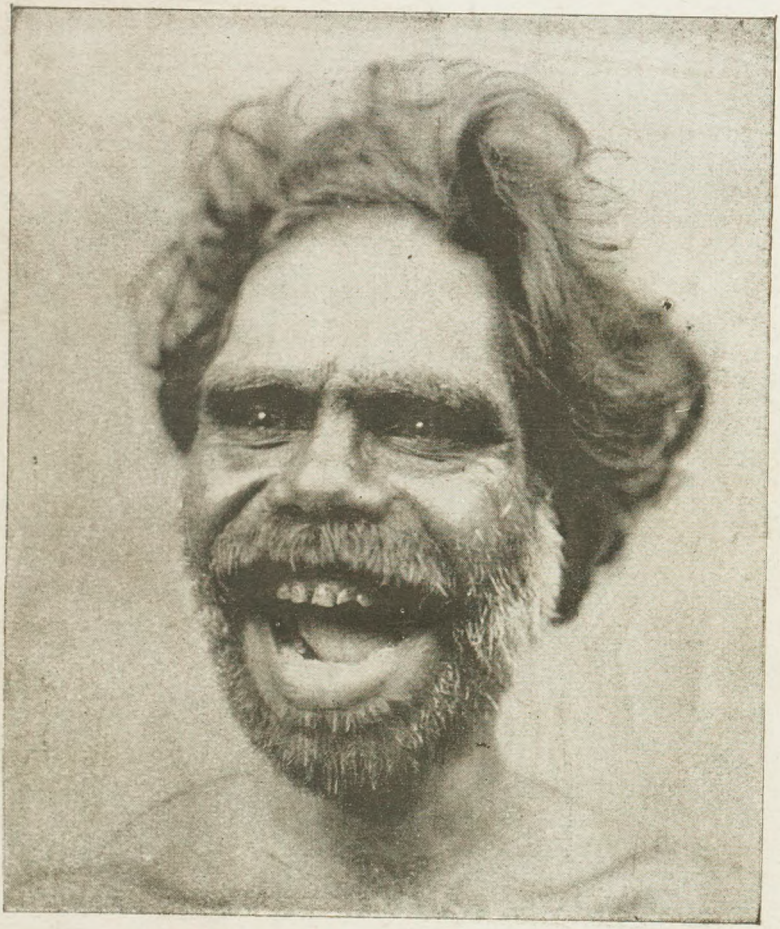
David Scott Mitchell.

A QUEENSLANDER'S TRAVEL-NOTES

By A. G. STEPHENS.

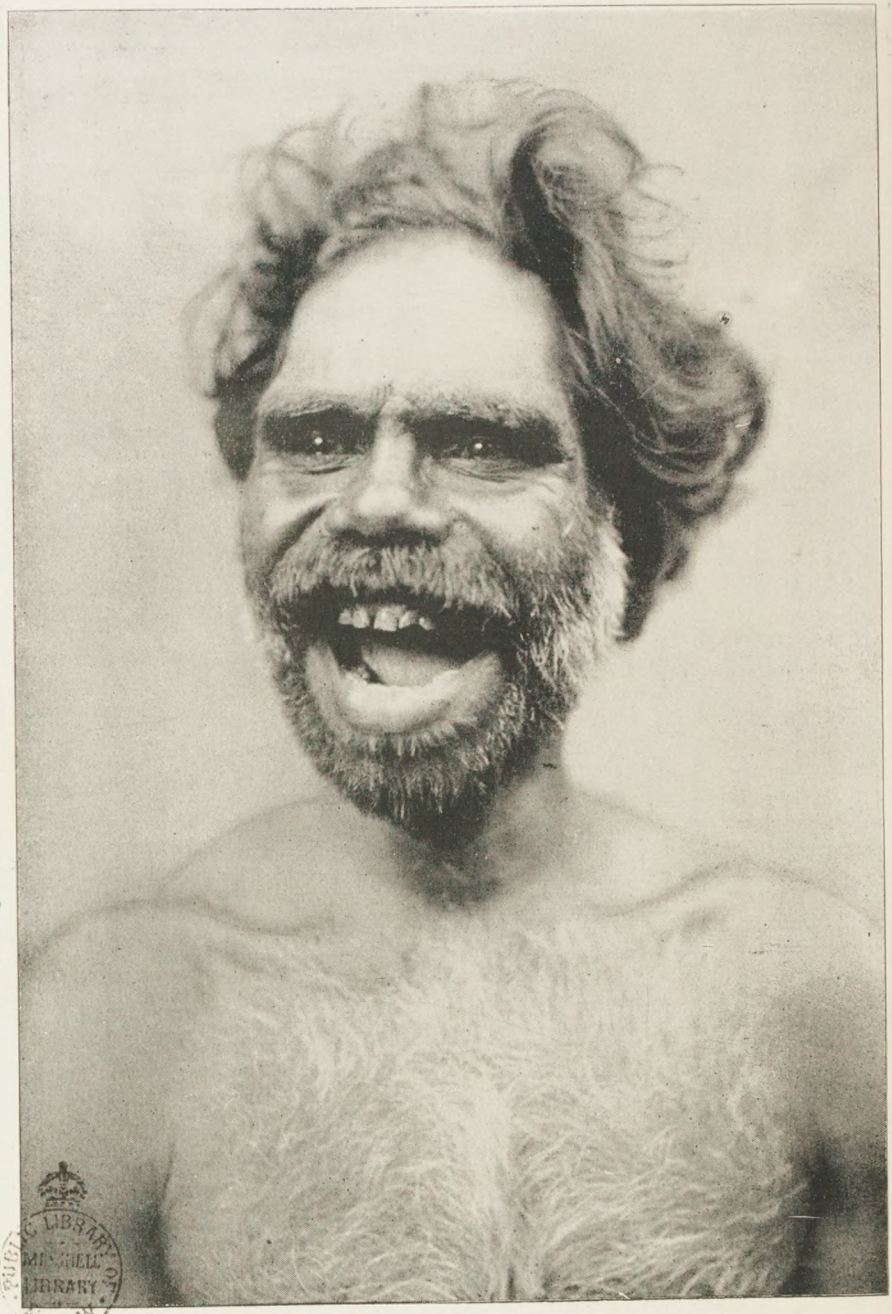


PRICE ONE SHILLING.

EDWARDS, DUNLOP & CO., Ltd., Sydney, Brisbane & London.
1894.

O. Nichols

To the People who have been Good to me.



A QUEENSLANDER.

A Queenslander's Travel-Notes

BY

A. G. STEPHENS

Edwards, Dunlop & Co., Ltd., Sydney, Brisbane & London.

1894.

THIS book, containing random notes of a trip which occupied the last nine months in 1893, is chiefly a reprint of articles contributed to two Queensland newspapers, the Cairns Argus and the Darling Downs Gazette: though several appeared in Sydney Truth, and two in the Sydney Bulletin. The frontispiece is from a photo. by Mr. H. King; the illustration on page 197, from a photo. by Mr. H. Newman; the others, with two or three exceptions, from photos. by the author. The engraver was Mr. E. C. Hamilton, of the Bulletin Newspaper Co.; the printers were Messrs. Beatty, Richardson & Co., Paling's Buildings, Sydney.

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IN ABSENCE.

The moon and a star hung in blackness above me—
The moon and one star,
And I thought of the friends far away, those who [love me,
Where sweet wattles are;

Where swamp-oaks, with musical, mystical motion,
Sing low to the sedges,
Who whisper the song to the river, the ocean,
Along the creek-edges;

Where gray gums stand stretching gaunt arms to high [heaven,
In piteous despair,
As ghosts who pray grimly from sin to be shriven
By priests of the air;

While on the horizon the heat-ripples shimmer,
Deceiving the eye,
And blue hills in distance grow dim, ever dimmer,
And melt in blue sky.

Deserted the homestead, ablaze with bright creepers,
Its rough walls transfigured,
As death glorifies the hard features of sleepers
Who found life a niggard;

Deserted the stock-yard, no echo remaining
Of muster-whips' rattle;
The shouts of the horsemen, the dogs' angry feigning,
The groaning of cattle.

And phantoms long fled came in order completest,
Rough beards and burnt faces—
Ah, surely the pang of the Past is the sweetest
Pain's pleasure embraces;—

Clear eyes, that met mine with a gaze frank and steady,
Revealing hearts true;
Strong hands, gripping friends' hands to show they [were ready
To dare all for you.

They passed, and her form filled the shadowy vista—
She the moon, I the star;
And my pulse leapt again as it leapt when I kissed her
Where sweet wattles are.

Then days of delight, when desires were all sated—
Attained the ideal;
When the universe seemed but a figment created
To make rapture real.

And then days of doubt, days of anguish and longing,
In love's bitter title;
Then days of despair, when black demons came thronging,
And urged black requital.

* * * *

The moon shone above me, enthroned in white splendour,
The moon—and no star:
Ah, madman! couldst thou in that bright sphere attend [her?
Better thus, better far.

A billow of clouds surged aloft, then another,
Extinguishing light,
And Earth nestled close to the breast of her mother,
The infinite Night.

NOTE.—Mr. Chas. Turner died while this book was passing through the press, and after page 5 had been printed. It is due to his memory to say that in his heyday he was deservedly the most popular tenor in Australia, and that many Australians owe to him their first acquaintance with classic opera.

Page 70.—Cost of Chicago Exhibition—The estimate of £50,000 has been reduced to an actual expenditure of £30,000.

A Queenslander's Travel-Notes.

I.—CHIEFLY CONCERNING SYDNEY.

FROM Toowoomba to Sydney is a twenty-four hours' rail journey, but P. and I chose to minimise train-weariness by breaking it at Wallangarra, otherwise Jennings. We were bound

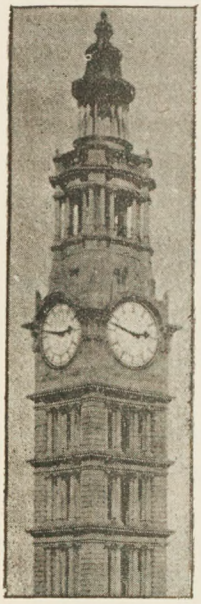
> To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,
> Where the mighty mosquito is loud in his glee.

Nevertheless, we were going to the west by way of the east, thanks to the facilities which an orange-shaped globe affords for achieving contradictories; and—though this is not in the least apropos—there was no reason why we should go helter-skelter, hurry-scurry, harem-scarem. So we stopped at Wallangarra, otherwise Jennings, the two-named station which endeavours to emulate the Pickwickian performance of the two single gentlemen who rolled into one.

We were all agog and glowing for such sights as travellers should see, but all we saw was a persuasive small boy, who shouldered such luggage as we yielded him and marched us off to a wayside hostelry, where we fell asleep to the tune of the Prince Imperial polka, played on the other side of a canvas partition till 11.45 p.m. precisely. This entertainment was apparently gratis, since next

morning's charges were ridiculously low. But, as P. put it, we had only half a night's rest; and full-pay for half-fare was not to be expected.

The train offered some opportunities for dosing; nevertheless, it was with a distinct sense of fatigue that we disposed ourselves for rest in a convenient Coffee Palace at Sydney, reached just before midnight. "Good-night, P." "Good-night." The arms of Morpheus opened, the eyes of the travellers closed, mundane things faded away, dreamland was entered—— Bang, whiz,—off rattled a cab over the street below in the fashion with which Lord Byron has made us familiar. Then another, and another, and another, each going off like a rocket, while our hopes of sleep went down like the stick. Presently—ding dong, ding dong; dong ding, dong ding; dang dong, dang dong; dong dang, dong dang. Boom, boom, boom—twelve booms—and then a silence in which another cab saw its chance and rattled past rejoicing. It was the Post Office clock, two hundred yards away, chiming hours and quarters with demoniacal regularity and persistence. I turned restlessly over and listened. By-and-by—whirr—whirr—wheeze. A sound like escaping steam beneath the window. Out to look out—Sydney's wooden pavements



were being washed with a four-inch hose at one o'clock in the morning. I lay down again and counted the quarters till two o'clock. "Oh Lord!" came the faint remonstrance through the gloom where P. was wooing slumber. Quarter-past two, half-past two—— * * *

"——red beard." "Well, that's not Howell of Broken Hill." "I—hic—tell you 'tis; haven't I been up there and seen him? I say that Howell of Broken Hill—hic—has a red beard; a fringe of red whiskers; that's what he has." "You can say what you like, I tell you I know the man as well as I know you, and his beard's as black as a crow." "You're a liar." "You're another." "I've got more Broken Hill scrip than ever you saw, and I ought to know." "I don't care what you got."—Boom, boom, boom—Three o'clock.

Two mining speculators next door were debating the colour of a Broken Hill mine manager's beard in whiskey-strengthened tones which reverberated along the corridor. We listened despairingly. Quarter-past three, half-past three—the rest was oblivion. Minus the debate about Mr. Howell's beard, the next night was the same, or more so. Cabs rattled till one o'clock, then the hose took up the theme, and the clock toed the scratch punctually four times every hour. The following day I petitioned for a back-room. It was worse. The heat was insufferable, the vapour from the kitchen rose like the steam of a furnace, and an engine below kept on thud—thud—thud—through the night. The outcome is a recommendation to travellers who value their night's rest to keep away from that particular Coffee Palace.

A couple of days on the Blue Mountains, a day at Bulli Pass, excursions to several Sydney sights—the week passed quickly. The mountain scenery is fine, but familiar; so need not be dilated on. Perhaps its most notable features were the old men, met every half-mile or so on the road from Mount Victoria to Wentworth Falls. They were

LODDON FALL, BULLI PASS.

inmates of the Liverpool Benevolent Asylum who had wearied of the confinement, shouldered their swags, and were begging their way along. "Why?" we questioned of one. "Why do you leave the Asylum? Aren't you well treated?" "Yes; we're very well treated." "Get plenty of tucker?" "Yes; plenty of tucker." "Any tobacco?"

"Yes, a little tobacco." "Then why do you leave, when you have all you want?" "Well, sir, it's this way. They make us wash ourselves every morning." This, then, was the grievance, as others corroborated. The poor old men could stand a good deal, but they couldn't stand washing themselves every morning. Thus in second childhood the aversions of childhood are repeated.

Sydney theatres were not exceptionally brilliant. There was a revival of English Opera at the Lyceum by the old favourites Montague and Turner. The misfortune is that they are *old* favourites, and their voices have evaporated with age. At the Opera House were minstrels, some with familiar faces, some with strange. The entertainment was passable; the jokes were—take a sample: "I saw the Salvation Army last night." "Did you sir?" "Yes sir; they were at the corner of Liverpool Street—drums and tambourines, glory and hallelujah. I said to one girl, I said, 'Where do you think you're going with that tambourine?' She turned up her eyes and said, 'I'm going to Heaven, brother!' 'How long have you been on the road?' says I. 'Five years, brother,' says she. 'Well,' says I, 'if you've been five years on the road to Heaven, and only got as far as Liverpool street, my advice to you is—chuck it up!'"

A play really worth notice was "A Village Priest," as given at the Criterion by the Brough-Boucicault company. It is an adaptation from the French by Sydney Grundy, has many strong situations, and was well acted. Mrs. Brough in particular deserved credit; Mr. Titheradge and Mr. Brough

are always good. Mr. Boucicault did not act in this piece. The theatre was crowded nightly; in Brisbane, with the same piece and company, it would probably be nightly empty. But the play-going taste naturally reaches a higher standard in large cities than in small. For the other theatres, there was melodrama as expounded by Dampier and Rignold; alleged Jubilee Singers were giving their last concerts; other minstrels sang in other halls. But the best entertainment for the money in Sydney must remain the bi-weekly recital on the Town Hall organ by M. Wiegand, the Sydney city organist. Hall and organ are magnificent, and the organist is worthy of them. For sixpence, you may enjoy an hour's music by the best composers, admirably interpreted, and with an ever-varied programme. The audiences are always numerous.

The weather during our Sydney stay was beautifully fine, and the Gardens, the harbour, and the seaside resorts all looked their best. The view from the top of the Bulli Pass, previously referred to, has a remarkable charm. From the summit of sandstone cliffs, some thirteen hundred feet high, you gaze down upon the sea-coast stretched beneath you, with Bulli, Wollongong, and half-a-dozen smaller towns spread out in panoramic vista. The sandy beach runs out and in with points and hollows, bordered by a line of foam; the blue Pacific stretches away and away in the distance, and melts imperceptibly into blue sky. It was, indeed, blue sea and blue sky we wished to see, with the voyage to America in prospect. But all promised well when on 17th April the Monowai steamed out of Sydney harbour.

II.—AUCKLAND AND SAMOA.

THE voyage from Sydney to Auckland was very pleasant, and Neptune was defrauded of much expected tribute. Auckland was reached on 21st April, three and a-half days after leaving Sydney; and while the Monowai received and discharged cargo at the wharf, the passengers spent a morning in rambling over the town. It is a pretty town, built on the hills and vales of a small peninsula which juts into a lovely bay—almost as beautiful and commodious as Sydney Harbour, though lacking the cunning coves and inlets which give to Port Jackson its perennial charm. The glory has in some measure departed from Auckland since Wellington became the seat of Government; but it is still in many respects the most important New Zealand city, and it is an ideal dwelling-place, with healthy breezes always blowing, with a fertile soil which invites the growth of trees and flowers in primitive luxuriance, and with delightful views and vistas everywhere. P. and I climbed Mount Eden, an extinct volcano within the city boundaries, from which the best view of Auckland is to be obtained. The sight was one to remember, but not to describe.

At Auckland we received news of the failure of the A.J.S. Bank, and three of our passengers who held circular notes from that Bank found their voyage summarily ended, being informed there was no prospect that their drafts

would be honoured in America or Europe. This was discouraging; and even those who relied on other Banks quaked inwardly, lest perchance failure should become epidemic. But there was no use counting bruises before being hurt; and we steamed off in the afternoon with unabated cheerfulness, while the crowd on the wharf waved handkerchiefs of god-speed. We were richer by a colony of Mormons, including a missionary, who were destined during the rest of the voyage to spread sweetness and light within the limits of the steerage. Their doctrines did not meet with sympathy from the unregenerate Gentiles, and debates on religious questions, in which twenty or thirty took part, became the order of the long sea-day.

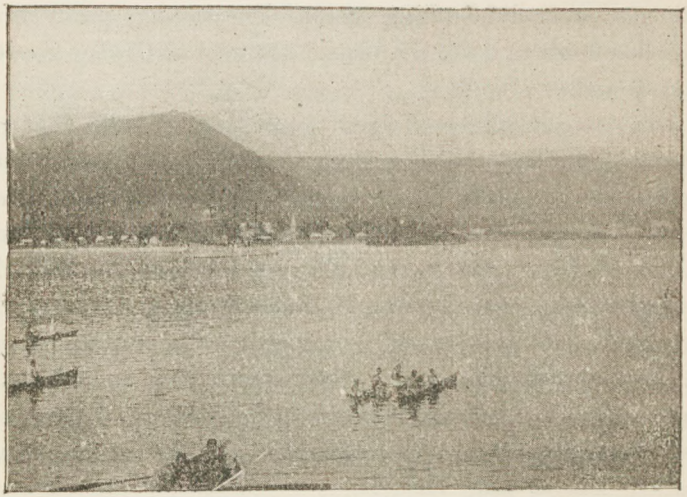
After leaving Auckland that day grew longer still. There was a spell of rough weather during which the ports were closed, the air below decks became foul, and groans issued from the cabins where labouring souls parodied involuntarily the groaning of the labouring vessel, while the wan faces which crept at intervals to sunlight showed at what cost the victory over self had been gained. The Monowai is not a well-ventilated boat at the best of times, and in bad times she grows unbearable. Licensed to carry 242 passengers, she had on board very many more. In the saloon, though crowded, there was not much inconvenience; in the steerage the state of things was disgraceful to the owners and agents. The pressure for first-class accommodation had gradually converted second-class cabins to first-class uses, and the second-class passengers were relegated to the forward hold. Their curses were both loud and deep.

Many had come aboard in the faith and with the promise that they would get the excellent cabins which were open for inspection when the vessel lay in port at Sydney. When they found that these had been given to the surplus of first-class passengers they complained to the New South Wales Board of Health. This respectable body promised to do much and did nothing at all. The steerage passengers settled down to make the best of their lot until they got to Auckland.

There complaint was again made to the Health Officer, to the Customs Collector, and to the other Government officials who might be supposed to take cognisance of a vessel carrying passengers in excess of the number permitted by her sea-going certificate. The officials with one accord said the thing was monstrous. But nothing was done; and though many passengers went ashore at Auckland, many more came aboard, and the evil remained in its original proportions. Fortunately the weather moderated, or sickness would assuredly have followed. As it was, the trip, which should have been made in comfort, became worse than uncomfortable. The only consolation the afflicted passengers found was in drawing up petitions for presentation at San Francisco, in the hope that the American health and shipping authorities would do the duty which the Australian authorities had neglected.

In the week which commenced on Sunday, 23rd April, a second Monday was intercalated in order to bring the advancing ship's time into agreement with the calendar. Early on Thursday morning, 27th April, we anchored in

the Bay of Apia (Samoa), which witnessed the historic hurricane some years back, when the Calliope made good her title to rank on the muster-roll of famous British war-ships. The town lay before us, a collection of low houses fringing a sandy beach, with a background of cocoanut palms whose feathery tops fluttered in the morning breeze.



BAY OF APIA, SAMOA.

The bay was lively with Samoan craft, eager to take us ashore; a moment, and the deck was thronged with Samoan vendors of curios, eager to take us in aboard. Their wares were baskets and fans, carvings and ornaments, with all the gauds and jewels most highly prized in Samoa. Themselves were a handsome, healthy race, with olive skins and the gayest of multi-coloured garments.

There was generally a good deal less garment than skin, and what was thus lost in conventionality was gained in picturesqueness. We landed and strolled for an hour in Apia. The Samoans are declared by a thousand travellers to be the most attractive of all Pacific races; and for once we found good warrant that travellers' tales are true.

"Good morning, sir," said a fine-looking native gentleman whom we found at home in a shed built among the cocoanuts, inhaling tobacco and a rich, steamy atmosphere which the hothouse of colder climates tries in vain to rival. "Good morning," I responded, with imitative ceremony. "I presume you are a passenger by the vessel which arrived this morning, sir?" "I have that honour." "She arrived very early; if you have not had breakfast, perhaps you could eat a little fruit, sir?" "With pleasure." And he led the way into his shed, where his family were finishing an early meal. His language and manner were perfect—this Samoan's—and he performed the rites of hospitality with dignity and grace. I munched a banana, drank from a cocoanut, and watched the children tumbling around with merry laughter. "My wife, sir. My daughter, sir." I bowed; the ladies smiled and nodded. The mother was dressing the daughter's hair, which had been cut short and dyed, and the process was too interesting to be suspended. The shed was roughly built with open sides and fibre-thatched roof, and the family slept on blankets a little raised from the ground. "We really live in the open air, sir," explained my host, affably. "Must

you go, sir?" I must, for the steamer's warning whistle had blown; so, with mutual acknowledgments, we parted.

I found P. on the beach, looking at the pretty girls. The Samoan belles are really *belles*, and would turn many a head in Collins street, or George street, or Queen street, what time the fashionable crowds do congregate. Some have magnificent raven tresses, flowing unchecked to the knees with fine and graceful forms, and almost classical regularity of feature. I persuaded one of the most charming to stand opposite my kodak, which already contained pictures of dancing sunlight and tossing palms and other incidents of Samoan scenery. Then, a much harder task, I persuaded P. to come away to the boat. He sighed six times successively in seven minutes. I sympathised, for I could have sighed myself. But the Monowai waited only two hours in view of the beauties of Apia, for she carried the mails of Her Majesty and others, and every moment was of moment. So we swung regretfully through the merry crowd of boatmen, and turned our faces northward.

III.—LULU AND MONOLULU.

LULU was the Christian name of a lady who came among us at Samoa. Her surname, if she had one, I never knew. She was accompanied by her husband, her three daughters, her little son, and her household divinities, and they were all going to the great Fair at Chicago. They had packed up not only bag and baggage, goods and chattels, the ornaments and utilities of their home, but also their home itself, which lay securely in the hold, reduced to its lowest terms in thatch and saplings. Lulu and her family lay just as securely on deck, grappling with that demon of the sea, relentless as pale death and as unrespecting, who spares neither young nor old, savage nor civilised, prince nor pauper. Their faces grew white through the native olive, and their native merriment was gone utterly. For a couple of days they never smiled or spoke; they seemed never to move. Then one fine morning came recuperation and exhilaration, their eyes shone, their teeth gleamed, their chatter and laughter were unceasing. For such gaiety who would not barter wisdom? Everything to them was new and charming, they realised the philosopher's definition of happiness in "a constant succession of pleasing excitements;" of ennui or satiety they never dreamed. The question rose irresistibly, Is the game of civilisation worth the candle, when it breeds fatigue and discontent and

melancholy to poison life, while this rude race, without literature, ignorant of arts or sciences, finds life a perpetual holiday?

On shipboard, indeed, it was holiday for all; and all grew weary of it, even the Mormons. We had received at Samoa other members of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints," as the Mormons call themselves; but none of the six elders, or the two-and-twenty disciples, was ever weary of expounding the tenets of his creed. I learnt with surprise that there are six thousand Maori Mormons, and three hundred Samoan Mormons, and only fifty Mormons in Australia, and half-a-million Mormons altogether. Those who are prejudiced against polygamy will learn with surprise that the Mormon church in Samoa sets its face against polygamy, and exacts of the free-loving natives that they must put away all wives but one before they can hope to be admitted to communion with the Latter-Day Saints. This reverses old-fashioned beliefs, surely. To the man of average information, the principal article of Mormon faith has been the delightful revival of customs sanctioned by the example of Father Abraham and David the King, and other gentlemen who have contracted plural marriages under distinguished patronage at various periods of Israelitish history. I put it to the particular elder who told me this, that it was surely thoughtless of the pilots of the Mormon vessel to cut what we have been accustomed to consider the Mormon cable. In reply, he pointed out that, in spite of common Gentile prejudice, polygamy had never been a common Mormon

practice. The great majority of the Saints had only one wife; to the specially saintly, by special permission, two were conceded; not one in a thousand reached the rank of a three-tailed bashaw, with a wife to every tail.

What were the reasons for polygamy? Well, it was natural. Possibly. It was Scriptural. Certainly. It was holy. Hm! It promoted virtue. As how? In this way. What was virtue? Did it not consist in the practice of faith, and hope, and charity, of long-suffering, of loving-kindness, of tender mercy? Admittedly a man with a wife had far greater opportunity of exercising these virtues than a man without a wife. How much more then a man with two wives, or three wives, or half-a-dozen. No cross, no crown; and the heavier the cross, the more valuable the crown. Thus a plurality of wives was the best possible incentive to the practice of the noblest Christian morality. The monogamist had but one stimulus to virtue; the polygamist had many. Hence he that would be holy must marry, and re-marry, and marry again, and yet again; and the more he married the holier he inevitably grew. I had nothing to say in reply to this ingenious argument, unless to hint that in proportion as the man's scope for virtue increased, his wives' decreased. "Oh, no," said my friend, "think again." I thought again, and agreed he was right.

Besides Lulu and the Mormons, there were other passengers of interest. There was a New South Wales Commissioner to Chicago, there were three or four doctors, and clergymen as many, there were gay girls and grass widows, and, I regret to say, P. preferred to flirt with the latter.

There was the usual assortment of cranks—a Christadelphian crank, melancholy and muddle-headed, who devoted all the world to damnation but his sect and their predecessors in the "Commonwealth of Israel." "How many might you muster?" I asked him. "Perhaps fifty thousand." "And the rest of us are to burn?" "It is God's will," he said, piously. Luckily, there was a counterblast to this fanatic in the shape of a "Disciple of Christ," who informed me that the Christadelphians were a spurious offshoot of the Disciples, and their doctrine was all wrong." "How do you make that out?" said I. "It is impossible that both they and we should be right, and as there is no doubt we are right, it follows they *must* be wrong." I was convinced. Then we had a Church of England crank, who raved of "our sweet and noble liturgy" at the most unseasonable hours; a temperance crank, who said with some justice that it was more necessary to save men's bodies in this world than their souls in the next; a vegetarian crank, who groaned in spirit at the folly of three meat-meals served daily, and preached unsuccessfully the gospel of the bashful young potato and the not too French French bean; and minor cranks of various kinds, whose bald, unprofitable chat became the vehicle of much profitable amusement. There was also a lady who was going to teach the Americans how to vote, and who was believed to pray night and morning for the repose of the soul of Mr. Hare, the inventor of the game known as "Hare's system for the representation of minorities." With all these, and with concerts, and dances, and sports, time was somehow killed till we sighted Honolulu on May 5.

Honolulu is nice, very nice. It is like some brilliant tropical bird, so gay is the plumage of its gardens, its shrubberies, its bowers. Artesian water abounds, and fountains play everywhere. The houses are built pagoda-fashion, with queer towers and unexpected angles, and plated with wooden tiles like some scaly sea-monster. Such a wealth of colour as one sees in Honolulu gardens is nowhere to be found in Australia. Flowers are not much cultivated as we cultivate them, but shrubs and trees all flower, and every house is half-hidden behind masses of bloom and foliage. The streets are avenues of palms of all kinds; there are hedges of cactus as well as cactus trees grown like standard roses; clumps and hedges of hibiscus, oleander, azalea; while the magnificent monkey-pod tree, a kinsman of the ponceana, meets the eye everywhere, a canopy of pink, or canary, or vivid crimson. A Honolulu garden is a fit environment for Aladdin's palace, and all the genii of the Arabian Nights could hardly compass a more gorgeous splendour. Honolulu nights, indeed, are lit by the electric light, and Honolulu princes hang Edison lamps in their most magnificent trees, and snatch a glimpse of fairyland.

The Hawaiian Islands have many volcanoes, past and present, and we saw half-a-dozen grass-grown craters in the course of a two-hours' drive. From one of them, the Punchbowl, the best view of the city is obtained; a little farther away, from the top of the Pali Pass, a still more extended panorama is unrolled, with the ocean on both sides, and a dazzling sky above all. In the process of

sightseeing, we learnt that, To annex or not to annex, that is the Hawaiian question. The answer rests with America, and the Americans on the Islands want her to say Yes. The natives, who are by far the greater number, prefer independence, and took up arms to fight for it not long since. The U. S. Government appears undecided, and the provisional government satisfies neither party. Hawaiian exports are sugar, and rice, and bananas, which all go to Frisco; and the community seems thriving enough in a material sense. It is a much mixed community, with Chinese, and Japanese, and Portuguese, all represented; and the Chinaman doing better than everybody else, as is his industrial prerogative by virtue of race-quality. We should have liked more time to study Hawaiian aspects, which indeed are worth study, apart from the lake of fire, and the barking sands, and other objects of tourist interest; but——

IV.—SAN FRANCISCO AND SUNDRY.

SAN FRANCISCO saw us all with saddened faces. The news of half-a-dozen Australian bank failures was there to meet us; and still most could smile. Then came in quick succession the fall of the Commercial of Sydney, of the North Queensland, of the Queensland National, of the Queensland Royal—and the Monowai men wore a look of settled gloom. Some thanked their stars that the New South Wales, the Victoria, and the 'Asia still stood; but two-thirds of us had pocket-books stuffed with unnegotiable paper. Should we go on, chancing a settlement in New York or London, or should we go back? For some there was no alternative, and they went back in the steamer which had brought them, their hopes of pleasure suddenly dashed. The rest made a shift to proceed, resorting to unusual wiles to reduce expenses, and doing their utmost to make one dollar go as far as ten had gone previously.

"What must things be in Australia?" That was the question on every sympathetic lip. We pined for news, and got five cabled lines in the Frisco papers. For Australia and her affairs are trifles to the great American nation, serenely self-sufficient. So we found but a limited audience to listen to our tales of passenger woe. How two lively girls going to Chicago had instead to return to mamma; how this man had his all in the Commercial, that man had to get his

draft endorsed by a Frisco friend before it was cashed, the other man could not get his cashed at all; how the Scotchman we had joked at for carrying 200 sovereigns in a belt about his waist was as lively as a cricket, a Gideon's fleece of joy when all around was desolate; how the Irishman who quarrelled with the Q.N. just before sailing, and transferred his account to the N.S.W., thanked holy St. Bridget for his deliverance. And withal we tried to encourage one another with assurances that the trouble was but temporary, and that all would be right in the end. There was mair tint at Sheriffmuir. P.'s drafts were on the New South; mine were on the Royal; but if the worst came we could still break stones enough for tucker.

For those who "are on the job" there are jobs enough in California. Many steerage passengers got work immediately on arrival, going out to the ranches or farms in the country, at 30s. a week or so. In the towns wages are higher, though there are some unemployed. The average worker gets £3 a week. Tram drivers and conductors can make this; artisans can make more. The hours are longer; nine hours a day is the rule; but the man is better off than in Australia at the present time of depression. San Francisco is a real working man's city; you do not meet many nobs in the street, though there is an aristocratic quarter called Nobs' Hill, where the local millionaires reside. As for snobs, there are none whatever. Civility is universal; from high and low strangers meet such cordial courtesy that it is a pleasure to be a stranger, with an itch or a need to ask questions. It fell to my lot to represent a number of

passengers in a complaint made to the U. S. Government regarding the over-crowding of the Monowai, and I am sorry to say that Australians would be agreeably surprised to receive from most Civil servants a tithe of the attention I received from the Frisco officials.

I had to see the Collector of Customs. There was five minutes to wait while another interview was in progress. Then—"Walk right in, sir." "Sit right down, sir." I explained my business. I wished to investigate the American immigration laws. The collector referred to the statutes, advised me as to those which were relevant, supplied me with paper and pens to make extracts, received my information, promised to send a Government surveyor to inspect the ship at once, and bowed me out as if I had paid him a ten-guinea fee for his trouble. The next day the information was substantiated by the surveyor's report, and I was told that the owners of the vessel had incurred a penalty of $1600 for the overcrowding, and Government would take action at once. "Would I kindly go to the U.S. Attorney's Office, and make a declaration in lieu of remaining to give evidence when the case came on?" I went; the Assistant-Attorney listened, advised, seated me at his table, and supplied a type-writer to whom I dictated particulars of the complaint. "The case will go forward at once, sir," I was told on leaving. In a couple of hours I had done business which in Sydney or Brisbane would take a week and cost a lawyer. I found the Govern-

ment officials anxious to help me in enforcing the law; in Australia I have found some simply anxious to save themselves trouble.*

I was only sorry that so much politeness is not better housed. Of the Government buildings in San Francisco half are brick barns and half stone rookeries. The new City Hall is the only public building with architectural pretensions, and that is not for Government, but for municipal use. The streets are probably the worst in the world for a city of such size. They are paved with gigantic cobble-stones, irregular, uneven, which make riding or driving torture. The tram service is excellent and comprehensive, though the town is hilly and the grades almost alarming. Perhaps there is none so steep as that in Dunedin, M.L., where the cars have partitioned seats in order to keep the passengers from sliding into a heap. I should say, however, that there are several grades of 1 in 3, or even steeper, and quite a number of 1 in 4, or 1 in 5. Most of the cars are worked by wire cables, some by horses, and two lines by electricity. The electric cars are certainly the most pleasant to ride in, and are said to be quite as economical as the others in working. They are connected with an overhead wire, and travel very quickly and smoothly. All kinds of cars turn abrupt right angles without difficulty,

* This attention even followed me to Australia, where on my return I found a letter awaiting me stating that in consideration of an *ad misericordiam* plea of "won't do it again" the fine had been cut down to $500.

and those on the hilly routes have three brakes, which apparently guarantee immunity from accident, since accidents never occur.

Electric lights abound in the streets, hotels, and private houses. Hotel accommodation is cheaper and better than in Australia, if one knows where to go. Many of us were travelling as Cook's tourists, and we found that the official recommendations invariably included only the first-class hotels, at the first-class prices. By consistently disregarding the recommendations, and using one's eyes and ears, you get in every American town very comfortable rooms and meals for 8s. a day. Baths and boots are generally extra, the former costing 1s., with hot and cold shower; the latter are polished for 3d. The bedrooms are all carpeted, with a chest of drawers, gas or electric light, and excellent bed. The meals offer a variety which one does not get in Australia, and are well-cooked and splendidly served. Take two fairly typical bills of fare which we had at the Russ House, San Francisco—rates, 6s. 6d. a day :—

Breakfast.—Bread, etc.: French rolls, Graham bread, corn bread, German rolls, Boston brown bread, hot rolls, cracked wheat; milk toast, buttered toast, dry toast, dipped toast, fried mush, flannel cakes, egg muffins, oatmeal mush. Broiled : Beefsteak plain, beefsteak with onions, liver, veal cutlets, Dupee ham, mutton chops plain or breaded, salt mackerel, Russian river bacon, tripe. Fried : Fishballs, ham and eggs, fresh fish, calf's liver, stewed kidneys, stewed tripe, stewed liver, sausages, corn beef hash, salt codfish Shaker fashion. Potatoes : Baked, fried, Lyonnaise, stewed. Eggs : Poached on toast, fried, scrambled, boiled, omelettes plain or Spanish style. Cold : Roast beef, corned beef, mutton, boiled ham. Coffee, green or black tea, chocolate, milk. Oranges, strawberries.

DINNER.—Soups: Chicken with rice, consommé. Relishes: Olives, beets, pickles. Fish: Boiled salmon with egg sauce; broiled shad, à la maître d'hôtel. Boiled: Short ribs of beef with horse-radish, pickled pork with vegetables. Cold dishes: Tongue, lamb, pressed corn beef, ham, mutton, roast beef. Entrées: Fricandeau of veal à la Claremont, sweetbreads sautés à l'Andaluse, oyster patties, California style, French pancake with preserves. Roasts: Beef, lamb and mint sauce, pork, veal, young turkey and cranberry sauce. Vegetables: Mashed potatoes, rice, stewed tomatoes, boiled potatoes, asparagus. Dessert: English plum pudding and rum sauce, lemon custard, raspberry ice cream, blackberry pie, peach pie, rhubarb pie, chocolate sponge cake, macaroons, Spanish kisses. Fruits in season. Tea and coffee.

The lunch was a little less elaborate. But how would any Australian hotel which gave such meals for 6s. 6d. a day be built large enough to accommodate its customers? By the week the rate was only 35s. And yet we had been frightened all the way from Brisbane by tales of the terrible extortions of American innkeepers! The variety of bread is a peculiarly American privilege, and very pleasant. Wines and ales were good and cheap. Meals were served: Breakfast from 6 to 11.30 a.m.; lunch from 12 to 3 p.m.; dinner 5 to 8 p.m.; and supper from 8 to 10 p.m. I forgot to mention the supper, which consisted of bread and cheese, cold meat and pickles, cakes and fruit, tea and coffee; and was included in the 6s. 6d. per day. We sighed to think it was impossible to bring Chicago to the Russ House or the Russ House to Chicago.

Yet further experience showed that its treatment was not phenomenal. There is good accommodation almost everywhere at $2 a day, with all conveniences at command. Hotels are kept either on the American or European

plan, or both. The "European plan" is the coffee palace plan, paying for room from 3s. upwards, and for meals as required. The "American plan" covers room and meals from 6s. 6d. upwards daily. The hotels are all commodious, well built, well ventilated. Each has a smoking or reading room with a glass wall fronting the street, and the guests lounge there and watch passers by. Iced water precedes every meal, and is served at any other opportunity. The toothpick is a great institution. Even children march up to the clerk's counter after meals, take a fragment of wood from the glass, and use it with a preoccupied air. Every third man chews gum. Hundreds of jaws seem never to cease wagging all day long. The gum is medicated, and is supposed to daunt dyspepsia; but with most chewing is merely a habit, a pastime. When gravelled for want of thought the people who do not smoke, or spit, or kiss—chew.

The tout and his accessories abound. He advocates hotels, steamboats, railroads, with wonderful vigour. Reaching the San Francisco wharf, you hear a vague clamour like surf beating on a rocky shore. As you advance it becomes wilder and clearer, till you emerge into a throng of excited men, waving, beckoning, shouting "Palace, Palace," "'Cidental," "'Meier," "'Change," "Russ, Russ," "Bald', Bald'," and other tags and scraps of names defying enumeration and elucidation. The railroad (not railway) man is not less plausible. He lies in wait for you at the hotels, at the street corners; he boards your steamer, your tram; his seductive literature lurks in your cabin, your bedroom, everywhere. He ignores

everything but the merits of his own line, and upon these he will descant for days. His scorn for rivals is immense. We met one exceedingly polite gentleman on the boat, who pressed the claims of the Burlington route. A little later the Canadian-Pacific representative stopped us in the street with, "One moment, gentlemen!" We smiled and listened. The Burlington man happened to come up, passed—and so much high comedy as was concentrated in the agents' mutual glare I never expect to see compressed in five acts upon the stage. The one expressed surprise, wrath, tender pity; the other defiance, exultation, contempt. Molière could have made an imperishable play from those momentary glances.

At first landing we were beguiled into patronising the American Exchange Hotel. The Exchange seemed unfair to the lodger, however advantageous to the landlord. Yet I had an opportunity of copying the "Rules for Guests" which hung in the bedrooms. Some of them ran as follows:—

1. Do not blow out the gas; turn the tap.

3. Gentlemen are requested to use the spittoon.

4. Ladies are not allowed to receive guests in their own rooms; there is a ladies' parlour on the first floor, and it is meant for use, not show. The proprietor of this hotel intends to run it respectably.

9. The hotel detectives will make short work of anyone trying to leave without paying board. Don't try it.

We didn't try it.

The tout is not a tout, but a "solicitor," and he charges, not like his Australian namesake, but like the Light Brigade. The trams are "cars." You are invited to walk

not "straight in," but "right in." "Yes, *Sir*" and "No, *Sir*" are so mechanical that I have heard them addressed to a lady. The shops do not advertise closing-out or clearing-out sales; they say frankly, "We must have money to pay our creditors. It will pay you to help us." On the steps of suburban houses you read in golden letters, "No pedlers." Many of these suburban houses have no fence in front; their gardens are open to the road; yet no cattle destroy, no children pluck the flowers. The effect is very pretty. Again we drew invidious comparisons with Australia.

V.—SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINA-TOWN.

THE Chinese are thorns in the western side of the United States, whither they first came as immigrants. In the eastern States people are kinder to their virtues and blinder to their faults—seeing that people have little practical acquaintance with either. The charitable men and women who give of their surplus wealth to convert the world to Presbyterian, or Wesleyan, or Anglican doctrines do not as a rule know that it costs about fifty times as much to christianise a Chinaman (if that be possible) as the Chinaman is worth. He is the product of a civilisation entirely different from ours, and texts and holy water can no more change his nature than they can change the leopard's spots. The charity that begins at home can generally find fit subjects to receive it; the charity that begins (and ends) abroad is generally wasted in a process analogous to the attempt to convert a cabbage into a rose. No aphorism is truer than the Roman aphorism that nature is ineradicable, however persistently the hoe be used; and even the Bible cannot neutralise twenty centuries of heredity in the twinkling of a missionary's eye.

The figure of speech which naturally associates the conversion of a Chinaman with the conversion of a cabbage is not so applicable in America as in Australia. The Californian, for example, is generally his own agriculturist, and he works with greater science, if not with more industry,

than the humble exile from Canton and neighbourhood. Many of the Chinese accordingly drift into the towns, and become nuisances on the grand instead of on the petty scale. Their competition for small jobs drives wages down to starvation rates; and as, after all, it is not an article of the Declaration of Independence that America shall become the property of a Chinese community, the American citizen very reasonably objects to the competition. To be sure, it is only effective because of American patronage; American weakness is the source of Chinese strength; yet it is more sensible to remove the temptation than to increase it while blaming men for yielding.

Quite apart from the objections to the Chinese labourer, as a labourer, lie the objections which condemn him as a man. Singly, he has his good points; in the mass, he is abominable. Chinese emigrants are rarely accompanied by their women, therefore they must resort to immorality; they have none of the solaces which make our civilisation endurable, therefore are inevitably drawn to opium; they are human, and must have amusement, and they find it in gambling. They will persist in living under the most insanitary conditions, and their homes are plague-spots in a city; they cannot mingle as equals with a European population; it is impossible for them to be good citizens in a European community. These have been the stock arguments for the expulsion of the Chinese in America and Australia, and to people acquainted with the facts they still remain convincing.

To the very excellent humanitarians of the eastern American States, whose idea of the importance of a Chinese soul is strangely out of proportion to the number of Chinese and other souls which are momentarily hurled to perdition in accordance with the most liberal Calvinistic dogmas; to the very acute eastern manufacturers, who foresee in China an admirable market for notions and wooden nutmegs; and to many other well-meaning eastern persons, whose feet have never been pinched in the Chinese shoe, such arguments are indeed quite unconvincing. But the convictions of the representatives of western States in 1892 proved strong enough to carry through Congress the Geary Act, which re-affirmed the exclusion of Chinese from America for a period of ten years, and, in order to put a stop to the current system of smuggling, provided that all Chinese labourers in America must identify themselves by registering names and residences before 6th May, 1893. The leaders of the Chinese organisations which profit by the smuggling ordered their dependents not to register, in the hope that the Supreme Court would declare the Act unconstitutional and beyond the powers of Congress. But the Supreme Court held that Congress had the power it claimed; and the Chinese found with dismay that their failure to register had made them liable to deportation. So the country awaits anxiously the action of the executive, on whom falls the duty of enforcing the law. President Cleveland, supported by eastern opinion, is adverse to doing what western opinion declares to be his bounden duty; and as there is needed about one million sterling

to pay the passages of the hundred thousand Chinese to be sent home, little will follow until Congress specially appropriates the funds.

California, where perhaps half of all the Chinese in the States are congregated, was jubilant when the decision of the Supreme Court was announced; and in San Francisco there was a solemn procession of working men to celebrate the event. Chinatown in San Francisco has nearly 40,000 inhabitants; and is the one remarkable sight of the city. In a three or four hours' stroll through the quarter one gathers a more intimate knowledge of the Chinese question than could be gained from thirty or forty years' traffic with the bland or stony vegetable-vendor. A guide is advisable, if not necessary; and quite a number of men gain a ciceronish living. Some speak Chinese; some do not; but all have the qualification of acquaintance with the dens and their occupants, reached in a more or less questionable manner. One starts from the hotel with a party at eight o'clock in the evening. The guide's charge is a dollar, but there are numerous indecencies extra, to see which from half a dollar up to five dollars is demanded. The Chinese quarter has an area of seven blocks by three, or perhaps twenty acres—Americans reckoning by blocks just as we do by streets—"two blocks up," "the third block to the right," and so on.

The initial spectacle is a joss-house, of which there are several. Here the particular fetish of a particular section of the Chinese is enthroned in a magnificent environment of bronzes and embroideries, which cost fabulous sums to

import from China. The Joss whom we saw (to give him the capital letter which is his right as deity) sat exalted in royal state which would not compare ill with that provided by Milton for Satan. If it did not far outshine the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind, it certainly supplied a criterion of what that wealth may be. Marvellous silk-work, which represented life-times of patient toil, and still more marvellous metal-work, representing many life-times of patiently-acquired art, were strewn as trifles around the splendid dais where sat the idol with saturnine Mongolian features, and gazed indifferently at the curious visitors. At his side, standing in a cupboard covered by a screen, was the devil, or the Chinese idea of him. We scanned the arch-enemy with interest. He looked malicious, but jovial, as if a good blue smoking-room story would at any time purchase his forgiveness. For the rest, this devil was not more ridiculous than any other devil, orthodox or heterodox, and indeed if the Salvation Army's idea of His Royal Darkness took incarnate shape, it would probably hob-nob very sociably with the Chinese conception. The attendant gave us to understand his belief in the old formula that Joss was good and the devil was not half a bad sort, and explained that a little incense was occasionally burnt to Auld Hornie, on the principle of keeping sweet with both sides. But only when Joss, like the Tishbite's god, was asleep or on a journey.

For the small consideration of 60 cents, the fortune of one of us was told with some ceremony. Joss was awakened to business by rapping his gong sharply, and in several

prayers and prostrations he was implored to turn a casual eye on the destinies of the unworthy Englishman then laughing in his face. Then a collection of numbered reeds was placed in a bowl; the bowl was shaken, and number 49 fell out. Then number 49 was referred to in the sacred books. "You bad luck now—do nothing till after July—after July velly good luck—do anything, mally anybody—all good—60 cents, please." And the victim forked out forthwith. The rest of us paid 25 cents each for a package of vile sandalwood tapers, and retreated with the information that the presiding Chinese geniuses paid nearly £1000 a year for the sole right of selling smell-things and interrogating Joss upon the private concerns of any individual possessed of 60 cents. Decidedly the world's deities are more profitable to their priests than shares in any Bank whatever. The Bank is bound to break some day; but credulity and superstition are immortal.

Proceeding further, we reached the theatre, and for half-a-dollar were accommodated with seats of honour on the stage. Behind us was the orchestra—drums, cymbals, and an ear-piercing fife; before us a sea of patient Chinese faces, upturned and attentive. I had never seen so many Chinamen together before. They stretched away row on row till they merged in the smoke at the back of the house. Every seat was occupied, and every head wore a hat, as is customary. The single gallery was occupied by ladies and children. Every eye was on the actors, of whom four occupied the stage, while half-a-dozen more waited their cue

at the wings. There was no scenery, no necessity for scenery, since the vivid Chinese imagination takes as much as you please for granted. An actor comes before the banging, screaming musicians and says he is a king, walking in the gardens of his palace. That is enough for the audience: there is the king, there are the gardens, there is the palace, complete in every detail. The European eye sees a curiously-bedizened personage fall flop on the boards, get up again, and walk off o.p.; the Chinese eye sees a beautiful damsel, crossed in love, despairing of life, drown herself in the canal which runs through her father's estate, and pictures the finding of the body, the solemn funeral, the grief of the parents, the remorse of the responsible male, and fifty consequences more or less remote. When we entered, every stolid Chinese face was wreathed in smiles. We looked for the reason. Two actors, gorgeously attired and painted, were screeching simultaneously; two others, simply garbed, stood by in silence. The orchestra shrieked and chattered unceasingly. Our guide explained the situation. The seated personages were city men of rank and fashion; the two standing were country bumpkins, and one carried a watering-can. A dandy was telling his friend he had met the countrymen, who enquired whether he could point out the grave of the mother-in-law of one of them, as the bereaved individual purposed watering the flowers which grew there. Looking, he found there was no water in the can. The audience were so tickled at the idea of a man wasting his time in watering

the grave of a mother-in-law, and above all with an empty watering-pot, that they grinned delightedly during the whole of our visit.

It was a short visit, for there was much to see and smell before midnight. We went to the leading restaurant and enjoyed a dish of excellent tea, with Chinese preserves. Then we plunged into a desolation of abominations which Daniel the prophet never mentioned; held our noses against stinks more various and more deadly than Cologne ever dreamed of; burrowed like moles underground and came up two streets away from the spot where we descended. We saw houses where fifteen murders had been committed in as many months; houses shored up with beams which protected from earthquakes; houses with secret passages, with secret windows, where crime defied the police, and outrage and assassination flourished openly. Den after den, alley after alley, horrible hovel after hovel we walked through—some where lay men who for years had never seen sunlight, wrecks from opium and cocaine, waiting in a living death for the death of life. Everywhere were vice and filth unspeakable. Occasionally we met a nest of industry thriving in the midst of horrors—a joiner's, where was being made furniture for European houses; a washerman's, where clothes were being bleached for European backs; a fruiterer's, where apples were being polished with a dirty rag for European mouths. The men were vile: the women villainous. We panted, stumbled, stifled through scenes to which only the tales of old Sodom and Gomorrah could

furnish parallel; and when, returned, we parted from our guide, the last lingering shred of sympathy with the inoffensive Chinese had left us for ever. Yet it is with such abysses of corruption festering in his own land that the pious American implores Congress to be lenient, lest retaliatory measures should compel the withdrawal of missionaries from China!

VI.—SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO.

IT takes from four to six days to go from San Francisco to Chicago, according to the route chosen. The speed of trains is from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. At best, the journey is one of discomfort; and many persons find it barely endurable. Nothing surprised us more than the accommodation in the passenger carriages. Newspaper after newspaper, guide-book after guide-book, advertisement after advertisement, had done its best to prepare our weak minds for the otherwise insupportable shock of American railway magnificence. Judge, then, of our astonishment, when we found that this boasted magnificence was about on a par with that of a Queensland second-class carriage. On the Southern Pacific Railway, which has a monopoly of traffic from San Francisco to Ogden, a thirty-six hours' journey, the first-class "coaches," as they are called, are phenomenally dirty, hot, and uncomfortable. They are all built on the saloon plan, with entrance at each end; they are upholstered in dingy plush, from which dust rises in clouds; and the floor is covered all day long with lunch-papers and orange-peel, which appear never to be swept out. The second-class coaches merit the name of "cattle-cars" commonly applied to them, containing only straight-boarded seats, without cushions, which seem devised to secure the maximum of physical torture possible on a long journey. The Pullman cars are better, as they should be,

seeing that you pay 25s. a day extra for the privilege of using them. In the daytime they are dusty, but more trouble is taken to keep them clean; at night they are generally very close and unpleasant. Hot steam pipes run right through the train, while the negro conductors are as fond of warmth as the traditional salamander, and do their best to maintain a uniform temperature of 95 deg., irrespective of the feelings of the passengers.

East of Ogden there are several competing companies, and as a consequence the accommodation is greatly improved. First-class passengers are provided with reclining chairs, which tilt back to a convenient and reposeful angle; and some attempt is made to keep the carriages cleanly. Dining cars are attached to the trains, in which good meals are served. The charge is rather high—a dollar a meal, or something over 4s., being just a shilling more than is advertised by the railway companies. Before Ogden, passengers must eat by the roadside, the charge being generally 3s., and the time allowed 15 minutes. A great many travellers, however, provide themselves with lunch beforehand, and cover the seats with the débris of a restaurant. The lavatories in the Pullman cars are well kept; in the others there is usually a dirty tin basin, with or without soap and towel. On none of the American lines west of Chicago is there a carriage, Pullman or other, in which one can travel for long distances so comfortably as in a New South Wales lavatory car—for which no extra fee is charged. Even a reserved compartment in a Queensland carriage is preferable to any seat in an American saloon car,

where you must sit in the same posture all day long. So that our progress from the Golden Gate of California was marked by many derisive comments on the boasted magnificence which racked limbs and aching heads convinced us was only a myth created by the fertile American genius.

As we advanced, that myth was joined by others. The grandeur of the Rocky Mountains is greatly discounted by the desolation of the Nevada desert through which you travel to reach them. For hundreds and hundreds of miles the track lies through rolling hills of sand, partly covered by stunted sage-brush ; and columns and clouds of dust are whirled by the wind against the train, penetrating every crevice and irritating every sense. One appreciates the scenic paradise of the Rockies more keenly after such a purgatory ; but when both purgatory and paradise are passed, the recollection of the pain is quite as vivid as the memory of the pleasure. And even the Rockies fell far short of the description which we had previously heard and read with open mouths and mutual congratulations on the treat in store. The lavish literature of the railway companies had found no adjectives commensurate with the sublimity of the scenery on this or that route which they advocated. The gorgeous language of the railway touts, as they themselves frankly assured us, could only faintly shadow forth the glories awaiting the happy tourist who should place himself unreservedly in their hands. We poised awhile the eulogies of rival routes, and were finally conquered by the agent of the Colorado Midland, who assured us that the Marshall Pass (not on his line) was

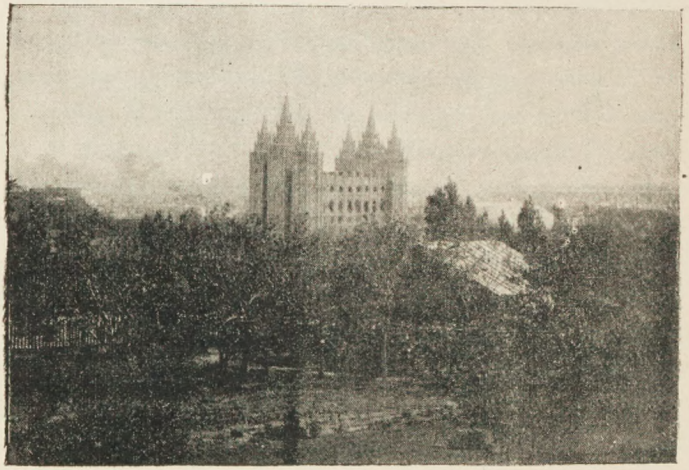
fair, the Black Canon (not on his line) was pretty good, but the Hagermann Pass (on his line) would "break us all up." The phrase was new and impressive, and it ended our indecision. We had never been "broken all up," and we thought we would like the sensation. There were two more victims to the Colorado Midland. Well, the Hagermann Pass was reached, it was crossed, it receded in the distance; and we were not "broken all up." We remained quite sound in wind and limb, and as anxious as ever to get out of the train. Yet, if we knew ourselves, we were not *nil admirari* noodles. We had enthusiasm to spare on occasion; we had come prepared to gape, we wished to gape, and we could only yawn. Did the fault lie with us? We compared notes with fellow-travellers, and decided that it lay once more with the fertile American genius for "cracking-up" America.

To relieve the tedium of the journey, we broke it in every town or city of note or notoriety beyond the common. Our first halting-place was Salt Lake, where the industry of the Mormons has turned the desert into a garden. The soil is scanty and impregnated with alkali and salt, but persistent culture and irrigation have made it fit to bring forth abundant harvests to the honour and glory of Brigham Young, who founded the settlement. The city lies some 25 miles from the Great Salt Lake, in a valley hemmed by snow-capped mountains, whence flow the streams of "living water" to which the Mormons piously and properly ascribe their prosperity. All the way to Ogden, fifty miles west, there are farms where the plough is never idle.

Irrigation is universal. If there is no suitable stream, the farmer bores an artesian well, or half-a-dozen wells, digs his channels, and lets the water run almost constantly through his crops, whether fruit trees, alfalfa (a kind of lucerne), oats, or vegetables. The result justifies the labour. The harvests from good land are doubled and trebled; harvests are obtained from land which would be otherwise barren. The territory of Utah, of which Salt Lake is the centre, was the first in which irrigation was systematically applied; and irrigation is now general in the agricultural American States. A farmer purchasing land looks as much to the water supply as to the soil; and American auctioneers invariably lay stress on the ease with which water may be brought to the land they are trying to sell. Nobody thinks of depending on the precarious rainfall if he can possibly assure a good crop by irrigation.

The streets of Salt Lake City are lined with Lombardy poplars, planted about 25 feet from each other, and doing much to make the place the pleasant abode it is. Along each side of many streets runs a stream of mountain water, which keeps the trees always fresh and green. Seen from one of the hills around, the town is quite a forest, with the houses nestling among the leaves. Every American town, too, tries to be as mathematically regular as a town can be. Salt Lake, for example, is on a meridian; its streets run due north and south, due east and west; and every block has exactly the same area. The principal streets pass through the centre of the town, and nearly all the others are reckoned from them—First South street, Second South

street, First West street, Second West street, and so on, consecutively numbered. This method is convenient, but the uniformity leaves much to be desired from a picturesque standpoint. As a rule, in Salt Lake or elsewhere, the streets are not wide—rarely more than a chain; the Americans seeming, like the Chinese, to grudge the space.



MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

In Salt Lake electric tram-cars run, and outside the city they are driven at a speed of quite 20 miles an hour—faster than Queensland trains. They move very smoothly, without jar or jolt, but with a gentle swaying motion at high speeds.

The most notable building in Salt Lake is the Mormon temple, a handsome structure in grey granite, which took forty years to build, cost ten millions of money, and was

opened last April—but not to the public. It is only used for church ceremonies, and not for general worship, and though it is a fine piece of work it looks by no means value for the dollars expended. Still, the Gentiles of Salt Lake speak of it respectfully, and are quite prepared to take a share of the credit which it has brought to the city. The Gentiles are not used to speak respectfully of Mormon matters. The shops are full of photographic caricatures of Brigham Young, and Joseph Smith, and the angel Moroni, and other Mormon heroes. One that we saw represented an enormous bedstead with twenty weeping wives in night-caps, a vacant place in the middle, coat and trousers hanging on a chair at the bottom, and well-filled cradles taking up all the corners of the pictures. Beneath was the legend—"In memoriam, Brigham Young. 'And the place which knew him shall know him no more.'" This was the heartless Gentile way of speeding the soul of the departed prophet. The Mormons cannot resent this and similar displays of hostility, for the Gentiles have a majority in the city council and fill nearly all the public offices, though the Mormons are considerably the more numerous. The United States Government, however, in its efforts to suppress polygamy, has been cramping Mormon liberty by enactment after enactment, and the aspirant to civic honours has to take a particularly comprehensive oath, ingeniously devised to make the Mormon forswear either himself or his religion. As he does not choose to do either, Gentile candidates are elected every time. The Mormons fret, but are adjured by their priests and elders to have patience, for God will right

them in his own good time. The trouble is, as it has always been with such promised good times, that nobody can fix the date of the coming.

From Salt Lake we passed on to Manitou, a health resort in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. The scenery for a great part of the way was unquestionably grand. For

A SNUG LITTLE NEST IN THE ROCKIES.

many miles the train winds through river canons, or gorges, with huge sandstone cliffs on each side carved by the weather into all manner of fantastic shapes, and mountain torrents leaping and roaring between. We sped through mile after mile of snowsheds, timber frames built over the line to keep off the snowdrifts. There had been a heavy fall of snow two days before we crossed, and the mountains were still draped in white, even at com-

paratively low levels, the snow half-burying the fir-trees which lined their sides, and forming a sight which dazzled our unaccustomed Australian eyes, and drew from our Australian lips many expressions of admiration. On the Colorado Midland, the final ascent of the eastern slope is made by a series of zig-zags to which Blue Mountain engineering is a trifle, the ravines being crossed on enormous wooden trestle bridges, curved or straight, which have no parallel in Australia. One long tunnel we passed through, and saw the beginnings of another, over a mile in length, designed to pierce the crest of a mountain, and save fifteen miles of the present journey. Certainly the Rocky Mountains and the scenery which led up to them justified more enthusiasm than anything we had previously met in America. For the greater part of one day we stood on the carriage platforms, and never wearied of gazing. The views were rather sublime than beautiful—indeed, I have seen no American view more beautiful than that from the Range in Toowoomba, or that glimpse from the Cairns Railway down the Barron Valley and out to sea, or from the Bulli Pass, or from Mount Eden at Auckland—but the hills were fashioned, and the chasms hewn, on a Titanic scale beside which the heights and depths of Australian scenery take only pigmy rank. We were not "broken all up," but we thrilled, wondered, exulted, and were exalted.

In Manitou there are some fine sights and some poor ones, but all are laboriously advertised and farmed to extract dollars from the stranger. Pike's Peak, a 14,000 ft. mountain, is the pride of the place, and a cog railway on the

Abt system runs nearly to the summit, to which the visitor clambers over rocks and through snow, and is rewarded by a fine view of clouds and a cold in his head of the most lingering and aggravating description. There is also a "Garden of the Gods," in which are a number of great weather-worn sandstone rocks, each labelled by the native mind with some more or less inappropriate title. Yet the place is a pretty place, and thousands of people come each year to drink the waters, which are many, and tinctured with every imaginable mineral. From Manitou it is a three hours' ride to Denver, which its proud inhabitants dub "the queen city of the west"—a bustling, prosperous town which never lets slip an opportunity for self-advertisement. Few things, indeed strike one more than the energy with which every American hamlet, town, or city trumpets forth its claims to admiration, while covering its demerits with a cloak of decent silence. If situated in the centre of a desert, it can still find something for you to respect—it boasts of its well-made streets, the number of railway lines which pass through it, its remarkable fire brigade; if at the top of a mountain where there is snow and ice for nine months of the year, it brags of its healthy climate, its pure water, its splendid drainage. If it is literally without anything to boast of, the people boast of themselves, and proclaim themselves the most pushing community in the west, or the east, as the case may be. If a few thousand acres of the Darling Downs were planted in any American State, the continent would ring with its praises, and the population would speedily become 640 to the square mile.

One laughs at the ridiculous extremes to which American self-assertion is carried, but as I saw the vital basis of work and energy on which it rests I could not help wishing there was more of the "hustling" spirit in Australia. For to that spirit, I knew, was attributable the success plainly to be seen in the succession of pleasant fields, and lively villages, and prosperous towns, passed in the seven hours' journey from Denver to Chicago.

VII.—IN CHICAGO.

THE World's Fair is like a fair woman without discretion—it is a jewel of gold in a swine's snout. Chicago is indeed the home of American swine—more pigs are killed there than in any other dozen cities of the Union—and it is just the place pigs would choose for a residence if the choice were offered them. George Dibbs was in the right to "Damn Chicago!" It is fit for nothing else.

The Fair is splendid beyond description. Building after building displays an architectural magnificence which delights and astounds. The Manufactures Building would house the great Pyramid, with ample room to spare. The ornamentation of the Administration Building is executed with more than Indian delicacy of finish. The view of the peristyle, from the south pond, surpasses anything in Venice. One's eye never wearies of gazing at beautiful vista after vista, planned with consummate art. There are hundreds of groups of noble statuary, and each might be a masterpiece of all but the greatest genius. Flowers and banners give animation to the scene. Within the buildings, the trophies of human skill and industry are displayed in a manner never approached before. It takes weeks even to walk though the exhibits; a lifetime would be too short to adequately study them. The arts and manufactures of the whole earth are represented.

When you go out from this storehouse of wonders, this city of palaces, you walk down a narrow, squalid street, unpaved, undrained, with a foul swamp on each side, heaps of garbage lining the footpath, bricks and rubbish encumbering the roadway, and a pool of fetid water at every second step. If you take the tram or the elevated railroad, and ride into the city, the sights are equally disgusting. Filth reigns supreme. The air is thick with soot and grime. You hold your nose and breathe with difficulty. The streets are never cleaned. Putrid scrapings fester slowly in the sun. There is dirt underfoot, overhead, everywhere. In State street, the main street of Chicago, wretched wooden shanties, which would be promptly condemned in any decent Australian town as unfit for habitation, stand in large numbers within a stone-throw of the busiest part of the city where scores of thousands daily pass. The train runs by row after row of brick tenements, barns blackened by smoke, with not a single brick wasted, without verandah, yard, balcony, garden, decorated only by pallid women washing on the flat roofs. They look, these dens, unfit to cage wild beasts, and when you think that human beings are doomed to live and die there, you shudder. Then your neighbour, who has been watching you inquisitively: "I guess you're a stranger, mister? That so. Where might you be from? From Australia. That so. I guess you haven't many cities like this in Australia. No, *Sir*. Chicago is the greatest city on airth. Yes, *Sir*.

And then you will hear that Chicago has the largest hall, the highest building, the greatest number of miles of

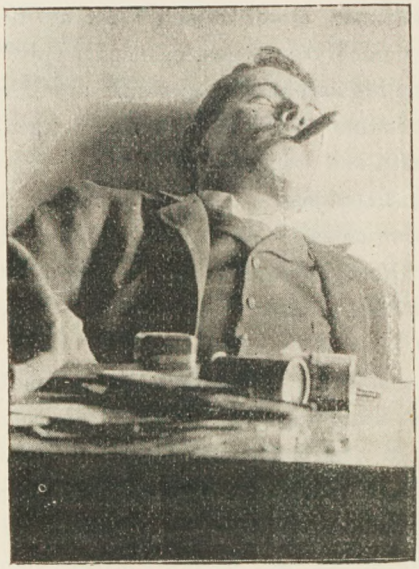
tramway, the greatest number of converging railroads, and so on, and so on. I once ventured to interrupt the recital of wonders with a question whether the speaker had ever heard of Walt Whitman. No; he guessed not; he knew nearly everybody at the slaughter-yards; never heard that name though. "Well," said I, "he's a great American poet, and in one of his poems he says that the greatest city is not the city where there are the biggest buildings, or the greatest factories, or the tallest chimneys, but the city where the greatest man or woman is. Have you any great man or woman in Chicago, or are you just a hustling horde of pig-killers, eating and drinking, for to-morrow you die?" The man looked at me. "Say, stranger," he said, "it ain't safe to talk that way here. I guess you're a jealous Britisher, that's what you air. Yes, sir. But you take my advice, and keep your British bile to yourself. I don't quarrel with Britishers myself, but we've got a heap of low Irish, and they won't stand it. No, sir." I took the advice, and whenever the conversation drifted round to the eternal topic of the glories of Chicago—as sooner or later it was bound to drift—I sat quiet and thought ineffable things.

For the great American nation cannot bear plain home truths. It is as busily engaged now cracking itself up as in the days of Dickens, and the merest breath of depreciation whets its knife for the depreciator's scalp. The "American Notes" and the American pictures in "Martin Chuzzlewit" are as true to-day as ever they were. The dollar is almighty, and even the cent comes within an ace of omnipotence. The national ideal is the ideal of a Jew pedlar; the

national faculties are concentrated upon the single aim of money-making. It is a sad sight. The children are prematurely old, and listen with interest to their elders' tales of a successful stroke of business, or a cute bit of hustling. "Hustling" is the American word for energy in affairs, and you can pay a man no higher compliment than to call him a "hustler." The newspaper advertisements for agents frequently specify that "none but a hustler need apply." Everything is done at the highest possible pressure of nerve and muscle. The result is that at 40 the hustler is a worn-out man, broken in health and spirits, with a "pile" from which he vainly seeks happiness. During a fortnight at Chicago I counted seven suicides of business men, some well-to-do, others losers through speculation, all driven out of life by depression consequent on nerve exhaustion. The pace is literally killing.

The hustlers are sustained by stimulants—alcohol, morphia, cocoaine. It is a significant fact that in Chicago you are rarely more than a minute's walk from a liquor saloon, while you may walk for an hour before you find a book-store. In some streets liquor is sold in every second or third shop. In State street, near Twelfth street, there are four liquor saloons adjoining each other, then a cigar store, a liquor saloon, a draper's store, two liquor saloons, a fruit store, a liquor saloon—or eight liquor saloons out of eleven adjoining buildings. Hundreds of people use morphia, hundreds more cocoaine; and a scarred arm causes no comment. It is not surprising that the record of crimes in Chicago is a lengthy one. Burglaries, with or without

murder, are of daily occurrence; thefts abound; vice is rampant. There are numerous accidents; the pride of Chicago citizens in their railway and tramway systems cannot diminish the catalogue of deaths due to them, averaging 500 a year. The railways run along the streets, with level crossings, and the trains often collide with trams or vehicles. The railway companies invariably fight claims for adequate damages, and by appealing from court to court they can frequently weary the patience or empty the purse of their victims, and escape scot free. They are always being asked to elevate their roads, but will not incur the expenditure unless compelled. They say it is cheaper to kill people than to elevate the railways, and human life in Chicago is nothing compared with money. The papers are full of tales of public robbery and private corruption, of "boodlers" and absconding bankers. As it is every man's business to cheat his neighbour without being cheated him-



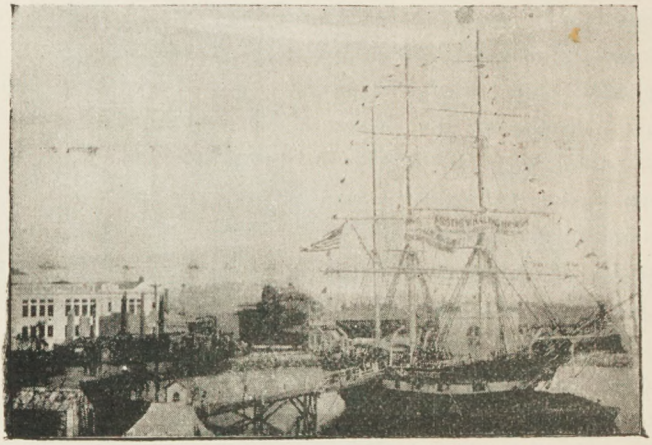
A PLANET PILGRIM.

self, the successful swindler is not without admiration, and only the unsuccessful one is visited with detestation and contempt.

Yet there is another side to the picture. If many in Chicago live like beasts, if many more live without culture or refinement, if the worship of the golden calf has turned many into sordid hucksters, yet there is no starvation, there is little poverty, there are ample evidences of progress and prosperity. Streets are dirty; but stomachs are full. Nor are all the streets dirty even in Chicago. On the north side, the city is habitable; there are several fine parks. And even the prevalent filth has a defence in the truth that the people are so busy making roads that they have no time to mend them; Chicago is growing so rapidly that municipal resources, however vast, cannot cope with its growth. You may look, if you choose, not at what remains to do, but at what has been done. You may recognise that the hustler benefits others, while sacrificing himself; that to the enormous increase of material wealth which is the result of his energy is due a corresponding increase of the mental and spiritual wealth which he unfortunately lacks; and that it is unjust to expect the engine which drives the machinery to be machinery as well as engine, product as well as power. Even in pigs there may be found a basis of poetry, since the poet must eat to live; and in Boston, the intellectual hub of America, pork and beans is a favourite dish.

Nor is there an "inhuman dearth of noble natures" in the United States if you only know where to look for them. You must look; for the hustling and hog-raising classes fill

the land with glare and noise in which the light of literature, the voice of science have small chance to be seen or heard. I have made acquaintance with a few thoughtful men and women who would be an honour to any country, and I know there are many more. In America, as elsewhere, the scum is at the top. And there are some even of the dominant class who perceive dimly that man does not



WORLD'S FAIR.—A GLIMPSE ON THE LAKE FRONT.

live by hog alone. A lucky speculator will spend thousands of dollars in pictures and statues; an illiterate manufacturer will bequeath his wealth to found a college. Nor are Americans stingy ; on the contrary, they are generous and hospitable. What they make they spend freely. They will not forego a cent on a bargain, but you have no trouble in getting twenty-five dollars as a gift. Humour their foibles,

and you will everywhere receive courtesy. You seldom hear bad language; very seldom, in spite of the number of liquor saloons, will you see a man drunk in the streets. If Americans have the defects of their qualities, they have good qualities to balance their defects.

So much may be said to show the reverse of the medal, which in cities like Boston would be most prominent. In Chicago, the obverse is prominent, and unfortunately the World's Fair is at Chicago. Our stay there struck a daily balance of pleasures and pains, and at the end of a fortnight the pains were too numerous. The Fair was admirable; but Chicago was abominable. So we fled, shaking off the dust of the accursed city.

The chief end of man
  Is to raise hogs and hustle:
So avoid if you can,
The chief end of man;
For the hog, on this plan,
  Has the best of the tussle.
The chief end of man
  Is to raise hogs and hustle.

VIII.—AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

NEW York and Chicago competed for the World's Fair, and Congress gave the honour to Chicago. In Chicago several sites were suggested, and Jackson Park, a 600-acre reserve in the south of the city, was finally chosen. The so-called Park was merely a swamp on the shore of Lake Michigan, and outside the Fair grounds a swamp it remains. Drainage, filling, levelling, road-making, canal-cutting, building construction,—all has been done in two years' time. The labour was immense and employed an army of men. The first step of the Directory was to advertise widely in Europe and America for labourers. They hoped thus to flood the labour market, and reduce the rates to be paid. At first their scheme succeeded; thousands of workmen flocked into the city; and wages fell. Then, in almost every trade, the new-comers were brought into the unions, and wages rose. Many of the men were paid 2s. to 2s. 6d. per hour, with 3s. to 3s. 6d. for overtime on Sunday labour. One man, a bridge carpenter, told me that he averaged £6 a week for eight months; another, an engineer, drew as much as £8 4s. in one week, working by the hour.

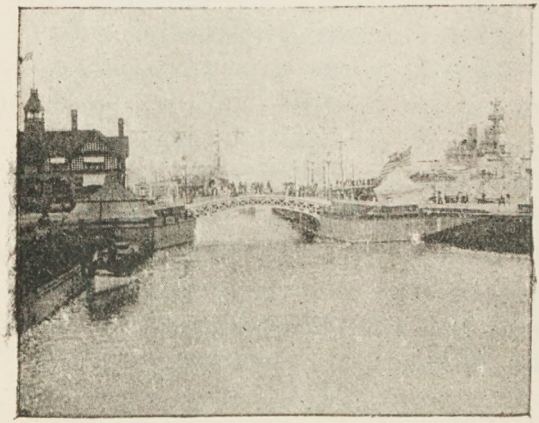
Sunday labour is all but general. It would be general if employers cared to pay the rates. In Chicago, cigar stores, liquor saloons, fruit shops, are open as in Australian cities. But in addition all trains run, all trams and steamboats; streets are mended, tram-lines are laid, houses built

and decorated. Hence the fuss about opening the World's Fair on Sundays seemed to strangers a piece of canting hypocrisy, for outside the Fair men go about their work just the same as on any other day. Within a quarter of a mile of the Fair gates I passed one Sunday an hotel being built to receive Fair visitors. It was nearly finished, and over thirty labourers were busily engaged in giving the last touches. Bricklayers were on the walls, carpenters were raising the roof, joiners were making the interior fittings, masons were cutting stone for the steps, and half-a-dozen men were erecting a neat iron fence. In the evening, theatres are open, there are firework exhibitions, and thousands of people promenade the parks. So that to close the gates of the Fair on Sunday does not mean that would-be visitors stay at home and read good books, or go out to swell the church collections; it simply means that they amuse themselves in ways possibly involving more "Sabbath desecration" than the opening of half-a-dozen Fairs would cause.

When I came to Chicago, expecting to remain three or four weeks, I tried to save half a dollar a day by applying or a Press pass. The Department of Publicity and Promotion examined my credentials, and said that a pass would be issued at once. Only, as I was a foreigner, would I mind applying through the Board of Foreign Affairs. I did not mind in the least, and considered the matter settled, thinking I would get my pass in two or three days at the farthest. So I went to Dr. Renwick, the New South Wales Commissioner, who was courteous and kind, and

instructed his clerk to send in application on my behalf. But the clerk looked grave when I spoke of calling to-morrow to get my pass. "They are very slow here, you know," he said. I did not know, and said so. "Well, we will see."

We saw. The application, duly in form, went to the Board of Foreign Affairs that day. Two days later I called, and was told that it had been endorsed by the Board of Foreign Affairs, and sent for approval to the Director-General. The next day it was supposed to go from the Director-General to the Bureau of Admissions. Then for three days we lost sight of it. I paid my half-dollar every day, and called on my friend the clerk every time I was near the New South Wales building. He was a good fellow, and took infinite pains on my behalf, writing, telephoning, and trudging from office to office in vain endeavour to expedite the tardy documents. Presently we heard of the application again. The



ON THE LAKE FRONT.

Director-General had omitted to send it to the Bureau of Admissions. It was now forwarded, and I would get it next day. I paid half-a-dollar at the gates next day, walked straight to the New South Wales building, and demanded my pass. The clerk smiled. "Why," I said, "they actually manage these things better in Australia." "I should hope so," he responded.

For a fortnight my unfortunate application was shuttlecocked from one department to another. At last my friend the clerk was able to say, "Well, Mr. Stephens, you'll get your pass at last. I'm positively assured it will be here to-morrow." On the morrow, weary of dirt and noise, I left Chicago. Three weeks later, when travelling in Canada, I received this letter:—

"New South Wales Commissioner,
"World's Columbian Exposition,
"Chicago, June 19th, 1893.

"A. G. Stephens, Esq.

"Dear Sir,—I made application to the Exposition authorities some time ago, as you know, for a Press pass for you, and am now informed that it is necessary that such applications should be personally made by the person for whom the pass is required. I enclose a letter which you can take to Major Handy, Chief of the Department of Publicity and Promotion, and the pass will be immediately supplied. Yours faithfully,

"Arthur Renwick,
Executive Commissioner."

I did not go to Major Handy, so I never got my pass. But that is the story of it. From several Australians, officers and visitors in the New South Wales court, I heard many such stories, all illustrative of what one exhibitor

told me was the pleasure the fair bureaucrats took in "sitting on strangers." They were all delighted when I told them of my adventures with the kodak policeman.

The first day I went to the Fair I took my kodak, and photographed all day without let or hindrance. Next day, as I was marching in the gate with my camera on my shoulder, a nice young man in a nice grey uniform stopped me. "Excuse me, sir, but is that a kodak you carry?" "It is." "Then I must trouble you for two dollars, sir." "And what for, pray?" Then he told me a long story which amounted to this: That the Fair Directory had sold to a certain firm the exclusive right of photographing on the grounds, and the firm demanded two dollars (or 8s. 4d.) per day from every person carrying a camera. I did not see it; and pled hard for mercy. The nice young man was inexorable. In vain I claimed Press privilege, and pointed out that I was not a competing artist, and my poor little instrument would not take any official gloss off the buildings. So I changed my tactics. Depositing my ticket at the turnstile I turned my back on the nice grey uniform, and walked straight in. I had not gone ten yards before two Columbian guards collared me, marched me back and thrust me ignominiously from the portal; while the nice young man hovered round and smiled triumphantly.

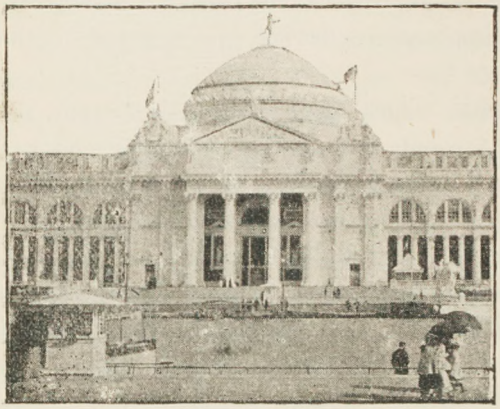
"Very sorry, sir," he said, with a grin that belied his words; perhaps if you go round to our office they will give you a special permit." "Where is your office?" I asked, determined not to pay two dollars if possible. He gave me an address. So I got my ticket back, and turned away

disconsolate as Mr. Moore's peri. The Australian was humiliated; the American distinctly scored. I was walking sadly along, when I spied a small gate near the Transportation Building. I reconnoitred, and saw no nice young man about, no nice grey uniform. Not a Columbian guard strode down the perspective. The ticket-taker was all alone. I hurried up, deposited my ticket, hurried through, hurried on. "Have you paid for that kodak?" he called after me. I made no reply. "Come back!" he shrieked. I increased my pace, turned a corner, and was lost in the wilderness of people.

A bright idea had struck me. Perhaps, I thought, the kodak policemen are only stationed at the gates, and you may walk about the grounds freely. And it was so. That evening I left my kodak at one of the numerous parcel offices on the grounds, and walked serenely past the nice young man. His eyes twinkled as he noted my unadorned shoulders. "Couldn't you get a permit, sir?" he said. I condescended no reply. He exulted; I exulted; but I had more reason. For a week I paid ten cents. (5d.) every morning, took views over the grounds all day, and when the shades of evening fell returned the camera to the parcel office. One afternoon I had all the views I wanted, and, proud and happy, with the kodak on my back, strolled to the gate where the nice young man lived. He was there, and his eagle eye saw me at once. He stopped me a few paces from the exit gate.

We began with the old formula. "Excuse me, sir, but is that a kodak you carry?" "It is." "Then I must

trouble you for two dollars, sir." And we went through the same story again. At the close I asked if I might try and get a special permit at the office. No, I could not go out without paying. However, I kept edging nearer and nearer the gate—a circumstance which, in the heat of discussion, the nice young man did not seem to notice. Over and over again he repeated his shibboleth: "Any person going into the Fair with a kodak must pay two dollars."



PORCH OF ART BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR.

"But," I objected, "I'm not going in; I'm coming out." That did not matter: I had been in; no doubt I had taken views—"two dollars, please!" And I was quite close to the gate. He appealed to the officer in charge. "Quite correct, sir; that's our instructions: no person to be let in with a kodak unless he pays." Again I suggested that I did not want to be let in; I was going out. "It's no use, sir," said the nice young man, losing his temper at last, "you must pay two dollars for coming in with that kodak, or I'll have you arrested." "Well," I said, "I've told you twice that I

was going out; this is the third time, and now I've gone out." And I slipped through the gate and spoke the last words from the other side of the fence.

He was after me in a moment, and looked threatening. "Take care," said I, "I'm a bigger man than you, and if you lay a finger on me, I'll knock you down." He fell back, and a crowd gathered and smiled. I followed up my advantage. "You're on the wrong side of the fence; if you assault a peaceable citizen in the public street you'll have to take the consequences." He fumed, and went back through the gate; then returned, undecided. "Good-bye," I said cheerfully, and stepped off to the tram; "I guess I won't bother your office for a permit." Looking back over my shoulder, I saw the nice young man stating the case to his faithful Columbian guards. But they shook their heads. That time the American was humiliated; the Australian scored. I whistled all the way home.

Of course the nice young man was right, and I was wrong. But nevertheless he was sustaining an imposition, as the Directory afterwards acknowledged. On the complaint of several Press representatives, the fee was done away with before I left Chicago, and kodaks became quite common objects in the Columbian hedge-rows.

Impositions were indeed so numerous and shameless that one felt justified in resisting them to the death. No sentimental considerations in regard to the Fair hampered the rapacity of the Chicago folk. From first to last, in spite of the utterance of much grandiloquent bathos, the money-making aim of the Fair was steadily kept in

view. You were a stranger, and they took you in at every possible opportunity. So busy were they in fleecing the unwary, that they had no time to go to the Fair. The papers commented daily on the fact that very few Chicago residents attended, and urged them to take the trouble to go. The proprietor of the hotel where I stayed was a man of fifty, with a wife and grown-up family of four. Six weeks after the Fair opened, none of them had been inside the gates. "They were all too busy"—collecting alien dollars. And I found many more like them.

IX.—FAIR CRITICISM.

SOME World's Fair practices seemed to the victims decidedly unfair. In other towns in the States we got excellent hotel accommodation for two dollars a day. In Chicago equivalent accommodation cost twice as much. Rates increased as you drew nearer the Exposition grounds. There was a "city price" and a "World's Fair price." An orange in the city cost two cents; near the Fair five cents. Bootblacks in the city charged five cents; near the Fair ten cents. A sandwich in the city cost five cents; near the Fair ten cents. And so on through the whole range of requisites. Meals, when not dear, were uniformly bad. We could not get a good dinner, as served in many Australian restaurants at 1s. or 1s. 6d., for less than 4s., and we tried in most quarters of the city. At the Fair, you could lunch fairly from 1s. to 2s., but a dinner of soup, fish, meat, and sweets, with cheese and a small bottle of ale or wine, cost from 12s. to £1. With a friend, I went to the Casino one day, after eight hours' hard sight-seeing. We were going to treat ourselves to a decent meal for once, and would not have grudged 5s. or 6s. After studying the bill of fare for a short time, we rose with a common impulse and walked out. Soup ranged from 35 to 75 cents (1s. 5d. to 3s. 1d.); fish from 50 cents to a dollar and a-half (2s. 1d. to 6s. 3d.); meat from 75 cents to 3 dollars (3s. 1d. to 12s. 6d.); vegetables were extra, from 25 cents (1s.) upwards

for each kind; puddings and sweets from 50 cents to 1 dollar (2s. 1d. to 4s. 2d.); cheese, 25 cents to 1 dollar (1s. to 4s. 2d.); ale and wine, from 50 cents (2s. 1d.) a pint bottle. As these prices were nearly three times those charged at the best restaurant in the city, I am happy to say that the Casino was almost empty of guests, and that great was the subsequent insolvency thereof. It was only

THE MACHINERY HALL.

towards the close of my stay at the Fair that I learned how to live on the enemy. Once armed with the necessary knowledge, I invited friends to lunch every day. We began with a cup of Liebig's meat extract (given free by exhibitor), and followed with a cup of Bovril (given free), taking a Bovril meat tablet away with us. Going upstairs in the Agricultural Building, we found all the patentees of

baking powders and yeast powders busy making beautiful coffee cakes and delicious scones. Here we ate our meat tablets with five kinds of coffee cakes and nine kinds of scones, butter being generously provided by the baking powder men, and Canadian cheese of prime quality obtainable a short distance away. The repast closed a few yards further on with a glass of cherry phosphate, "the grandest cordial on earth." I never enjoyed a lunch more, and it was free as air, with elegant dissertations on scientific bread and biscuit baking thrown in, combining refreshment and instruction. The baking powder men were always glad to see us, and unfolded all the secrets of their art. I baked several batches of scones myself with great applause, and ate them afterwards with exceeding satisfaction.

These free lunches are a bright spot in my World's Fair recollections. The "sage-greeners" are another. I had frequently noticed, when having my shoes cleaned in the morning, with what interest the passers-by watched the process. They would peer over the bootblack's shoulder as he knelt, and scan me, my shoes, my clothes, everything. At first I thought that these favours were peculiar to myself, and argued something peculiar in myself; but on comparing notes with friends I found that they were similarly honored. So as I sat in the chair on the footpath next morning, with two deft black hands busy at my shoes, I drew the tradesman's attention to the people coming along who would turn their heads and gaze at him and me till they were twenty paces past us. I wanted to know the reason of this insatiable curiosity. "Well," he said,

"I guess them's sage-greeners." "And what are sage-greeners?" "Oh, folk from the country who never saw no shoes shined, and don't know no better than to stare at a pusson. Though Chicago people are wuss," he went on, "they's cur'ous to know all about eberyting. Here's one now." As he spoke a tall thin man drifted up beside us and gazed at me intently. Then he looked at the boot-black, his pot of blacking, and all his impedimenta, as if he were trying to disentangle some profound moral from the depths of their commonplace. Then he looked in my eyes with a reflective expression in his own. Then he walked off. A few feet away he turned and looked at us again. I waved my hand cordially, and soon he was lost to sight.

"I guess he's Chicago," said the boot-black, drawing a long breath, as if glad the ordeal was over. "I guess so," I answered. And when I grew used to the Chicago ways, I turned them to profitable account whenever my spirits were depressed. Stopping at a shop where anything uninteresting was displayed, such as old iron, or new wooden clothes-pegs, I would gaze intently at the glass. Another man stopped instantly and gazed with me. Three more coming up hastened their steps and concentrated their glances. People at a distance saw there was something afoot, and ran to see what. In less than five minutes the footpath was impassable. The crowd kept increasing and surged over the roadway, pressing to get into the inner circle. When I was squeezed uncomfortably against the pane, I would extricate myself with an effort and walk off

with a light heart. I tried the experiment half-a-dozen times, and there is nothing like it to make a man contented with his lot.

At the post-office in the Fair one day I was addressing a letter at the stamp counter. As I wrote I became conscious that a number of people were bending over me to read the address. I laid the pen down and turned round. "I guess you have friends in Australia, mister," said the chief inquisitor. "Yes," I said, "how did you know that?" "Oh, I read the address on your letter," he said, frankly. "Say, mister," said another, "you're an Englishman, I guess?" "No, I'm an Australian." "But you don't mean you was born in Australia—you're quite white." "Well, we're all white over there." "Do tell!" And, by answering a dozen more questions, I was able to inform them that Australia was not a small island off the coast of Maoriland; that the majority of the inhabitants were not black cannibals; that it was about as safe to be shipwrecked there as anywhere else; that the kangaroo was not a bigger bird than the ostrich, and so on. Then they thanked me, took a last lingering look, and permitted me to pass on.

As I passed on I found that the ignorance of Australia and things Australian which their queries showed was far from uncommon. The average American conception of Australia is a small island on the uttermost edge of the earth, where a few hardy Englishmen eke out a precarious existence by breeding sheep and growing wool, defending their settlement with the most heroic courage from the

assaults of kangaroos and cannibals. I stopped for a few days later on with some friends at a small Canadian township forty miles from Toronto. The place is so small that everybody's private affairs are public property, and the whole town knew that an Australian was coming. As I drove through the main street from the station, heads were out of every window, bodies appeared at every street door. The school children lined the fence and cheered feebly, but I afterwards heard they were much disappointed with my appearance. As soon as I passed they ran in with: "Teacher, teacher, we've seen him; and he's not a bit black." And the teacher confessed to me that she had thought an Australian would be "very dark, at least." The mistake appears to arise through educational writers laying exclusive stress on "the poor blacks," and forgetting altogether to mention the existence of native Australian whites.

Hence the value of the New South Wales exhibit as an object lesson to Fair visitors, though as it will probably cost the province £50,000 the lesson is rather costly to the teachers. The display is undoubtedly fine. In the mining and forestry sections we are easily first; in the agricultural section we are as good as any; and there is an excellent show in horticulture and in liberal arts. We fail in manufactures, as might be expected; but it is made abundantly evident that no country on earth has so much natural wealth at command as Australia. Nor lacks there proof that our sunny skies encourage artists. Many of the paintings which fill the New South Wales building are of

considerable merit; the flower-pieces of Mrs. Rowan and others, and the photographs of scenery by the New South Wales Government printer, are unequalled in the Fair.

Everything of value had to be jealously guarded. I had brought over from Queensland copies of the works of her best-known poets, Brunton Stephens and Mary

AISLE IN THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

Hannay Foott, with letters from the authors requesting a niche in the temple of Chicago fame. Dr. Renwick willingly agreed, but when I suggested that the books should not be put under glass, in order that visitors might read and admire, he shook his head severely. "Do you know how long anything would stay exposed and unwatched?" he said.

"No, how long?" "Perhaps twenty minutes." And then he went on to tell me how pillage was universal; how watchmen had to be employed to watch the exhibits, and watchmen to watch the watchmen who watched the exhibits, and watchmen to watch the watchmen who watched the watchmen who watched the exhibits; how two Columbian Guards were found dead drunk in front of the New South Wales wine trophy, bearing only too satisfactory witness to its seductive quality; how other Guards, more cautious, abstracted first a bottle, then the capsule, then the cork, and drank half the contents, then filled up with water and replaced cork, capsule, and bottle; how, in brief, the great Fair was a den of thieves, and the authorities seemed powerless to detect them. So the Convict and the Pelican remained in prison with the rest of the exhibits, and the casual visitor lost all opportunity of making acquaintance with the "criticism of life" in Queensland.

X.—FAIR FACTS AND FIGURES.

TO very many visitors the World's Fair is a weariness of the flesh. It is too vast. There needs a year to see it, a lifetime to study it; and few can spare the year, none the lifetime. So they attempt to accomplish in a few days the lingering task of months, and fail dismally; retiring jaded and unsatisfied, with an incoherent mass of impressions and no definite body of knowledge. Quarts into pints you can't; yet the average individual must try to accomplish the impossible. And there are so many wonders to see that soon, the capacity of the human organism for wonder being strictly limited, one walks by things the most wonderful with an uncomprehending stare, an all-comprehending indifference. It is a pity, but it is true. The thousands of faces which pass you at the Fair do not look animated, or impressed, or astonished, or curious; they look simply bored. There is a constant struggle between the finite and the infinite, and the finite is always worsted. Naturally, a sense of grievance follows defeat; and everybody tells you that the Fair is splendid! it is magnificent! but —— And the aposiopesis takes all the meaning from the notes of exclamation.

Perhaps too much stress is laid on the buts. Critics are apt to note the thing left undone rather than the things done; and the Fair atmosphere is not equable, not sweet and light, not conducive to the evolution of the best

criticism. There is body-weariness as well as mind-weariness to reckon with. It is quite a journey from one Fair building to another, and there are no adequate means of making it. The architects have delighted the eyes, but the legs labour tremendously. A day at the Fair is no joke for the man who feels that Chicago expects that every man will do his duty. As for the women, they sit down anywhere—on chairs when they can get them, on steps, heaps of timber, the ground itself, when they cannot. The alternative is to drop down; and that, in the opinion of the Columbian guards, is not decent.

Even the guide-books lag behind that throng of products and manufactures for which the whole earth, or nearly, has been laid under contribution. And the Fair buildings are after all the best exhibit—the greatest wonder, the greatest triumph, the greatest evidence of the heights which human ingenuity has scaled. There is little to be seen inside the Fair which has not been seen inside other Fairs. The difference between the Chicago Exposition and those which have preceded it is a difference of quantity, not of quality. Philadelphia covered so many acres, Chicago covers so many more; Paris needed so many horse-power, Chicago needs so many more; London showed so much machinery, Chicago shows so much more. It is a question of size; and size, if impressive, is not necessarily attractive. To the eye of the expert, no doubt, there is variety; but to the eye of the average man there is merely uniformity, and most of us are average men. We

are only spectators, not at all educators. We can glance at a dozen exhibits of cogwheels, say, with some show of interest; but when we look up a long aisle and see a hundred dozen more exhibits expecting and deserving attention —why, it is apt to dishearten us. We know the importance of cogwheels; we are fully conscious that without cogwheels we would not be half the men we are; we believe that quite a considerable corner of "our modern civilisation" is supported on cogwheels; and yet, well aware of the degeneracy which the confession implies, we confess that cogwheels do not charm us. So we pass cogwheels, guilty, but relieved.

For cogwheels, read ten thousand things in which the average man has no joy, and it is plain that the average man attending the Fair is not unlikely to be acquainted with ennui. Fortunately, he can save himself by contemplating and enjoying in the external panorama the freshness and picturesqueness which the exhibits generally lack. He is instructed inside and amused outside. At all risks I must try and hint that panorama.

Jackson Park, as before said, was originally a swamp on the shores of Lake Michigan. When the World's Fair was to be built, the swamp was drained by digging basins and canals. The earth scooped out was added to the earth intervening, just as an economical railway engineer makes his embankments out of his cuttings. Then there appeared solid land, and sheets of deep water connected with the lake. On the land, around the water, were grouped the buildings. All but one are mere frames of wood and iron,

covered with staff—a mixture of cement and plaster of Paris. The Art building alone is permanent, being built in brick, since it had to be fireproof.*

The chief buildings enclose an irregular parallelogram, in the centre of which is an island covered with trees and flowers. Light bridges connect this island with the shores,

VIEW FROM ROOF OF TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

and boats constantly ply round it. The buildings are glittering white, with one exception, and the best architects in America have lavished in their construction all the wealth of decoration which fancy could suggest. The general effect is wonderfully beautiful, though there are

* The proof has since been tested and found insufficient.

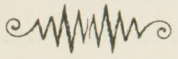
instances in which vaulting architectural ambition has o'erleaped itself. In height and design the buildings are in calculated harmony, while differing widely in treatment.

The Administration building, where the official business of the Fair is conducted, is by many considered the most handsome on the grounds. It is certainly the most decorated. Its chief feature is a large dome, entirely covered with goldleaf, resting on a square supporting structure adorned with statuary and ornamental mouldings. A large archway in each side admits to the interior court beneath the dome, and the offices are located in the corners. This, at least, was my idea of the building; but the architect's view differs slightly;—"The Administration building is in its main body an octagon, surmounted by a dome enclosing an inner one, the diameter of which is 120 feet, with a height of 250 feet, while the outer measures 275 feet from floor to apex. This main body is pierced at right angles by two grand passages across the great reception hall, through which the visiting peoples are ushered forth and introduced to the art and civilisation of the United States."

The Administration building faces a beautiful basin, at the end of which is a statue of Columbia, gilt, ninety feet high, and distinctly imposing. Past this is a peristyle, or passage-way, crowned with hundreds of statues, through which you see the lake. On one side is the Manufactures building, on the other the Agricultural building, and immediately in front an immense fountain. The view is one of the finest in the Fair.

The Manufactures building is rectangular in form, 1687 by 787 feet, with a ground area of nearly thirty-one acres, and a floor and gallery space of forty-four acres. (These figures are the guide-book's, and are given without guarantee; but I presume they do not lie.) It is the largest building in the world, and the largest roofed building that was ever erected. (Possibly some mummy could contradict this if he chose, but mummies are never so discourteous as to choose.) In its construction 17,000,000 feet of timber, 12,000,000 lb. of steel, and 2,000,000 lb. of iron were used; and it cost £350,000. Its central chamber is 380 by 1280 feet, surrounded by a nave 107 feet wide, and both hall and nave are circled by a gallery 50 feet wide. (Guide-book again). It is three times as large as St. Peter's at Rome, four times larger than the Coliseum, its ground-plan is more than twice the size of the great pyramid of Cheops, and the standing army of Russia could be mobilised under the roof. It would seat 300,000 persons, with 6 square feet of space to each; the roof of the central hall is 212 feet high; the truss span 354 feet; weight of the truss with purlines 400,000 lb. (Encore guide-book. By the way, what is a purline?) The immense arch of the roof, unsupported by pillars, was to me the greatest sight in the Fair. The iron trusses which supported the roof are in two sections, not joined at the top of the arch, but playing freely on a pin, with several inches of room allowed for expansion and contraction.

Altogether there are three hundred distinct and separate structures under roof at the Fair, or four hundred if those on the Midway Plaisance be included. I have filtered some facts and figures relating to two of the most important; life is too short to deal with the three hundred and ninety-eight remaining. As for describing the contents of the buildings, the cogwheels and so on, one would need to know as much as Carter Harrison to even dream of tackling such a job. Carter Harrison is the Mayor of Chicago, and has pretensions to omniscience. One of his detractors alleges:—I asked Carter one day whether he thought God knew more than he did. Well, he reluctantly admitted that was so. "But," adds Carter, as a saver for his reputation, "you see God's a good deal older than I am. When He was my age, you bet he didn't know half as much." So here endeth the present lesson.*



* Mr. Harrison has since been shot by a cheerful Chicago person with a grievance. He knew too much.

XI.—CHICAGO TO NEW YORK.

EAST of Chicago there is a difference. The States have grown old. There is less of the "hilarity of youth," more of "the grandeur and exquisiteness" of age. People can lie back and take things coolly. In the West men must push and hustle to make their fortunes; in the East many men's fortunes are already made. Hence travel in the East, if less exciting, is more pleasant. The rough edge of progress has been taken off by preceding generations, and a smooth prosperity remains. Between Chicago and New York there are a few cities and hundreds of towns in which a man might be well content to live and die—so charming is Nature, so accessible the comforts and refinements of human art. Detroit, Rochester, Philadelphia, Washington, and many other towns, lack little or nothing to be considered most desirable places of residence.

Rochester I particularly admired. It is built on the banks of the Genesee river—not a large, but a very pretty stream, with several miniature Niagaras at intervals along its rocky channel. The business streets of the town call for no special comment. The residence streets are simply delightful. Paved in asphalt, with trees thickly planted on each side, and grassy boulevards along the footway—they are at once quiet, commodious, and beautiful. As a rule, the houses are built on quarter-acre lots or less; but

the lots are unfenced. Each house stands a little distance from the roadway, generally with a small garden in the front, always with trim, well-shaven turf. The absence of fences gives an air of sociability and friendship to the street, and the houses are shown to better advantage. Ornamental architecture is studied. In some streets property-owners are bound to erect houses of a prescribed value; shops are not admitted; street cars cannot run. Every resident takes pride in keeping his house and his street clean and beautiful.

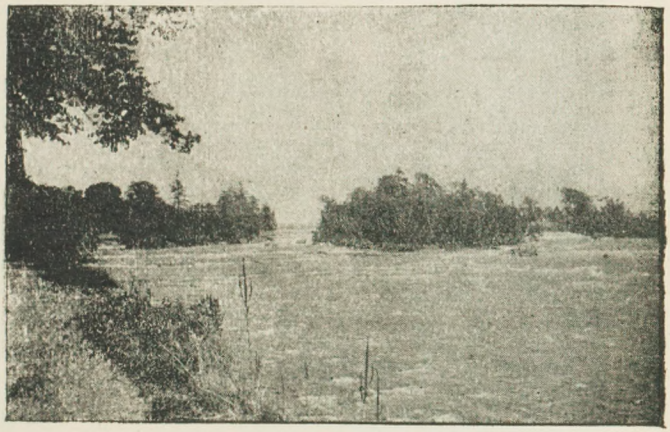
The result is that the street becomes a park enjoyed by all, and most pleasant and healthful to live in. Theft of plants or flowers is rare, almost unheard-of; and the community is outraged at such vandalism. Of course cattle and horses are not permitted to roam the streets. Verandahs and porches are in front of every house, and here it is the rule for families to sit and chat in the summer evenings, receiving visitors and exchanging greetings with the passers-by. Rocking-chairs are the favourite seat—I visited one house furnished with nothing but rocking-chairs in porch, sitting-room, drawing-room and bedrooms—thirteen in all. You leave your rockers on the verandah all night, and—find them there in the morning. I was sorry to have to say that I knew some towns in Australia where such confidence would be disastrously misplaced. There is no need to warn people to "keep off the grass" of the boulevards. They are apparently trained to enjoy without destroying.

in American phrase, "just elegant." When you have had your bath and shave, taken a breakfast which "includes all the delicacies of the season," strolled to the buffet for a cocktail, and settle yourself in an armchair, with a real Havana, to chuckle over the spiciest morsels in *Judge* or the *World*; with one eye on the Hudson River gliding along by the side of the train, and an undercurrent of joyful anticipation growing stronger in your mind as the lunch hour approaches—why, then, if you are an average man you attain as noble heights of bliss as the average man can soar to. It is true that so to soar costs you about thirty shillings a day more than the average fare; but what peripatetic philosopher would grudge a fare so low for fare so high?

I am afraid Queensland Barron Falls fall below Niagara in more senses than one. Niagara is so vast. There is not one fall, but many; the volume of water is immense, the roar is tremendous. Description is impossible, for no language can do the scene justice. Face to face with Niagara you feel wonder and fascination, and awe—and all these feelings can in some degree be expressed. But you feel something more, a stirring of the primal forces of being at contact with forces unlike, but akin to them—as if the elemental man were stripped of his husk of civilisation, and the divine spark within him became merged in all-pervading divinity. The veil of Nature hath never been raised, but Niagara lifts a corner.

Here, if anywhere, may one pass the bounds of human knowledge, and haply fathom the mystery of existence.

This sounds like manufactured nonsense; and it certainly sounds nothing like Niagara. But one must say something, and perhaps it is better to fail in describing an indescribable emotion than to succeed in degrading sublimity to commonplace. Either way, anti-climax is inevitable. From the reputed Frenchman,



THREE SISTERS ISLANDS, ABOVE NIAGARA.

who exclaimed, "O dis is sublime, dis is magneeficent, by gar dis is pretty good," to the reported Irishman who couldn't see anything wonderful in water falling when there was nothing to stop it—the wonder would be if it fell up instead of down—the whole gamut of nonsense has been ranged by the innumerable horde of tourists, *quorum pars parva fui*. Certainly the

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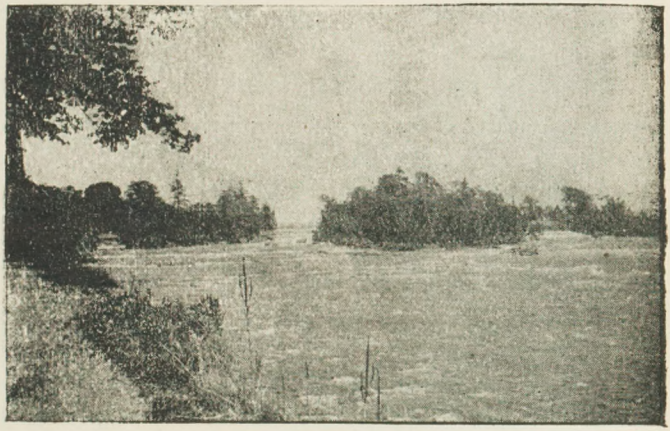

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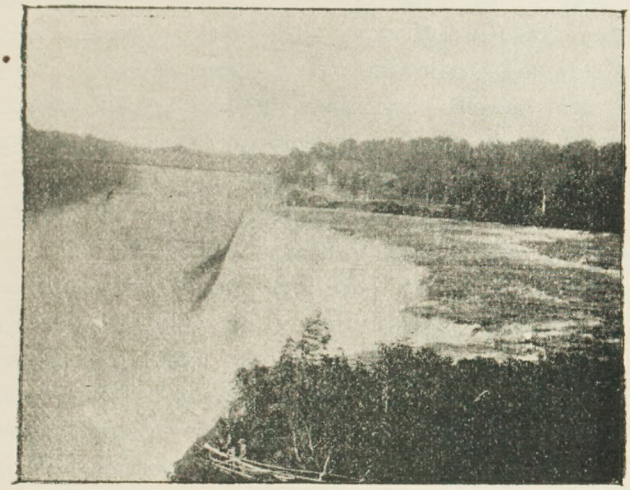
authorities, Canadian and American, have done all that is possible to help the tourist. The shores of Niagara have been reserved and converted into public parks; and though many fees are charged to objects of minor interest, the Falls themselves can be seen for nothing. This seems only right and proper; and yet, in a country where the least natural curiosity is expected to return a revenue to private enterprise, it is almost disappointing to find the greatest of all objects of curiosity given without money and without price.

The best view of Niagara is obtained from the Canadian side. A line of electric tramcars runs from Queenston, near the mouth of Niagara river, to Chippewa, above the Falls. The route skirts the river for twelve miles, ascending 350 feet, and passing within a few yards of the whirlpool, the rapids, the suspension and cantilever bridges across the river, and the Falls themselves. Power is obtained from the Falls, which now operate a great deal of machinery of different kinds. On the American side, a train runs along the river bank to Lewiston, also near the mouth of Niagara river. The carriages are what are called observation cars, with seats running lengthwise in tiers, so that the fullest view of the scenery may be obtained. Niagara is extensively advertised. Americans never fail to make money out of their natural attractions. Were Toowoomba in America, a stream of ill-tasting water would long ago have been found or created, an analysis purchased or invented

proving that the water would cure anything from corns to liver complaint, a palatial bath house built, an electric car service run along the edge of the range, and invalids attracted from all parts of the world by the advertisements of nine competing railway companies.

From Niagara to New York is about an eight hours' journey on a fast train. New York, however, must



NIAGARA.—THE AMERICAN FALL.

be seen from the seaward to be seen at its best. It is a great, and in many respects a beautiful city, and the approach by water gives a just idea of both its beauty and its greatness. The colossal figure of "Liberty Enlightening the World," by Bartholdi, is a striking object when the harbour is entered, and one of the

most impressive statues, in conception and execution, now anywhere to be seen. The bridge which unites New York to the suburb of Brooklyn, itself a city, is a wonderful structure, and the view from its summit is very fine. New York is quite cosmopolitan, and Irish, Germans, and Italians are especially numerous. It is astonishing how rapidly these aliens are kneaded into the mass of the great American nation, how soon they acquire American thoughts and habits. Some of these habits would be considered shocking even in liberal Australia, and in respectable England or sanctimonious Scotland would never be tolerated, though toleration is extended to habits more vicious.

Sunday at Coney Island, for example, is not to be thought of without a shudder. Coney Island is just a pleasant sail down the bay from New York, and thither, on the seventh day of the week, go thousands of New Yorkers to spend their dimes and dollars. Public-houses, bands, pop-corn, pea-nuts, merry-go-rounds, switch-backs, toboggans, bathing, clam-chowder, sausage and lager, cockshies, circuses, theatres, baseball, fireworks —these are only a few of the unbounded attractions of Coney Island, quiescent through the week, joining on Sunday to create a scene of tumultuous excitement without peer or parallel anywhere. Yet every American town which can beg, borrow, or steal a few yards of muddy beach does its best to create both the peer and the parallel. Little Rochester is as bad, or good, in its little way, as great New York. The "fellow"

who cannot take his "girl" to Ontario Beach on a Sunday is despised on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. At least, he would be despised if he existed; but if he ever did exist his species is as extinct as the moa. So men and maidens, with shouting and much laughter, absorb their pop-corn, which is a sweet grain roasted slowly till it bursts, and garnished with melted butter or floured sugar; and their pea-nuts, which Australian children call china-nuts, because grown only by the smellful John; and their clam-chowder, which is a stew made of whelks with all the substance and none of the flavour of oysters; and their lager beer, which is made of drugs; and their sausage, which is made of ? ; and do all things—to the glory of God? Well, that is uncertain. You see, in spite of parade, there is not much kernel to the shell of American (that is, conventional American) religion. As one fair sceptic said to me: "Don't you think, Mr. Stephens, that God is just a little *passé?*"

XII.—THE GREAT AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

A PATRIOTIC American will tell you that he speaks "improved English." That is, his language was originally English, and in the main is English still; but it has been so embroidered, and variegated, and adorned by the fertile genius of sixty millions of mixed people, embracing all known nationalities, that "English as she is spoke" in England is very poor stuff by comparison. American is not yet a fixed and homogeneous language. Just as the English of Yorkshire differs from the English of Somerset, and both from cockney English; so the American of every State in the Union differs from that of every other State. The common schools, teaching literary English throughout the country, exercise a steadily fusing and harmonising force upon idiom and grammar; but the teachers cannot divest themselves of the accent which marks the State of their birth. In Boston and New York, indeed, the educated American speaks with what is called "the English accent"—that is, without the American accent met nearly everywhere else. I was always taken for an Englishman—"or you may come from Boston," some guessed. "How do you know?" I asked. "Oh, you have the English accent." The typical "down-easter," from Maine, Vermont, or New Hampshire, speaks with the strong nasal twang of our stage American. In

the west and south, this twang is not nearly so well developed, though a slight nasal tone is everywhere observable, and the voice is generally pitched in a higher key than in Australia. In Iowa, Ohio, and some other States, there is a curious rising inflection at the end of a sentence—quaint, but not unpleasant.

A stranger easily drops into the peculiarities of America. Before I was a week in the States, I "guessed" with all the assurance of a native. Most Americans "guess"; though a few in the South "reckon," and a few in the East "calculate." "I guess" answers to the purpose of "I expect" or "I suppose" in Australia. A Kansas clergyman confessed to me that "I expect so" seemed to him very bad English (*i.e.*, American). He always "guessed so," though he had heard there were pedants who objected even to that.

Nothing strikes one more than the peculiar American use of "Sir." It is not the unstressed "Yessir" of a waiter; but a deliberate "Yes, *Sir*," with the emphasis heavily on the "Sir." Now, in England, the "Sir" is servile—it is the tribute of the thin man to the fat man, of the working man to the rich idler, of the shabby coat to the silk hat. It is so apologetic, so abject, so cringing, that it becomes unspeakably nauseous to one who respects himself and others. You itch to tell the man who "Sirs" you to straighten his knees, and be really a man. In Australia, "Sir" is much less frequently used—only from the young to the old (not even then, somebody may tell me), from a servant to

an employer, or a subordinate to his superior, and perhaps to a stranger for whom you wish to show particular and formal respect. But it is never generally used between strangers or between equals, as "Sir" is habitually used in America. There, the word conveys no respect whatever. It is merely a euphonic tag which seems to the accustomed American ear to round off a sentence agreeably.

When a knot of men are sitting spitting round the stove in a liquor saloon anywhere between Frisco and New York, Chicago and New Orleans, you may hear interchanged remarks like these: "I saw Bill Adams to-day—yes, Sir." "Yes, Sir?" (interrogatively). "Yes, Sir," (affirmatively). "He says his wife's uncle's died an' left him five thousand dollars." "No, Sir!" (surprised). "Yes, Sir," (decisively), "an' Bill's goin' to start to spend it." "Yes, Sir?" (enquiringly). "He's goin' to put up a new house on that lot of his in Fourteenth street—yes, Sir—I guess it'll take him the best part of four thousand—yes, Sir." *Omnes* (ruminatively): "Yes, Sir." The "Yes" without the "Sir" would strike the company as painfully bald and abrupt.

Another useful word is "So," which in the mouth of a master of emphasis can express every emotion of the human heart. It is an abbreviation of "That so?" which in turn is curtailed from "Is that so?" If you are conversing with an American who has contracted the "So" habit, his sympathetic ejaculations will make the lamest yarn successful. I think the

lamest yarn I ever heard told was one by a Cairns man concerning stale fish. I have heard the yarn at least a score of times, but all I know about this unsavoury provender is the fact that it was owned by the captain of a vessel, who left it on deck all night, and it was gone in the morning. When the story-teller got this far he would laugh violently for half-an-hour, while the rest of us looked grieved. Where the joke came in I have to this day not the slightest idea. But with "So" men in America the yarn would go in this fashion:

"Well, I'll tell you chaps a good story." "So?" (every appearance of interest). "It's about the captain of a vessel—I forget his name, but that doesn't matter." "So!" (cordially, meaning "Go ahead, old fellow, it doesn't matter a bit.") "Well, this captain had some fish—some stale fish—("So," as much as to say, "Yes, we know what stale fish is")—I don't remember what kind of fish it was, but that doesn't matter—("So,"="Not at all, it was *some* kind of stale fish, we'll take that for granted")—and you see it was stale fish—("So,"="Yes, we know, we've seen that kind, as we said before")—so when it came night—I don't know what kind of a night it was, maybe a cloudy night, but that's of no consequence—("So,"="No consequence whatever")—yes, when it came night—ha, ha!—'pon my soul, I can't keep from laughing—("So," sympathisingly)—he put it on the deck—ha, ha!—("So," amused)—yes, and it was

gone in the morning—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!—("So!!!" meaning, "O Lord, it was gone in the morning—hit our backs, somebody, we're choking—it was gone in the morning—well, that's the funniest we've heard for many a day—O Lord!") And the storyteller shouts. (N.B.—He never shouted for us.)

The juvenile American frequently says "Yes, marm," without drawing unnecessary sex distinctions. This is the phrase of respect to a schoolmistress, and by a natural transition it is accorded to anyone else respectable. Thus, I asked a little girl in Salt Lake City: "Is this the way to the Post Office?" "No, marm, the Post Office is over there" (pointing). "Shall I turn round this corner?" "Yes, marm." "And do you like candy?" "Yes, marm—oh, thank you, marm." And off she ran with five cents' worth of happiness.

"Candy" means confectionery—lollies of all kinds. You cannot get a boy to brush your boots, but there are any number who will "shine your shoes." Money is "loaned," not lent. The person who does not quite hear what you say exclaims, not "What?" but "How?" "If anybody calls to see me, I'll be back about ten o'clock," I told a Chicago hotel-clerk. "How?" he said. "How?" I echoed. "Oh, I'll come by the cars, I suppose." "No, I meant what time would you be back?" And I soon grew used to him. The "cars," of course, are tramcars, though railway carriages are cars also. Telephones are shortened to "phones;" catalogue is "catalog" in

the Vassar Academy exhibit at the World's Fair. Center and theater I was prepared for, but hardly for "ax"=axe.

A draper's shop is a dry-goods store; a chemist's shop is a drug store. All the drug stores sell spirits, and many have quite a reputation for fine old whiskies. I copied these gems from the window-cards of a dry-goods store in Larimer-street, Denver:—"Feast your eyes on fashion's menu, prices ground to finest powder." "Green-eyed competition crushed to earth, never to rise again." "See here, style and elegance butchered in their bloom. These pants only three dollars." The railroad agents' posters are amusing. The rival companies fight hard for new business, and so I saw on the boards outside an office at Salt Lake: "Cut prices. Cut prices. Chicago very low to-day. Try our Denver, cheapest and best. Great reductions to the east. Bargains in tickets to all points."

In the west they speak of "bits." A hundred cents go to the silver dollar (which is worth about sixty, at the present price of silver). The eagle (ten dollars) and the double eagle (twenty dollars) are handsome gold pieces. A 25-cent piece in the east is a quarter-dollar, or familiarly a "quarter." Thus a comic man told me that I could buy thirty good cent stamps at the Rochester post-office for five cents and a quarter. So you can; five cents and a quarter being thirty cents. But in the west the quarter is nearly always "two bits." Fifty cents or half-a-dollar is "four

bits;" seventy-five, "six bits." There is no "one bit," but ten cents, or a dime, is sometimes called a "short bit," and fifteen cents a "long bit." There was at one time in circulation a $12\frac{1}{2}$ cent piece called the "York shilling," because coined at New York; but whether this was the original "bit" I could not discover.

As we learnt from Buffalo Bill, western Americans do not use saddle-girths, but "cinches." Hence to "get the cinch on a man" is to get the screw on him, to get the advantage of him. "That cinches him" means "that pinches him." Americans are not rough, but, "tough" on a man, and a "rough" is a "tough." "That's scalding, eh?" said a man to me in Colorado, meaning "That's rough." Robbers do not bail you up; they "hold you up." Cheek is "gall"; a man has "gall enough for anything."

The ladies have also their slang. Anything pretty is "dilly." "What a dilly hat!" If it is small as well, it is "cute." "A cute little dog" does not mean a clever little dog, but implies some pretentions to beauty, with the addition of quaintness and charm. An American girl will say, not "That's lovely!" but "That's real elegant!" When admiration needs superlatives, you say, "Oh, it's a real O-peach." What an O-peach is the ladies could not tell me. Perhaps the O simulates O-pen-mouthed astonishment, and the peach typifies perfection.

When an American has a fine flow of language, he "talks a blue streak." When he has quarrelled with

another American, he "doesn't chew off the same plug." When he is bored, he is "as dull as hell with the fires out." When he has taken a false step, and must retreat, he "comes the crawfish act"—*i.e.*, backs out. If he looks upon the wine when it is red, he goes "on a jag." When he "acquires a notable jag" he is drunk. "His royal jags" is a pet name for anybody you don't like. If you think Jones a mean fellow, you say he is only "a two cent man." Probably he is "stuck on himself." If he is a decent fellow, he is "all wool and yard wide." When he dies, he goes "beyond the great divide," and "checks his trunks to a warm climate." If you have any sense, you "don't hunt black ducks with a brass band"—*i.e.*, you lie low for shy game. If an American backs a losing horse, he says it is "slower than the wrath of God"; he "wouldn't trade a yellow dog for it."*

"A snap" is a haul. If a confidence man meets a greenhorn, he "strikes a snap;" if he meets a detective, he "strikes a cold snap." "Yes" and "No" are too ordinary for many Americans. They say "Yep" and "Nep," or "Yop" and "Nop," with a sudden explosion like a dog-bark. "Gee, gee," to a horse, means turn to the right; "Haw, haw," means go to the left; if you want him to go ahead you say "Git up"; if to stop, you say "Woh!" Will some reader kindly say "Woh!" Thank you.

*For these and other illustrations herein, I am indebted to Mr. B. Shepherd, a talented cosmopolitan.

XIII.—THE AMERICAN GIRL.

OF course you cannot average the American girl. In the south she is not what she is in the north; in the east and in the west she is the same—but oh how different! Proteus never took so many shapes—or so charming. For the American girl is frequently charming. Indeed she tries to be—it is her duty to try to be—and if at first she doesn't succeed she tries, tries, tries again. Weak males generally succumb at the second try; tough ones can rarely resist more than three assaults. It is much pleasanter to succumb than to resist.

Yet, generalising as far as one may, one may say that the American girl is aggressive, audacious. Take an example—with a San Francisco maiden as exemplar. I should say that she was nineteen—this young person—bright, restless, piquante, with slim figure, dainty dress, and the tiniest of hands and feet. We were three days' acquaintances, walking along Market-street, and the conversation flagged. My companion looked up curiously at me, and was silent, thoughtful. Then, suddenly: "Oh, Mr. Stephens, why don't you wax your moustache?" "I—I don't know—I never thought about it." "Oh, you should, really. You know what Rudyard Kipling says?" "No, indeed." "Well, he makes a lady say that a kiss from a man who doesn't

wax his moustache is like eating an egg without salt. And I think so too." But later on there was found opportunity to convince this particular American girl that every rule has its exceptions. And we parted on the very best of terms.

The American girl fears God as little as man. I have mentioned one who thought He was "a little *passé*." This was farther east, when we were talking one evening on things sacred and profane, in a mixed company, with both sexes fairly represented. The lady this time was bony and angular, with short hair, short gown, spectacles and thick shoes. Distinctly blue, age about twenty-three, graduate of a university, doting on Spencer. She listened half amused, wholly supercilious, to the mixed thoughts of the mixed company about humanity's alleged need for a God and a religion. Then she turned to me and let off her bomb-shell. I was shocked, or pretended to be, and ventured to remark that such was not generally the opinion of "your fair sex"—this with elaborate sarcasm. "Come, now, you must admit that the ladies are the best supporters of the conventional deity—and the unconventional priest." "Ah," she said, "it may be so in England; but—we manage these things better in America." Yet my lady erred, for in every American congregation the males are in a dismal minority.

The American girl is generally a bundle of nerves, with bright eyes, an excitable temperament, and no complexion worth mentioning. Her sallow face is her

sore point, and she often paints the lily. Heliotrope veils were in fashion when I was in Chicago; and, seen through these, the countenances of the north-end beauties wore a sunset glow delightful to contemplate. I praised their bloom enthusiastically to a drug-store assistant. "Yes," he said, "they *have* a fine colour, a very fine colour—and cheap too, only twenty-five cents a box. Try a box?" I shuddered. Another fond illusion gone. But the drug-store man was right. American girls have nothing to compare with the healthy pink-and-white of the bouncing British maiden, nourished on rural bacon and taters, and kept moist and luscious by an all but continuous rainfall.

Just at present the American girl doesn't "wear any frill." Not round her neck, at all events. It has gone to decorate the bottom of her skirt. She wears her dress only to the base of the neck, and it has no ruching, no edging whatever. When the neck is plump and pretty one likes to see it rising a shapely column unadorned by drapery; but many American necks are scraggy; and then——! In New York, the ladies were exposing not only all the neck, but a considerable section of shoulders as well. This was not an evening, but an ordinary walking costume, and seemed peculiar. Perhaps it *is* peculiar, but American girls rather like to be peculiar. I was introduced to one peculiar person who had done her best to rival the hero of Jarley's waxworks—"Jasper Packlemerton, of atrocious memory, who courted and married fourteen wives, and destroyed

them all by tickling the soles of their feet when they were sleeping in the consciousness of innocence and virtue." My heroine had been courted and married by five husbands, had divorced them all, and was looking out for a sixth. She was a sylph-like thing with a baby face and big dreamy blue eyes. In short frock and sash she would have passed for a school-girl of sixteen just loosed from backboard and parsing. I gave her a warm invitation to come to Australia for Number Six—told her I knew a Gympie man who would just suit her. She said she would think about it.

America is the land of divorces, and American girls seem to like being divorced. A resident in San Francisco for twenty-two years told me, quite seriously, that fifty per cent. of Frisco wives were unfaithful to their husbands. I asked him how the figures worked out the other way. He couldn't say, but guessed the husbands were worse. "I have always been true to Mrs. B.," he alleged, "and I'm looked on as quite a curiosity." The number of divorces per 1000 marriages in California is something monstrous—303 per 1000, I think—nearly a third at all events. In England divorces average 3 or 4 per 1000 marriages. Every fourth married man you meet in the western States has been, is being, or is about to be divorced. The process is ridiculously easy. You have only to swear that your husband doesn't cut his toe-nails (veritable fact), or that your wife gads about and won't mind the babies (actual case), and a complaisant judge

cuts the knot at once. When a man and woman weary of one another—and they weary very soon in America—they simply shuffle the cards and have a fresh deal.

I was told of a lady who was divorced for chewing gum, but this lacked confirmation. So many ladies chew gum, in public and in private, at bed and board, at home and in the street, that the male American must be habituated to the sight and the practice. After all, it is only a *tu quoque*. *He* does it: why shouldn't *she?* But the unsophisticated stranger is apt to gasp and stare at the ceaseless wagging of so many daintily moulded chins. I stood at a Rochester street corner one fine afternoon, and counted the women passing by, distinguishing them as "plainly dressed" and "elaborately dressed." There were twenty-two elaborately dressed and twelve plainly

AN IMMATURE GUM CHEWER

dressed in fifteen minutes. Nine elaborately dressed were chewing, and five plainly dressed. Only seven of the thirty-four wore gloves. In England or Australia, a lady's dress is not complete unless she wears gloves out-of-doors. But in America the fashion is growing of dispensing with the hand-shoes in the summer-time. 'Tis a sensible fashion, in truth; though it outrages sticklers for the female proprieties.

It doesn't follow that immorality is prevalent because the divorce average is high. On the contrary, the facilities for divorce make the idea of marriage more endurable. When the responsibilities of wedlock are so readily got rid of, there is less reason to shirk them. I am told, though I have not verified the statement, that a high divorce percentage means a low illegitimacy percentage, and *vice versa*—*i.e.*, the vice is all the other way. Even in pseudo-moral England there are fickle lovers, and the only reason why they never get divorced is because they never get married. I am wandering from the American girl in this letter, but I have not wandered from her in the spirit. She is an oasis in the desert of memory, and there is a great deal more to say about her. Yet most of it is better left unsaid. Like everything good, she must be seen to be appreciated. I met her with wonder, I knew her with delight, I parted from her with the greatest possible regret. But maybe these are thoughts which ought not

To be Continued.

XIV.—FROM AMERICA TO HEAVEN.

IS Heaven a luxury or a necessary? I think I should vote it a necessary, agreeing with the great number of "right-thinking people" who feel that on earth no sufficient career is open to their talents. Here we get kicks; if Heaven were not there, where would be the compensating ha'pence? Here other bards and heroes elbow us off the stage, whether we will or no; surely there are star parts for us in the parts beyond the stars? Brown sees Jones, the school-fellow whom he has thrashed a dozen times, climb gradually or suddenly to the top of the tree amid the *vivas* of the vulgar, while he himself, despised and rejected of men, languishes in some obscure dust-hole. Yet he knows he has infinitely the better head of the two. Merit is never rewarded here. But hereafter—ah! So Brown pins his fate to that hereafter, and feels his life would be pitifully incomplete without it. Heaven may be a luxury to Jones, but it is a necessary to Brown; and the Browns always predominate. Yes; the universe must have an opportunity of setting itself right with the Browns.

In America it gets many opportunities. To get to Heaven from America is as easy as falling off a log, or over a dog. The path was formerly narrow and dangerous, the ascent steep and toilsome. But we

have changed all that. You march now along a well-paved causeway, lighted by innumerable lamps, with every rut filled, and every obstruction smoothed. The gate opens of its own accord to the talismanic name of Dr. So-and-so, the celebrated orator, or of Mr. Three-Stars, the famous evangelist. Arrived, you remark that the seats are not nearly so comfortable as your cushioned pew at St. Syllabub's, and draw unfavourable comparisons between the music of the angelic choirs and that rendered by the Orpheus Opera Company for the benefit of St. Syllabub's congregation. Evidently, the directory is behind the times. You privately resolve to take one of the archangels aside and give him a few friendly hints about the way they manage these things in America.

They really manage them very well. Religion has become one of the fine arts. There are churches for every conscience, and churches for the people with no conscience at all. You take your salvation as you do your bath, hot, cold, or tepid, according to taste. There is no spiritual disease which will not yield to the treatment of one or another of the dexterous professors of soul-medicine, not a qualm which they cannot accurately diagnose and prescribe for. In the olden days, when men groped uncertainly for knowledge, the square peg occasionally got into a round hole, and the round body burnt at the square stake; but now that the theological *terra incognita* has been mapped and charted matters go much more smoothly. The members of Sect

No. 23 are aware that theirs are the only first-class tickets for paradise; but as a rule it is conceded that Sect No. 309, in the second-class carriage, will get there just the same.

So Dr. Talmage, playing Punch at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, does not definitely and expressly damn those who choose rather to listen to Mr. Moody; and Mr. Moody is proud and happy to include some of Dr. Talmage's witticisms in his battery of moral pop-guns. To me Dr. Talmage was a distinct disappointment. His jokes were all Joe Millers, and his rasping bull's-voice presented the promises of the Gospel in the most unfavourable light. In my American time, indeed, the good Dr. did not appear in a very favourable light himself. His church had been renovated and enlarged at great cost, and there was not enough money to satisfy the contractors. "Pay what thou owest," said the contractors. "No," said Dr. Talmage, representing his congregation, "we will pay part, and the rest you will forego as a gift to the service of the Lord." "But we shall be ruined," said the contractors. Dr. Talmage refused to consider that view of the case. "If you do not come to terms I will leave the church, and you will never be paid at all." The contractors came to terms, and Dr. Talmage was able to congratulate himself and congregation on having diddled them out of their money.*

* The Tabernacle has since been destroyed by fire. Minister and congregation escaped—for the present.

A friend and I formed two of a multitude who struggled through the door of a theatre to hear Mr. Moody. Our hopes were high. We expected, we wished, to be "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled." We listened ten minutes attentively. Then my friend turned to me with a woeful face and the comment: "Another bubble burst." We found Mr. Moody "flat, stale, and unprofitable." Yet the fault must have been in us, for his every service was crowded to the doors, and agitated women went continually into hysterics in sympathy with his hysterical oratory.

Few American churches, however, rely entirely upon oratory. Other attractions must be superadded to induce the business-wearied citizen to relinquish his Sunday morning pipe, paper, and pyjamas. By shortening the service, by beautifying the church and decorating it with art ornaments and a sage-green carpet, and by upholstering the pews into the semblance of comfortable arm-chairs, much has been done to take the rough edge off the weariness of worship. Then the cacophonous choir has given place to a select band of paid artists, who warble solos and duos and trios by the best composers, in harmony with a charming little orchestra of flute, cornet, piccolo, and a fiddle or two. At the Music Hall in Chicago I heard one Dr. Swing deliver an academical address on the evolution of atoms to a fashionable and attentive audience. This Dr. Swing was reckoned the most advanced minister in Chicago. He had advanced so far, in fact, that his congregation

would not follow him; so he left his church, and the cream of all the congregations in the city followed him at once. But the best singing I heard in America preceded and followed his sermon. There was a splendid soprano, who sang what was presumably a selection from oratorio; but as you could not hear the words, it might just as well have been an aria from an Italian opera. And the basso I could have listened to all the morning.

In some American churches applause is permitted and encouraged. When the parson makes a point he pauses for the clap, just like any other actor. This fashion is still exceptional, to be sure; but I was told it is a growing fashion. Perhaps it is a dangerous one, since if one may express pleasure, why not pain? Yet would not lightnings strike the unhappy wretch who dared to hiss a minister in his own pulpit? Things at least as wonderful happen constantly. At Salt Lake Tabernacle, for example, I formed one of a congregation of seven thousand persons (the building seats thirteen thousand) who were told that the prayer at the dedication of the new Mormon temple, two months previously, had been heard, word for word as it was uttered, by an aged Mormon in England ever so many thousands of miles away. When such new miracles occur, how refuse credence to the old?

I was so much impressed that I dropped half-a-dollar in the collection plate, instead of the quarter more befitting a modest income. That quarter, indeed,

was much beyond the average contribution. At a little Presbyterian church in Canada, it went into the evening plate, and I was told next day that the minister had put it on his watch-chain, as an incentive to liberality for the rest of the congregation. It was the first he had seen for five years. For the inevitable collection coin in America is the tiny silver five-cent piece, which is worth ½d. less than the familiar Australian three-penny-bit. And in England, well-gloved, silk-hatted gentlemen drop their copper without a blush. Wales is even worse, if it be fair to judge the whole from my partial experience at a church near Swansea. There the evil (for the minister) custom of using a bag (not a plate) prevails, and just before my visit the congregation had taken shameful advantage of it. The minister recounted with a grave face how the number of buttons in that bag had risen as high as thirty-three per cent of the total. He thought such high interest meant bad security for the souls of the buttoners. And all the congregation said Amen.

XV.—IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA.

DISCOVERING unexpectedly a host of hospitable relatives in Canada, I spent nearly a month in that greatest of British Colonies. Political and social problems of much interest occupy the Canadian carpet. Let me try to give some idea of their nature.

Canada at present espouses Protection. The Customs tariff has been raised at different times until it now averages 25 per cent on imported goods of all kinds. Protection is the chief feature in what is known as the N.P., or National Policy, which was formulated by Sir John Macdonald fifteen years ago, and has dominated the country ever since. There are many signs that the end of the N.P. approaches. Its creator declared that it would diminish the exodus of Canadians from Canada, which is the most alarming cloud in the Dominion sky; that it would increase the price of farm products and establish a lasting prosperity. It has failed to do any of these things. As for Protection, a great convention of Liberals assembled in June, 1893, and passed a lengthy series of resolutions, which are well worth reproducing in full:—

We, the Liberal party in Canada, in convention assembled declare:

That the Customs tariff of the Dominion should be based, not as it now is, upon the protective principle, but upon the requirements of the public service.

That the existing tariff, founded upon an unsound principle, and used, as it has been by the Government, as a corrupting agency wherewith to keep themselves in office, has developed monopolies, trusts, and combinations.

It has decreased the value of farm and other landed property:

It has oppressed the masses to the enrichment of a few:

It has checked immigration:

It has caused great loss of population:

It has impeded commerce:

It has discriminated against Great Britain.

In these, and in many other ways, it has occasioned great public and private injury, all of which evils must continue to grow in intensity as long as the present tariff system remains in force.

That the highest interests in Canada demand a removal of this obstacle to our country's progress, by the adoption of a sound fiscal policy, which, while not doing injustice to any class, will promote domestic and foreign trade and hasten the return of prosperity to our people.

That to that end, the tariff should be reduced to the needs of honest, economical and official government.

That it should be so adjusted as to make free, or to bear as lightly as possible upon, the necessaries of life, and should be so arranged as to promote free trade with the whole world, more particularly with Great Britain and the United States.

We believe that the results of the protective system have grievously disappointed thousands of persons who honestly supported it, and that the country in the light of experience is now prepared to declare for a sound fiscal policy.

The issue between the two political parties on this great question is now clearly defined.

The Government themselves admit the failure of their fiscal policy, and now profess their willingness to make some changes, but they say that such changes must be based only on the principle of protection.

We denounce the principle of protection as radically unsound and unjust to the masses of the people, and we declare our conviction that any tariff changes based on that principle must fail to afford any substantial relief from the burdens under which the country labours.

This issue we unhesitatingly accept, and upon it we wait with the fullest confidence the verdict of the electors of Canada.

So much for the tariff. An idea of the other questions on which the country is divided may be gathered from the platform on which the Liberal party proposes to fight the elections this year, 1894. The Liberals pledge themselves—

To repeal the oppressive, inequitable, corrupting, combination-fostering, discriminating against Great Britain tariff law, hitherto known as the National Policy.

To secure the adoption of a sound fiscal policy that shall tax necessaries of life as lightly as possible, while promoting free trade with the whole world, more particularly with Great Britain and the United States.

To enter into negotiations with the United States for a treaty of reciprocity that shall include a well-considered list of manufactures as well as natural products—the treaty to be first submitted to the British Government for ratification.

To put a stop to the fraudulent expenditure of public money that has been in progress for years.

To repeal the iniquitous, inequitable, and expensive Franchise Act, reverting, as in the past, to the franchise lists as compiled by the municipal officials.

To enforce the strictest economy in administering public affairs.

To provide that the sale of public lands shall be to actual settlers only, and not to speculators.

To provide for a plebiscite on the question of prohibition for the whole Dominion.

To repeal the Gerrymander Act, and enact that in all future distributions county boundaries shall be respected.

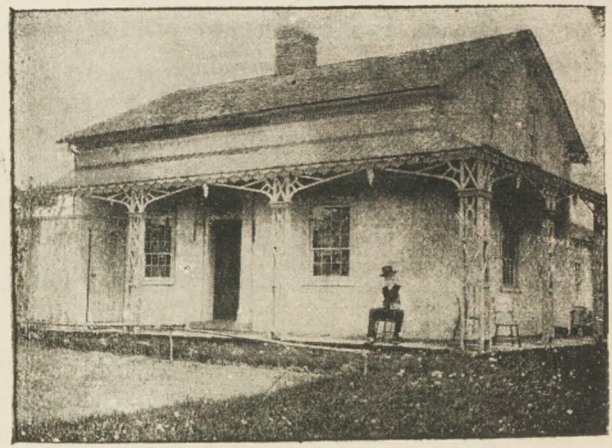
To prevent charges against Ministers of the Crown, duly formulated, being sent to Royal commissioners and burked as were the charges made against Sir Adolphe Caron.

To enact that the Senate should not be an irresponsible body as now, but should be controlled by public opinion, in accordance with the principles of popular government.

Something may be added by way of commentary. There are in Canada two well-defined political parties, Liberals and Conservatives, corresponding in some points to the British parties of the same names, but differing in more, on account of the natural differences of condition and environment. Sir John Macdonald was the chief of the Conservatives and a very astute politician. He held office from 1879, when he swept the country with his National Policy, until his death recently, and his party is still in power.

As to the tariff, here are a few sample duties: Live cattle and sheep, 30 per cent. ad valorem; live hogs, 2 cents per lb.; dead meat, 1½ cent to 3 cents per lb.; candles, 5 cents per lb. to 25 per cent. ad valorem; soap, 1½ cent to 10 cents per lb.; grains, 10 cents to 15 cents per bushel; seeds, 10 to 25 per cent.; butter, 4 cents, and cheese, 3 cents per lb.; sugar, 1 cent per lb.; coffee, 3 cents per lb.; tea, free; tobacco, pipes and cigars average 35 per cent.; jams, 5 cents per lb.; ale and porter, in bulk, 10 cents, bottled, 18 cents per gallon; spirits average 2 dollars per gallon; unmanufactured cloth 25 per cent.; manufactured

clothing 40 per cent.; boots, 25 per cent.; cutlery and machinery from 35 per cent. up; salt, 5 cents per 100 lb.; books and paper, 10 per cent. These are all averaged rates. The tariff discriminates against Britain in that the imports thence are chiefly manufactured goods, which pay a higher duty for the same bulk than the raw material chiefly imported from the States.



A CANADIAN FARM HOUSE, AND FARMER AT NINETY-TWO.

A reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States was in force from 1854 to 1866, when the States claimed that the advantage was all in favour of Canada, and cancelled the treaty. Since then there has been a tariff war between the two countries, in which the advantage is certainly on the side of the States. From time to time the duties have been raised,

and the new McKinley tariff is even higher than the Canadian, and completely excludes most Canadian products from the States market. The consequence is a great and increasing stagnation in Canadian trade. The producers are all complaining; only the manufacturers are satisfied, as well they may be. Naturally, there is loss to the States also; but population and wealth are there so much greater than in Canada that the loss is lightly felt in comparison. Nevertheless, the McKinley Act was the test question at the recent election, and the country was emphatic against its authors, the Republican party. But although it is likely that Cleveland and his democrats, now in office, will repeal the McKinley Act to some extent, they yet seem in no hurry to do it, nor is it expected that the repeal will go as far as the Canadians wish. The position is in fact this: that as long as the Canadian tariff is kept up, the American tariff will never altogether come down, and Canada must continue to suffer most in the struggle. Hence the present need for a Canadian attempt to secure reciprocity, for which the chances are favourable.

XVI.—MORE IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA.

I CAME to the conclusion that the statements embodied in the manifesto of the Canadian Liberal Party were in the main well founded. The frauds by Government officials exposed in 1892 are by no means exceptional, though the exposure is. The Conservatives have maintained their power by a system of public corruption whose proportions are truly colossal. Votes are openly bought and sold at every election; influence is gained and cemented by secret bribery in every department of administration. It was in Canada that I first comprehended the potentialities of "boodle" and "gerrymander"—words which are constantly met in the newspapers and in daily speech. Boodle means anything stolen from the country—land, cash, contracts, or offices; and the boodler is the national plunderer. In a wider sense, boodle implies official corruption in any of its varied forms, and the boodler is both the giver and taker of a bribe. "Gerrymandering" is the process by which the Government in power arbitrarily alters the boundaries of electorates to suit its own purposes. Thus, when a manufacturing county and a farming county adjoin, having about the same area and population, the farmers may at the present time be expected to return an Opposition candidate, and the operatives a Government candidate. But, by dexterously

re-adjusting the county boundaries, the Government can create a small district which will certainly return a Government candidate, and a much larger district in which, by a nice calculation of the comparative strength of parties, another Government candidate has a three to one chance of election. It is chiefly by these arts of boodle and gerrymander that the Conservative Government has kept in office for fourteen years.

Their policy has proved evil for the country. The manufactures which have been created have been created to the impoverishment of the people at large, and the result is that in Canada at the present day the current depression in trade and industry has passed beyond stagnation into retrogression. Though possessed of great resources, she cannot find employment for the enterprise of her native population, and thousands of young men migrate annually to the United States in search of a profitable market for their energies. This loss of population is the most significant feature in Canadian affairs. The best blood in the country drains rapidly out of it. There are at the present time no less than a million native-born Canadians in the United States; there are not a hundred thousand native-born Americans in Canada. In many parts of Canada there is great natural wealth awaiting development—greater wealth than is readily accessible in the States. Yet on one side of the border-line trade is brisk, enterprise active, capital plentiful; on the other side there is comparatively no progress, no investment, except in spoon-fed

manufactures. The fault is not in the people, since the Canadians who go to the States are highly prized for their superior steadiness and industry; it is not in the country; it must be in the methods of government.

In comparison with her neighbour, Canada falls every year more and more behind in the race for prosperity. Between 1881 and 1891 over 800,000 Europeans came to settle in Canada. Nevertheless, the aggregate population in that ten years increased by only 500,000, so that there was lost by emigration the whole natural increase of the decade and 300,000 of the immigrants, or at least a million men, women, and children. Progress is out of the question while this depopulation continues. It is impossible, of course, to found any positive argument against Protection upon the condition of Canada, since in the United States, where the tariff is still higher, population and wealth increase by leaps and bounds. But it is certainly possible to show comparatively that a protective policy is fallacious in Canada. For, as has been already said, in any war of tariff, the States are bound to win. It is a fight between a giant and a dwarf, and the weakest must go to the wall. Canada with five millions of population cannot efficiently contend against the States with sixty, considering the stage of wealth and progress to which each country has attained. Whatever may be said of the United States, Protection has been, will be, and must be disadvantageous to Canada. Conservative politicians persistently refuse to

admit that circumstances alter cases, that Canada is to the States as a boy to a man. "Come, my lad," they say in effect to the country, "you see that man with a sack of potatoes on his shoulder. Now then, shoulder your sack." The country tries and fails, for the burden is beyond its strength.

Free trade, or reciprocal trade, with the United States would certainly aid Canadian progress; but there remain other drawbacks than Protection. Canada is a house divided against itself. The French-speaking population numbers 30 per cent. of the whole, the English-speaking population 70 per cent. The French are all Roman Catholics, while most of the English are Protestants; the proportion being 41 per cent. Catholics, to 59 per cent. Protestants and others. The antagonism between French and English, Catholics and Protestants, rises to a keener pitch than is elsewhere dreamt of. The racial conflict is intensified by the conflict of religions, with disastrous results to the country. Each party distrusts and hates the other, and strives to obtain the upper hand in local and general government. Votes are largely influenced by creed and language, and with many electors the test of fitness for the public service is not capacity, but religion. There needs no demonstration that while this strife continues the country can never prosper as it ought to prosper.

Yet instead of endeavouring to lessen the strife, Canadian statesmen in practice increase it, either

actuated by bigotry or seeking for political influence. Thus in the two main provinces of Ontario and Quebec, which contain three-fourths of the entire population, provision is made for the separate education of children belonging to the two opposing religions. There are State-aided Catholic schools, and State-aided Protestant Schools, each class having its own system of religious training. In the Protestant schools hymns are sung to Jesus; in the Catholic schools to Mary. Thus the hope of united citizenship is poisoned at the springs. The Protestant child is trained from infancy to look askance on the Catholic child, who in turn is taught that he belongs to a class set apart from the others. Naturally, the separation of childhood becomes a barrier impassable at maturity; and the way is paved for feud and dissension which under a wiser system would be avoided. The best minds in Canada see this clearly, and in the

A DAUGHTER OF THE MAPLE-LEAF.

recently settled province of Manitoba it is proposed that the system of State education shall be entirely secular, thus permitting Catholic and Protestant to enter the schools on a common footing. Yet so strong is religious prejudice that this scheme is warmly combated by members of both parties, and the dispute is now being waged with a zeal and with arguments worthy of the Dark Ages.

Protestant Canada is superabundantly "loyal." As in Ireland the Ulster men, so in Canada the men of Ontario, constantly contending with opponents in race and religion, are more English than the English themselves. Parkes' "crimson thread of kinship" is in Upper Canada as thick as a cable, and the Ontarians are never done protesting their fidelity to the throne. Of the United States, on the other hand, there is intense jealousy and dislike. Even the French-speaking Canadians seem to prefer English rule to the idea of annexation. The jealousy is partly caused by the rivalry between the two countries, in which the States are always successful. There is no jealousy of Canada on the American side, but a feeling of assured superiority, and a good-humoured toleration. Canada doesn't like to be beaten, and doesn't want to be tolerated. Then again, between Canada and the States there is a wide difference of national sentiment. The States boast that "America"—for the part is gradually usurping the title of the whole—"is a free country." Canada boasts of its attachment to the British

Crown. The division thus indicated grows always wider. The States are a very much mixed community, comprehending men of all tongues and nations, though there is a strong tendency to fusion. Canada contains only two main classes, the French and the English, who mingle no more than oil and water. Upper Canada has a strong Calvinistic leaven, and in both Upper and Lower Canada the Church is a power, and its restrictions on individual liberty are severe and irksome. In the States, religion, when professed, takes a very free and easy character. These differences operate to make the stream of European emigration flow to the States rather than to Canada in the proportion of six to one, since most of the emigrants are weary of the exactions of both State and Church, and desire to be free alike from monarchical and theological trammels. And as "loyal" emigrants choose the "loyal" country, and liberty-loving emigrants choose the "free" country, it follows that Canada tends always to become more obstinately loyal, and the States to become more aggressively free.

There can be no doubt that the union of Canada and the States would be exceedingly profitable to the Canadians from a material standpoint. An inflow to Canada of American capital and enterprise would be the immediate result, and all classes of the population would participate in the benefits of expansion of trade and industry. The States would take over the Canadian debt, federal and provincial, which amounts to £53,000,000.

Freetrade with the States would give the Canadian producer access to his best and most natural market. Development would re-act on population, and population on development, establishing Canadian prosperity upon an even surer basis. Nor does it seem reasonable that two such communities, in the main of the same blood, language, customs and institutions, should co-exist side by side, divided and hostile. Continental union is politic as well as profitable. Yet there is not the slightest present prospect that it will be brought about. The annexation party is the least powerful of all Canadian parties. The young men hope rather for Canadian independence, which is looked for, but not longed for. There is a pretty general belief that Canada will one day separate herself entirely from Great Britain, but people are content to wait passively until separation takes place in the natural process of events. In the meantime the Dominion is ravaged by internal and external conflict. Ontario fights Quebec; Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island wish to leave the confederacy, fuming against the policy which excludes their products from the States market; Manitoba writhes vainly in the clutches of the Canadian Pacific railway monopoly; and the M'Kinley tariff rises like a wall against them all.

XVII.—STILL CONCERNING CANADA.

THE constitution of the Dominion of Canada leaves to each province the power to direct education within its own territory. Naturally systems differ. I spent some pleasant days in examining the methods and results of State education in the province of Ontario, which in most matters leads the group. Were only the religious element absent, a better scheme could hardly be devised. It differs from the Queensland plan less in detail than in scope and administration. There is in Ontario a regular gradation of instruction from the primary school through the high school to the university. The high schools are not like our grammar schools—an expensive excrescence without adequate superintendence—but an integral part of a uniform system, economically managed and periodically inspected. The university crowns a regular course of work. Its fees might come to £5 per annum; the high schools are free; the primary schools also are free, and in many schools lesson-books and all school requisites are given as well. The whole system is controlled by a Government department, as in Queensland; but in Ontario this department only exercises a general supervision, and delegates a large part of its authority to local school boards, which appoint teachers and inspectors, apportion the revenue derived from municipal

or county taxation and Government grants, and exercise a general control over the working of the schools, within the limits fixed by the legislature and the departmental regulations.

Making due reservation for restricted opportunities of observation and comparison, I should still say with some confidence that the teaching in the primary schools of Ontario is more thorough than in those of Queensland, and the methods of teaching better. The range of subjects taught is hardly so wide, yet the teachers complain that it is too wide. Needlework is not taught; drawing and music are taught much better on the whole than in Queensland, the former especially. Some freehand studies by pupils twelve years old, which I saw at the Wellesley school in Toronto, were surprisingly good. At fifteen, many boys and girls are sufficiently advanced to sing two-part music almost at sight. The tonic sol-fa notation is used throughout. Boys and girls are generally taught together, in all subjects, until 14 or 15, and frequently after that age. Quite a large share of time is given to "temperance," and Dr. Richardson is quite as well known, though hardly so much abominated, in Canada as in Queensland. Writing and mapping, at the same ages, did not seem to me so well done as in schools I have visited at Brisbane, Gympie, and Toowoomba. Great attention is paid to English literature, and the Canadian reading books, in nearly all grades, are the best I have ever seen. The fourth and fifth books

cannot be too warmly commended. They contain an admirable selection of extracts from literary masterpieces; and I found quite a number of adults in Canada who had been led to study and enjoy the English classics through the foretaste of their pleasures gained as children, at school.

The schools open and close with prayer and hymns. The funds raised by taxation are shared proportionately between what are called "public" schools and "separate" schools. The "public" schools are in effect Protestant, adopting a Protestant formula of prayer, while the senior classes read the Protestant Bible. The "separate" schools are avowedly maintained by and for Catholics, and the religious exercises are as distinctively Catholic. Both prayers and hymns, in the Protestant schools at least, are repeated in lifeless and perfunctory fashion; but the advocates of religious teaching assert, what is doubtless the case, that however dull may be the routine, a lasting impression is made on the plastic mind of childhood. I was much interested in the kindergarten classes, which are formed in many important schools in Ontario. The impression I received from personal observation and from conversation with the teachers was that the results do not justify the expenditure. Education is made easier for the teacher, but not for the child, which until 6 or 7 is better at home with its mother.

I have spoken of the incense burnt to Dr. Richardson. It is surprising to an Australian to see the vigour

with which the crusade against alcohol is preached in Canada. The Ontario schoolboy is pat with the knowledge that danger, disease, and death lurk in the glass of beer which is to most of us merely a harmless and necessary compound of malt, hops, sugar and water. The Ontario school-girl knows exactly how many pounds of logwood go to a gallon of fine old port. Tobacco, "in all its degrading forms," is almost as unpopular as "the demon drink." Canada is probably a more sober country than any other under the sun. It is queer that, as sobriety increases, the dread of insobriety should more and more nearly reach panic. Nothing short of prohibition will satisfy the Canadian fanatic. He is determined to rob the poor man of his beer, whether the poor man likes it or not. John Jones takes a glass of ale with his dinner; Tom Brown prefers a cup of tea. Therefore, Tom Brown says to John Jones: "I don't want ale. Why should you want ale? You shan't have ale. Take tea." This is the ideal of individual liberty for which quite a number of energetic Browns are clamouring. They believe in freedom—to coerce the other fellow. And the prohibition for which they clamour means that not a glass of alcoholic liquor is to be bought or sold, made or dispensed, from one end of Canada to the other—Canada being, it must be remembered, a few hundred thousand square miles larger than Australia.

What is known as the Scott Act, at present in force, does not satisfy the zeal of prohibitionists. The

Scott Act gives to towns and counties the power to restrict or abolish the sale of drink within the limits over which local authority extends. Obviously, therefore, were all towns and counties to think alike, prohibition might be general throughout the country. But the misfortune is that they do not think alike. County A takes a vote, obtains a majority for prohibition, and finds that the minority walk over the boundary to County B, where they can get as much liquor as they want. So that County A, in spite of prohibition, continues to run in drunk and disorderly citizens, and has the dissatisfaction of knowing that County B is making all the profit on them. Thus the Scott Act is dubbed a failure, and the prohibitionists are straining every nerve to get a law passed which will make the sale, purchase, and manufacture of intoxicating liquors penal in each province, if not in the whole Dominion.

There exists in Canada a refreshing confidence in the power of Acts of Parliament to make people moral. During my visit the Women's Christian Temperance Union, an organisation of many thousand members, held a convention which passed resolutions imploring Parliament to put an end to intemperance, Sunday trading, and the social evil, by legislative enactment. The tenor of the speeches made in support of the resolutions showed the delegates' firm faith that the abolition of every form of national vice was only a matter of placing so many suitable Acts on the statute-

books. This faith is held by quite a number of Canadian social reformers, and it is hopeless to persuade them of their folly. So year by year the lines of social restriction are being drawn more and more closely round the free Canadian citizen. A bristling hedge of "don'ts" and "mustn'ts," each with its appropriate penalty, confronts him on every side. It is interesting to a stranger to watch the painful progress to perfection. Toronto is undoubtedly the most "pious" city on the American continent. It is a city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, as the inhabitants themselves estimate, though the Government census gives it some 20,000 less. There are only 150 liquor saloons, and *only* 142 churches; so that the eternal conflict between good and evil is waged on much fairer terms in Toronto than in Buffalo, an American city of the same size on the other side of the lake, where there are not 100 churches, and something like 1000 liquor saloons. Vaccination is compulsory; tobacco, cigars, or cigarettes cannot be sold to anyone under 18; drink cannot be sold to anyone under 21, if the parent or guardian objects; the sale of goods on Sunday, and Sunday excursions by rail or steamer, are forbidden; the trams do not run on Sunday; public-houses open from 7 to 10 on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, from 7 to 7 on Saturday, and close all Sunday; the municipality has power to close all shops at 7 p.m., and to fine the parents of all children under 14 found in the streets after 8 p.m.; the keepers and frequenters of known immoral houses are prosecuted.

Without discussing whether these things, or any of them, are desirable, it may be said at once that hitherto the only notable result of legal prohibition has been illegal evasion. Human nature, thrust out with a pitchfork, keeps always running back. Enforced morality has as its consequence enormous hypocrisy; and open offence, in many cases venial, has given way to secret vice, in many cases deadly. Liquor is always obtainable on Sunday, though the hotel lodger has his pint of ale or claret brought in a buttercooler to his bedroom, and the ordinary citizen must dive into a cellar with a password and take revenge for his trouble by substituting six nips for one. He cannot have a cellar of his own, for you are liable to prosecution if you keep more than a certain limited number of bottles in your cupboard; and search may at any moment follow suspicion. "Has the closing of immoral houses abolished vice?" I asked a Toronto detective. "No," he said; "it has simply driven the vicious to the streets, as you may see." A constable at the next corner corroborated the statement, and offered for half-a-sovereign to show me more infamy in Toronto than I could find in New York. I took his word, and kept my half-sovereign. Sunday recreation is certainly stopped, and the consequence is a Sabbatical blight which hangs like a pall over the city, souring tempers, driving the idle population into mischief, deadening healthy instincts and rational impulses, and breeding an unhealthy, irrational, unnatural gloom which would

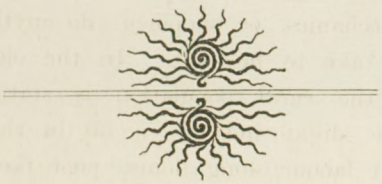
have delighted an old-time Puritan and appals a modern humanist. When interviewed by one of the daily newspapers, I could not help contrasting the Australian and Canadian methods of keeping the Sabbath, and frankly told my interviewer that Toronto had stuck to the Old Testament, and only remembered the Sabbath day to keep it hypocritical—I would not say holy; while in Australia we had got on to the New, and understood that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.

A great part of Canada is simply a frozen wilderness; and even in the habitable portions there are practically only two seasons—summer and winter. The weather during my stay was as hot as ever I have felt it in Queensland; in winter the thermometer frequently shows 30 degrees of frost, snow covers the ground from December to April, and stock have to be stabled and fed for the same period. There is an occasional thaw in the south; in the north-west and north the frost is continuous. Road traffic is performed entirely on sleighs, and farming operations are at a standstill. There is very little soil equal for general crops to the deep Australian alluvium; none so rich as scrub soil. Generally speaking, Canadian soil is lighter—frequently a limestone loam, dry and friable, excellent for wheat and fruit, but soon exhausted and lacking vitality. Wheat is the main crop, especially in Manitoba, where it succeeds well. Two crops are grown in the year—spring and fall (autumn). The present low price (2s. per bushel),

and the preventive import duty in the States (1s. 7d. per bushel), have made wheat farming less profitable than in the past, and mixed farming is becoming the rule. Here are some averages of Ontario crops for the past ten years:—Wheat (fall) 20 bushels, (spring) 15 bushels; barley, 25 bushels; oats, 35 bushels; hay, 1 ton 7 cwt.; all per acre. The Manitoba wheat average would be higher, and 30 to 35 bushels per acre is not an unusual crop. The climate is, however, so rigorous, that the settlers dearly purchase any extra profit. Systematic manuring is necessary to maintain the quoted averages after the land has been worked for a few years.

There is a complaint that the farmers' sons become clerks, or mechanics, or shopmen—do anything, in fact, rather than take to farming. In the older provinces of Canada, the rural population is stationary or decreasing; the slight increase is all in the towns and cities. Hard labour, long hours, poor fare, absence of recreation, characterise the Canadian farmer's life at the outset. Industry and thrift end by attaining solid comfort; but the struggle is severe. In winter-time there is enjoyment in sleighing, and there is a leisure spell between seed-time and harvest; but, on the whole, the farmer's life does not attract educated youth. Education, of course, is the bane or blessing at the root of the trouble. If you leave the labourer at the level of the brute he plods on uncomplainingly; increase his culture and he pines for better things. Hence the

Tory cry that education is ruining the masses, and the Liberal paradox that the ruin is good and right. So, since the Canadians are getting above farming, Canadian Liberals are thinking how they may raise farming to the higher level by lessening its toils, and increasing its rewards, and making agriculture not only an honourable calling, but also one profitable and pleasant.

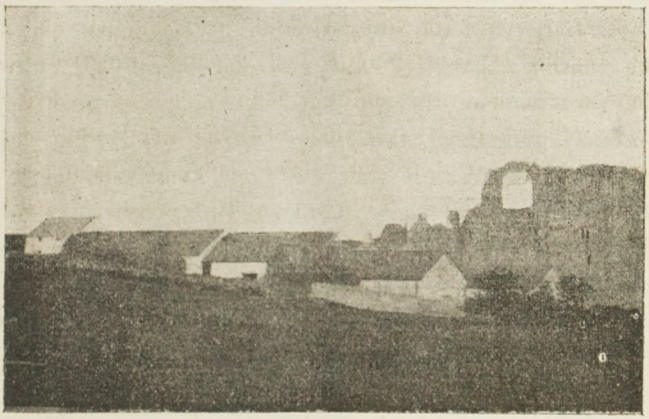


XVIII.—A GLIMPSE OF WALES.

WALES is a fine place—a very fine place. Everything flourishes there, including rent and tithes and taxes—which steal on the average a good half of the fruits of labour, and are not particular about making it three-fourths. The chief industries of Wales are agriculture, mining, and fleecing seaside visitors. There is a good deal of maritime trade, and some manufactures, but not much or many compared with that or those in England and Scotland. (Poor Ireland stands in a class by itself, like the first wife's child in the second wife's family.)

Taking him by and large, I conceive the Welsh farmer is about as wretched a creature as you will meet anywhere—in the guise of independence, that is. His land is poor, to begin with; often stony, generally impoverished by long cropping, needing to be constantly manured before it will give crops at all. As a rule, he lacks capital; his methods are the rule-o'-thumb methods of the old school; and labour from daylight till dark ensures him only a hand-to-mouth existence. As one shrewder than his fellows put it to me: "Farmer zweats, zweats, zweats from year-end to year-end. Landlord and parson and tax-gatherer, they sit on fence and watch 'un zweat. Farmer manures, farmer ploughs, farmer sows. Landlord and parson and tax-

gatherer look on. Up comes crop. Landlord gets off fence and takes half—his share; parson he takes tenth—his share; tax-gatherer he takes rest. Farmer looks on —wonders where his share be. But he knows his father were served same way afore him, so he just turns to and zweats, zweats, zweats another year."



OXWICH CASTLE FARM.

By-and-by this unfortunate drudge sweats himself into his grave, leaving a son to sweat after him; and a fresh generation of landlords and parsons and tax-gatherers comes up smiling to rob the son as their fathers robbed the father. Why, in the names of all the gods at once, such a system of knavery and slavery is not besomed out of existence by men who call themselves free, puzzles plain people. The tax-gatherer is the only thief who has the shadow of justification, and much of his

appropriation would be disgorged were equal justice done between rich and poor. But there is hardly a landlord in the country who has not been returned tenfold to a thousandfold the value of the original investment, whatever its nature, which gave him ownership. As for the Church, I never could understand why the salvation which is ostensibly free should be given only in forced exchange for the tenth pig and the tenth wheatsheaf and the tenth turnip, or why the successors of the Good Shepherd should reverse his practice, and shear the sheep instead of feeding them.

Even in Wales there is an increasing lack of comprehension on these points. The principality votes solidly for Church disestablishment, and its representatives in the Imperial Parliament are pledged to work unitedly until this is secured. The support which they have given to Gladstone in his efforts to pass the Home Rule Bill was made warmer by a cunning hypothetical promise of the old Parliamentary hand to place the Welsh grievance at the top of the list for redress. Now that the Home Rule Bill is settled for the present, it turns out that the promise was even more hypothetical than it appeared, and the longed-for disestablishment seems as far off as ever. Gladstone's tender conscience dealt always gingerly with mother Church, and the old superstitious notions of sacrilege still sway him in spite of his better judgment. In the meantime, many Welshmen keep both chapel and church going—the one because they choose and the other because they must.

It is practically impossible for a Welsh farmer to own his own land. A score of landlords possess nearly the whole principality. As most of the great estates are tied up so that the temporary owners cannot sell them even if they wish, land seldom or never comes into the market. If by some rare chance a piece of freehold does come into the market, it is bought up by one great landlord or another at a price irrespective of value. Nine hundred and ninety-nine people in a thousand pay rent. Nine hundred in a thousand never dream that any other state of things is possible. The landlord has been so long the keystone of their social arch that they don't see how they could get along without him. The serf who revels in his serfdom is not at all uncommon. You meet plenty who always vote Tory, and think "they new-fangled Radicals" a curse to the country. No wonder the world moves slowly, with such dust to choke the wheels of progress.

MAID IN WALES.

But there are plenty of broad-souled Welshmen with views and theories in every respect up to date. I was particularly charmed with Mr. Jones. The Joneses of Wales are many and various, but this particular Jones deserves to be chief of the clan. He married a shrew, and knew no peace until one day, quite unexpectedly, while giving him fits, she took a fit herself, and died. There were young children to care for, and Jones looked about for a second wife. But he knew to his cost the folly of judging by mere externals, so advertised for a wife on trial. He got shoals of applications, selected an applicant, took her home, and installed her as Mrs. J. provisionally. For a month she ruled the household, while Jones watched her circumspectly. When her month was up, he told her curtly she was not up—up to the mark, and sent her packing. Another came who was better, but did not quite reach the imaginary standard Jones had set. So she followed No. 1 to limbo. But at the third try Cœlebs got a mate to please him; they were duly married at the month's end; and are now living happily together. Conclusion: Jones' advice to those about to marry—"Marry on appro!"

Coal is the principal mineral exported from Wales, and probably a third of the population are dependent on coal-mining for subsistence. The colliers are subdivided as miners and hauliers—those who actually win the coal, and those who truck it to the surface. A collier's wage averages from £1 to £3 or more per

week, according to the number of days he is employed; a haulier's from 10s. to £1 10s. The wages in Wales are governed by the sliding-scale system, and rise or fall according to the price and output of coal. In England, masters and men fight tooth and nail—the masters always resisting, the men always demanding an advance, on the principle that it is the men's business to get as much, and the masters to give as little, as they possibly can. The English miners are organised as a Federation, which sent the men on strike when the masters recently insisted on a reduction of wages. The Welsh colliers are not under the control of the Federation, but the hauliers—young men and ill-paid—struck in sympathy, and compelled the miners to follow suit. The Welsh strike involved a flagrant breach of agreement by the men, and commanded no public sympathy. So in a fortnight it fizzled out. But it served to draw attention to the fact that the Welsh colliers are in essentially the same position as the Welsh farmers—the vast majority of them are sweating at starvation wages to pay royalties to the great land-

WELSH FARMER.—BACK VIEW.

holders, who merely lease the collieries to the nominal proprietors. As between these proprietors (who are really but managers) and the men, the sliding-scale agreement secures justice, awarding to each a stipulated share of the profits. But the men who suck the royalties, profits or no profits, give nothing in return for the vast sums which they annually draw from the industry, and would be compelled to disgorge their plunder in any well-governed country—say Utopia. But Wales is far from being Utopia.

XIX.—"GOOD DOG, TROOPER!"

THIS is the narrative of an excellent old Welshman:

"Now, look you, we have had Trooper ever since he was a pup. Poor old Trooper! Miss Dillwyn, she gave him to Harriet—yes—and he has been with us ever since. He's a very good dog; although he's very fond of fighting. But Trooper isn't a quarrelsome dog—are you, Trooper?—he will never fight unless another dog attacks him—no.

"And he's a very clever dog in this, look you, that he never will fight without a backer. He will let another dog pass him without saying a word if I am not with him, or Robert; but when he looks round and sees us he's on to the other dog like lightning—yes—for then he know he have a backer.

"Poor Trooper! He's getting old now; and I do always carry this little whip when I go out with him so as to stop strange dogs from beating him. They are very fond of beating Trooper, because he is so peaceable, look you. You see it has lead in the end, so that I can give the other dog a good crack. I thought I killed one dog yesterday—I did hit him so hard; but why did he come and try and hurt poor Trooper?

"And when we used to live at Hendrefoelan there was a farmer who kept a savage dog that would lie in wait for me and Trooper as we would be passing along the road, quite quietly. He was a big, ugly, bad dog—a wicked dog—he was bigger than Trooper, but Trooper did not care for that—no. So one day as we were walking, Trooper saw him and his master—who was a bad man, a man I never liked—and Trooper ran in front and flew at the other dog, because he had a backer to see fair play.

"So he flew at the other dog, and rolled him over, and the man lifted his foot and gave Trooper such a kick—I thought his back was broken. And I came up and said to the man, 'Why did you kick my dog?' And he said, 'Why did your dog attack my dog?' And I said, 'Your dog is a bad dog—you ought to be prosecuted for keeping such a vicious dog to hurt Trooper.' And he did put all the blame on Trooper, of course; as if bad dogs should be let to roam about in the roads when people are passing.

"O, we did talk, look you; and ever after that his dog had such a grudge against me and Trooper; it would wait for us and fly out suddenly, until I never did care to pass that way. But one day I did give it a good hit—yes—when its master was not with it. I never liked that man; he was a bad man, and everything went wrong with him, look you; he lost his cattle and his crops. He is dead now; he never prospered after he kicked poor Trooper.

"Harriet, I think Stephen would like a glass of cider. I have just been telling Stephen about the dog at Hendrefoelan that bit Trooper; of course he was bigger than Trooper, not like the dog that Trooper fought yesterday; he was only a young dog, so I would have let them fight, look you, only the baker rushed out and separated them. I think Trooper would have beaten him—yes—good dog, Trooper! See how he looks! he knows quite well that we are talking about him.

"The baker, he said, 'I think your dog ought to be locked up, he is a vicious dog.' Poor Trooper!—that wouldn't hurt a lamb! And I said to him, 'I think *your* dog ought to be locked up—he is dangerous.' Then he went into his shop grumbling. It was all the fault of the baker's dog, for he barked at Trooper as we were walking quietly on the footpath, and Trooper flew at him. Why did he want to bark at Trooper—poor old Trooper!

"Trooper is so fond of biscuit—I think he would do anything for biscuit. He do always know when Robert is coming home, look you, for he knows he will get biscuit; and he do get quite restless when Robert is coming. He is very fond of Robert, and Robert is very fond of him, and will take him out for a walk every Sunday. He knows Sunday quite well; another day he will never try to follow Robert, and on Sunday we can't keep him in—no.

"He is getting old now, and he deserves that we should be very good to him; for he has been a good dog. When I was with Mr. Dillwyn, he would run under the carriage for miles and miles. He sleeps in Harriet's chair every night, and he likes to be comfortable, so we put him two pieces of cloth on the chair to keep his back warm, and he will not go to bed till he sees his cloth laid. He will have two pieces, too; if there is only one piece he will get down again. He sleeps very soundly; he will always sleep till eight o'clock in the morning; he never stirs—do you, Trooper?

"GOOD DOG, TROOPER!"

"His mother was such a favourite with Miss Dillwyn—yes—Miss Dillwyn was so fond of her. And one day they had a shooting party, and Trooper's mother was in the bushes, and a stupid man took her for a rabbit, and fired and killed her. O, he was such a stupid man! They didn't dare to tell Miss Dillwyn; and when she did get to know she took on something terrible. The man said he was very sorry, but Miss Dillwyn would never speak to him again; and she would never have another dog—no.

"That was your mother, Trooper. There, he's off! —he has heard a strange dog passing. Listen to the howling; I think Trooper must be giving it to him. Have another glass of cider—it will do you good, look you. Here he comes back. See him wagging his tail! Did you beat him, Trooper? There, there! wait and I will get you a biscuit. Good dog, Trooper!"

XX.—SOMETHING OF SCOTLAND.

IT was Sunday morning in Scotland. Five miles of dusty road lay behind us, and our throats were as dry as Boulia. So that when at the top of a long hill we saw a little hamlet, with a signboard swinging the cognizance of "The Thistle Inn," and my friend pointed and ejaculated "Beer!"—why, my pulse beat faster. We stepped out briskly. The front door was closed; but, strong in a righteous cause, we attacked the back one. It opened, and our plea was at once cut short. "Do ye tak' us for heathen, to serve beer on the Sawbeth?" said a gaunt old Scotchwoman, with crushing scorn. We turned sadly away. The door was shut.

But we hadn't gone a dozen steps when it opened again. "Ye can have the beer if ye pay double," the voice called after us. "Ah," said my friend, as we joyously turned again, "you see even the Scotch conscience has its price, and Sawbeth-breaking, after all, is only a matter of bawbees."

So we drank our beer, and paid double, and were about to go. "Wait," said the landlady, "wait till the folk gang by from the kirk. Have ye no shame?" We hadn't; but obliged the lady. "I suppose every-body goes to the kirk here," says I. "Ay," says she, "if they dinna they are no respeckit." And a Scotch-

man who is "no respeckit" may as well cut his throat at once. Not that a Scotchman ever does. They are a tough lot, Scotchmen.

You cannot serve God and Mammon, said a celebrated authority. That authority erred, and the Scotch bear continual witness to his error. The typical Scotch character-picture has no middle-distance. There is hell and judgment in the background; there is the penny siller put prominently in the foreground, and that is all. It is the Scotchman's part to dodge the one and clutch the other.

Very dexterously he does it. If long prayers and long faces can win a harp, if hard heads and hard labour can gain half-a-crown, then assuredly Scotchmen will prosper both in the next world and in this. It is the national business to "get on," and there is national contempt for the man who falls behind either in the tabernacle or the mart. He is "no respeckit." The most "respeckit" men in Scotland are the minister and the millionaire. The one is nearest to God: the other to Mammon.

Some philosophers despise wealth; others despise religion; but the Scotch philosopher prizes both. Every Scotchman is a philosopher. At an incredibly early age a Scotchman measures himself with the universe, and calculates what he can make out of it. After that the universe has hard work to keep its end of the stick up.

The Scotch ideal is essentially selfish; and selfishness is ignorance. You may read in Dean Ramsay, or J. M. Barrie, of the pathos found in humble places—the dignity, the heroism, the tender love, the high endeavour. These exist, and I saw them; but you must search for such flowers of the soul. They are overgrown & strangled by narrow pride, and callous egotism, and deadly bigotry. The Scotch are "guid to their ain," but they are uncommonly bad to everybody else. English stiffness is nothing to Scotch suspicion. The self-reliance and self-concentration which secure a Scotchman's material success tend to make him spiritually barren. He lacks sympathy, breadth. His self-sufficiency is admirable, but it is pitiable.

A STREET ARTIST, EDINBURGH.

The constant reference of everything to the standard of "the main chance" makes the average Scotch life sadly empty of all that exalts and ennobles. The struggle

for existence is often severe, and maybe leaves little room for a higher struggle. It is impossible for the Scotch mind to conceive contentment in poverty, well-being without wealth.

I certainly would not like to be poor in Scotland. For to be poor is a crime. Nowhere is the poor relation more dreaded; nowhere is the rich one more flattered and conciliated. And in the slums of Glasgow—round about the Brid-gate, for example—I saw viler faces than in Whitechapel. There was a look in them beast-like, not human. The country poor are more intelligent, and perhaps more miserable. After seeing the condition in which they live, you can readily comprehend all the stories of Scotchmen who have risen from the ranks, and from below the ranks, by what seems superhuman energy and persistence. Any risk, any labour, is a trifle to the abject wretchedness which poverty involves. Thus the truism, that poverty is the mother of heroes.

The Scotch religion is "the dead calm of ignorance and faith." "The storm and tempest of thought and action" never trouble souls anchored in the harbour of U.P. dogma. The Scotch heaven is a queer place; the Scotch God a conglomeration of attributes which I have not the wit to reconcile. He is a Scotchman, anyhow; and has a preference for Scotchmen. There is no reason to doubt that, were Jesus to re-visit the earth, he would choose Scotland, and not Judea, as the scene of his ministry; and if the query were

nowadays put to him, "What must I do to be saved?" he would certainly reply: "Be Scotch." These are the conclusions I brought away from a chat with a Free Kirk minister; and I think they may stand as correct.

SCOTCH LAIRD AND LADY.

"It can never be necessary," says Ingersoll, "to throw away your reason to save your soul." The Scotchman agrees; for a Scotchman throws nothing away. But he expands the fourth commandment to suit latter-day practice, and on the Sabbath-day he gives his reason a rest as well as his man-servant and maid-servant (though I grieve to say that the hot Sunday dinner is becoming more and more fashionable and and that sermons grow continually shorter). Apollo does not always bend his bow; and the Scotchman's intellect is so well worked on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, that it is glad

to go to sleep on Sunday. Thus the Scotchman is enabled to swallow all the cheerful Calvinistic doctrines without a shudder, and enjoy fifty-two times yearly the odour of sanctity and a suit of "blacks." He "saves" both his reason and his soul.

These hasty remarks (representing by no means hasty impressions) sum up with some justice, I imagine, what are characteristics of the majority of Scottish people. Of the minority some have grafted a cosmopolitan training on their national stock; and these are among the best men and women in the world to-day. For the Scotchman is adaptable, and generally widens with his horizon. And so many of the best and most solid virtues are born in his blood that it is indeed easy for him, if he be willing, to acquire the (in a sense) minor ones which he needs, and which add so much of grace and beauty to this world we suffer in. From a philosophic standpoint, the Scotch take rank, perhaps, as high as any other nation; but their potentialities of progress are greater than those of almost every other.

XXI.—AN INKLING OF ENGLAND.

LET me quote from some returns prepared for the House of Lords about fifteen years ago, since which time the condition of things has not materially altered:

The total area of England and Wales, after deducting the quantity within the metropolitan area, is 37,243,859 acres.

How is this extent divided among the inhabitants?

66 persons own 1,917,076 acres.

100 persons own 3,917,641 acres.

Less than 280 persons own 5,425,764 acres, or nearly one-sixth of the enclosed land of England and Wales.

523 persons own one-fifth of England and Wales.

710 persons own more than one-fourth of England and Wales.

874 persons own 9,267,031 acres.

(In none of these calculations are the extents of woods, commons, and waste lands included.)

One Englishman owns more than 186,397 acres, another more than 132,996 acres, and another more than 102,785 acres.

A body of men which does not probably exceed 4500, own more than 17,498,200 acres, or more than one-half of all England and Wales.

Two-thirds of the whole of England and Wales are held by only 10,207 persons.

I take these figures from "Freetrade in Land," by Joseph Kay. Add to them a statement by Mr. Froude, an enthusiastic advocate of the present system of land laws, who says frankly: "The House of Lords owns more than a *third* of the whole area of Great Britain.

Two-thirds of it really belong to great peers and commoners, whose estates are continually devouring the small estates adjoining theirs." Lord Derby, one of the great land-owners, admitted that "the class of peasant proprietors formerly to be found in the rural districts were tending to disappear."

Since the French Revolution of 1789, the greater part of the land throughout the republics of Switzerland and France, the empires of Germany and Austria, and the kingdoms of Holland, Belgium, and Italy, has been released from its feudal fetters, and has in every such case begun immediately to break up into smaller estates. In all these countries the consequence has been what it would be in Great Britain, the division of lands into estates of all sizes, and the creation of a class of conservative, industrious, prosperous, and independent yeomen proprietors. There is no doubt that England once possessed a large class of such proprietors. It used to be one of the boasts of old England that she had so many small freehold yeomen. Where are they now? By our system of land laws we have been cutting away the base of our social pyramid, while nearly all other civilized countries have been pursuing an exactly opposite policy."

Now let Mr. Frederic Harrison explain what are the nett results of this process in England at the present day:—

Ninety per cent. of the actual producers of wealth have no house that they can call their own beyond the end of the week; have no bit of soil, or so much as a room that belongs to them; have nothing of value of any kind, except as much old furniture as will go in a cart; have the precarious chance of weekly wages, which barely suffice to keep them in health; are housed for the most part in places which no man thinks fit for his horse; are separated by so narrow a margin from destitution that a month of bad trade, sickness or unexpected

loss brings them face to face with hunger and pauperism. And below this normal state of the average workman in town and country there is found the great band of destitute outcasts—the camp-followers of the army of industry—at least one-tenth of the whole proletarian population, whose normal condition is one of sickening wretchedness.

Well, and what follows? A wide-spread discontent with the existing order of things, and with its causes?

AN ENGLISH FAMILY, BRADFORD.

A determination of working Englishmen to be free in reality as well as in name? An upheaval of democracy, momentarily expected, which will level throne and altar, and establish government by the masses instead of by the classes? Not a bit of it. The average British workman is a particularly brutish workman. Give him meat and drink, a wife to kick, and a little money for cards or so-called "sport," and all the fine democratic ideals may go hang.

Like many another, I had taken my ideas of popular aspirations and popular progress from the radical newspapers—*Lloyd's* and *Reynolds's*, *Truth* and the *Daily Chronicle*. I expected to find the working classes ripe for revolution, ready to turn over a new social leaf at a moment's notice. I gave monarchy a few more years while forces were organising, but doubted whether the Duke of York would ever hold the sceptre.

But as soon as I got talking to Englishmen—farmers and miners, shopkeepers and mechanics, the miserable wretch out of the workhouse breaking stones at a shilling a day, and the more miserable wretch within the workhouse fed at a profit on sixpence a day—I found everywhere, not loyalty indeed, but the most dismal apathy. Passive endurance, we are told, is the Englishman's strong point. I should rather think it is. Here is a poor devil of a farm labourer in Essex supporting a wife and family of seven on 13s. a week—made 17s. by the added labour of the wife and oldest boy. His house is little better than a pig-sty, his intelligence a little higher than the pig's, his conception of bliss a full tankard at the public-house. What does he care for social improvement? The squire owns his body as absolutely as if he were an unemancipated Russian serf or Carolina nigger; the parson takes charge of his soul, and preaches obedience and contentment at him every Sunday; the remnant of his Ego (if there is any) which he lords himself is so used to poverty and cramped by ignorance that in its wildest moments (if it has any) it never dreams of revolt.

Despite modern culture and modern progress, the average agricultural labourer in the south of England is not much better than this time-honoured type. The North of England men are of a different breed—sturdier, manlier, more intellectual, more able and willing to fight against the conditions which rank them with mere beasts of labour. Yet even these will never kick against the pricks unless goaded almost to the beast's limit of submission. The patience with which they cling to old ways and old institutions takes a great deal to exhaust. As long as the rulers of England see that their asses' bellies are kept full, there is no fear that they will be thrown from the saddle. Canning's Friend of Humanity would be disgusted as much now as ever with the men "whom no sense of wrong can rouse to justice."

A WINDMILL AT EASTBOURNE.

And it must be remembered that among the barriers to change there is not only London—living largely on the court and aristocracy, and largely influencing the kingdom—but also the whole vast middle

class, who figure to themselves that they have everything to lose and nothing to gain by a radical revolution. Everybody with a leased house or fifty pounds saved is a bulwark of things as they are, and these people are in the majority. The discontented section must remain a small section comparatively. The miners and others who are gathered into trades' unions form the most dangerous element of discord, next to the starving stratum at the bottom and near the bottom of the social ladder; and these are only powerful through organisation, not numerically in proportion to the mass.

So much for the present. Whether free education will alter the future we shall see in the future. There are signs that as knowledge widens, as ambition increases, and the standard of comfort is raised, the labourer will demand a greater and greater share of the wealth which he produces. Many farmers complained to me that things were going from bad to worse. When they were young, the labourer was glad to get a shilling a day and his bit of bread and bacon, together with any language you might choose to fling at him. Now he demands twice as much money, turns up his nose when the bacon is fat, and you have to be careful what you say or he will twist on his heel and off. They stared when I pointed out that these bad signs were the result of the "divine discontent" at the root of progress. No; progress was for the farmer, not for the labourer.

Last year there were 20,000 schools with 5,000,000 children and 100,000 teachers, working under the new system of free national education. The cost to the country was £6,200,000—money provided by the Government. In addition to this, where a board school is established a rate is struck from 6d. to 1s. in the £1 of annual rateable value of property. Parents have thus practically to pay for their children's schooling; but there is some proportion of payment as between rich and poor, and ratepayers who have no children pay just the same. School books and requisites are provided by the boards. The instruction is by no means secular, but is supposed to be unsectarian; that is, the Bible is read, prayers are made, hymns are sung, and scriptural addresses delivered by teachers; but the teaching is moral rather than doctrinal. Being more or less Protestant, however, it gives Roman Catholics ground to clamour for separate schools; while, on the other hand, the friends of the old church schools describe the new system as godless.

SMALL, BUT SOUTHAMPTON.

There can be no question that in method and results the board schools are a great improvement on the church schools, which are gradually disappearing. The board school is better staffed, better administered, and better managed; the church school is too often merely a vehicle for disseminating the educational prejudices of the presiding parson. A great defect of the board school system is the smallness of salaries paid to assistants, on whom the brunt of the work falls. An assistant worth £120 to £150 in Queensland gets from £60 to £80 in England. The headmaster's salary is disproportionate, ranging from £200 upwards in a large school. Poor teachers make poor scholars; and even in England, where competition for intellectual employment is so keen, good men will not work for £70 a year, which is all that most male teachers get after seven years' service.

The Queen, of course, gets more than that. Not receiving an invitation to Windsor, I was glad when chance gave me an opportunity of viewing the good lady and her daughter Beatrice in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. Passing on the top of a Victoria bus, the driver called attention to the pony carriage in the adjacent park, with two ladies inside, a turbaned Indian leading the ponies, and two unturbaned Indians following behind. "There's her Gracious," says he. The chance was not to be missed; so I got down, secured a coign of vantage, and brought my field-glass to bear. Even royalty is circumscribed in London, and

the carriage moved slowly along a hundred yards away among the trees. I had an excellent view. The Queen is simply a fat little, dumpy little, old little woman—that is, her predominant physical characteristics are first littleness, then fatness, then dumpiness, then age. But she does not look old—well-preserved on the contrary, with a good colour and firm flesh. I searched her face for indications of expression, but could find none—simply a well-bred emptiness of all expression whatever.

There was nothing of the "divinity which doth hedge a king." Perhaps queens have no hedge; perhaps the age of divinity is gone with the age of chivalry; perhaps, nay certainly, it would be impossible under any circumstances for such a squat figure to look divine. Anyhow, the queen looked only in perfect bodily health, a good animal, with a certain air of repose and contentment becoming one who has always lived on the best of everything—nothing to do all day and no need to do that unless she likes. Miss Beatrice, on the other hand, looked bored, distinctly bored—which was paying a very poor compliment to the company she was in. She is tall and bony; but almost slight in comparison with her mother, whose fatty envelope is exceptionally thick. Beatrice was in brown, the queen in black, the Indians in white. The procession passed silently, the ladies appearing disinclined for conversation. Then I put up my field-glass, mounted another Victoria bus, and fell to hard thinking.

XXII.—A PEEP AT PARIS.

NOW as regards Paris. Imprimis, Paris is the most beautiful city in the world. This is a judgment in which the critic and the hypercritic concur with the crowd. Dissent has no following. You can only justify heterodoxy by saying that other cities are more beautifully situated—which is admitted; that other cities are larger, which is undisputed; that other cities are more pleasant to live in—which is possible, if doubtful; or by begging the question in a hundred similar ways which readily suggest themselves to the good folk who have brains enough to cavil, but not enough to comprehend.

Paris was always attractive. There was always something about it which other cities lacked—something vaguely tantalising, charmingly elusive, happily unique. Of course, I mean happily—happily; not happily—happily. Yet it is questionable if the world is wide enough for two Parises. One we must have, or where would the pious, the respectable father of an English family go for his annual or semi-annual bout of dissipation, returning a fresh and vigorous pillar of morality to the snug little, smug little island?

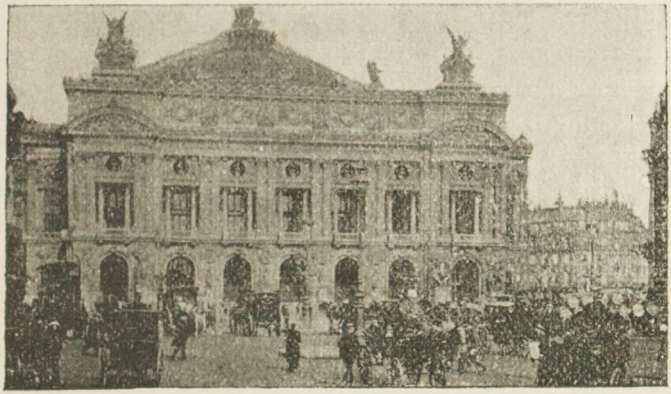
"Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris." Good Englishman are more sensible—they go while they live. Piety pays, but palls; you cannot remain

eternally on your knees before divinity, with the world, the flesh, and the devil at five and a-half hours' distance across the channel. Ascetic priests, in a suitable environment, develop into delightfully jolly dogs; even a Scotch minister is quite another man away from the manse; so why should not the most assiduous chanter of responses, the solemnest of plate-handing elders, drop his mask occasionally and fling a gay leg in sympathy with the gay Parisiens and -ennes.

There is really no opposing reason of more than nominal validity; so it is a pity that the holiday Englishman generally out-Herods Herod, and indulges in bêtises and cochonneries which Parisians themselves have no stomach for. "In what horrible hypocrisy you English must live," said a Frenchman to me, "when we see such a frightful recoil here." I hastened to deny the soft impeachment. It is not pleasant to be thought an English tourist in Paris; for you are despised by decent people as one who puts a premium upon indecency. It is a fact that the worst exhibitions of vice in Paris are patronised almost exclusively by Englishmen, following in the wake of the Prince of Wales, whose little eccentricities, I was assured, Zola has only too truthfully chronicled in "Nana." The English hotels are infested by pimps and panders; vendors of salacious commodities, with one eye on the gendarme, have always the other on an English traveller; in a print-shop, disclose that you are English, and straightway the ordinary wares are

swept aside, and the dealer displays the choicest products of continental fancy, with a "Voilà, Monsieur, all ze Anglais zey buy zese."

But we were speaking of the beauties of Paris. Most of them are quite recent. In one sense, to be sure, beauties must be recent. Ninon de l'Enclos et Cie., who were adored and adorable as grandmothers—or at the grandmotherly age—cannot claim to be typical. The luxuriant ideals of French figure-painters



THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.

are always of a certain age—that is to say, of a fixed youth. French figure-painters dislike drapery, and a grandmother in the nude is impossible. So the beauty which turns all heads in the Rue de Rivoli or the Rue de la Paix is inevitably under thirty, with a dress put on as dresses are put on only in Paris, the daintiest of boots and gloves, and the right hand

lifting a section of the skirt to an average height of eighteen inches from the pavement. As Paris pavements are clean, the admiring stranger generally places this display of embroidery to coquetry account. But I fancy it is merely a habit, a tradition; since even little minxes of a dozen years, with no skirt worth mentioning, gravely or gaily imitate their mothers to the best of their inability.

As to the artificial beauties of Paris (though the adjective does not imply a wholly satisfactory demarcation), Napoleon le Petit, in spite of the vigorous abuse which he gets and deserves, takes credit for quite a number of them. At least, it was his right-hand man, Baron Haussmann, who conceived and effected the boulevards, the Avenue de l'Opera, the "star" which makes the Arc de Triomphe so impressive, and other improvements which have transformed the modern city. Old Paris was not always good to look upon. New Paris has its weak places still, but they do not attract attention. The fine buildings are really fine and numerous; the Seine is kept trim and pleasant, there are many trees and open spaces; the lighting, draining, cleansing, are admirably done; there is life, sunshine, gaiety; and all these things contribute to the irresistible charm of Paris.

Seen from the Eiffel Tower, the white stone of which the city is chiefly built gives it an air of purity in strong contrast to the murkiness of London.

White stone or black, indeed—it is all the same to London, where even the snow is only white by courtesy. But Paris keeps its colour better. There is less fog and smoke to reckon with; and fog and smoke play sad pranks with architectural embellishments. It is grievous to see how quickly the beautiful mouldings and carvings put into good London buildings choke and disappear in a dead and dirty level of black slime. More grievous to think that human beings are choking and disappearing in the same fashion. The London death-rate is not unduly high, indeed, in comparison with other cities; but then it is lowered continually by the influx of fresh young lives from the country. Left to themselves, Londoners would soon cease to exist. As it is, they are noticeably stunted and weak.

Of course, they are precocious in proportion. I had thought that their precocity was sometimes allied with mental power; but "Cynicus" has told me No, on the whole. "The best men in every profession come from the country. London is a stimulus to them; but they must have the rural blood and brain to work upon." "Cynicus," of course, is a man to know, and an artist in the future to be noted. A wee Scotchman, all the way frae Aberdeen, he has fought from poverty, through hardship, up to success undoubted, though he is and will remain an artistic Ishmaelite. There is another Aberdonian in Queensland not unlike him in appearance—Wallace Nelson, the

freethought lecturer. Both have big luminous brown eyes, a shock of rusty black hair, a fringe of reddish-brown beard, and a general air of standing five foot nothing in their stockings. From a whilom fish shop in a Drury-lane slum, Martin Anderson (to give "Cynicus" his due by baptism and inheritance) wages war to the palette-knife with cant, sham, falsehood and tyranny. He is his own publisher, and adorns his art with poetry of his own composition. His pictures "must be seen to be appreciated"—or, at any rate they should be seen. In the twenty-eight miles of canvas which weary one at the Louvre, I found nothing to impress me like the tiny sketches at the Drury-lane fish shop. Raphael and Murillo were to me creators of coloured prettinesses—marvellously pretty prettinesses if you will, but the merest sound and fury of art, signifying nothing in particular. In London and Paris the bare backs and hungry stomachs strike one painfully. I do not see how hordes of

saints in brown and yellow, or Madonnas and children in red and blue, are going to clothe the one or fill the other.

Having said so much, it is necessary to prepare for the cavalry of possible retort and deduction. Is it the office of art, of music, of literature, to play to the pit of vulgar appetites? Does man live by bread alone? or by bread and breeks together? Come, how do "A Queenslander's Travel-Notes" fill stomachs or clothe backs, for example? To the last query, I might reply that these modest contributions to tourist literature help in a small way to supply the wants indicated for their author. Doubtless Titian and Velasquez profited in the same manner. Their art to them was bread and cheese—macaroni and velvet mantles; and the dealers who have trafficked in their works have all made ends meet more nearly for the traffic. But the object of this "barbaric yawp" is not to decry art, but to insist upon the superiority of art with a meaning apart from the art, with brains and thought at the back of it. Now this is the art

HOME, SWEET HOME.

of "Cynicus." Brevity is its soul, as may be seen from the three illustrations given. In the fewest possible lines he satirises folly and wrong with the greatest effect. The effect is due in the first place to truth, and in the second place to genius. The combination has never yet failed to be irresistible—in the long run of humanity. As for the short run of the man—does it matter much?

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

These seductive parentheses! Looking backward, the Eiffel tower is the last landmark of Paris I can see. There is really none more striking. The committee of the new international exhibition, which is to astonish the world in 1900, regard the Eiffel tower as a blot on the landscape, and would like to remove it if they could. I am pleased to say they cannot. For if objectionable, the tower is only objectionable in the sense that it dwarfs and trivialises everything near it—the Trocadéro, the Invalides, Paris herself. Comparatively, the Eiffel tower is too high for the company it keeps. Positively, it is a wonderful monument of human skill. Its union of strength and grace is little short of miraculous. The full height is 985 feet, and from the

top platform you see for fifty miles around. The ascent is made by lifts at a charge of 1s. 6d. on Sundays and holidays, 3s. at other times. Arrived, you find a post office in the clouds, shops and refreshment bars at a height above the work-a-day world sacred hitherto to birds and balloons. Paris is a large, irregular splash; the Seine a silver ribbon; men and women specks and spots beneath you. (And Sir Edward

IN THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

Watkin's rival tower near London, steadily being built, is to be still greater and taller!) I saw with interest the large sheets of white paper hung at each corner of the platform for visitors to scrawl names and impressions on. This is to prevent the woodwork being cut and defaced by the inevitable English. You are told that the sheets of paper are taken down as filled and deposited in the archives of France. Believing

this, 'Arry and 'Arriet makes their marks as requested, and leave the woodwork alone. But are the sheets of paper really placed in the archives? Now, what a question to ask!

The Eiffel tower was erected by a private company, whose enterprise has earned a rich reward. It is built on public ground, and becomes the property of the city of Paris in 20 years, reckoning from the Exposition year. But it repaid its cost during the Exposition, and the takings since have been clear profit. There is a good deal of loss connected with most public structures in Paris. You are shown a magnificent building with a magnificent hole in the side of it. Why? you ask. "Oh, that was done by the Communists." It seems that the Communists amused themselves by blowing up churches and palaces all over the city. In some cases the damage has been repaired; in other cases there was nothing left to repair. The next Commune will doubtless spoil the dividends drawn from the Eiffel tower.

The drives planned by various tourist agents are well adapted for those who wish to see a great deal in a little time. In four days you can get an idea of the chief objects of interest at Paris, Versailles, and Fontainebleau, thus laying the foundation of knowledge upon which it is easy by one's self to erect a superstructure. I found the show places rather wearisome, with notable exceptions; but the manners and customs of the people full of interest and charm. One sees elsewhere nothing at all like the Halles of a morning, the

Champs Elysées in the evening, Longchamps on a Sunday afternoon, or the Parisians themselves all the time. Then the galleries, and the churches, and the theatres, *and* the balls—particularly the balls. If the quadrille au Moulin Rouge were sandwiched between ministerial addresses at Queensland tea-meetings, the admission charge could be raised three hundred per cent., and

FRENCH SCHOOLBOYS DRILLING.

church debts would disappear in the twinkling of a surplice. But the Australian Angelina is too stiff to poise herself on one foot and elevate the other at right angles to meet a third foot similarly stretched, while Edwin and Co. dance gaily through the avenue of arches formed by half a hundred limber ladies' legs. Perhaps things will improve when we get Federation.

XXIII.—A LOOK AT LONDON.

PARIS is rightly praised, and yet it is a pleasure to return to London. There is a sanity, a strength about the English character which one misses across the channel. Superficially, the advantage is all with the French. In Paris you meet polished courtesy; in London only rough civility. Paris is refined, London is vulgar; Paris is bright, London dull; Paris is natural and elegant, London pompous and hypocritical. Yet there seems to be more depth in the Londoner than in the Parisian; he is not so far developed, but he has greater capacity for development. I like his sturdy maleness, though it issues in brutality and crime; the Frenchman is female rather, and tends to vice.

This contrast, of course, must be made with numerous and necessary reservations. I do think that the opposition between crime and vice typifies to some extent the opposition between English and French. Yet the vice of England is none the less appalling. In London alone there are said to be 60,000 women who professionally parade the streets. The English law, deliberately ignoring facts and refusing to regulate an evil which it cannot prevent, makes this parade compulsory. In Paris, vice is not encouraged to flaunt in the highways. In London, from dusk to midnight, there are thoroughfares where you are accosted every few yards: when

the restaurants and public-houses close at half-past twelve, the Piccadilly pavement is so thronged with women as to be almost impassable. This spectacle is London's peculiar boast.

The lounges of the music halls are notorious places of assignation. These halls, though comparatively recent institutions, are rapidly superseding the old-fashioned theatres. As I write, there are only two variety plays running in London; the rest are all variety entertainments, or farcical comedies, or musical and spectacular pieces. The bulk of Londoners have neither the wish nor the capacity to enjoy a good play. They want amusement which exacts no intellectual effort, and the music-hall gives it to them. Paris sets a far higher theatrical standard. Frederic Harrison was complaining the other day that the educational function of the drama was almost at an end, so far as thoughtful men were concerned. The plays produced rarely attracted intelligent people. Doubtless Mr. Harrison is right.

Henry Irving, who, in spite of mannerisms, is undeniably a fine actor, makes the Lyceum an exception to this criticism. Beerbohm Tree is doing his best to make the Haymarket another exception. In "The Tempter," a remarkable and greatly daring play by Henry Jones, there is food for thought as well as high dramatic interest. "The Tempter" is none other than the old original Father of Evil, and the play is a satirical psychological study of human

nature under temptations, hitting slyly at the crude conceptions of popular theology. The ending is weak, but until the end attention never flags. The close of Act 2 is especially striking. A young man and a young woman are mutually attracted. She retires to rest. Her maid, also attracted in a humbler sphere, steals out to a midnight appointment, and leaves the key of her mistress's chamber with the Tempter, who for the nonce is disguised as a wandering minstrel. In comes the young man. The Tempter plays with the key. "What key is that?" "It is the key of her room." "Give it to me!" "No." Evasion stimulates eagerness. The Tempter pretends to fall asleep. The key drops from his fingers. The lover watches, listens, seizes it, and exit. The Tempter, coming forward and rising to his full satanic height: "And then they blame *me!*" Curtain.

A STREET ARAB.

"The Tempter" rivals "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" for the distinction of being the most notable play London has seen for many seasons. No other current for a long time past can be mentioned in the same breath with them. "Utopia Limited," Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera, is fairly sung and

splendidly mounted at the Savoy, but both music and libretto are poor in comparison with the authors' previous efforts. The satire on English institutions, had Mr. Gilbert dared, could have been made really effective; but of course it would not pay to dare. Covent Garden Opera is as well produced as the Grand Opera at Paris; but lavish expenditure cannot buy the Paris audience. That marble staircase, decorated with a crowd of the most elegant men and women in the world, is a unique accessory.

Perhaps the deficiencies of stage drama have aided the rise and progress of dramatic religion, of which Dr. Parker, at the City Temple, is the chief London exponent. Before going to hear this gentleman I had heard a great deal about him. When I went to hear him, I heard a great deal more. He talked about himself in the first person, in the second person, and in the third person; but he talked about no other person. There were imaginary colloquies between Dr. Parker and his critics, between Dr. Parker and his conscience, between Dr. Parker and his audience; but Dr. Parker was always the hero of his own story. He filled the canvas, comprised the epic, monopolised the limelight.

His address on this particular Thursday was an attack on some obscure persons who, one gathered incidentally, had commented adversely on the purple patches of his peculiar eloquence. Much cheap antithetical scorn was wasted on these scoffers, to the

accompaniment of gesticulation which would make the fortune of a marionette. He spoke very slowly. "I have no fault (hands clasped in front) to find (one hand raised above head) with omniscience (right fore finger in left palm, head forward), but (head thrown suddenly back, arms dashed out upwards, paunch protruded) I cannot (arms lowered slowly) reconcile myself (arms akimbo) to omnescience (head lowered to level of desk and waggled vigorously, shoulders shrugged, deprecating palms turned outwards). And so on, with an occasional "dinging the guts out of blue flees" which made the pulpit shake.

The congregation was principally city men continually coming and going. A ripple of smiles and chuckles marked each point made. It is still a novelty for a Londoner to hear jokes cracked in a church, and he is grateful accordingly. Londoners are particularly grateful for sunshine. Passing the past exceptional summer, sunshine is rather rare in London, and they prize it proportionally. On every day that looks as if it had the remotest shadow of a ghost of an intention to turn out fine, the Londoner carries a cane. He would never be so rude as to arm himself with an umbrella unless in the last resort. The ladies are as courteous as the gentlemen. Spring and summer do not always make their appearance in London when the calendar proclaims them due; but the fashions follow a regular course independently of the weather. "This bleak, miserable day does not feel like summer,

it is true; still, it should be summer, in spite of appearances—I must be dressed accordingly." So woollen gives way to muslin, even though the muslin hides under a waterproof.

Positivism does not hide under a waterproof, nor its light under a bushel; its trumpet is blown as loudly as possible; yet, somehow, it does not attract. It attracted me, certainly, to Fetter Lane, E.C., where a little flock is gathered every Sunday evening; but I came away with the impression that there is more than a suspicion of child's play about "the religion of humanity." In fact, Auguste Comte seems to have done his best to represent in his new faith the tinsel, theatrical side of the French character. Positivism merely gives new lamps for old ones; and, as in Aladdin's case, it does not appear that the new lamp is any better than the old. We exchange one priesthood for another priesthood, one set of saints for another set of saints, one collection of fetish formulæ for another collection of fetish formulæ. In the abstract, Comte's philosophy seems sound on the whole; but his conceptions have lost strength and dignity in reduction to concrete practice.

Already ritual plays a prominent part in the new religion. Positivists appear just as unable to dispense with an outward and visible sign of their inward and spiritual ideal as are any image-adoring votaries of older creeds. A host of queer little four-inch idols in the Fetter-lane hall strikes one with a curious

atavistic feeling of familiarity. You seem to dimly remember having danced round a painted post and prayed to something similar far away in the prehistoric past. Comte's stress on the known and natural, as opposed to the supernatural and guessed-at, commends itself at once; there is something to be said for his view that man needs to worship, and that it is more sensible to worship humanity than any of humanity's self-created divinities; but a nemesis of ludicrous triviality has followed the attempt to thicken the subtleties of faith for vulgar comprehension.

The ordinary London sights are disappointing. The Tower, Madame Tussaud's, and the rest, are simply places to be bored in, unless one makes them a study instead of a sight. Among the exceptions I would put Covent Garden market—a charming scene in the early morning. The site is in the heart of London; and practically all London's fruit, flowers, and vegetables pass through the market, which is owned solely by the Duke of Bedford. His collectors stand at the gates and levy a cash toll on every barrow-load, every basket-full, which enters for sale. The show of flowers is superb; the fruit is splendid. I tried to learn what chance there is for the development of Australian trade, but answers were discouraging. Cape Colony, to be sure, has revolutionised the fruit market within the last two years; but Australia is so much further away.

"Couldn't we send you pines?" I asked a leading fruiterer. "They won't keep unless you send them green," was the reply; "and people won't buy them unless you send them ripe. That pine," pointing to a good one worth from 1s. to 2s. retail in Brisbane, "I sell for 7s. It comes from St. Michael, in the Azores. The grower might get 2s. 6d. for his labour. But I have them at 3s. and 4s., fairly good. Others come from the West Indies in thousands, and are sold from 3d. to 6d. to costers, who retail them at 1d. per slice. These are good pines, but picked green, as yours would be." "Yet," said I, "if a first-class pine, which you can sell from 6s. to 7s., can be produced in Australia with a good profit for 6d. to 1s.; there ought to be margin enough to pay expenses." "Yes, if you can deliver them prime. I don't think you can. And you must remember that pines are not a popular fruit. Only rich people buy them. The market is very limited." "But if the price could be reduced?" "Even then, I don't think they would sell."

This was disheartening. I asked about oranges, to learn that London is so cheaply and plentifully supplied already, that, unless sent between the seasons, there is no possible market. In peaches and nectarines something might be done. Apples? No. Grapes? For answer I was taken to a large grower's at Cheshunt, where they showed me scores of glass-houses, full of delicious grapes—Gros Colman, Muscatel,

and others—which would be worth from 1s. to 2s. per lb. in Australia. They can be grown to pay the grower at 1s. 6d., and retail from 2s. upwards. The result is that they are beating the inferior Spanish grapes—themselves by no means bad—out of the market. Yet thousands of barrels of Spanish grapes are imported annually still, and sold retail from 6d. per lb. upwards. These are good sound fruit, worth about the same money retail in Brisbane. Tinned grapes are obtainable from 9d. to 1s.; tinned pines, from Singapore, at 6d. to 7½d.

Altogether, the result of my enquiries went to show that except in small parcels, at particular seasons, Australia can do little with the English fruit trade. And yet I was not convinced.

XXIV.—THE FIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THEY told me the House of Commons was dull. Dull! They told me it was decorous. Decorous!! They said it was dignified. Dignified!!! Is a dog-fight dignified? Is a cat-fight decorous? Is a cock-fight dull? For then, and so, and on such terms only, is the British House of Commons dull, and dignified, and decorous.

There is a Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, but I was an undistinguished stranger, distinguishable from other strangers in the undistinguished gallery only by the trembling reverence with which I took my seat. This, then, was the historic Chamber which, as I chose to imagine, had echoed the tramp of Cromwell's soldiery, had resounded with the thunderous eloquence of Pitt and the subtle ironies of Disraeli, had witnessed the expulsion of Bradlaugh, had given birth to event after event of supreme significance in the world's progress.

This was the hall where—yes, there was Gladstone, there was Balfour, there was man after man whose name is a household word wherever the English tongue is spoken. And my unimportance could gaze its fill at this assembly of heroes, with curiosity unrebuked, sanctioned, even welcomed! Let me abase myself.

See! who rises to speak? A thin, pale, erect man, in a long frock coat, with high collar, a sneer on his

lip, and a gorgeous blossom at his button-hole. It is a quarter to ten, and Mr. Chamberlain is to utter the final protest of the Conservatives against the application of the closure on the financial clauses of the Home Rule Bill. There is no time for argument, but there is time to level taunt after taunt at the Liberals, and Mr. Chamberlain is a master of taunts. The Gladstonian ranks writhe at his references to their leader. "You have made a blind surrender of judgment and reason. He calls a thing black, and you say Good! He calls it white, and you say Better! It is the voice of a god. Never since the days of King Herod——"

Then there comes a pealing cry of "Judas! Judas! Judas!" and all at once is uproar. It is ten o'clock, time to divide, but the chairman sits nervous and anxious, the embodiment of indecision. The division bell rings, but only the Liberals obey it. The Conservatives keep their seats, and yell for an apology from the Judas-shouter. There is a babel of voices instructing poor, hesitating Mr. Mellor what to do. A Gladstonian member, Mr. Logan, walks to the middle of the floor and stands gesticulating. A hundred Conservatives proclaim that he commits a breach of order, and angrily shout to him to sit down. He sits down, but—horror! —on the front Opposition bench, reserved for whilom Cabinet Ministers—and he a private member and a supporter of the Government! It is sacrilege surpassed! At once a dozen wrathy Conservative hands thrust him from his bad eminence, and he tumbles on

the floor. Then—ah, then!—I must borrow from the report of the proceedings of the society upon the Stanislow—

> Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
> A chunk of old, red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
> And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
> And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.
>
> For in less time than I tell it all the members did engage
> In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age,
> And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
> Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

Omit the fossils, insert fists, and Truthful James has pictured to a T the fight in the House of Commons. It was simply grand. Talk about Corbett and Mitchell, Jackson and Slavin—bah! You should have seen big Colonel Saunderson hitting five ways at once, with two men kicking him in the neck, another poking him in the stomach, and half-a-dozen more pulling at his coat-tails! There were fully fifty members rough-and-tumbling on the floor, with silk hats and bad language flying in all directions like dishonored pro. notes on the 4th of the month. It was a lovely struggle. One for your smeller! Here's at your bingey! Puff—pant—scrimmage—scrummage—swear! You never knew who hit you, and you just had to hit the fellow in front, and trust to Providence to send the blow home to the right party. Very unscientific, to be sure! I pined for Haynes or Jack Hamilton. The distinguished strangers stood up and hissed, but we of the undistinguished mob cheered 'em on. We knew this show was for one

night only, and wanted an encore before the performers left the stage. And the Chairman sat tremblingly ejaculating "Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" But, bless you! they didn't mind *him!*

It was all over in five minutes. Then the Speaker came in, and explanation followed explanation, and excuse faltered after excuse, and the naughty boys hung down their heads in shame, and then the veil dropped gently over "this discreditable scene." But will I ever again thrill with awe at the hoary traditions of the British House of Commons?

Nary thrill.

XXV.—LONDON TO SYDNEY.

AT the end of travel-time tether, I took ship at London for Australia, choosing the Orient Company's Ormuz to carry Cæsar and his portmanteaux. The choice was chiefly a matter of convenience, but partly also of principle—that is, I preferred the Orient line to the P. and O. because it is to Australian interest to encourage competition and white labour as compared with monopoly and black labour. Of course, there were the German line and the French line to be considered—each offering excellent accommodation; there was the Queensland mail line; there were the other lines which do not take the Suez route. But sailing dates did not suit; I wished to be back by Christmas; and the Ormuz practically selected itself. I had no reason for regret, and the voyage was in every respect enjoyable.

Stoppages, to coal or to receive and deliver mails, are made at Gibraltar, Naples, Port Said, Suez, and Colombo. Then there is a ten-day run to Albany, and after Albany time flies. Six weeks seems a long space when one steps aboard the vessel; but it quickly passes. You find a preventative of ennui in variety of occupations, and my days were all too short for books, chess, cards, and conversation. The ship is a microcosm which you study at leisure, with

profit. Young folk off to Australia for the first time, full of gay dreams of the golden land; old folk whose dreams have long since changed to sad or satisfactory realities; folk who seek health, folk who seek wealth, folk bent on pleasure, folk intent on business; a motley crowd, with motley motives, motley thoughts, motley habits; yourself one of the crowd, weighing and measuring, smiling and frowning, watching character develop new traits at every moment; what could be more interesting, less monotonous?

SEEN AT PORT SAID.

Yet people yawned and gambled, as people will, afloat and ashore, who cling to the rut and lack adaptability. These greeted Naples and Colombo with peculiar pleasure. At Gibraltar there is no time to go ashore. You gaze from the anchorage at the Rock, remembering its history of romance and terror with the aid of a Drinkwater in tatters, which fifty eager hands are clutching at; the yellow town lies at

the water's edge, seen through the masts of the Mediterranean squadron; the decks are packed by passengers chaffering for fruit and tobacco with the sirens in the shore-boats; the sun sets in a golden haze, one by one the lights start out on the land, and presently the ship slides around the breakwater into the night and the Mediterranean. At Port Said you have four hours while coaling proceeds—time to walk round the flat and dirty township and inspect Egyptian interiors where filth ranges the gamut from grotesque to picturesque and back again.

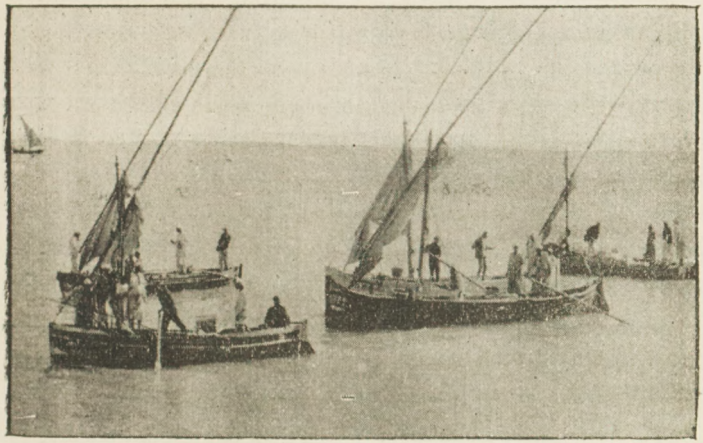
But at Naples there is a long day, and at Colombo a short one, with plenty of room to be wearied into a sense of home-coming relief when the ship is sighted returning. The bay of Naples is really charming. Comparison with "our beautiful harbour" at Sydney is difficult, since the bay has no diversity of cove and island to add to its charm. But its semi-circular sweep is magnificent; the hills are a grave and splendid setting to the gem; Vesuvius in the background is a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night; the white city (to use Gautier's simile in "Jettatura") is like a sea nymph reclined to rest after bathing; and water and sky have a tint and lustre rarely combined even in Australia. Under the moonlight the scene would move a butcher to poetry. Guitars and mandolins tinkle in the distance; the outline of the shore, now light, now shadow, is faintly seen from the anchorage; the wavelets ripple and

shimmer, lapping the vessel's side; Vesuvius glows with sombre menace; and a dim, pathetic stink glides softly over the water to salute the nostrils of the stranger.

As you approach the shore, the stink widens and deepens and thickens. If there is any drainage system, it works no more than the lazzaroni—handsome, olive-skinned rascals who bask in the sunlight and daunt every impulse to effort with an epicurean *Cui bono?* Occasionally fried fish, or garlic, or garbage predominates in the collection of stenches which unite to make Naples maladorous, but these threads are woven on a dull background of miasma defying analysis or identification, The upper town is less smellful than the lower; you "breathe when you will diviner air where Orpheus and where Homer are"—in the shape of hand-organs playing the latest London craze. For Naples depends a good deal on the English tourists who regularly winter in the south of Italy. Their manners are disliked, but their money is worshipped. An English family will spend more in three months than a Neapolitan family of the same rank in a year. It is respected and humoured accordingly.

There are a number of stock sights—the museum, the king's palace, the churches, and so on—all well worth a visit; but the chief sight is Pompeii, the city of the dead, half risen from its grave, and with the grave-clothes still about it. Pompeii from Naples is a pleasant drive of two hours and a-half, behind horses

which seem ready to drop from weakness, and which nevertheless maintain a smart trot the whole of the distance. It is considered unnecessary to feed horses in Naples—indeed, the charges, 2s. per hour for a two-horse waggonette to hold six, would not admit of expensive feeding—and the manner in which bags of old



SNAPPED AT SUEZ.

bones are hurled along by whip and curses would surprise an Australian cabby. The streets are narrow, the buildings tall and white; the lava pavements are lined by vendors of all kinds of dirty edibles; chatter and laughter are unceasing; the people pose and drape as if for a picture; and at a distance everything is delightful. Even close, if you try hard you need not hold your nose.

Pompeii is like a town of one-storey stone houses with all the roofs off, half the walls gone, and the remaining walls gaily painted and decorated. The streets are mere lanes, all lava-paved, marked by the wheel-ruts of eighteen centuries ago. You see naughty words scribbled on the walls, the marks of cups on the drinking counters, the ashes of fires in the hearths. There are amphitheatre, theatres, forum, baths, temples—all strange, all wonderful. Most strange and wonderful is the museum of relics, with casts of the bodies found in the ruins—poor contorted men and women, with hands clenched and limbs convulsed in the last agony. To think that these figures of terror are the merry Pompeians who laughed and quaffed with a zest that modern pleasure-seekers vainly long for! Such a death of such a life! You look up—Vesuvius still frowns on high, seeming to remember the past and threaten the future. It is hard not to shudder.

Colombo is more cheerful. It is not unlike Honolulu in its tropical luxuriance of flowers and foliage. Visitors are expected to take a conventional drive to the museum, the cinnamon gardens, and the Buddhist temples; and nobody regrets having satisfied the conventions. You meet something novel and fascinating at every instant—the bare brown legs of a jinricksha-man, twinkling along at six miles an hour and a penny a mile; a baby in burnt umber, marvellously podgy, carrying another baby astraddle on on its hip; a group of washermen, up to their waists in the lake,

or beating coat and petticoat with unmerciful sticks; a grove of cocoanuts, and high-perched climbers flinging down the fruit; glaring sunlight baulked by a cool verandah, where a woman sings a cradle-song to her sleeping child;—attractions jostle for attention. It would be so pleasant to spend a week here—and the steamer goes at ten; there's the whistle!

So on to Albany, which has a real Australian look refreshing to the wanderer's eye. There is a fine harbour, far extending, well sheltered, but lacking depth; a town to hold 2000 people, with wide streets and great spaces, an air of depression, few vehicles, rare passengers, and empty pubs. Like the rest of us, Albany waits sadly for something to turn up. It has had its boom, and has its reaction. Yet building sites are still quoted up to £10 a foot, and you breathe a familiar atmosphere of overdrafts. Some miners and carriers came aboard, returning to Adelaide from the gold districts of Coolgardie and vicinity. They all told the same tale—good prospects, no water. Some were going back in April or May, at the wet season. But it is a rough journey and a rough locality. "Little to eat, less to drink, and a hell of a place anyhow!" summed up one man frankly enough. So he is giving New Australia preference.

And then Adelaide, another clean sandstone city, liker Brisbane than Sydney or Melbourne, though like and unlike all. Adelaide has rather the air of a township than a city, the buildings mostly satisfying

themselves with one storey and rarely exceeding two. Then it is a comparatively small place, Adelaide proper, though it straggles all the way down to the Port, seven miles off, through a series of small suburbs. Rather hot in the summer, but with a direct, calm, shimmering heat which is rarely to be denominated muggy. The Botanical and Zoological Gardens are commonplace places, lacking distinction and scenic effect, which a flat site indeed makes unattainable; but trees and flowers are well grown and kept, and good to wander or rest among. Vineyards and olive gardens lie in the shadow of the Mount Lofty ranges, just behind the town.

IN NATIONAL PARK, N.S.W.

Afterwards Melbourne—marvellous Melbourne—now duller than Yarra ditchwater, bewailing in sackcloth and ashes the boom of other days. The current event

of importance was the Speight *v.* Syme case, with Purves cataloguing the iniquities of the unlucky Commissioner—"fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen from his high estate." For the rest there were stock sights, already seen, and with the gloss of novelty gone. And everybody was anxious to get home for Christmas, so there was small sorrow when after two days' rest, with thinned ranks, we resumed the voyage, and presently landed in Sydney.

XXVI.—POSTSCRIPT—CHIEFLY PERSONAL.

IN nine months I had seen a good deal of America, something of Canada, much of Wales and England, and a little of Scotland and France. Naturally there was not much time for repose, and I was glad at length to set a term to travel, conscious of meriting Matthew Arnold's reproof of those

> Who see all sights from pole to pole,
> And glance, and nod, and bustle by,
> Yet never once possess their soul
> Before they die.

But it was pleasant, very pleasant. So much kindness I met, so much courtesy and consideration. Friends abounded, and a welcome was never wanting. When I think of all the honest hands I have grasped, all the steady eyes that have looked into mine, all the children who have run to my knee for a story about 'possums and native bears, I feel what the French call *un serrement de cœur*, which means something like a grip at your heart-strings, though I *have* heard it translated "a hearty oath."

Of course there were occasional smiles. Wild kangaroos shall not drag from me the name of the lady who, when travel-stained and weary I had accepted the maid's invitation to cross her threshold, lifted up her voice and said: "Now, Jane, haven't I told you never to let any of those men into the hall? Send him round to the back at once." Then stepping forward and seeing more distinctly: "Oh dear, Sir, I'm so sorry, but I took you for an onion-man from Normandy. They wear hats just like yours."

And it was true enough. I saw several of the French hawkers who cross the channel laden with long strings of onions, and do their best to persuade English housewives that the worse is the better article; and they certainly wore hats very much like mine—an old Terai sun-hat bought at Cairns, which I had vainly tried to duplicate in New York and London. Of course I kept up the joke.

His countenance was pale and wan,
Poor, poor Australian.
His step upon her step was faint,
His chapeau rather queer than quaint,
He was a lily lacking paint—
Poor, poor Australian.
Beersheba had he seen, and Dan,
Poor, poor Australian.

She took him for an onion-man,
Poor, poor Australian.
An onion-man from Normandy,
Of wile and guile so full and free;
Was it for this he crossed the sea?
Poor, poor Australian.
Great Kangaroo! an onion-man!
Poor, poor Australian.

The hat indeed, was a great attraction everywhere. No one had ever seen anything like it. Visiting friends, perhaps, I would hang it up in the hall, and we would go into the drawing-room and talk about prohibition, or the price of wheat, or the McKinley tariff, or Australia, or gran' ministers, as the case might be. Presently one of the family would go out, return with seven volumes of mystery written in her face, and beckon out another and another until I was left

almost alone, with a solitary vis-a-vis itching to follow the rest, but detained by politeness. Then I would hear a discussion proceeding in whispers in the hall as the hat was taken down and scrutinised, and the absentees would one by one re-enter, treading softly, and peering hard when they thought I wasn't looking to ascertain what manner of man it was that wore such a remarkable hat. A hole in the top excited particular curiosity. How did it get there? Was it always there? Did every Australian wear a hole in the top of his hat? Then I had to explain with great circumstance how, like the great Panjandrum, I had once a little round button on the top, and how, riding on the Herberton coach, we jolted over a stump and the button flew off into the scrub, leaving a gap which had never been filled. Then they would all go out and take another look at the hat.

In some places, the mere fact that I was an Australian brought me fame as great as Mr. Gladstone's. "Have you seen the Australian?" inevitably followed the preliminary remarks on the weather and the crops. It was a point of honour to see me, a reproach not to have seen me: who had not seen me had not lived. Occasionally people with relatives in Australia would make a pilgrimage of thirty or forty miles to enquire when I had seen their friends last, and how they were getting on. Do what I would, I could not get out of some heads the idea that Australia was as big as a good-sized parish—a place where everybody

knew everybody else, and and all the whites had perforce to keep friendly for mutual protection against the blacks and kangaroos. The kangaroos, as indefinite monsters of alarming fierceness, were generally considered rather worse than the blacks. When such folk came hungering for bread in the shape of details of the vie intime of their sisters and cousins and aunts, and got stones in the shape of facts about area and distance, they were generally disappointed. And then they blamed me.

One has to pass many things, though it is better and cheaper to stay to see them, when time permits. Roaming from place to place, you can live and enjoy on £1 a day; resting economically, 10s. a day suffices if one is inclined or compelled. I think most middle-class travellers would agree with this estimate of cost. Of course, you can live for less, of course you can spend more; but in the one case there must be omissions and grievances which it is worth the money to avoid, in the other case there are superfluities which it is worth the money to dispense with. Copper and gold are unwise and unnecessary extremes; the silver mean is really the golden mean.

Travelling to see sights and people, there is more for an Australian's money in Europe than in Britain or America. More, in a sense, that is—which sense the reader's sense must scent. Italy, France, Spain are novel and charming, and their novelty is their charm. England and the States are more on the lines

we know; their attraction is kindred to, not dissimilar from, the attractions to which we are accustomed. And as it is change which makes travel delightful, and monotony which makes it wearisome, the discreet voyager will seek the one and shun the other—always in our sense, that is. In England you are in a different country; in France you are in a different world. An Italian beggar may not be a more worthy or estimable person than an English one, but he is infinitely more picturesque. Since you have to pay your money, it is as well to take your choice.

One thing the wayfarer should not forget to pack with his portmanteau is a supply of good yarns—whether fact or fiction matters little provided they are of "strong human interest." I dare say Othello drew somewhat on his imagination when witching Desdemona with those tales of

> Antres vast and deserts idle,
> The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

But the lady liked them none the worse because they were a trifle apocryphal—or, as we say nowadays, American. (The yarns in the Apocrypha are much the best in the Bible.) Besides, an Australian has all such matter ready to his hand. There are antres vast enough at Jenolan and Chillagoe; deserts idle enough in the land-boom allotment estates of five provinces; and there is no disputing the anthropophagourmetrical attributes of a North Queensland alligator (it is the

fault of the awkward English language that this little word is so big). As for the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, any Australian Parliament can supply greater marvels in the shape of men without any heads at all, who nevertheless think what they call thoughts, speak what they call speeches, and drink what is indubitably Scotch whisky at a refreshment-bar.

But, as a successful tourist, who has returned not spick, not span, not spotless, but blithe and gay, ruddier than a cherry, with appetite tremendous, I can wish nothing better to succeeding tourists than this: that they meet as kind friends, as warm hospitality, as unselfish courtesy, as I have met in every household, and in every town, and in every country. And so,

VALETE OMNES.

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