlikely that he would do this, and it is almost certain that the notes would remain in the hands of the public. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say here that it is by the issuing of notes that the Bank earns its dividends. Bullion in the cellars is money lying idle, but notes handed over the counter are money being loaned to borrowers at interest. The Bank, indeed, is a large money-lender, who does not lend sovereigns but pieces of paper at interest, and keeps the actual gold ready to meet them on demand. It is its object, therefore, to issue as many notes as it is permitted to do by law.

But here we are suggesting a means by which, if it were

sanctioned by legislation, the stock of bullion can be increased, and so the very foundation of our credit system strengthened without at the same time inflating, to a similar extent, the currency. We have seen that if the Bank pays for the £10,000,000 in securities and does not issue notes, it loses the interest which it would gain by lending that amount. But as the whole nation would benefit by having more bullion lying in the Bank, the nation ought to be prepared to pay for it. In other words, the nation ought to pay the Bank, say, 3 per cent. per annum on £10,000,000 as compensation for its loss in not issuing the notes. This process could be repeated until the whole of the £18,000,000 of Government debt and securities were given in exchange for bullion, but the number of notes issued would remain at the same level as to-day. The above balance-sheet of the Issue Department would then read :

## ISSUE DEPARTMENT

Notes issued .	£45,643,760	Gold Coin and Bullion .	£45,643,760
	<u>£45,643,760</u>		<u>£45,643,760</u>

When this stage had been reached, the present method of issuing notes in exchange for bullion could be resumed, and the currency would then expand again according to the normal requirements of the population, and would not be artificially inflated. The Bank would have a much larger stock of gold to draw upon in times of panic, and would not be compelled to raise its rate every time a few hundred thousand pounds of specie were withdrawn.

The nation would have to pay the Bank 3 per cent. on £18,000,000 as compensation for losing the use of the notes, but that would be but a small price to give in return for a low and constant Bank Rate such as has been enjoyed by France for so many years. It is needless to say, perhaps, that this change would have to take place slowly while the £18,000,000 in bullion was being collected. This seems to



PROPORTION OF GOLD TO PAPER 107

the writer to be the only practicable plan by which the price of credit can be lowered without, at the same time, raising the price of commodities. By this means would be strengthened the very foundations upon which our whole industry, commerce and prosperity are based.

MARCUS R. P. DORMAN.

## THE COLONIAL PREMIERS

THERE can be little doubt as to which of the four "primary topics" on the agenda paper of the Imperial Conference, which meets on April 15, is regarded as most vitally important by the seven Premiers from beyond "the dim strait wall of wandering wave," who are to be the nation's guests. The majority of them are well aware that only the materials for Empire-building, and not an actual Empire, are indicated by the scattered red patches on the world's map. It follows, in the opinion of this majority, that the time for setting up an Imperial Council is not yet come, and that no co-ordinated scheme of Imperial defence is practicable for the present. It is a waste of time talking over the form and matter of a constitution for a polity that is as yet merely an Empire in becoming. The material bonds which connect the sister States and the Mother Country must first of all be strengthened, and that end can only be achieved effectually by means of treaties of mutual preference. That a Government created by the unthinking mob eager for *panem et circenses* (the big loaf and professional football) is unwilling to consider their proposals seriously must not prevent us from considering our guests as protagonists of Imperial Preference, the thoughts of each on that great topic being more or less coloured by his political environment.

British North America is the oldest wing of the Empire for which reason precedence over the rest shall be granted to

its representatives in the war against insular Free Trade. Moreover, none of the living documents of Imperial history is quite so interesting as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who has now held the Canadian Premiership for eleven years. It is a characteristic of the Canadian people to choose the great man for their Premier, if there be a man who is obviously better than the rest of the crowd in the political arena, without troubling much about the party label which he wears. A little anecdote will serve to illustrate this point. After a General Election during the long reign (1878-96) of the Conservative Party, an elector in a small Ontario town, who disapproved of the National Policy for the time being, was asked by a friend to explain why he had gone back on his political conscience and voted for the Conservatives. "Political conscience and the Conservatives be hanged!" was the reply; "I voted for Sir John A." In 1896, when the Liberal Party, which had been cold-welded into solidarity by long years in Opposition, was returned to power, Sir John A. Macdonald had been dead for five years and his successor, Sir John Thompson, the equal of his more famous chief in knowledge of political strategy, though inferior as a tactician, had also passed away. There was no commanding personality on the Conservative side, no personage who could bring the malcontents into line and keep them in the front of the battle. Sir Charles Tupper did his heroic best. Considering his age and the fact that he had been High Commissioner—that is to say, Canada's Ambassador to the Mother Country—and out of politics for many years, the long sequence of his vigorous campaign speeches proved him possessed of a more than Gladstonian vitality. But he had lost touch with his party; the power of political intuition—a quality not essentially different from the journalistic instinct—had been lost during his tenure of an office which is above and beyond the standpoint of a party leader.

The choice of the people fell on Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, who had performed the thankless task of leading the Opposition since the resignation of Mr. Edward Blake with eloquence,

tact, and a fine courtesy which won him the regard, almost the affectionate regard, of his greatest opponent. Before he undertook that difficult task—ininitely more difficult for a *Canadien* and a Roman Catholic than it would have been for Sir Richard Cartwright or for the late Mr. Mills, the only other possible candidates for the Liberal leadership—his ideal of happiness had been that of Edmond Schérer: “to work, to content oneself with a little, to lose without bitterness, to grow old without regret.” Perhaps no higher praise could be paid to a leader of the Opposition in the Dominion House of Commons than to say that, despite the strain and worry of creating his party anew, he kept that ideal in public life. I have been told by a constant observer of his conduct in the Dominion House of Commons that he never aroused the wrath of Sir John Macdonald, as was often done by lesser men with lesser arguments. His *ave atque vale* for that keensighted politician and far-sighted statesman is perhaps the most memorable of all speeches ever made in the House. He admitted the greatness of his opponent, whom he compared with Pitt—one of the best historical parallels ever suggested—and analysed it in a way which proved that he knew the old Lion by heart. Really to understand the large and ample spirit of the man in the days before he became Premier, it is at least necessary to read this valedictory—it is to be found in Pope’s Life of Sir John Macdonald—and his 1877 oration on “Le Liberalisme Politique,” uttered at Quebec during the Ultramontane reaction, which latter is given in full in Mr. Willison’s excellent biography of the Speaker. “En effet,” runs a passage in that pivotal utterance, “nous Canadiens français, nous sommes une race conquise. . . . Mais, si nous sommes une race conquise, nous avons aussi fait une conquête—la conquête de la liberté.” It is, and always has been, the chief axiom of Sir Wilfrid Laurier’s political creed that the second conquest restores to his people all that was lost by the first—and something more. Using this axiom as the basis of his political practice, he stood

out from his surroundings on the eve of the General Election of 1896, when the Manitoban schools question might have revived the old bitterness of a racial and religious antithesis, as the only possible reconciler of French-Canadian and British-Canadian aspirations. At that time, when it was also clear that he had repented of his one great mistake—the advocacy of a closer commercial connection with the United States—not because repentance was a profitable policy, but because he had become convinced that the main current of Canadian commerce must run from West to East, and not from South to North, there was no reason why he should not be preferred even to one of the “Fathers of Confederation” by a generation which thought that the part was being played in too heavy a style. Young Canada gave the younger man the opportunity he desired, and there is no denying that he has used it with distinction.

Let his record during the past eleven years be considered. In the first place, he has succeeded in settling the question of separate schools in the Western Provinces. The settlement has been a compromise, which naturally does not satisfy the Quebec hierarchy. But it avoided further friction between the Federal authority and the Provincial governments of a great and growing community, and gave substantial effect to a decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; furthermore, the agreement as embodied in the statutes of Manitoba has worked satisfactorily on the whole. Thus a temporary breakdown of the intricate machinery of Confederation was avoided, and a strain taken off a constitutional link between Great Britain and Canada—*i.e.*, the legal authority of the Privy Council. That the people of Quebec regarded the settlement as equitable for the Roman Catholics of the West was demonstrated at the General Election of 1900, when out of a total representation of sixty-five he carried fifty-eight seats, as compared with forty-eight in 1896, despite the undeniable fact that the French-speaking Canadians did not approve of sending troops to South Africa. In his attitude in

Imperial issues Sir Wilfrid Laurier has invariably followed the *via media* between the opinion of Quebec and the opinion of the majority in the rest of the Dominion. As regards the question of a fixed contribution in money or men or war-ships towards the cost of Imperial defence, his position is that of the ordinary Canadian, who does not yet understand that the British Navy, together with its developed landing-party—that is to say, the British Army—is the only security for the integrity of Canada's territory and her commercial independence. In two matters of importance in regard to Imperial defence Sir Wilfrid Laurier's excessive caution—a fault of the statesmen of compromise which has grown on him of late years—has certainly prevented him from making the best use of an opportunity. When every British Canadian from the Atlantic to the Pacific was anxious that Canada should take the lead in offering a contingent for South Africa, he hesitated—and lost a part of his prestige in all the English-speaking provinces.

Again, in the Dundonald affair he missed a great opportunity. In view of the unconstitutional form of Lord Dundonald's protest against Mr. Fisher's intervention in the appointment of Militia officers, he was compelled to dispense with the soldier's services. The speech in which he justified that decision was, in matter and manner, a rebuke to those of his supporters who collected about the Minister of Agriculture, after the delivery of his mean and low-pitched explanation, and sang "He's a daisy." There can be no doubt that Lord Dundonald chose the best means to a great end when he perpetrated his historic act of insubordination. The King's coat is no longer regarded, in practice or even in theory, as part and parcel of the Canadian minor politician's patronage. The use of the word "foreigner" in this controversy, which will always be cast up against Sir Wilfrid, was a mere slip of the tongue of one who sometimes thinks in French even when he speaks in English. Sir John Macdonald would certainly have dismissed Lord Dundonald, but he would also have dispensed with the services of Mr. Fisher—after a decent

interval had elapsed to save the face of the agricultural expert. As regards preferential trade, Sir Wilfrid cannot justly be accused of an excess of caution. The British preference was granted by him at the earliest possible moment, despite the disapproval of the Cabinet Ministers from Quebec, and his first outspoken declaration in favour of the principle of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals—it is clear that he thinks a practicable scheme of commercial federation can be gradually built up by concurrent legislation or co-ordinated "treaties of commerce"—came at the psychological moment as a full reply to Lord Rosebery's reasoned misinterpretation of Canadian fiscal policy. On the whole, he must be reckoned a much better Imperialist than any Liberal in this country. Seeing that the chief work of his life—the confirmation of the *entente cordiale* between French and British Canadians—is now finished, we must not complain if he leaves to Mr. W. S. Fielding, heir-apparent to the Liberal leadership, the long labour of teaching Canada to think and act Imperially. In the Canadian confederacy Quebec, more than two millions thinking politically as one and enlarging their sphere of political influence without discontinuity, much as a splash of ink spreads in blotting-paper, is still the predominant partner. Nobody can appreciate the greatness and understand the limitations of Sir Wilfrid Laurier without descending to the political standpoint of the *habitant* who is in, but not of, the Empire. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as politician, is great because he can always rely on the support of the Quebec countryman, who sees in him a magnified image—a Brocken spectre, as it were—of his own personality. He is by far the greatest man in the world for that simple-subtle rustic. But as a statesman Sir Wilfrid Laurier is great—the greatest of all French Canadians that are or have been—because by slow degrees, diplomatically, with infinite pains, he is leading the *habitant* into a higher plane of political thinking. There was a time when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was accused of "veiled treason" and a desire to break the Imperial connection. The charge was false, though it is still uttered by partisans.

But there never was a time when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was not guilty of a discreetly disguised Imperialism in his dealings with Quebec. Quebec is not yet converted to a wider outlook by his splendid inconsistency. She sent a mere handful of townsmen to South Africa; she is neither for nor against the consolidation of the Empire. But, if Sir Wilfrid Laurier lives long enough, Quebec will become more than passively Imperialist. It may well be that the next generation will be active in Imperialism. Meanwhile we must remember that, all said and done, the French Canadian would sooner die than be drawn into the "orbit" of the United States and swallowed up in that wide welter of mortality, as were his fellow emigrants in Louisiana. It may be that the future of the French Canadian people, in whom the fighting instinct seems latent for the time being, is foreshadowed in the curious inscription under *Le Chien d'Or*, still to be seen gnawing his bone in a street of the upper town of Quebec. This is the dog's prophecy:

Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,  
 En le rongeant je prends mon repos ;  
 Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu  
 Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu.

The dog is Quebec; the bone represents his liberties; the biter that shall be bit is—the United States? But the career of many a *novus homo* of the Préfontaine type in Quebec politics makes for the belief that some day the dog will go abroad to look for a larger bone.

Howsoever reluctantly, Newfoundland, the first of the insular stepping-stones to the transcontinental Colony, must some day become the Tenth Province of the Dominion. Until the building of the transinsular railway and the establishment of steamship lines bringing the "outports" into regular communication with St. John's and the Canadian haven of North Sydney—all this was the work of Mr. R. G. Reid—Newfoundland was a mere circuit of fishing hamlets, shut off from the outer world. Then the Newfoundlander looked eastward



toward St. John's, the window in which the phantasmagoria of British politics could be dimly discerned. His broad back was turned flatly on Canada—a land of foreigners, as he believed, who would use his babies for gun-wadding if he consented to enter Confederation. Now he looks westward for employment between one fishing season and the next, or for capital to use in his small business, and the old horror of the mainland and its inhabitants has dwindled into mere distrust. The removal of the French *condominium* and the breakdown of the fishing monopoly known as "Water Street" (from the name of the "down-along" thoroughfare of the capital) have given him prosperity and a new sense of nationality and renewed courage in the great task, the importance of which is not yet appreciated in his Mother Country, of asserting his right to the ownership of the Grand Banks. That great submerged plateau, thronged with the swift silvery squadrons of innumerable cod, is the Rand of the world's fisheries. It is a British possession by right of discovery. In the days of Elizabeth it was also the scene of a great annual market, since the Norman, Breton, and Basque fishing-vessels journeyed thither not only to catch cod, the staple victualling for the armies and navies of that age, but also to exchange goods with the English fishing masters. By means of the profit from this twofold business, Bristol and other ports of the west country grew into greatness as citadels of commerce and schools of admiralty. Every acre of that plateau is a sunken English churchyard; each wave out of the white mist above is a wandering grave, a shaken pall; vague *hic jacets*, in the soft tongue of Devon or Cornwall, are heard in the wind's passing. I call to mind the tale of the master of a "banker" who saw the ghosts of three fishermen from his own father's town in Devon sitting on a passing wave and warming themselves in the moonlight. We never won a naval battle in which seamen trained amid the perils of these pregnant waters did not play a glorious part. There were hundreds in Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar, and not a few in Villeneuve's. The people of Newfoundland, that "sea-girt Devon," are a garrison

planned there by the forethought of England's genius to watch over and keep for us an industry that is necessary for the Empire's salvation. To-day the Grand Banks (with the subsidiary shore-fisheries) are more than ever the world's greatest school of seamanship, a thing not to be taught by German drill-books. If Newfoundland "will furnish, under suitable regulations" (I quote the words of Admiral Sir T. O. Hopkins, who formerly commanded on the North American station), "a tithe of its magnificent seafaring population as a naval reserve, it will produce a force in quantity and quality unsurpassable anywhere." Since there has never yet been a machine-made naval victory in all the annals of maritime warfare, it will be the height of folly if we fail to support Sir Robert Bond in his efforts to secure for the Empire the control of the Grand Banks fishing industry, which takes men of iron and transmutes them into the steel of sea-power. That is the key to Sir Robert's policy of retaliation against the United States, which must sooner or later drive the Gloucester fishing trust, an economic parasite, from Newfoundland's territorial waters. The second half of that policy—tariff discrimination against American imports—will add at least two threads to the nexus of Imperial Preference which already encloses the whole of Greater Britain—a cocoon which is growing wings. The Newfoundland Premier is an advocate of Imperial Preference, though, when the writer met him in 1903 on a journey from St. John's to Toronto, he did not see what the island could give to clinch a bargain. He knows better now. Of all Colonial statesmen, he is the most English and the least abstruse, though the simple straightforwardness of the man is veiled by a curiously decorative courtesy which proved as "interesting" to the London shepherdesses in the gala year of 1902 as it was "fascinating" to the envoy-collecting hostesses of eclectic Washington. There must be much stuff in a politician who awakens feminine curiosity in both London and Washington, who is also as much a friend of the salted fisherfolk of Newfoundland outports as of Theodore Roosevelt.

Somehow he suggests to me a transplanted variant of Viscount St. Aldwyn, and no doubt both men have the quality of pliant obduracy, the will that bends but cannot be broken.

As in the case of British North America, so in that of Australasia—the Premiers of a continental and of an insular colony, which have many interests in common, are here to deliver yet another assault on the blind towers of Cobdenism. But there are reasons why New Zealand, unlike Newfoundland, is not likely to merge its personality in that of its mightier neighbour. Newfoundland can never become economically self-supporting—the lands of its interior, the pasturage of the caribou, are unsuitable for agriculture—whereas New Zealand can produce all the necessities and necessary luxuries of modern civilisation within its own sea-frontiers. In such matters, again, the degree of proximity counts for much; the sea voyage between New Zealand and Australia is fourteen times as long as that which separates Newfoundland and Canada. Nobody in Australia or New Zealand, so far as I know, now advocates the union of the two colonies. Indeed, Australian politicians would be more strongly opposed to such a step than those of “Maoriland,” seeing that it is still no easy matter to keep the States of the Commonwealth corralled within the constitutional ring-fence, and the inclusion of “The Colony” (as Mr. Seddon customarily called his political principality) would greatly add to the confusion of local ideals. As yet the Australian Commonwealth—like the Canadian Confederacy in the seventies—is a political machine rather than a social organism, and Mr. Deakin is the only Australian statesman—not excepting Mr. G. H. Reid, in whose waistcoat pocket on the left side a Cobden Club gold medal<sup>1</sup> still shines balefully—who has purged his mind of sectionalism. They say in Victoria that he is not as good a Victorian as he was in the 'eighties, and that is a very high compliment, though not meant to be so considered.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Wilfrid Laurier has one of these curiosities, but none of his friends knows where he keeps it.

He has a personality which provokes the making of epigrams, all of which are of a friendly nature. Thus it was said of him as a leader-writer that even the (Melbourne) *Age* could not stale his infinite variety; he has been described as the Balfour of Colonial politics, and a rival speaker once asserted that he could "throw a halo of attraction around the orifice of Hades"—a remark which, by the way, illustrates the prevailing fault, a weakness for the "thunderous huff-snuff" of Australian minor oratory. Mr. Deakin has always been more anxious to do his work than to seize the *spolia opima* of political victories. He is a great authority on irrigation, and I happen to know that his "Irrigated India," an established text-book on wet farming, has been an inspiration to President Roosevelt in the framing and carrying out of that "irrigation policy" which is turning the American South-west into a fertile chequer-board with myriads of squares, each square a farmer's homestead. He was a great factor in the Federation movement, which might have failed but for his mediation between the extremists. Indeed, he has always been the man with the political oil-can, injecting here and there and everywhere the slow-falling words of soothing courtesy which prevent friction between incongruous personalities seeking the same end. But it is as the uncompromising advocate of Imperial Preference that he is best known in Great Britain. Here is his creed, a spoken passage which every Tariff Reformer should know by heart:

It is usually urged that the British workman, or the Colonial purchaser, will have to pay something more. I do not admit that. Treaties can be made which would not raise the price of articles on either side, and which would still confer a mutual advantage. Others can be made which would, or might, incidentally or temporarily for the most part, raise prices. Again it is a question of so much. There may be an increase in price which is inconsiderable, and a compensating advantage which is considerable. The only figures I propose to quote are those which indicate the possibility of diverting within the Empire trade which is at present without it. I find that in 1903 the exports—including gold and bullion—into the Empire represented upwards of £900,000,000. Adding the exports of the Empire for the same year, I find the

total trade was £1,600,000,000. There must be a large proportion of these imports which the Empire cannot produce profitably, and a large proportion of exports which we cannot consume. With these I will not deal. The enormous magnitude of those figures suffices to show the margin we have to work upon. They show the portion of our trade which now leaves only one of its profits within the Empire, and puts another profit in the pockets of our rivals and possible enemies. That trade may be retained within the Empire, to the lasting benefit of those portions of it which, like Australia, are but imperfectly cultivated and inadequately settled.

No such wide vision of the possibilities of Imperial Preference has yet been attained by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But those who know that the development of the upper half of the North American prairie region is, and must remain, the main-spring of Canadian progress, and that markets must be found in the Pacific if that development is to proceed continuously, are thinking along somewhat different lines; from Mr. Deakin's conclusion. When, in 1911 or thereabouts, the Dominion has three completed transcontinental routes—to say nothing of an emergency exit for Western freight by way of the Hudson Bay—the wheat production of the great prairie provinces will be too great to be absorbed by the British market unless a tax be levied on the grain of Russia, the Argentine, and the United States. In view of the fact that the whole Far East is now the theatre of a war of industrial conquest waged by Japan co-operating with China, Canada cannot find adequate additional markets in that quarter, and will be prepared to pay almost any price in the form of tariff concessions for the preferential treatment of wheat, the product of the pivotal industry of the West. Mr. Deakin has foreseen this change, and so has the Premier of Manitoba, the most far-seeing of all the Imperialists of Western Canada.

New Zealand will never be incorporated in the Australian Commonwealth, but as regards nearly all the larger questions of Imperial policy the two countries are of the same mind. Both understand the meaning of British sea-power, without which they might at any moment—now the sun of an Oriental renaissance with its chrysanthemum rays is above the horizon

—be swamped by armies of emigrants, numerous as the Mongol hordes of the Middle Ages, and able to conquer by an economic *jiu-jitsu* or power of under-living, from the overcrowded lands of southern and eastern Asia. Both are anxious to profit by the evil experience of the United States, and prevent the creation of gigantic soulless trusts within their borders. Both are well aware that Germany and other foreign Powers are cutting into our trade along every stage of the "long trail" (of which Rudyard Kipling sings) and diminishing the hoarded prestige to which the keepers of India—the Holy Land of the Far East—are clearly entitled. Both will vote the same at the Conference through their chosen representatives, Mr. Deakin and Sir Joseph Ward. The New Zealand Prime Minister is not yet known to the people of the "Home-land," though he has visited London on several occasions. We are still haunted by the magniloquent personality of the late Mr. Seddon—a statesman of mass and momentum comparable with the mighty scrummagers, one at least of them a relation of "King Dick," who sported the red rose in the heroic age of Rugby football. To Richard Seddon New Zealand was "God's own country" (the same name has been given to the Saskatchewan valley on the other side of the globe), and his ruling ideal was to recreate England in its image. In the contemplation of this monumental patriot one was apt to forget that he was also the subtlest politician of his day, the wariest of party meteorologists, a benevolent Count Fosco working the wires of innumerable profound projects. He was the "lock" forward of his pack of Cabinet Ministers, of whom his successor was one of the cleverest in getting the ball. Though he cannot be compared with his immortal chief, there is no doubt that Sir Joseph Ward is a strong and able statesman. It has been said that he resembles Mr. Seddon as a bull-terrier resembles a bull-dog, no more and no less. The collection of these stray epigrams is an interesting hobby. Whether this particular specimen is more than half a truth remains to be seen. For the time being Sir Joseph Ward must govern according to the

spirit as well as the letter of Cabinet law, and one doubts whether he is able or willing to become a political autocrat. As to his all-round ability there can be no question whatever. He was the best of Postmasters-General, an official after Mr. Henniker Heaton's own heart, and the story that when at Rome he read off a Marconigram and translated the dots and dashes into good Italian is a good illustration of the man's uncanny versatility. It will be long before a Postmaster-General in a British Cabinet—the place is given to party maids-of-all-work or to young men of a coming-on disposition—will be able to work the wireless telegraph personally. In the matter of preferential trade Sir Joseph Ward is not (perhaps) so zealous as his predecessor. Last year he was talking over the possibility of a reciprocity treaty between New Zealand and the United States with President Roosevelt, that heroic busybody.

And so we come to the three representatives of British South Africa, who will probably vote as a group in the Conference. Two of the South African Premiers—Dr. Jameson and General Botha—need no introduction. The former has been working out the political *testamentum militare* of the late Cecil Rhodes in the mother-colony of the sub-continent, and so laying the foundations of the third great Federation in the Empire. We all know that he is an advocate of Imperial Preference, as ardent and outspoken as Mr. Deakin himself. General Botha has filled the news-sheets of late, and there is nothing new to be said of this honourable soldier and honest politician, who will probably be as cordially welcomed in London as was Marshal Soult when he visited us after the collapse of the Napoleonic tyranny. His opinions in regard to Imperial Preference are as yet unknown; perhaps he himself does not know what they are. But he is defining his political personality day by day in admirable pronouncements, in which no trace of the Prinsloo self-deceiving is to be discerned. Perhaps there is a trifle too much nobility in these utterances. One distrusts any variant of the ineffable John Glayde who appears on the political stage. Besides, Mr. Hofmeyr was

rather given to that particular pose. Lastly, there is Mr. Frederick Moor, the Premier of Natal, which, despite the suggestion of an untravelled Radical member of our own Parliament, is a very much more important thing than the poverty-stricken "workers' dormitory" of West Ham. Mr. Moor, who began by digging diamonds at Kimberley, was one of the party which carried responsible government for Natal. He has done a vast amount of administrative work, and was acting Premier when Sir Albert Hime was attending the Coronation Conference. There is no stronger advocate of Imperial Preference.

E. B. OSBORN.



## GALILEO IN THE VAL D'ARNO

**T**HREE villas in the neighbourhood of Florence are of more than ordinary interest, not only for their historical associations and beauty, but because Galileo Galilei lived in them at different periods of his troubled life. Le Selve, near Signa, built by Buontalenti, was bought by the Marquess Filippo Salviati from the Strozzi family, and when Galileo resigned his professorship at Padua in order to become Court Mathematician at Florence, his friend Salviati lent him the villa. It is curious that two great Italians, Giovanni Boccaccio and Galileo Galilei, had a common ancestor in Bonajuto, Lord of Pogna in the Val d'Elsa. Chellino, one of Bonajuto's sons, was Boccaccio's grandfather. Another son, Giovanni, was the father of a celebrated doctor, Messer Galileo, from whom descended Vincenzo Galilei, a musician of some repute, his son, born in Pisa in 1564, was the famous Galileo Galilei. A descendant of Messer Galileo, the doctor, was Governor of Pisa about seventy years ago, and most bitterly resented any allusion to his relationship with a man who had been in the prisons of the Inquisition.

The room occupied by Galileo at the Selve communicates by a winding staircase with a small upper terrace on which he used to spend the nights in watching the stars. Here he discovered the spots on the sun, and here he wrote his treatise

on the planets, his history of the sun-spots, and other works. He loved the country and country pursuits, and declared there was no better preservative of health than living in the open air. A wall at the back of the villa with a peculiar curve is always shown as having been built by him. If two people whisper to one another at either end, each can hear the other distinctly. The view from the broad terrace of the Selve is beautiful. Below a long fringe of tall poplars marks the winding river, and to the right is the picturesque old bridge which connects Beata Signa with Ponte a Signa. Farther away still are the fine old machicolated walls and towers of Lastra a Signa standing out against the lush green plains. On the summit of the hill opposite, rising abruptly from the river, stands the great Medicean villa of Artimino, and in the far distance Poggio a Cajano rises high above the village clustering round it; the trees looking like shrubs beside the villa where Francesco I. and his second wife, Bianca Cappello, died of poison in October 1587.

In 1614 Salviati died and Galileo had to leave the Selve. About the same time a Dominican friar preached a sermon in Santa Maria Novella denouncing Galileo and all professors of mathematics. "Mathematicians are of the devil," he exclaimed, "and mathematicians, as authors of all heresies, should be driven out of every State." Monks and theologians denied the existence of the Medicean planets, some even insisted that the moon shone by her own unaided light. In 1617 Galileo rented a villa on Bellosguardo from the Segni family, where he lived for sixteen years. All learned Florentines, and every foreigner of any distinction who visited Florence, breasted the steep hill to listen to Galileo's conversation. Eloquent, sarcastic, brimming over with fun and humour, and full of learning, he was a delightful companion. Virgil, Horace and Seneca, he knew by heart and often quoted, as he did the poetry of Petrarch, of Berni, and especially of Ariosto. He never permitted Tasso to be compared with Ariosto, saying there was as great a difference between them as when a man

tried to eat a cucumber after a good melon. Here he could indulge in his favourite occupation of pruning and tending fruit trees and flowers, for he looked on cities as prisons of the human intellect, and used to say, "the country is the book of nature, always open to him who cares to read and study with intelligence, for the writing and the alphabet in which it is written are so many propositions, problems and geometrical corollaries, by whose help some of the infinite mysteries of nature may be fathomed."

In the Segni villa, now known as the Villa dell'Ombrellino, Galileo wrote the *Saggiatore*, expounding convincing arguments in favour of the new method of observation and induction. Friends and devoted pupils flocked around him; yet he was lonely and longed for the family life he had himself made an impossibility by condemning his two daughters to become nuns as quite young girls. At last his son Vincenzo, having finished his studies at Pisa, married, and came to live in Florence in 1629. A happy year passed all too quickly, during which Galileo began to compose his famous *Dialogues on Motion*. But the following year the plague broke out and his son fled to the hills above Prato, from whence he persistently pestered his father for money, and complained that he gave away too much in charity. Galileo was, however, somewhat consoled by the love of his daughter Virginia, who had taken the vows at sixteen under the name of Sister Maria Celeste. Her letters are charming but very sad reading. It was then the custom that a nun might have a *Devoto*, or devout follower, sometimes a priest, sometimes a layman, who was admitted into the parlour, the nun being behind the grating, to ask for her advice or her prayers, he in return giving small presents to her or to the convent, which often was in dire need.

I look on you [she wrote to her father] as my *Devoto* (to speak according to our usage), to whom I can tell my thoughts, my pleasures and my pains. Finding you have always been ready to help me, I tell you, not of all my wants, for they would be too numerous, but of one which is very pressing as the cold weather is approaching, I shall be frozen if you do not send me a blanket.

In return she sent her father candied fruit, or linen worked by her own hands. One December, with a rose, she writes :

To enhance my gift of candied lemons and two fine baked pears I send you a rose. Being a rare flower at this season it may be pleasing to you, the more so that with the rose you will accept the thorns which represent the bitter passion of Our Lord, and also the green leaves which signify hope.

Proud of being the daughter of Galileo, she took an interest in his scientific and literary labours, begged to see the letters he received from celebrated men, and to be allowed to read the *Saggiatore*. When Galileo was very ill, the poor girl exclaimed :

I do not mind being a nun save when I hear that you are ill, for I would wish so much to be able to come and see you, and nurse you with all possible care.

When Galileo left Bellosguardo his pupil Esau Martellini lent him a villa he owned at Arcetri, called Il Gioello. Here he lived after the second persecution he suffered at Rome in 1633, when at last he was permitted to return to Florence. Il Gioello was practically his prison, as the Inquisition forbade him to hold meetings, to give lectures, to receive friends, or "to commit any action showing a lack of reverence."

In 1634 he lost his beloved daughter, the nun, Sister Maria Celeste. From her death-bed she wrote to him :

Accept these few words, offered with ardent love, to inform you of the state, by God's grace, of my mind. I long to pass to another life, for every day I see more clearly the vanity and the misery of this one.

Her death was a heavy blow to the sick and broken-down man, whose eyesight was rapidly failing. Urban VIII. and his worthy advisers, the Jesuits, continued their persecution and ordered that he was not to converse with any one, "not even with the most wise and respectable person." He petitioned the Pope, through the Grand Duke, to grant him some mitigation of such rigorous imprisonment, but the Inquisition

commanded him to desist from further supplications on pain of punishment. Hobbes must have, however, contrived to evade these orders, as he saw Galileo frequently when he was in Florence in 1636. He admired the great Italian as being "the first that opened to us the gate of natural philosophy universal, which is the knowledge of the nature of *motion*. So that neither can the age of natural philosophy be reckoned higher than to him."

Some years later another Englishman visited Galileo. Milton was in Florence in 1638, and often climbed the hill up to :

Thy sunny slope, Arcetri, sung of old  
 For its green wine ; dearer to me, to most,  
 As dwelt on by that great astronomer,  
 Seven years a prisoner at the city gate,  
 Let in but in his grave-clothes. Sacred be  
 His villa (justly called the Gem).  
 Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw,  
 Its length of shadow, while he watched the stars.  
 Sacred the vineyard, where, while yet his sight  
 Glimmered, at blush of morn he dressed his vines,  
 Chanting aloud in gaiety of heart,  
 Some verse of Ariosto. There unseen,  
 In manly beauty Milton stood before him,  
 Gazing with reverent awe—Milton his guest,  
 Just then come forth, all life and enterprise ;  
*He* in his old age and extremity,  
 Blind, at noonday exploring with his staff ;  
 His eyes upturned as to the golden sun,  
 His eyeballs idly rolling.<sup>1</sup>

Galileo became quite blind in 1638, and four years later he died. His favourite pupil, Viviani, braved the thunders of the Vatican and nursed his friend and master with the tenderness of a woman. He describes him as being "strongly built, of middle height, full-blooded, phlegmatic, and very strong. But hard work and much pain, both of body and of mind, had debilitated his frame, so he would often fall into a languid condition."

<sup>1</sup> "Italy." Samuel Rogers.

Galileo was a good musician and played well on the lute, he was a clever draughtsman, and so able as an architect that the Florentines consulted him about the façade they proposed to build for their cathedral. After 1633 all his letters are dated "From my prison at Arcetri."

JANET ROSS.

the lute,  
architect  
de they  
all his

Ross.

## COSMOPOLITANISM AND HUMOUR

"IN the whole of my life I have met only two women with a genuine sense of humour," a well-known literary man said to me recently. As an after-thought he added: "One I married." It was this remark which led up to an interesting discussion as to whether cosmopolitanism—in other words, the habit of mixing freely with men and women of many sorts and conditions—does or does not tend to foster the sense of humour in the individual already to some extent endowed with it. Ultimately it was suggested that "expert opinion" upon the subject should be obtained; and thus it comes about that I have now before me letters from a number of "specialists" who have been so kind as to favour me with their views.

Though of opinion that the sense of humour cannot be brought into being in the individual born without any germs of it in his nature, Mrs. John Lane thinks that even the germs can be cultivated, and, if a mixed metaphor may pass, can be actually fanned into flame provided they are taken in time. In short, the boy or the girl endowed by nature with a sense of the ridiculous and the wit to observe instinctively many of the absurdities that go to make up, if not the sum of our existence, at least a sensible proportion of it, will find that this power of observation becomes stronger, or fades away almost entirely, according to the mental atmosphere in which he or she is reared.

And yet [Mrs. Lane continues], quite the dullest person I ever knew was a man who had spent almost the whole of his life in roaming about the world, and who, to my knowledge, had mixed with people of many different ranks and nationalities. Personally I am all in favour of encouraging humour so far as it can be encouraged. I think the reason so many people speak disparagingly of individuals said to be gifted with a sense of humour is that they—the people holding the opinion that humour ought to be discouraged—do not understand the true meaning of the word “humour.”

That, without doubt, is so. Thus the dreadful person who slaps you on the back when he meets you in the street, deems himself a humourist. So does the habitual perpetrator of puns; so does the individual who “roars” over his own anecdotes; so does the club smoking-room cynic who sharpens his wit at the expense of his absent friends. An acquaintance told me once that his son had “such a sense of humour.” I found out afterwards that the son, though a grown man, thought it a splendid joke to tie a tin can to his dog’s tail and send the poor beast yelping down the street.

To Mr. Israel Zangwill “It seems obvious that if any one has a sense of humour he can make it grow with exercise.” The idea of deliberately setting out to exercise one’s sense of humour is amusing. “A sense of relativity and comparison,” he adds, “being at the basis of all humorous observation, humour will naturally be fostered by mixing with all sorts of people who to themselves are absolute.” He does not in the least hold with Ian Maclaren that “a sense of humour is a direct hindrance to practical success in life”; or that “young men should congratulate themselves if they lack this dangerous quality”; or that, if by mischance they possess it, “they ought to hide it behind a sustained and unimpeachable solemnity until they have a competence”; or, finally, that, as one of my unconsciously humorous Irish correspondents observes, “until a young man is old he most certainly ought not to cultivate the sense of humour.”

A well-known barrister, who for an obvious reason desires to remain anonymous, thinks that “dulness and intense respec-



tability generally go hand-in-hand." He goes on to say that after mixing with men and women of many classes for upwards of five and thirty years he has come to the conclusion that

the lack of humour, which spells infinite dulness, of many of the members of the various cliques that go to make up what is spoken of commonly as "county society," could hardly be surpassed. . . . This fact [he continues], I think, bears out what I take to be your own view; namely, the old saying that though a rolling stone may gather but little moss, a set stone acquires no brilliancy. In direct opposition to the stereotyped axiom of a great bulk of Englishmen that one should "never talk to strangers," I have long made it a rule almost invariably to talk to strangers, or at any rate give them an opportunity of entering into conversation if they wish to do so—for instance, in railway carriages, on omnibuses, at public gatherings, in hotel smoking-rooms, on board ship, at my clubs, and so on. I find that plenty of men are only too glad to converse. The reason so many refrain from opening a conversation is that they think the stranger they would like to talk to would perhaps sooner not be bothered to talk to them, and thus they refrain from speaking, out of consideration for the stranger's feelings. . . . Most emphatically I have found that the "cosmopolouse," as Kipling calls him—the man who rubs shoulders with members of the community in many walks in life, who, to a great extent, sets social distinctions aside and is ordinarily "human" with everybody he meets—has a far more finely-developed sense of humour, and a keener insight into human character, than his brother who insists upon "unbending" only when in the company of persons of what he calls "his own social standing." As a natural result the man of cosmopolitan habits, tastes and views is almost invariably much the more broad-minded of the two.

Finally, it is my opinion that if we Englishmen, as a nation, allowed ourselves more latitude in this respect, stood a little less upon our "dignity"—which in this connection is not true dignity at all, but a form of priggishness—and were less ready to take offence where no offence is meant, the wheels of life would run more smoothly with us and we should be less misunderstood and less often misrepresented by foreign nations.

The next letter comes from Mr. Max Beerbohm, who assuredly ought to be able to speak with authority upon the subject of humour in its relation to cosmopolitanism, and *vice versa*. However, he is not of this opinion.

I am afraid [he writes], that my reply must be a refusal. Had you asked me to contribute to a discussion as to how many angels might dance on the point of a needle, I might have dared to try. But the schoolmen of old time

seem to me to have been, in comparison with you, plain, practical, prosaic fellows. "Whether cosmopolitanism tends to develop the sense of humour" is a problem which would have mystified and affrighted even them. How much more must it affright and mystify *me*!

Mr. Cecil Raleigh, on the contrary, does not fear to step in where Mr. Max Beerbohm will not tread.

Personally [his letter begins], I think that one is born with a Sense of Humour, or without it. To some the Sense is given in a greater degree than to others, but I do not think that a Sense of Humour can be, or ever is, developed.

We should not confound a *Sense* of Humour with the *Expression* of Humour.

The Expression of Humour is an Art. It is a very difficult Art to learn. But it is an Art that can be developed. For example, the well-known sporting nobleman who told his friend that he had been "ruined by slow horses and fast women," never afterwards uttered a word that might not have emanated from a tame rabbit. Yet he did upon the one particular occasion that I have indicated, give distinct evidence of latent talent. It might have been developed. But it was not. Remember, it is a very ordinary thing in the House of Commons for a man to make one brilliant speech and never say anything afterwards. The latent orator is there, but for some reason or reasons the oratory is never developed. It is so with the *Expression* of Humour.

A *Sense* of Humour is quite a different thing. Many people will do, and say, things that appear to them to have nothing but a serious meaning. But to other people these things are ridiculous beyond speech. The people to whom the things appear ridiculous are the people who have an inborn Sense of Humour, that is to say, they have the ability to see and appreciate Humour.

But what is Humour?

Here you get on to dangerous ground. For example, in a given action or a given speech, some men see no Humour at all. Others see a little Humour. Others see a great deal of Humour. Now which of them is right? Is there Humour in nearly everything, and are only those people right who can see it; or is there never any Humour in anything, and are the people who think that they can see Humour, people cursed with a perverted Sense?

Ask yourself this: You see a drunken man slip up and fall heavily upon the pavement. You roar with laughing. Why? The spectacle is one in which moral depravity is combined with physical pain. Is there anything humorous about it? There is nothing, if you permit yourself to think

for a solitary minute. And yet you laugh. And possibly you, like many others, look with contempt upon people who are said to have no Sense of Humour.

Cosmopolitanism does not seem to me to affect Humour one way or the other. As a child I roared with laughter when I saw a man finish an angry speech by sitting heavily upon his own hat. I have travelled a good deal and I have seen many many lands, and whenever I have seen a similar incident or anything at all approaching it, I have laughed as I did when a child, but I have not laughed any more and I don't think it is likely I shall laugh any less. If your Mother had some words with your Father at the breakfast table, and in the excitement of the argument he dropped an "h" or two, if you burst out laughing and your Mother said "Basil, a family disagreement should not be the cause of merriment; you used to take these things seriously," would you reply: "Yes Mother, I know I did, but I cannot help laughing *now* because I have spent three weeks in Germany"?

Several of our leading actors consider that to be genuinely humorous is in itself an art, but they one and all make the mistake of confusing the verb "to foster" with the verb "to create." Even Mr. George Grossmith has to some extent fallen into this trap.

The humorist, like the poet [he says], is born and not mechanically manufactured, but in my opinion cosmopolitanism is an incentive to every branch of art.

The artist who spends the whole of his time in painting views of Hampstead Heath, for instance, must perforce remain ignorant of the other beauties of the earth. Travelling in itself is an education especially for the humorist. Mark Twain would never have been the brilliant humorist that he is if he had confined his observations of human nature to suburban surroundings. So it is with the gentlemen in my own line of humour. If they write songs like, for instance, "How mother cooked the apple pie," they will find themselves perpetually confined to gentlemen's "smokers," or, as the Americans aptly term them, "stag" parties. A knowledge of foreign nations, however slight, must be a great advantage to any home-made humorist, and it gives him a wider field for his work.

This reference to Mark Twain brings back to memory the days when he lived in Paris and I had the privilege of his acquaintance there, for we lived in the same hotel. He was a great believer in cosmopolitanism as an incentive to the develop-

ment of the humorous faculty in the man or woman endowed with it. I have met many professional humorists, if one may call them so, who in conversation rarely smile, but few were "drier" in their manner than Mr. Samuel Clemens—"Mark Twain." Even when the most whimsical of remarks came unbidden to his lips he never really laughed. His eyes, which were set far back in his head, would at such times twinkle in a peculiarly attractive way and become almost hidden under his bushy eyebrows, and sometimes his mouth curved a little at the corners. But that was all. Yet I recollect his keeping an audience convulsed with laughter when one day at the British Embassy he read aloud some extracts from his "Innocents Abroad." But there were persons devoid of humour even in that audience. When, after the entertainment was over, I incidentally asked a lady who had been present at it if she had ever read Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog," she replied that she had. "But I couldn't see anything in the least funny in it," she added. "The thought of filling a poor frog with shot like that made me feel quite ill."

The clever humorist, Mr. Walter Emanuel, who writes week by week the "Charivaria" for *Punch*, takes the question seriously.

In considering your inquiry [he writes], the personal equation comes in. There are many persons in existence who cannot see the humour of anything, not even of themselves, but, as regards those who have the necessary gift, my answer to your question is an unhesitating affirmative. The cosmopolitan has his horizon enlarged. He is enabled to take a larger purview of things. Not only will he find more subjects, but his humour should tend to become or a finer quality, for he will get a more correct sense of proportion, and it will be far easier for him than for the short-sighted man to recognise what things in the world are small, and what things are big—what may be ridiculed, and what should be respected. The really great humorist gets right outside things.

Mr. Arthur Sykes, another of *Punch's* epigrammatists, holds that "sparks of latent humour may be drawn by rubbing shoulders—without too much friction."

Mr. G. B. Burgin is practically of the same opinion, and feels sure that cosmopolitanism "unconsciously gives one a means of comparison." He recalls to mind an occasion when he was on the Bosphorus, in a caique, and his boatman wanted a sail, as he was too lazy to row. "So the boatman took off his trousers, and their baggy amplitude made a magnificent sail." Mr. Burgin feels confident that a Thames boatman would have been summonsed had he done this.

When we reached the landing-place, my boatman put on his trousers again, and thanked Allah for being wafted ashore. The spectators gravely joined in — "To Allah the praise: Selim is a man of ideas!" Emphatically the "cosmopolouse" has a distinct advantage over his stay-at-home brethren.

In opposition to this, Mr. Barry Pain does not think that humour can be fostered.

Either you have got it [he says], or you go without it. The sense of humour is a sense of proportion, and possibly the cosmopolitan has the advantage of more standards of comparison; but personally I should not like to encourage young men to believe that if they fail to see jokes, a week in sunny Lucerne will be any help to them.

The conclusion to be arrived at, then, would seem to be this. In the same way that what is one man's food may be another man's poison, so the sense of proportion and disproportion that constitutes what we call, for want of a better definition, the "sense of humour," while appealing in a greater or lesser measure to one section of the community, acts in a greater or lesser degree as an irritant to the section that itself lacks this attribute. Secondly, the sense of humour is a thing apart. It is born in some, and in those in whom it is born it develops more or less in proportion as their power of mental quickness and observation develops, and this power of mental quickness and observation is increased unconsciously in the individual of cosmopolitan habits. But to the man born without any spark of humour in his composition, so to speak, all knowledge of what actually constitutes genuine humour will remain a

"closed book." Lastly, in the same way that laughter is closely allied to tears, and pathos is closely allied to tragedy, so, considered collectively, the men and women possessed of a keen sense of humour will be found, as a rule, to be beneath the surface the most serious-minded, and, in many instances, the most "human" and sympathetic.

BASIL TOZER.

## LEISURELY AMERICA

**D**R. LORENZ, the Vienna specialist, in recording his impressions of the United States, said nothing would convince him that Americans really believed time to be money while they thought it necessary to be personally present whenever their shoes were being blacked. This peculiar practice is not exceptional but typical. It illustrates a national characteristic which can with difficulty be accepted by the newcomer, for he brings with him the preconceived notion that a higher value is set upon time in America than anywhere else in the world, but if he remains a few years in the country his experience reveals to him that America's true distinction among the nations is as a land of leisure.

An unprejudiced observation of life in their great cities soon leads to the conclusion that Americans have more spare time to play with than any other people. Throughout the morning the chairs in the entrance halls of the hotels are filled with gossiping dawdlers. In New York itself business is not so pressing but that the streets can be thronged and traffic suspended at 11 A.M. on account of a procession of the Order of Eagles or some other fantastic society. To attend the annual conventions of such orders, and of various patriotic or religious associations, tens of thousands of persons travel long journeys and are absent from their homes for several days at a time. Sporting and athletic events make at least as great inroads upon business hours as in the country whose devotion

to the muddled oaf has been so often bewailed. All this in addition to the public holidays—Independence Day, Memorial Day, Thanksgiving Day, Labour Day, Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday (or in the South some Confederate equivalent) as well as New Year's Day and Christmas Day. And in his working days the American endures such filchings from his time by incompetence and bad management as no Englishman would tolerate. The New Yorker gulps his food, yet his lunch takes at least as long as the Londoner's owing to the delay in the serving of his order. And though he pays his hair-cutter or barber at a ruinous scale, the charge is not after all extravagant if it is computed not by the piece but by the hour.

But surely, it will be said, the American is on the whole a pattern of activity and speed when he is actually occupying himself with his business. That is by no means my own judgment after spending four years in New York and six months in Chicago. The average office on the other side employs a larger staff than with us, but it shows by no means as satisfactory an output of work by the end of the day. The art of concentrating one's attention on the matter in hand has been very imperfectly learnt. The manager of an important firm is seldom indisposed for a chat of half an hour or so over a cigar. English tourists report with ingenuous admiration that they are able to obtain an interview with a Cabinet minister at Washington without an introduction, and can talk over with him at their leisure the affairs of his department—an accessibility which they naïvely extol in contrast with the exclusiveness of Whitehall. Shopping in the big city stores—those stores which are commonly supposed to be a marvellous development of business sagacity—is a most painful trial of patience owing to the unconscionable time consumed in waiting for change and for the packing up of one's purchase. The arrangements of these houses appear to be designed on purpose to discourage cash payments, for the delay is obviously much less in the case of customers who run a credit account. Often



too, the enterprise of a business house appears to exhaust itself in lavish advertisement, in the belief that if only the name of an article of merchandise is kept before the eyes of the public the actual sale of it will take care of itself. An English friend who was paying me a short visit was struck one day by the advertisements, in the street cars and on the hoardings all over New York, of a novel kind of stationery, and expressed a wish to see what it was like. I wrote at once asking for specimens and prices. A week later, when my friend had already sailed for home, a representative of the firm called, bringing samples of the article with him. He explained its merits elaborately and enthusiastically, but was not even then able to quote prices for all grades. In England my inquiry would, of course, have been answered by return of post. The slow movement of the American business man was again illustrated when I was rash enough to order through a leading bookseller a book recently published in London. I received it three weeks later than if I had written for it direct, although I paid the importer twenty-five per cent. on its value for his trouble. Needing a new ferule at the end of my walking-stick I applied to the repairing department of one of the biggest stores. I was told that the job would cost sixty cents, and that it would be done in ten days. Ordinarily this great achievement could be accomplished in seven, but the approach of Christmas would make it necessary to allow three days more. In the rural districts of America—and it must be remembered that only thirty-one per cent. of the population is urban—the gait of business is fully as slow in our own villages and small towns.

The quality of the means of communication in any country is a fair test of its regard for economy of time. In this matter America makes a poor showing indeed. The Director of the Office of Public Road Inquiries, an officer in the Department of Agriculture, has declared that "the United States has probably the worst system of public highways of any civilised nation of the first class." It has been demonstrated that it

costs more to move a bushel of wheat ten miles over an American country road than to transport the same burden 500 miles by railway, or 2000 miles by steamship. In what other country would one see such a newspaper paragraph as this at election time? "Rochester, N.Y., November 4,—Country roads in surrounding towns are reported to be in better condition than on any election day in many years, thus insuring a strong rural vote." In January 1905 it was reported that the sheriff and detectives at West Farmington, Ohio, were unable to get over the fifteen miles separating them from the place where a certain "wanted" man was staying, because no horses could be obtained at any price on account of the condition of the roads. The rapid collapse of the cycling boom, as illustrated by the decrease in membership of the League of American Wheelmen from 103,000 to 5380 in five years, is due not only to the mutability of the American temperament but to the discovery that there was neither pleasure nor profit in riding except in the neighbourhood of a certain number of public-spirited towns. The scope of the motor-car is similarly limited. An enthusiast who travelled the other day from New York to Buffalo on his motor-cycle reported that he covered several hundred miles on the railroad sleepers, which gave him better riding than the highways. A party of English automobilists, landing in New York with the intention of making their way to the St. Louis Fair by motor-car, had to give up the attempt after a brief experiment.

Many of the large cities of the United States have been laid out on a system which consumes the maximum of time in getting from one point to another. The rectangular plan of street arrangement makes it necessary to traverse two sides of a triangle to reach any point which is not in the same street as the starting-place. The consequent delay in communications is enormously increased, for vehicular traffic, by the atrocious condition of the city streets themselves. The waste of business time in getting waggons out of ruts, even in important New York streets, must amount to a considerable

total. Just after the construction of the Subway, when the repaving of the streets was supposed to be completed, there was left for many weeks at one point within my daily observation so great a depression in the surface—it would scarcely be an exaggeration to call it a gully—that again and again drivers of coal-carts would labour for half an hour at a stretch to get over it, with the result that they had in many cases to send at last for another team. The amount of time that has been wasted until quite lately by the neglect of the municipal authorities to guide the street traffic is beyond calculation. It was only on St. Patrick's Day, 1903, that any system was introduced for the regulation of the course of vehicles at the busiest corners of New York City. The general belief that New York is in advance of London in opportunities of "rapid transit" is by no means borne out by facts. According to Mr. H. H. Vreeland, the highest authority on the question, the electric tram-cars in the New York streets are so hampered by stoppages and blocks that their average speed does not exceed eight miles an hour—a rate which makes it still possible to speak respectfully of the London bus. In walking down Broadway from Astor Place during business hours I have sometimes compared my own progress with that of an electric tram-car starting abreast of me, and I have reached Canal Street—nearly a mile—before it quite left me behind. But an American in a hurry will unhesitatingly take a car for two or three blocks rather than cover the same distance more quickly by walking, just as he will wait two or three minutes for an elevator to take him down a flight of ten steps, or will bring the resources of his typewriter to bear upon a post-card which could be more speedily written by hand. After forty years New York has at last come round to the London opinion that an underground railway is the best means of rapid communication in a large city. In using electricity as the motive power for such a railway, it has followed the example set by the City and South London in 1890, a date considerably earlier than that of the first electric railways in America. The interim

experiment of elevated railways is now thoroughly discredited, as shown by the outcry lately raised against the proposal of certain capitalists to connect the Williamsburg and Brooklyn Bridges by this means. It is not at all unlikely that as soon as the Subway system is completed there will be a powerful agitation for the pulling down of the elevated lines, their effect upon the health and comfort of the city having been shown to be increasingly mischievous.

As to the American railway system proper, an entirely erroneous impression is gained by those who interpret as normal the widely-advertised "records" of long-distance speed. To run an 18-hours express from New York to Chicago—a distance of 912 or 980 miles according to the route taken—is a brilliant feat, but it is of practical value to only a very small proportion of railway travellers in the United States. This spectacular achievement will be seen to be quite exceptional if we compare a business man's opportunities of getting from say London to Manchester or Plymouth with the regular service from New York to Washington or Boston. In the autumn of 1904 the *Scientific American* summed up its own careful and detailed inquiries in the generalisation that "in respect of the number and speed of fast express trains our railway service in this country simply cannot compare with that of France and England." It will probably surprise English readers to learn that in the neighbourhood of New York, on the main lines entering that city, there are no less than twenty-five drawbridges which expose the railway traffic to the risk of being tied up at the whim of any passing barge-master. On November 30, 1904, a brick scow, sticking in the mud of Cromwell Creek, near the Harlem River, prevented the drawbridge from closing. It thus blockaded forty New York Central trains, including through expresses from the West, besides causing some hours' delay to thousands of passengers waiting at the main New York station for the starting of their trains in the opposite direction. Until the hindrance was removed it was necessary to block important

trains as far away as Albany, a hundred and thirty miles distant. And this incident, according to the *New York Herald*, has been paralleled on all the great suburban carriers entering New York.

The cars used on American railways are built with an equal indifference to considerations of speed. I have seen admirably quoted in England, as an example of American "hustle," a description of the scene at a New York terminus on the arrival of a suburban train crowded with business men. "As the train rushes in, the men leap from the cars on both sides," &c. &c. In fact, this is precisely what never happens and never can happen at an American station. There may be from 60 to 100 persons in the car, but they must all squeeze their way out through one of the two narrow exits at the ends. And the much vaunted "express" system of dealing with luggage is irritatingly slow. It is usually necessary to have one's packing completed several hours before the train starts—if one is leaving home at eight or nine in the morning the luggage is called for overnight—and the delivery is always a considerable time after the passenger's arrival. Worries and delays in dealing with luggage are, in my experience, an invariable concomitant of American railway travel.

Every now and then prominent American postal officials report, after visiting Europe, that their own postal system is far ahead of that of other countries. But in Boston there are only four deliveries a day at private houses, the latest at 4.20 P.M.; at Washington there are three, the latest at 3.30 P.M., in the residential section, and four in the business section. The house in which I was living in New York was within a mile and a half of the General Post Office, but no letters ever reached it after about six o'clock. At an important suburb, reached by frequent trains from the Grand Central Station, there are only three deliveries a day, the last at four o'clock, and there are other suburbs as easily reached by train or ferry, where until a date within the present century all letters had to be called for at the office. Spending a recent summer in a

Massachusetts township with 1800 permanent residents, a place only three hours by rail from Boston, and with a station of its own, I found that there was no delivery of letters, but they had all to be called for at the local post office. The mail-bags were transported twice a day to the office from the station on the tail of a cart, long after the passengers had disappeared and the other baggage had been disposed of. Even in the cities postal matter sent at a lower rate than letters—including circulars, proofs, and printed documents generally—regularly takes from one to two days longer in transmission than letters posted at the same time.

American journalism is commonly supposed to supply the most brilliant illustrations of the national devotion to speed. Where the mere recording and publication of news is concerned this reputation is on the whole well deserved, though even in this respect the use of the "fudge-box," unknown in America, gives our evening papers the lead. The chronicling of big disasters—for which the conditions of American life afford ample practice—is carried out rather more quickly and fully there than here, but in some forms of reporting America is certainly behind. The reporting of speeches, for example, is almost a lost art. Almost every important utterance is sent out by the speaker in advance, to be "released" at a certain date. Its length is consequently measured by the space it covers—*e.g.*, one reads of "Mr. Fassett's 7000-word speech" at the New York Republican Convention of 1904—instead of by the time it takes to deliver. An important speech given in Congress, if it is to reach the general public at all, has to be copied several days later by the newspapers from the official report. Editorial comment is even more belated. Here is a typical example. The *New York Times* of May 9, 1904, has a leading article headed "Mr. Cockran on the Issue." The first paragraph runs as follows: "The rage of the Republicans in the House when Mr. Bourke Cockran made his speech on April 23 is explained and even justified by the full report which appears in *The Congressional Record*."

Imagine a Parliamentary debate discussed for the first time by a London daily paper more than a fortnight after the debate itself! A grotesque instance of editorial sluggishness was given by the *New York Tribune*, of October 29, 1904, which contained a leader eulogising the smooth working of the new Subway, although the news columns of the same issue reported a serious "tie-up" occurring before six o'clock the previous evening. Nothing is ever seen in American journalism comparable to the regular achievement of our London and Provincial press day after day during a general election. To provide well-written comment the next morning on political news that has not reached the office long before midnight appears to be a feat beyond the power of an American paper. The weekly papers of America are slower than ours in the publication not only of comment but of news. In this respect the religious weeklies of London are regularly from one to two days ahead of their most enterprising contemporaries in New York or Boston. Before leaving the subject of journalism, it is worth while to notice the incidental confirmation given to my general argument by the format of American papers. Their shape and size show that they are intended for a constituency which is anything but in a desperate hurry. Colonel Watterson, the most distinguished editor in the Southern States, has lately been warmly commending English papers for their conciseness. "London," he says, "compresses into a paragraph what New York would amplify into a column." A few years ago a single number of the *New York World* was issued under the direction of a well-known English journalist on the lines of a London halfpenny paper, but the experiment was not well received, the result being a sheet too compact for the public taste.

The conception of the American as impatient of technicalities, and eager to get immediately at the heart of things, receives a severe shock if one examines his handling of questions of law and government. In these matters America is pre-eminently the land of red-tape. The delays in the

administration of justice are a crying national scandal. A few years ago, on the hanging of the "Moat House" murderer less than three months after the discovery of his victim's body, surprise and admiration were generally expressed by the American papers at the speed of English justice. The *Philadelphia Ledger* remarked that a similar case in America would have occupied as many years, and the history of the American courts abundantly supports this opinion. In Vermont, for instance, a woman murdered her husband on August 13, 1902, was arrested a few days later, was shortly afterwards condemned to death, but in consequence of several appeals, was not actually hanged until December 8, 1905. A New York lawyer, arrested for murder in September 1900, was indicted in May 1901, was convicted in March 1902, and remained under sentence of death from that time until December 1906, when his punishment was commuted by the Governor of the State to that of imprisonment for life. A judge of the New York Court of General Sessions, when recently pronouncing sentence of death on a convicted murderer, and naming a date for the execution, declared his own sentence "a farce." "There is only one instance," he said, "of a sentence of death being carried out on the date fixed by the lower court. That was in the case of the slayer of President McKinley." The captain of the *General Slocum*, which was burnt in the East River in June 1904, with the loss of 1000 lives, was not tried until January 1906, and the owners of the steamboat, though pronounced equally culpable by the Government inquiry, have not yet been placed in the dock. At the beginning of 1906 the manager of the Iroquois Theatre, Chicago, burnt in December 1903, was at last notified that he would have to stand his trial, but his attorney immediately declared that they would attempt to secure a change of venue, and "this motion," the newspapers reported, "will be argued within a few weeks." It was not until March of the present year that the anticipated trial actually began. In all serious criminal trials, by the way, an amazing time is



consumed in forming the jury, as in the notorious Thaw case.

In civil courts, also, American administration appears to be modelled on *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*. A boy in Cleveland, Ohio, was injured by a railway train ten years ago, when he was eleven years old. The case has been bandied to and fro between the courts until the lad has come of age, and it is now ruled that whatever results have so far been reached are invalidated by the fact that he is an adult and must therefore plead in his own name. By a careful study of averages it has been found that a year must elapse for a jury case to be reached for trial in Indianapolis and San Francisco, two years in Boston, and three years in Chicago and New York. It has been estimated that an English judge disposes of twice as many cases in the time as his American contemporary. The same disinclination to be hurried shows itself in the management of what might be called semi-judicial cases—the determination of customs claims, for example. Not long ago it was reported that no less than 150,000 suspended protests were awaiting the decision of the general appraisers. In January 1905 a case was decided which had been carried on the calendar for nearly thirteen years. As a result of this decision a firm of importers obtained a refund of a dollar a dozen pairs on a consignment of gloves that had been imported, sold, and worn out in 1892.

In all departments of his service Uncle Sam allows himself to be regarded as an indulgent employer. The new Chicago Post Office has taken ten years to build. In 1902 a report of the Chief Constructor showed that there was not a single vessel under contract for the United States Navy that was not a year behindhand. Six submarine torpedo-boats, contracted for to be delivered in eight months, were still unfinished after twenty-five. The penalties provided for in such contracts are uniformly remitted. According to present indications there will be much edification to foreign observers in watching the progress of the Panama Canal—the undertaking in which

President Roosevelt declared his intention of "making the dirt fly." The Government offices in Washington itself can scarcely be said to set a good example to the contractors. Not until February 1906 did the Department of Agriculture issue its "Report on the Relations between Climates and Crops," recording an investigation begun by order of the Secretary in February 1891, and completed in June of the same year. Congress itself devotes a considerable time every session to the discussion of Bills awarding compensation for damages to property, &c., received during the Civil War, concluded more than forty years ago. But the Congressman may be excused for thinking that he is expected to be behind-hand, inasmuch as he is not allowed to take his seat until more than twelve months after the election at which he was returned.

In other American cities it is sometimes suggested that if you want to refresh your memory as to what the nineteenth century was like you should go to Philadelphia. A visit to America might in the same way be recommended to any Englishman desirous of reviving the sensations of a vanished past. Professor Wendell's favourite formula—"Eighteenth-century American = Seventeenth-century Englishman"—might be adapted to later centuries in many important relations. In spite of certain superficial signs of progress, especially in the application of electricity, it is still the conditions of the first part of the nineteenth century that meet the eye of the Englishman in America to-day. The law courts are choked by methods of procedure obsolete among us for generations; the municipal government smells rankly of the offences of the era of unreformed corporations in our own land; few of the most up-to-date cities have a postal service equal to that described by Sir Walter Besant as existing in the London of 1680; at public meetings everywhere one encounters a tiresome and elaborate ceremonial that was probably brought over in the *Mayflower*; even the tunes sung in the leading city churches are those whose linked sweetness long drawn out has been forgotten in England since

the days of our grandfathers. How then can we explain the American's rooted conviction that his country is a "hustler" beyond all her competitors? It is mainly due to one simple error of observation—his belief that the speed with which a thing is done, and incidentally its efficiency, may be measured by the noise made in doing it. To the American success means, literally as well as metaphorically, making a noise in the world. The present Archbishop of Canterbury put his finger exactly upon this national characteristic when, speaking in Trinity Church, New York, he said: "In no surroundings which I have ever known, in no city which I have ever seen in any of the world's continents, have life's activities seemed to whirr and buzz so restlessly as here." "To whirr and buzz"—that is precisely the distinguishing feature of American activity of every kind, and in proportion as this ideal is attained is the American content. His trains and tram-cars are noisier than the English; therefore they must be faster. The incessant clang of the streets of New York is far more piercing than the noise of London; therefore New York must be the busier city. One reason why the typewriter has been adopted much more readily there than here is that the American believes himself to be writing to much better purpose if he can hear himself write. A curious illustration of the difference in national standards is afforded by the use made of fireworks. In England fireworks are something to see; in America they are something to hear. In an English celebration they are reserved until after dark; in America one lets them off in the day-time—sometimes all day long for several days running. Accordingly, the temper of the people might appropriately be expressed in these lines of one of their own poets:—

Be strenuous, and let who will be clever.  
Strike crashing blows, nor shun them all day long;  
And so make life, death, and the vast forever  
One Chinese Gong!

There have been writers—Goethe and Schopenhauer are some-

times quoted among them—who have made sensitiveness to noise one of the chief criteria of culture; who have contended that a man's refinement is in inverse ratio to the amount of noise he will tolerate complacently. Without expressing any opinion on this doctrine, one may at least point out that by his love of noise the American misses the one advantage of his sluggish pace—the advantage, namely, that slowness normally means restfulness too.

H. W. HORWILL.

## ALIEN IMMIGRATION TO THE U.S.A.

**I**N a former part of my "American Notes and Studies" I have treated the subject of emigration chiefly from the abstract side, and confined myself preferably to take a general aspect of the problem. I endeavoured to analyse its psychological features, and to throw some light on the metaphysical condition of the nation. In sketching the accomplishments, the thoughts, and the faculties of the people my principal object was to give a more correct idea of the national tendencies and to show to advantage the intellectual resources and the moral forces they have at their disposal.

In the present instance, however, I have made it my task to enumerate actual facts and figures, in order that a fuller and truer conception of the situation may be arrived at. And in this I have been greatly assisted by the statistical works which are in constant process of publication, and relating to life in its various aspects, commercial, social, and political. Among these works I would mention especially the great and comprehensive work called "Census," which is published by the State every ten years, and gives statistic tables on all kinds of subjects.

It is compiled in such a manner as to enable us easily to compare the various ramifications of the life and growth of the nation. Thus we are put in a position to obtain a general

survey of the situation as it actually is, and as our studies on the question now under consideration have hitherto been of an analytical nature they now become necessarily synthetical.

The United States of America cover an area of 2,991,880 square miles, exclusive of Alaska and Indian territory, and are inhabited by nearly 77,000,000 souls. These astounding figures gain in eloquence when we remember that the nation is practically but a century old; that in the beginning of 1800 only about a fourth part of the land was inhabited, the total population amounting to a few millions. Surprising, indeed, is the rapid acquisition of land, but more remarkable still is the enormous increase of the population. The "Census" enables us to realise not only the actual facts and figures, but by its help we also obtain an insight into the development of the nation. We see, for instance, that whereas in 1800 the number of inhabitants of the United States was 4,806,446, a century later it reached to 66,990,788, not including the negroes, who are more than ten millions strong.

The fact is unique in the world's history, and it will be interesting to review the successive stages of this prodigious growth, and thus to realise the situation as it now presents itself. It is said that the remarkable increase of the population of America is not due to the ordinary laws of nature, that the births are not proportionate to the number of adults, and that the extraordinary wealth of the country is the cause of these abnormally high figures.

Apart, however, from the influx of people by immigration, we can verify by comparison with local birth rates that the growth of the American population has been enormous, and that without exaggeration we may roughly estimate it at a minimum of 25 per cent. per decade. It was below this figure between 1860-70, when the registers returned only 23 per cent.; but considerably above it during the first period of the second half of the century (1850-60), when the increase was maintained at 30 per cent. and over. The better to understand

the position, we quote some figures from preceding census returns. We thereby see that the total population of the United States, which in 1810 amounted to 7,239,891, had in 1820 grown to 9,633,822, in 1830 to 12,866,020, in 1840 to 17,069,453, and finally in 1850 had reached to 23,191,876.

The first period of the formation and development of the American nation, rich as it is in interesting and startling detail, also shows the greatest increase in actual numbers. Afterwards there is a decrease, but in 1860 the census returns 31,444,321, and in 1870 38,558,371. The percentage rises again during the years 1877, 1878, 1879, and the decade 1880-90 closes with 50,155,783. The comparative decline during the last two decades—1890 closing with 63,069,756 and 1900 with 46,303,387—caused a general panic and outcry, demanding the immediate taking of measures to guard against the danger of *racial suicide*, Mr. Roosevelt being one of the most eloquent advocates in this movement.

It was estimated that the actual population of the United States ought in 1900 to have reached at least 80,000,000. This enormous figure is in itself startling enough, but it is still more surprising when we consider the different nationalities of which it is composed. Since the earliest settlers, Spanish, Scandinavian, Dutch, Portuguese, French, and English mariners, arrived upon the scene, there has been one uninterrupted flow of newcomers from all parts of the world. The emigration movement to North America is certainly one of the most remarkable facts of contemporary history. Both as regards the gigantic proportions it assumed as well as regards its moral consequences it can be compared only to the great migration of the Middle Ages.

The migration question has always had a great fascination for me, and my interest in it grew after I had personally made the passage to America as chaplain on board of an emigrant ship,<sup>1</sup> on which 2400 labourers from my own country, Hungary, were transported to seek a living in the Virginian mines. The

<sup>1</sup> See "To America in an Emigrant Ship," *Monthly Review*, December 1906.

number of emigrants from Austria-Hungary alone has in the last few years exceeded 300,000 per annum.

It is interesting to mark the current and general direction followed by the wave of emigration which swept over Europe. In the beginning of the nineteenth century the arrivals were chiefly from the British Isles, and in the first place from Ireland. Towards the second half of the century the greater portion was furnished by Germany and Scandinavia. Recently, and especially during the last few years, the principal centre of emigration has been the Carpathian district, Galicia, Hungary, and various families of Slavs being in prominence. From Transylvania the movement spread to Roumania and across the great plains of Hungary to the south, into Slavonia and Croatia. The Balkan States will doubtless contribute their full contingent in the near future, if the current continues to follow the same course as heretofore, *i.e.*, in a south-easterly direction.

Dividing Europe into two parts, north-west and south-east, we note that the current of emigration, when decreasing in the north-west, increases in the south-east, and that with slight interruptions it follows a regular course, prescribed by the inscrutable rules of an unwritten law. In order the better to grasp the situation we give a few data from the official emigration returns. First we will note the general increase, and secondly the distribution of the newly arrived into original countries.

During the first decade of the second half of the nineteenth century, between 1850-60, we find that the total number of immigrants landed in the United States from various parts of the world amounts to nearly 2,000,000. The following decade shows an increase of 25 per cent., and the official figures exceed 2,500,000. Between the years 1860-70 immigration considerably declined, although the figure was still much above 2,000,000. The years 1870-80 again register a greater number of foreigners landed at the various ports of North America than at any previous time. Between 1880-90



the immigrant returns reach the maximum figure of 6,000,000—that is, an annual increase of over 50,000 souls. And, finally, within the last decade, 1890–1900, probably owing to the new legislation instituted by Congress for the restriction of immigrants, the numbers have fallen off perceptibly, although still exceeding the colossal figure of 5,000,000.

Such, in broad outline, has been the general movement during the last fifty years, and we will now for a moment consider the origin of these various new citizens. We see that between 1850–60 the arrivals were mainly from the north-west, and amounted to over 2,000,000, while Southern Europe was only represented by a few thousand souls. During the years 1860–70, although there is a slight general decrease, the number of arrivals from Central Europe is nearly doubled. Between 1870–80 emigration from the south-east received a stimulus, so that the United States registered six times as many immigrants as during the preceding decade, until in 1880–90 the arrivals from Southern Europe exceeded 1,000,000. Fifty years ago immigration from Southern Europe was practically non-existing, but during the last decade of the past century it developed so rapidly that it outstripped the rest of Europe, and the returns for 1890–1900 give 1,842,000 for the south-east as against an approximate figure of 1,660,000 for the north-west.

The north-western wave shows a steady rise from 1850 to 1890, and a gradual increase per decade from about two millions up to nearly four millions. Then there is a perceptible decrease of about a third, the registers for 1890 giving a total of only 3,963,000. The last census registers only 1,668,000.

It was during this latter period of decline that the great organisations were set on foot for facilitating emigration from the Mediterranean and Adriatic ports. The great English and German steamship companies established regular services to the United States from the chief commercial ports of Spain, Italy, Greece, and Austria-Hungary. Agencies were formed in the remotest corners of the various countries, and gratuitous

inquiry offices instituted in all parts of the Carpathian and Balkan districts. The diverse modes and means adopted for the propagation of this great emigration scheme are well worth studying, but they are outside the pale of our present inquiry.

From the columns of the "Census" returns we can gather in what manner and in what proportion the different countries of the European continent have taken part in the movement. Ireland has been the pioneer of this social upheaval, and this country, although so sparsely populated, sent no less than 1,000,000 of its children between 1850 and 1860. During the two decades 1860-70 and 1870-80 the Irish immigrants have numbered about half a million per annum. This figure is fairly well sustained during the subsequent years 1880 to 1900. In these five consecutive periods of ten years Great Britain is represented by 424,000, 607,000, 548,000, 807,000, and 842,000 persons, who left their native land to settle in the United States. Still reckoning by decades, Germany returns as follows in the same period of time—viz., 1850-1900: 952,000, 787,000, 718,000, 1,453,000, and, lastly, 544,000.

Estimating the Scandinavian returns at 25,000, 126,000, 243,000, 256,000, and 379,000 persons, all reckoned, we get an approximately correct idea of the situation and the influx from the north-west of Europe, which has so visibly decreased during the last decade. The south-east, on the contrary, shows a marvellous advance. Poland and Russia sent more than a million of their people between 1890 and 1900, as against scarce a couple of thousands between 1850 and 1860. Italian emigration made equally rapid progress, and according to the statistic returns over the five decades 1850-1900, they range as follows: 9000, 12,000, 56,000, 307,000, and 656,000. Austria-Hungary, which had absolutely no emigration to speak of in the first half of the century, only supplying a few desultory cases between 1850-60, in course of time registers as follows: Between 1860-70, 800 persons; 1870-80, 73,000; 1880-90, 356,000; 1890-1900, 597,000.

We see, then, that the emigration movement spread more and more from its original centre towards the east and south of Europe, and that from the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races, where it originated, it passed on to the Slav and Latin populations. Whether emigration to the United States will ever become popular among the Asiatics is another interesting problem, but as yet too far in the dim future to form a subject of serious speculation. The number of individuals arrived in the United States from Asia was strongest between 1870-80, when about 127,000 were returned. The majority of these were Chinese coolies, but since restrictions have been put on Chinese labour their entrance into America has become much more difficult.

Pursuing our inquiry into the emigration movement of South-Eastern Europe, we find that it continues to spread, always in the same direction. In 1901 the number of Polish and Russian emigrants was 85,257. Their neighbours, the Hungarians and Austrians, surpassed this figure considerably, the total number of emigrants in 1891 from these two latter countries being 113,390, and from Italy 135,996. Ten years later we note a general increase, Poland and Russia returning 107,347, Hungary and Austria 171,989, and Italy 178,375 labour hands to America.

Since 1901 the growth of the movement has been even more remarkable, and from Austria-Hungary alone no less than 850,000 persons have gone to the States in the course of last year. This figure, high as it is, will probably go on increasing. In time the yearly returns may exceed all previous statistics, for the day is near at hand when the Slavs of Southern Europe, Serbs, Croats, and their neighbours the Roumanians and Bulgarians, having become more familiar with the means of transport across the Atlantic, and having gained more accurate notions of the price of labour and the cost of living, will have less hesitation in venturing to try their fortune in the New World. We are not surprised at the expostulations of the American people against the invasion of the foreigners,

for as we glance through the pages of the "Census," showing the emigration movement in all its magnitude, we cannot help being impressed with the seriousness of the situation. We also gather from these endless columns of figures the enormous possibilities this ever-growing increase of population opens for the near future.

Yet, however alarming the aspect may be at first sight from a national and from a social-economic point of view, as we consider the matter more closely and in its different relations our fears are dispelled, and we come to the conclusion that no really imminent danger exists.

To begin with, we must not forget that American society of the present day forms too compact a body, that its wealth is too safely secured and its nationality too firmly crystallised, for its foundations to be easily shaken or its existence jeopardised. North America, even before the great influx of mixed nationalities, possessed a fairly large indigenous population. These inhabitants—for the greater part descendants of the early colonists—were almost all of Anglo-Saxon and Irish origin—English-speaking people, keeping up the traditions and customs of their native land. Gradually the type changed to suit the new conditions, and the son of Albion grew into the Yankee. But after all they are both shoots of the same tree.

At the time when immigration began to assume vaster proportions the United States numbered already 14,000,000 inhabitants. The new arrivals in those earlier days amounted at most to some hundred thousands per year, and these were easily absorbed in the existing local populations. Even within the first generation after landing they became transformed and remoulded into the national character. We may therefore safely assert that up to now, at least, immigration has in no wise interfered with or compromised the development of the American nation. It is true that certain centres of foreign influx—some of the larger ports—have proved so attractive to the newcomers that they have massed together there and

formed huge foreign quarters. It is also true that they have resisted the acceptance of the superior culture of their adopted land. And although this may be a matter of regret, it is not a serious danger.

According to the returns for 1900, the situation is as follows: The entire population of the United States of America was 76,303,387. The negroes, of whom I shall have occasion to speak presently, are 9,312,599 strong. The vast majority of the people, therefore, are white. We are further informed that, in the white totality of 66,990,788, the foreign element is represented by 10,250,079 people, who are soon and easily absorbed and remoulded to the new exigencies. The number of children born in the United States of foreign parents is estimated at 15,687,322. But we must not forget that, of the mass of children of foreign parentage, in about a third of the cases one of the parents is a native, generally the mother, which guarantees all the more surely an Anglo-Saxon bringing up.

Evidently, then, a careful examination of the "Census" leads us to the conclusion that the majority of the original American people are not only of Anglo-Saxon derivation, but the direct descendants of the planters' families who inhabited the land before the great immigration movement began—*i.e.*, before the fifties of last century. Immigration in its present proportions is of relatively recent date. The great influx did not begin until after 1870, when the American population was already very numerous. We may reckon the immigrants of 1870-80 to form an aggregate of about 2,812,191, as against a population of 50,155,783 souls, while the last decade, 1890-1900, returns 3,844,359 immigrants, as against a population of 76,303,387.

The present total population of the United States is estimated at above 80,000,000, of whom about 30,000,000 are foreigners. This seems a large figure, and in comparison with the national population far too great. But we must remember that a considerable portion of the foreign contingent, as we

pointed out before, is of American parentage, and that many of them have been born on American soil.

In order the better to realise this fact we turn to the last census—which we may take to be as accurate as circumstances permit—and taking into consideration the many obstacles and difficulties attending such matters, we find that, classifying the foreigners according to their numbers, Germany head the list, Ireland ranks second, and Great Britain third, while the Scandinavians occupy the fourth place. Thus we see that the northern and western countries of Europe come first in point of numerical strength. France, especially considering the number of its inhabitants, sends but a minimum of emigrants. For the countries of Southern and Eastern Europe, where emigration has only assumed important proportions during the last few years, the figures are as yet low.

The official returns of original inhabitants of foreign nationality are, according to the "Census": Germans, 7,829,681; Irish, 4,973,373; English, 3,012,043; Scandinavians, 2,180,497; English Canadians, 1,801,796. Up to 1900 the foreigners of other nationalities, taken together, do not exceed one million, but the Italian and Slav contingents must have surpassed this figure during the last five years. In 1900 alone 731,981 Italians, 687,671 Poles, 685,176 Russians, 484,617 Austrians, 356,830 Bohemians, and 216,391 Hungarians have been registered.

Besides giving the numbers contributed by each country, the "Census" further tabulates them according to the nationality of the parents—that is to say, it subdivides them into families where both parents are aliens and families where either father or mother is of American extraction. Also, all foreigners born in the United States, and those born abroad but being American citizens, are classified separately. This enables us to form a fairly correct idea of the proportion of the foreign element in the United States, and to realise the contributions made by each country.

## ALIEN IMMIGRATION TO THE U.S.A. 161

In all these four groups Germany is most largely represented. Teutons with both parents aliens number 6,244,104; with either father or mother of American birth, 1,585,574. By far the larger number of these, viz., 5,155,286 persons, were born on American soil, as against 2,674,398 in Europe.

For the other States of Europe the "Census" tabulates as follows: Up to 1900 Ireland contributed 4,000,954 souls, both parents Irish, and 977,419, one parent alien. Of this number 1,758,263 were born in Ireland and 3,220,110 in America. The proportions of the English emigration are: Both parents English, 1,957,817; one English and one American, 1,057,226; born abroad, 1,152,943; and born in the States, 1,859,300. For the fourth large group, the Scandinavians, the returns are: 1,949,280, both parents Scandinavian; 234,217 of mixed birth; born in their native land, 1,070,028; and born in the land of their adoption, 1,110,469.

Applying the same method of subdivision to the emigrants from East and South Europe, we tabulate: (1) Persons born of foreign parents; (2) persons of mixed American and European parentage; (3) persons born abroad; (4) persons born in the United States.

Italy—(1) 706,789; (2) 25,492; (3) 487,995; (4) 243,986.

Austria—(1) 408,167; (2) 26,450; (3) 279,862; (4) 160,055.

Bohemia—(1) 325,379; (2) 31,451; (3) 157,019; (4) 199,811.

Hungary—(1) 210,300; (2) 6,091; (3) 143,633; (4) 72,753.

For Poland and Russia, where the emigration movement assumes constantly larger proportions, the returns are:

Poland—(1) 668,514; (2) 19,157; (3) 377,753; (4) 309,918.

Russia—(1) 669,464; (2) 15,412; (3) 422,263; (4) 262,913.

However high these figures may appear, they do not convey a fully adequate appreciation of the possibilities of the future, and the next census returns will probably be a revelation to us.

The emigration movement in Southern Europe, emanating chiefly from the Carpathian and Balkan districts, has only

properly started since the beginning of the present century. Only within the last two or three years, emigration *en masse* has manifested itself among these peoples. It is therefore the more surprising that since 1900 the number of emigrants annually leaving their southern homes considerably surpasses the highest figures furnished by the northern and western States of Europe during the same years.

In the first year of this century Italy alone contributed 135,996 newcomers; Austria-Hungary 113,390; Russia and Poland 85,257; and Roumania and Greece 13,065. As against this, the largest returns from the north-west of Europe for this same period of time (1901) are: Scandinavia, 39,234; Germany, 21,651; Ireland, 30,561; and England, 12,915 souls. In 1902 the general emigration returns are: Italy, 178,375; Austria-Hungary, 171,989; Poland and Russia, 107,347; Roumania and Greece, 15,300; as against the returns for the north of Europe: Germany, 28,304; Ireland, 29,138; and England, 13,338.

The growth of southern emigration is still more remarkable in 1903, when Italy alone sent nearly twenty thousand emigrants per month. The total figure for Italy in 1903 was 230,622; for Austria 203,011; for Poland and Russia 136,093. In 1904 the increase is sustained, and departures from Adriatic ports amount to double the figure reached in the previous years.

The chief interest of the emigration question lies, for me personally, in the movement from the south of Europe, where my native land is situated. We saw that nowhere in the south, with the exception of Italy, has emigration assumed such vast dimensions as in Hungary and Austria. But, considering the number of inhabitants of the two countries Italy and Austria-Hungary, the proportion of persons leaving their home is unquestionably greater in the latter country. Hungary alone, with a population of about 20,000,000 souls, has in the course of last year (1904) lost more than 150,000 of its children.



The alarm created by such unprecedented desertion easily accounts for the preventive measures adopted by the Chamber in the last session of the House. Great agitation prevails to ward off the scourge of devastation which emigration brought upon Ireland; for there the population in times past was reduced to nearly half, leaving various tracts of land almost entirely depopulated.

The great grievances of our labouring classes, however, have not been ameliorated, or even modified, by these precautionary measures. The first thing that suggests itself for the improvement of the situation to those really interested in the matter, and anxious to help to bind the people to their native soil, is a revision of the system of taxation, for the heavy duties and taxes weigh especially upon the shoulders of the labouring classes.

The defective form of administration, with its despotism and corruption, is another grave cause which induces many to emigrate. These evils are very much the same all over Southern Europe, and from all parts angry voices are raised in protest against the prevailing oppression, causing hundreds of thousands of poor people to seek refuge across the sea. Their numbers will rapidly diminish as soon as the internal conditions of these southern lands shall be improved, as soon as more favourable social conditions and a better developed system of administration shall have been introduced. Stricter economic measures and better insured commercial prosperity are bound to create a reaction and keep the people at home.

In this respect the example of Germany is worthy of imitation. This country, which all through the second half of the nineteenth century supplied the greatest number of emigrants to America, has lost in the last few years only some thousands of its subjects. This proves the fact that the interior development of a State and favourable conditions of life are the surest means for retaining its population. Artificial obstacles, however, are as vain as they are illusory in restraining a free nation.

Considering the question of emigration from the Transatlantic point of view, we see that in the United States the problem presents no less cause for uneasiness and precaution. Ever since the commencement of the expatriation movement in Europe anxiety has been expressed against a too bountiful supply of immigrants. These protestations have become more accentuated within the last twenty years of the past century, when Germany and other countries of North-Western Europe began to pour out their hundreds of thousands of labourers upon the shores of the American continent. America also objected to the grouping together of the new arrivals according to their nationalities, threatening an overcrowding of the large centres of emigration. Following the fortunes of the newcomers towards their various places of settlement, we find that the Germans are strongest in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, and all the States of the basin of the Mississippi and the lakes. Their numbers in these parts exceed 5,000,000. A study of the map of the United States clearly shows why the Teutons should preferably fix upon this district. It contains the two large cities and centres of commerce Chicago and St. Louis. In both these cities the German population preponderates. At New York, in the manufacturing districts of New Jersey, and in the commercial centres of Pennsylvania the German inhabitants number over 2,000,000, and the larger portion of these find employment in New York City and the surrounding places. It has been ascertained that, after Berlin, New York has the greatest number of German inhabitants.

The Irish also seek the cities and the oldest established and best cultivated districts of the American Union. There they far exceed in numbers all other aliens, and, with a total of 8,000,000 souls, form about 60 per cent. of the rural population. In New England, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island they are over a million strong, and in New York they have long since surpassed that figure.

The average Irishman, landing in America as a simple

journeyman or labourer, has from the first but one object in view—namely, to accumulate as soon as possible a little sum of money to invest in some great undertaking, often of a visionary nature. The impressionable character, lively imagination, and sanguine temperament of these children of Erin fits them better for intellectual than physical labour. Hence we find that they are eager to secure independent—if possible, commanding—positions. Among the lower grades of life the American police force counts many Irishmen among its members, and still lower in the social scale many an Irishman makes an independent living as cabdriver. In the higher stations of life solicitors, journalists, and judges are largely recruited from the Irish ranks, although on the whole the Irish prefer a political career. In the electoral campaigns, so numerous in the United States, the Irish element always preponderates. They take the lead in those fierce political battles, and are generally found at the head of the opposition.

The Scandinavians, on the contrary, prefer a quiet life; they penetrate ever deeper into the interior of the land, and are chiefly engaged in agricultural pursuits. In the western States they number 50 or 60, sometimes even 70, per cent. of the total population. The Scandinavian element is estimated in Illinois at 238,000, in Wisconsin at 238,000, in Northern Dakota at 93,000, and in Southern Dakota at 48,000.

The English are scattered about everywhere, and their occupations are varied. Generally they arrive in the New Country with a more correct idea than most immigrants of the land and its possibilities. Knowing the language, and being above all of an enterprising disposition, they shape their new life according to their own inclinations.

With regard to the immigrants from Southern Europe, it would be difficult to say as yet which way their predilections lie. The movement is of rather too recent date to judge, especially as there is always the possibility of their changing the whole tendency of their life under the new conditions.

The Italians, who form the largest contingent, seem to

settle preferably wherever they see a chance of doing business in a small way. They are sober and simple in their habits, and indefatigable workmen. There is no trade they despise. We meet with them pretty well everywhere as sweeps, shoe-blacks, match-sellers, lemonade vendors, hairdressers, and pastry-cooks. They are necessarily attracted towards the large towns, as offering the best market for their various trades. Very few of them come over with the idea of establishing themselves permanently in America; they are too fond of their own beautiful land, their warm climate, and the careless life led there, to make their home anywhere else. The majority, therefore, leave again as soon as they have made a few thousand dollars, which, multiplied by five, represents a respectable capital in their native land.

The Polish, Austrian, and Hungarian immigrants are quite different again. In the first place, they are mostly farmers, country born and bred, agriculturists who like a simple, outdoor life. They settle, as in Canada, on farms, and there they remain, assimilating themselves with their new surroundings, and developing with incredible rapidity. The anxiety felt in certain quarters of the United States with regard to the immigration movement, however justifiable at first sight, loses much of its force when we thus come to consider the question more closely.

It is undeniably true that the masses of immigrants now overflowing the New World lack the culture of the Old World colonists. The Teutons had more gifts for trade, more talent for making money. But, on the other hand, the Slavonic races have a peculiar *aptitude for assimilation*, and they are strong and steady. Inter-marriage with the people of the country has caused a vigorous and healthy generation to spring up, and in the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania, where there are many descendants of such mixed marriages, the results have proved very satisfactory.

The great difficulty for these people is that, arriving in America without any prearranged plan of action, they feel, on

landing, absolutely helpless and at a loss what to do. Thus they run great risk of coming to grief before they have had a chance of making their way. Heartrending tales of misery and failure come to our knowledge from the ranks of those forlorn and shipwrecked wanderers. All immigrants from the poorer classes of Southern Europe are very much in the same condition. In the poor quarters of New York, on the banks of the East River, where the Slav immigrants live packed together in squalor and wretchedness, or in the Jews' quarters in Second Avenue, swarming with families of Russian and Polish Jews, I have witnessed with my own eyes the same sad story of physical and moral degradation.

The Italian quarters, on the further side of the city, in the alleys leading down to the Hudson River, are easily recognisable by the general appearance of the streets. As in the narrow passages and alleys of Naples and Genoa, all kinds of laundry articles are hung out to dry on cords in front of the houses, disclosing in the faded and dilapidated state of the cotton fabrics the miserable condition of the owners. There also, as under the blue Italian sky, we see vegetables and fruit exposed for sale, just as on the other side of the town, in the Jews' quarters, all are second-hand dealers, and before all the doors are stalls piled up with used garments, rusty iron, and other refuse from the wealthier parts of the town.

The numerous suburbs of the capital shelter a very large number of these newcomers, but this is, as it were, the second stage. It is in the great factories in the neighbourhood of New York that the immigrants generally first find employment. Hoboken, Jersey City, Passaic, Paterson, St. Elisabeth, New Amsterdam, Yonkers, and many others, are centres of immigration.

The work given to the new arrivals is generally of a rudimentary nature, but it teaches them to work, and the wages, although low, at least enable them to live, besides giving them the chance of joining the great labour unions of the country and taking if ever so small a part in the

industrial pursuits of the people among whom they have come to live.

The danger is always greatest during the first period after debarkation. Contracts signed abroad are illegal in the United States, and people arriving from the Continent with promises of work or contracted labour are not allowed to land. The Transatlantic liners have to repatriate them free of charge. The dangers and vicissitudes surrounding the newcomers may readily be imagined. Ignorant of the language and of the conditions and customs of the country, they are at the mercy of the inhabitants. To gain some idea of the awful sufferings to which these poor human beings are exposed, it will suffice to visit an immigrant quarter of some large harbour town, or one of the public squares at night, when thousands of homeless wretches seek a few hours' rest and forgetfulness there.

It is but natural that the authorities dread the increase of pauperism, and it is equally natural that the public should sometimes express its indignation and raise its voice when brought face to face with the dark side and the fatal consequences of immigration. The general feeling of dissatisfaction at the influx of foreigners has assumed more widespread proportions since the increase of immigrants from South-Eastern Europe. These people, more primitive, more backward, and more destitute than the original inhabitants, are not calculated to raise the moral and intellectual level of the country. Also being of such a heterogeneous nature, and so firmly rooted in their primitive usages, assimilation is more difficult for them. The majority, however, only remain for a comparatively short time. As soon as they have made a little money, sufficient to keep them in ease in their native land, they return home, where life is infinitely cheaper and the natural and climatic conditions are far more favourable.

The Italians rank first in numbers in the lists of this century. They find it particularly hard to become acclimatised. Life, they think, is too dreary without their eternal spring and

their ever blue sky. The same applies, more or less, to all Southern races. They cannot get used to the Northern climate, and invariably long to go back to end their days in peace at home. And yet it is the south and east of Europe which now supply most of the immigrants. The statistics for 1903 give us a fair idea of the present movement. Whereas Great Britain, Scandinavia, and Germany together have sent over, in the course of 1903, 186,000 persons, the eastern and southern States of Europe have during the same period furnished 609,000.

This shows a marked increase of emigration from the South, including the countries where a short time ago expatriation was practically unknown. Roumania, for instance, contributed in the course of the nineteenth century but a few isolated cases, but in 1901 it figures in the "Census" with 7155, in 1902 with 7196, and in 1903 with 9310 souls. Greece during the same three consecutive years contributed 5910, 8104, and 17,090 persons. Portugal also ranks year by year higher in the lists of emigrants. During the first three years of the present century the Portuguese returns have been 4165, 5307, and 9370. Thus far Spain has contributed the smallest number of aliens to the New World, reckoning from the time of the constitution of the United States.

In 1901 only 592, in 1902 975, and in 1903 2080 Spaniards have been registered. The total number of emigrants from the peninsula of the Pyrenees in the course of the last few years is estimated at over 100,000. From the Baltic States the figure is higher still. Albanians, Illyrians, and Dalmatians also come well to the front, and all the men from the Adriatic coast are temperate and quiet in their habits. In British Columbia I have seen large colonies almost entirely composed of these Southerners. There certain months of the year are devoted to fishing, and the remainder to farming. They are appreciated in those parts more than any other foreigners.

Immigrants from South and Central America and from Canada also reach a fairly considerable total. The South

Americans are estimated at 15,000, arrivals from the Antilles at 147,077, from Mexico at nearly 30,000, and from Canada at 1,051,000.

With regard to Asiatic emigration, the movement has only just commenced for Central Asia, and can therefore hardly be taken into account yet. Now and then one comes across a few Syrians doing a retail trade and gaining a modest living in the States. Turks, Persians, Syrians, Armenians, and Hindoos are estimated all together at not quite 100,000. What is generally understood by Asiatic emigration refers to the far East, Japan and China. Since the Chinese labour question and the problem of the Yellow Peril have stirred Europe to action special laws have been voted in the two Chambers, and all the States have unanimously declared against the introduction of this indefatigable, indestructible foreign element.

Upon the question of the merits and demerits of the yellow labourer and trader I have had occasion to speak more at length elsewhere. Here I confine myself to the statement that, notwithstanding all the restrictions, their numbers in 1903 amounted to 320,138. And these are only the officially returned figures. A closer registration is cunningly evaded.

With regard to the Japanese, more especially since the last war and the Anglo-Nippon alliance, the authorities have observed a more lenient attitude. And although up to now they have not dared to forego the preventive measures adopted against all yellow races, they have, under some pretext or other, made it easier for them to enter the country. Thus while in 1901 only 5865 Japanese were disembarked in the United States, their numbers increased in 1902 to 17,270, and in 1903 there were about 20,000 arrivals from the land of the Rising Sun.

Africans do not, so far, appear to be attracted towards the land of labour and action. Scarce a hundred have as yet ventured to cross the Atlantic. In 1902 only about thirty-seven were entered. The increase of negroes since the aboli-



tion of slavery is quite surprising. They total nearly 10,000,000, or probably surpass that figure now.

The black races are more prolific than the white and the mortality, especially of infants, which at one time was so enormous, has notably decreased since the blacks have become more accessible to culture.

From the sixth continent, Australia, a totality of 236,291 immigrants has been returned.

In my classification of the emigration returns it has been my endeavour to present a clear and succinct idea of the distribution and the numerical strength of the various peoples of foreign origin established in the United States, and to give some details about emigration in general. For this question has become a very serious one, because of the colossal proportions expatriation has assumed in our days. Withal we should bear in mind that the population of North America has always been of a composite nature, and could never at any time claim to be purely Anglo-Saxon.

A few centuries ago the territory which forms the United States of America was almost unoccupied land. It was the habitation of nomadic tribes living by hunting and fishing, changing their abodes as the necessities of life demanded, or as urged thereto by superior force. Gradually driven back towards the distant coastlands, their prairies were taken possession of and peopled, while the original owners became more and more isolated in the reserves graciously portioned off for their special use. There they led a life of artificial savagery, unhealthy from a physical and fatal from a moral point of view. These unhappy remnants of once proud tribes in their encampments outside the gates of prosperous cities impress us the same as does a menagerie of curious beasts. They are incapable, so we are told, of passing from their nomadic state to be an agricultural population. For mercantile pursuits they have still less aptitude, and in the manufacturing centres it has never even been thought of to make use of them as working hands—that is, in the sense in which we understand

work, and especially in the sense in which work is understood in the United States.

The population of the States, then, is almost entirely composed of aliens. Among all the various nationalities who in the course of ages have met on American soil, and who have helped in forming the gigantic nation which it now is, the first settlers were of Scandinavian, Spanish, French, and Dutch origin. The first Spanish planters arrived in the second half of the sixteenth century, and in Florida there are still direct descendants of those old Spanish families. The first English colonists came a little later in the same century, and they established themselves in New England, Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. The merchant class was well represented among them, and, generally speaking, those pioneers were of the flower of the Mother Country, and represented the cultured element in the New World. Their descendants form to this day a kind of aristocracy by seniority of birth. The large landowners, the "landed gentry" of American society, proud of their descent, form a very exclusive circle, in which millionaires are looked upon as "parvenus," and it happens not unfrequently that the door of the wooded "colonial homestead" is closed to them that dwell in marble palaces.

The Dutch pretensions of having been among the earliest colonists survive in such names as New Amsterdam and others. The descendants of those ancient families, known as "Nickerbockers," represent another distinguished and privileged element of New York society. The Roosevelt family is one of their number.

The blood running through the veins of the American people is certainly of a most composite nature. Ever since the time of the first colonists the States have been invaded by one incessant flow of people from almost every nation of Europe—indeed, from almost every quarter of the globe. From North and South, from East and West they came, first as invaders, afterwards as peaceful settlers. They all contributed something of their national proclivities to make up the stock of the

nation. The lively Celt and the stolid Anglo-Saxon, the plodding Teuton as well as the easy-going Slav and the ardent Italian, all have had their share in the making of the national character of the United States. The physiognomic distinctions of the Yankee clearly show his mixed origin. There are dark-skinned and fair-skinned people, and every possible variety of build and feature. But there is one trait they all possess alike, and that is strength—strength in all its ramifications, expressive of decision, unwavering perseverance, fixed purpose and bluntness. This feature, in greater or lesser degree, stamps every citizen of the New World. No matter to what country they originally belonged, gradually they become moulded and express one common type. They receive the stamp of nationality by forfeiting certain of their national characteristics, and acquiring other peculiar qualities, indispensable to life under the new conditions. Some lose their light-hearted, sanguine tendencies, others get rid of their morbid temperament. The easy-going nature of the one borrows of the sterner properties of the other. In that life of rush and toil, tenderness and refinement have to give way before shrewdness and cunning.

The typical American, known as "Uncle Sam," is represented as a man of strong mind, of intense perseverance—a man of bold enterprise who fights for the mere pleasure of fighting; a man who can hold his own whether it be in the vast prairies of the West or in the money-market of Wall Street—a man who makes his way wherever he goes and whatever pursuit he follows, always ready to enter the arena, and always taking delight in the contest. The present-day American is remarkable for his soldierly qualities, the qualities peculiar to nature in action. The most prominent virtue of the people is its strength and its perseverance.

Strength characterises the individual as well as the nation. And this surely is the most precious heritage bequeathed to these brave children of every nation under the sun, here united in one common bond of citizenship with one common end

in view. And in contemplating that immense population, roughly estimated at 80,000,000 souls, but now well nigh 100,000,000 strong, we must not forget the fact that this huge mass represents a selection out of a selection from every tribe and nation of the globe.

The emigrant who leaves his native land and, breaking with the past, henceforth determines to identify himself with his adopted country thereby manifests his individual courage. But this is only the first step; his strength has not been tried. Arrived on the foreign shore, he needs more than his own national qualifications to resist and to overcome the peculiar dangers and difficulties which beset the path of the newcomer. And if these are not now so much of a physical nature, they are no less serious or hard to overcome because they take a social and moral colouring. The weak cannot offer a prolonged resistance against the terrible odds; he must retreat or succumb, and is in any case doomed to failure. In that fierce, unequal struggle only the strongest of the strong prevail. It is the survival of the fittest.

VAY DE VAYA AND LUSKOD.