

America

Old and New

J. Nelson Fraser

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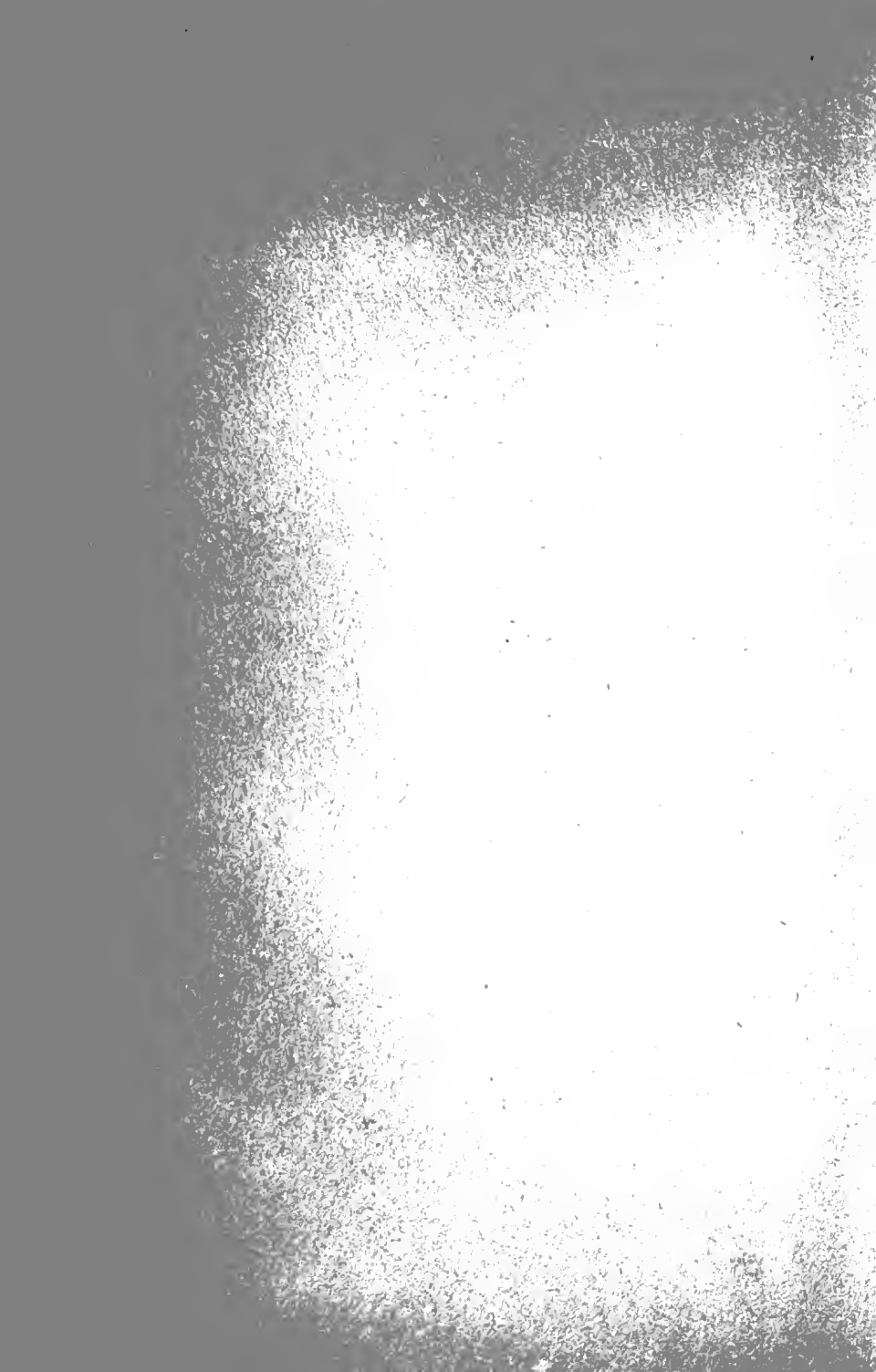
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AMERICA, OLD AND NEW

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

## IN FOREIGN LANDS.

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# America, Old and New

Impressions of Six Months  
in the States

BY

J. NELSON FRASER,

Of the Indian Education Service,

*(Author of "In Foreign Lands," &c.)*



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# I

## Scenery. Wild Life

The scenery which Europe has chosen for its type of America is the prairie land of the Middle West. So far as any choice could be made this is not unfair, for there is more of this scenery in the States than of any other, but the impression created is after all a partial one. There are vast regions in America which for better or for worse are very different from the Middle West.

There are, to begin with, the veritable deserts of the South Coast, the great Sahara of the continent. It stretches hundreds of miles inland from the Rockies, a wilderness of rocks and sands. Few level tracts occur; ridges and peaks of rock rise everywhere. Vegetation is seldom quite absent; it is vegetation of the classic desert type, thorny bushes, aloes and cactus trees, useless to man and beast. There is no American camel to crop their dry and bitter foliage; lizards and rattlesnakes are the native inheritors of the wilderness.

Human eyes may look on the scene with various feelings. It is now the solemn waste of the Egyptian and Arabian sands. It has never been the home of the

astronomer or philosopher, but to modern science and culture it is not devoid of charm. The vegetation, to such visitors, is novel, it is often beautiful, and the flowers are often marvels of beauty. The scenery of the cliffs is sublime. They rise boldly from the sand, sometimes with sheer unbroken walls, sometimes buttressed by huge boulders or flying arches, of fantastic and incredible shapes. They are painted with a wealth of colour beyond words. Rich browns and reds predominate; sometimes they melt into each other by countless shades and compromises, sometimes exchange defiances of contrast. In the clear desert air there are miles of this natural wealth visible; a life-time would not exhaust it.

The explorer seeking to cross this desert or the settler in search of a home would hardly find leisure for thoughts like these. The patriotic American to-day may regret that so vast an area of his country is uninhabitable. True, artesian wells have rescued corners of the waste, and irrigation is spreading, but in no future that we can foresee will the Western States support much agricultural life for many a league from the foot of the Rockies towards the Mississippi valley. Very, very slowly do conditions change as we move Eastwards, till foliage grows more succulent and springs and streams make cattle ranching possible. At last the genuine prairies appear.



But we are not yet done with the scenery of the desert, and the Rocky Mountains remain. What should we consider most typical or notable in the whole region? Not the snow scenery of the higher Rockies, which cannot anywhere be compared with that of Switzerland or India, but these unparalleled formations called canyons. There are such places elsewhere in the world, but nowhere are they so numerous and striking as in North America. A canyon is a valley with sheer, steep walls, very narrow, very deep, and often very long. It may intersect a plateau, and you will see nothing of it till you find it yawning under your feet; or you may enter it at the mouth where the mountain wall meets the plain, and after travelling up it for miles you may find that the only way out is the way by which you entered. The learned, I believe, are not agreed as to the history of these canyons, whether water wore them away, or their floors sank, or the mountains rose around them. The unlearned visitor sometimes feels that they are valleys with mountains around them, and sometimes that they are cracks in the earth, but this is a mere impression from first appearances.

The greatest of all canyons is the Grand Arizona Canyon. It intersects an outlying plateau of the Rockies for a distance of two hundred and seventeen miles. The depth is about a mile, its greatest width about ten miles. The clear atmosphere leaves even

details visible at that distance. Its walls are formed of escarpments and terraces, all on the grand scale; you have a cliff falling five hundred feet, with a terrace stretching a quarter of a mile below it; then another fall and another terrace, and so on till the river at the bottom, the Colorado river, is reached. It can be seen in places from the rim of the canyon. There is little vegetation; the terraces are green with grass, but the rocky walls are bare.

I will not insult the memory of this spectacle by offering it a tribute of grandiose language. Its size is such that the mere power of the eye to command it gratifies the mind; in the way of colouring the whole realm of Nature has nothing more to show. The rocks are chiefly of sandstone or lime; at the bottom by the river, of gneiss or granite. But other formations occur, and though browns and reds predominate, streaks of every colour may be found. The midday sunlight sets all these colours glowing, while below the escarpments and in the many side-canyons banks of blue and purple shadows lie. The canyon is then most striking, but you are fortunate if you see it also disappearing in clouds and storms of rain. I spent three days gazing upon it, full of admiration, and yet full of many doubts and queries. One cannot help noticing what a different thing scenery becomes when it is not associated with any spiritual tradition; the advertisements try in vain to fix such a

character on the Grand Canyon. I sometimes think the true service of such a spectacle to the mind is to release our convictions from the materialism of the Lake poets. Other traditions, however, the river and the canyon possess. In 1540 the undaunted Spaniard halted on its edge; long afterwards Major Powell launched his boat above it, and emerged a living man below the plateau. No other feat of the kind is recorded; this much we knew, that he could neither return nor climb the canyon walls, and it was all unlikely that any boat could live through the unknown rapids of the Colorado river. But the pioneers of the west were men who feared *nothing*.

Not far from the Arizona Canyon is the Yosemite Valley. This, too, is a canyon with sheer walls and a flat bottom. It is eight miles long, from a half to two miles wide; many of the cliffs present a front three thousand feet high. A river of clear water flows through it, and it is well wooded, chiefly with pines and cedars, varied by deciduous shrubs and trees. In its union of majestic and graceful elements it surpasses any scene in Europe, one might perhaps say in the world. We might name along with it the Milford track in New Zealand, were it not for the rain and the flies there; the Yosemite valley has a bracing air, and is not only free from all discomforts, but is actually a very comfortable place. The way to enjoy it is by no means to climb the mountain wall, but to stay down below and look up, just

as in Arizona you ought to stay up above and look down. The size and splendour of the waterfalls are incredible; there is one that descends over two thousand feet in three leaps.

It is strange, however, amid scenes like these how soon the mind passes from ecstasy to indifference, and finally urges us to leave them. This may be due to mere exhaustion, but I think it is often the protest of our creative powers, which find their occupation gone. Intercourse with Nature is a one-sided affair; it is not like intercourse with men. Nature has little to teach us and nothing to learn from us. The freedom which at first we enjoy in her company turns to imprisonment; we find ourselves bolted and barred from action. Moreover, the apparent charm of Nature's grandest pieces is rather the interest of a very large specimen than the charm of beauty realised. Beauty comes home to us more in familiar than in unfamiliar scenes, and we can sit with them longer than the tourist can enjoy the colossal sights of the Yosemite valley.

One is often reminded in America how new the country is. When I was in the Yosemite valley the discoverer of the valley was still living in it; Mr. Clark; he was 96 years old.

Not far away are the tallest trees in the world. I did not see them, but I saw a group that rank only just second to them, at Santa Cruz. They are cedars;

*sequoia sempervirens*; their height about 200 feet. The vigour of the tree is concentrated on a massive trunk; the foliage is sparse and unimpressive. It is amusing to contrast their habit of growth with that of the banyan (say) at Wyratgart in India, which covers an acre of ground, and has, so to speak, no trunk at all. The American trees are astonishing, but by no means beautiful. They belong to a family common throughout California, and there is nothing to account for their size in this particular place. We must suppose something in the climate fostered them; if it be true that Nature has always an end in view the end of these trunks is not plain. Moreover, there is a quaint disparity between their size and the insignificant foliage they carry. The seeds are found in tiny little cones.

Of the higher Rockies I have little to write, nor did I visit the cliff scenery of Denver. The Yellowstone Park lay far to the North; I left it unvisited and paid my homage to the oldest and most classic of America's wonders, Niagara. What shall we say of Niagara, now embosomed in American civilisation?

The falls lie in a curve of the stream, and are so placed that while most of the water flows under the American flag, the best view of it belongs to Canada. Both countries have done their best, in recent years, for the surroundings. All points of view have been purchased, and the land is beautifully laid out. Everything

is free, and no nuisances of any kind are allowed. As for the railways, factories, and electric works, they cannot be helped; they are large enough and ugly enough; but, on the whole, viewing the scene as a park in a large town, which is now its status, there is a great deal about it to admire and enjoy. Things will not become worse till the falls wear themselves out, as geologists predict, and Niagara becomes one long rapid.\* It will not even then have lost its power to fascinate. The broad waters above the falls, dancing down to the brink, are a thing of marvellous beauty; and the famous rapids below them will perhaps keep the visitor as long as anything in America. The waves are twenty feet high from trough to crest.

Niagara has gathered many traditions round it. The visitor hears with amazement that a crazy little steamer passed through the rapids years ago, and motor boats have done the same since then. No unaided swimmer has succeeded: Captain Webb is not forgotten. Indeed, he ought not to be, for he is the only man in human history who accomplished a feat that men have not repeated. The opinion concerning his death is that he was suffocated by the broken water flung in his face.

Much still remains to be said of American scenery. The California coast is the Riviera of the continent.

\* Geological predictions, however, are not more certain than political predictions. Some people think the whole region will tilt the other way, and empty the waters of the Lakes into the Mississippi valley.

The cliffs and seas and cypress groves of Monteny recall their Eastern prototypes, but hardly equal them, not though the flowery fields of California be inland, with the snowy peaks of the Rockies beyond. It is, however, a lovely scene, and Point Loma is an inspiring centre for the philosophers who dwell there. But the flowers of California have to compensate for the want of trees, and I did not much care for its barren hills.

It is to Eastern America we must look for pastoral and woodland beauties. I cannot understand how Europe has paid so little attention to these features of the States. Everywhere East of the Alleghany Mountains the country is glorious. In the North, towards Canada, lakes and streams abound; the mountains are vast and grand, the woods of the greatest charm. There are stretches of open heath, where ferns and bracken grow luxuriantly wild, and forests which may still be called boundless and trackless. There is no sense of confinement, however; the views are wide and open, and Nature is the same mistress who inspired the Lady of the Lake. I saw it all in the halcyon days of summer, when young and old America go forth to play in the hill resorts, and camps of boys and girls fleet away their holidays under canvas. A joyous life! I will write of it again. Would that I could have stayed in the White Mountains but a few weeks longer, for I should have seen the tints of autumn on the woods, and they are one

of the unsurpassed glories of Nature. The Virginia creeper on our Oxford cottages is a property stolen from the theatre of the Eastern States.

If I did not see this, I saw the pastoral beauties of Virginia and of the Eastern States between the mountains and the sea. Cultivated land nowhere shows a more smiling face, not even in England. In some points the British Isles lead. There is no grass or turf like our own, whether it be the air or the soil that produces it, and English trees in the meadows have, I think, a certain umbrageous quality that one misses elsewhere. Moreover, the daisy refuses to grow outside its native land. Buttercups and dandelions and thistles are less patriotic; and it is a curious fact that even the weeds of Great Britain drive out the natives of other temperate lands. America is not very rich in flowers; the golden rod has been proposed as her emblem, and she ought to have adopted it. It is a tall, handsome spike of yellow blossoms, something like the meadowsweet of England.

The climate of the continent is very uniform. It passes everywhere from a rigorous winter to a broiling, sweltering summer. All the world has heard of its blizzards and heat waves. Yet perhaps few realise that the maximum recorded in California is the same as that recorded at Jacobsbad in India, 127 degrees in the shade. Sun helmets are unknown, yet sunstroke is by no means so common as orthodox views would lead us to expect.



The winter is not only rigorous, but long; it snowed heavily in Chicago when I was there in May. Yet American cold has not the raw effect of English cold and is more tolerable to an Anglo-Indian. Let no one suppose, however, that wet weather is uncommon in the States; during three months, from March to June, from San Francisco to Boston, I had scarcely one fine day in seven.

The effect of the American climate on the human race is a subject to be approached with caution. We know too little of the aborigines to base any views on their character. They suffice, however, to demolish two favourite generalisations, that a temperate climate produces a fair skin, and that the arrested development of savages proceeds from the easy conditions of tropical life. With respect to the white races, we have yet to learn whether it suits them to live so far from the sea or at such altitudes as those of the Western States. Both in America and in Africa I have heard the view that high altitudes affect the nerves. In America, moreover, electrical conditions are different from what they are in England, and perhaps they have something to do with the "nervyness" of America. One thing is certain, that there is a disquieting amount of ill-health in the States. Catarrh is very common, probably induced by dust. Other complaints may be due to habits of life, of which I will speak presently. It may or may not be

fanciful to connect the volatile quality of the American temperament with the caprices of the weather and the natural convulsions to which some parts of the country are liable. This vein of argument has fallen into discredit since the days of Buckle; but it is certain that marvellous incidents are more common than in Europe, and this may have encouraged the undoubted credulity of the race. The freaks of tornados are well attested. We read of a baby being whirled five hundred yards in its cradle, and deposited on the ground safe and asleep.

The original animal life of the country is almost extinct. Species were never so numerous as in Africa, but life was plentiful and interesting. The most remarkable native of the soil was the beaver. He frequented the banks of streams, living in a burrow with an entrance below the water. To keep the level of the water above this entrance was his chief concern, and this he effected by a dam of sticks and mud. It is not yet certain how much to credit of the beaver's reputed skill; he vanished before the scientific naturalist came on the scene. The old trappers invented a store of legends concerning him which resemble the animal law of mediæval Europe; the master beaver, it was said, the superintending engineer of their public works, chastised idle workmen with his tail; the beaver who once escaped from a trap carried a stick which he poked into suspicious places. He was hunted for his fur, once the

regular material of a fashionable hat. It was the white man who taught the Indian how to catch him. The cunning of man was too much for the cunning of the beaver; few of his tribe are left. I saw one in the Bronx Park at New York; he had been taught to splash about by day, unlike his progenitors, who always worked by night. A merry, humorous buck he seemed. The beaver was once proposed for America's emblem, but she preferred the ravenous eagle, already appropriated by the kings of Europe. To be industrious, intelligent, retiring, and harmless is an ideal which no high-spirited man proposes *for himself*.

Even more famous than the beaver is the buffalo, though natural history knows little of his habits. He was a migratory animal, moving across the central prairies in enormous herds. In winter he was covered with shaggy fur, which gradually dropped off him in the summer; at all stages of his life he was an ugly, awkward beast. He was no use to the white man, who replaced him with civilised cattle, more eatable and more manageable. Between 1868 and 1881 \$2,500,000 were paid for buffalo bones in Kansas, being the remains of 31,000,000 buffaloes. Two thousand are still alive in America, distributed between various parks.

In these parks are the zoological collections of the country, some of them excellent. That of New York, in the Bronx, is perhaps the most interesting in the world,

owing to the very large space allotted to each animal. I was greatly pleased with its arrangements, especially with the order maintained in it. The public had actually been persuaded, and that by reason alone, to refrain from annoying and feeding the animals. There I saw the skunk at home, and the prairie dog, and above all the race of bears. The grizzly bear and the Alaskan bear are great masterpieces of Nature's hand, not perhaps more wonderful than any of her creatures, but impressive beyond most in their size and dignity, compeers of the tiger and the elephant, the whale, the Anaconda, and the rhinoceros. Is it impossible to preserve a few of them? Zoological collections alone cannot effect this; even if they could be kept in such places, they would degenerate.

It is worth observing that India is the only country with an old civilisation where no animal has become extinct in historic times. Even the lion still lives there, in the Gir forest of Kalhiciar; the rhinoceros in Assam. America has done wonders in the way of extinguishing animal life. Bird hunters have ransacked the inaccessible swamps of Florida; the flamingo has almost vanished. To them their feathers were fatal; others, like the passenger pigeon, were a nuisance to farmers. The immigrant classes of recent years, especially the Italians, suffer no bird to live, and if America does not bestir herself her fields will soon be as mute as those of

Italy. Legions of sparrows haunt her towns, once welcomed, now detested. Insects have profited by the change; caterpillars have given notice that they will destroy every tree on Boston Common. Rabbits find the cold winter injurious to their health, and America, which has to fight so many beetles and weevils, is exempt from the great problem of our Antipodes.

The rattlesnake holds his own all over the country; centipedes and scorpions in the West. There, too, the coyote or wild dog prospers; he understands traps and has learned the range of modern rifles. The puma still haunts the silent canyons. Alligator breeding in the south is a recognised industry, much as ostrich farming in Africa. Enough now regarding the animal life of America.

## II

### The Red Man

I proceed to the American Indian, who, like the citizen of the Republic, or the subject of the Mikado, has no name by which he can properly be named. Let him be known, therefore, in these pages as the Red Man, though why or by whom he was first so called I cannot say. His true colour is brown; not quite the brown of India, but a chocolate brown, much the same, however, to the non-scientific eye.

He cannot any longer be studied as a savage. The few Indians now alive (save the Pueblo Indians), are collected on reserves, where they belong to the philanthropist rather than the savant. No doubt, some traces of old beliefs and customs linger amongst them, but I doubt if they would still be worth attention. With regard to the Pueblo Indians the case is different. The American Government is collecting information regarding these, and during the last twenty years the Bureau of Ethnology has published valuable accounts of their life and manners. The investigation of early sources for the other Indians is also proceeding, but nothing

much will ever be known regarding the Indians East of the Alleghanies.

I visited the Pueblo Indians myself, and in the libraries of Chicago and Boston read many books which are not easily accessible outside America. Partly out of curiosity, and partly because I think our views regarding human life and destiny should take more account than is usual of the fate of the savage races. Save the negro, they have all perished or are perishing; it is too late to do anything for them; but it is not too late to ask whether anything might have been done, and whether inflexible cruelty is or is not indispensable in a race that is to progress.

Accounts of the red man's life and morals are, at all epochs, very conflicting. Two generations ago, when the struggle between him and the white man was still acute, these accounts were generally unfavourable, for it is human to malign our enemies; to-day, accounts are generally sympathetic and self-accusing. Two things, however, I have noticed. This hated and hateful type of red man was a type produced by the white man; a wretch whose social organisation and moral sanction had been knocked to pieces, while his character had been debauched by drink. That such people, with undoubted wrongs to revenge, were treacherous and cruel is true and was natural; we can understand that between them and the whites there were wars of exter-

mination, in which neither side spared man, woman or child. But it is also true that except in the last stages of the conflict, the enemies of the red man made great admissions in his favour. Moreover, I have not read of a single man who actually lived among the Indians for any length of time, as Catlin lived, who was not a warm admirer of them. This may have been due to a loss of principles, but I note that the professed renegade has scarcely been heard of in America.

The original number of Indians in North America has been very much disputed. It is certain they were scattered all over the continent; present opinion seems to hold, sparsely scattered. It is not certain whether the general features of life everywhere are so far the same as to establish a general identity of race. Some hold that the nomadic Indians of the plains are widely different from the Pueblo Indians and those of Mexico, who built themselves houses. The latter they would rank as civilised, the former as savages. At any rate there is a general resemblance of features everywhere, and I cannot believe that there was any such difference of stock as exists between the European and Mongolian. The varieties of language were innumerable. Their affinities are little known; materials and motives for exploring them now hardly exist. Written literature there was none; little seems to be known of poetry orally preserved. Certainly the bard was not the figure that he has been elsewhere in the world.



The material surroundings differed according to the circumstances of different tribes. Their clothes in the North were of fur, in the centre of buffalo hide, in the south of wool. Similarly their food varied. The Indians of the centre lived chiefly on buffalo meat, those of the South on porridge of ground acorns. Agriculture was not unknown, though few tribes depended much on it. The chief crop was maize. Implements of all kinds everywhere were rude; the agriculturalist did not get beyond the hoe and the digging stick. Earthen vessels were made in the south-west, and excellent baskets everywhere. The only metal in use was copper. It appears, however, that this was never smelted, but employed only so far as it was found naturally in malleable lumps. There was no domestic animal save the dog, honoured, strange to say, both as a companion and a table dish, and even shorn by some tribes for his wool.

Trade was by no means absent from the relations of the tribes. Copper, furs, and sandstone were exchanged between remote parts of the continent. Coined money was sufficiently represented by wrampum, or beads of shell, which approached it about as closely as the pictures approached writing. But means of locomotion there were none, save the birch-bark canoes of Canada. Nor had the red man ever anywhere ventured on the sea.

Thus the North American Indian, though better off than the Maori, who resembled him, rested on so low a plane of material achievement that we cannot call him civilised. But in Central America, from the confines of Mexico southwards, civilisation seems to appear, till it culminates in the really great system of Peru. The territory of the States includes a few tribes who belonged to the fringe of this civilisation, and as I visited some of them I will speak of them here as I found them.

They are known as Pueblo Indians, from the Spanish *pueblo*, a village; the many names of their tribes it would be useless to recall. They live nowadays in desert places to which they were driven partly by the Spaniards, partly by the more warlike Indians of the plains, the Apaches and others, whom the world still remembers. Many of them were cave dwellers, and, though most of the cave dwellings have been deserted, there is no scene in America more interesting.

The caves will usually be found in a canyon; one such I visited, the Frijoles Canyon, near Santa Fe. It is a typical canyon; a long deep fissure in the mountains, with vertical walls of sandstone. Such a place is really a fortification, on lines the opposite of those which men construct. The problem of the invader is not to scale the walls, but to descend cliffs. Down below the besieged are safe enough; a stream runs through the canyon, and there is plenty of room to raise crops and

pasture animals. The modern visitor will not fail to admire the cliffs and the trees, and perhaps he will envy the old denizens of the fastness. It is possible, too, they spent some happy days here, yet it must have been suffering of some kind that drove them away. Anyhow, they are gone. But America, which has come to love her few antiquities, is carefully exploring the site, and justice is being done to the material vestiges of the past. The caves, though mostly small, are very numerous. Some are high up in the cliff; they are roughly grouped in stories, and for the most part look comfortable and even inviting. Down below are relics of building for ritual purposes. There are many fragments of pottery; we notice genuine glaze upon them, employed, however solely for decoration; so near did the Pueblo peoples come to one of the great discoveries of the world. Elsewhere we find the beginnings of irrigation, quite undeveloped till recent years saw an advance. But we are now leaving the cave dwellers and approaching present times.

The pueblos I commemorate is Ocoma. It stands on a great rock that rises, one might almost say, in the desert. In grandeur of outline and splendour of colouring this rock is unsurpassed; its summit is reached by a difficult track between crags and boulders. Once ascended, you find yourself in a square, surrounded by the mud buildings of the settlement. They are three

stories high, the rooms are three deep on the ground floor, two on the first, and one on the second floor, so that the flat roof of the lower story provides a promenade for the room above it. From this promenade a ladder ascends, which is used with familiar ease by men, women, children, dogs, and poultry. Fronting the buildings is a church, where a priest of the Roman communion occasionally holds a service.

There were few people present when I visited the place, and no one who could speak English. I sat myself down in a clean but bare little room, furnished with pots and potherbs and one or two stools. The people were stolid, but not unfriendly; no one, however, had anything to say, and one could only reflect on the ages of history which had passed over Ocoma in vain. In 1540 Coronado stood there; the Roman church followed him; in 1680 the red man rose and seized thirteen priests and stoned them to death in that square. No cruelties go forward now, but life is languid, and no dreams of progress trouble anybody's sleep. Not far away, among the Zunis, the past is still more present with us; old paganism lifts its head, and takes its own time to die. There is no one who wishes to possess this corner of the desert.

I must not write of Mexico except thus far, that the finest relics of Mexico are on sale in these Western States at Fred Harvey's shops. These relics consist of carpets

and blankets; I cannot understand why there should still be any on sale when there are so many curio hunters in the world. In texture, colour, and design they are equal to anything that weaving has produced. It would be waste of words to say more, except that the green dyes were astonishing. Centuries had passed over some of their pieces; their lustre was still undimmed. They remain to show us what our fathers destroyed in Mexico; but what will give us back the library of Tezcoco, which the Roman bishop Zumarraga destroyed?

Well, of the pueblo Indians, so much. I return from this digression to the red man further north, their less civilised cousins. Let us add, if less civilised, by no means less artistic. Many a museum in America proves this. Barbaric splendour has seldom eclipsed the buffalo robes of the Indian chief; in his use of the white man's beads he showed more judgment than any other savage. But above all it is by his baskets that the Indian artist will live for ever. Many books and many Government Reports have tried to do him justice.

Perhaps, however, the first thing to note is that for "he" we should throughout say "she." Indian baskets were entirely made by women, and there is probably no art on so high a plane which has been throughout its history in the hands of women. The materials employed were very numerous, including many roots and fibres; the technique is most complicated. But

speaking only of results, we may say that for finish, closeness of texture, and durability, nothing, not even the canework of China, surpasses the Indian basket. The styles are numerous, perhaps those of the far North-West are most striking, but thousands of miles separate the finest examples. The patterns vary indefinitely; there is really no decorative art in which individual taste has had a freer scope. Designs are based on conventional treatment of natural objects like birds; there is little naturalism, but it is astonishing how a difficult motion like a steam boat is sometimes rendered. One must not suppose, however, that the art still exists; it is *almost* extinct, and a very few years will see it vanish.

I cannot say why this is so. Good baskets fetch enormous prices, and will soon be unprocurable. It is not the case here that a demand for cheap rubbish has killed good work; one can only say that when civilisation destroys the taste and morale of the savage he loses both interest in his own art and patience to produce it. It is left for the white man to appreciate the glorious collections of American museums, where one learns with a sigh that civilisation rather loses than finds the principles of decorative art. The fault is perhaps

“Vaulting ambition, that o’erleaps itself”;  
Certainly, in this line, the most ambitious efforts of our age are its worst features.

The presence or absence of art has, of course, nothing

to do with morality; the moral tone of the red man is more a matter of debate than the merit of his art. But careful reading will show that the only charge against him is that of cruelty in war. Now there are serious grounds for this charge. No race ever carried so far the torture of prisoners, and no fact connected with the red man has sunk so deeply into the world's recollection. It has offended the world more than the atrocities of Europe, because of its wanton and unchivalrous character. I do not defend or palliate it; but we should remember that the same people sometimes offered the prisoner the choice of death or adoption into their tribe, and more than once even released a white man whose fortitude in the last hour won their respect. These belong to those paradoxes of human nature which at every stage of human history baffle our judgment. Apart from the torture of prisoners, Indian war was in some respects more humane than that of Europe, notably in the general safety of women from outrage. It is foolish for a philosopher to affect much disgust at the scalping of dead enemies, and the so-called "treachery" of Indian warfare was not treachery at all. The red man's object in war was to win without loss of life—his principles indeed did not differ from those of Sir Thomas More, who in "Utopia" recommends that we should steal upon our enemies' general and shoot him. So, too, the red man preferred to watch and wait till he could

spring on his enemy and kill him with a blow. There was nothing Homeric about his battles. There was, on the other hand, the deepest regard for treaties and agreements; and an enemy was safe who walked into a hostile camp, unarmed, with a proposition.

In peace the Indian was usually a man of grave demeanour, taciturn and dignified, but not morose or unkindly. Women and children were well treated, especially children. They were never beaten lest their spirit should be cowed, but in the case of boys, when puberty and the time of their initiation arrived, their fortitude was tested by rites whose severity is famous.\* The race as a whole was chaste, though it appears that ante-nuptial unchastity was in some tribes condoned. I have thought before now that such unchastity may have been a cause retarding the development of savages, especially among the negroes; but on the whole, in the face of what we know about Japan and what we do *not* know about the civilisation of Europe, the position could not be confidently assumed. Among pleasing traits of the Indians was respect for age. Their chief failing was a passion for games of chance.

Such were the people whom the white races of Europe found in possession of North America. Of the history which ensued I might omit the Southern chapters, were

\* It is curious that the Spartans, with similar objects in view, beat and ill-treated their children from early years.



it not that the Spaniard did actually enter the territory of the present States, and his struggle with their power is part of the drama of American development. I refer only in passing to Cortes and Pizarro, as I referred to Mexico, Peru, and Yucatan. But other Spaniards penetrated further North, and the tragedy and problem of Central America belong likewise to history there. They bring with them the same questions, whether in the chaos of human existence morality is really a quality of actions at all, or if it be a quality whether any strong arm exists to support it, whether moral indignation is not futile, and whether language itself is not inadequate for the purposes of the moralist. All these questions are raised by the story of Pizarro and not less by the exploits of the *conquistadores* further North. We need not deny their virtues, their courage, and their enterprise, such as we can hardly fathom to-day. But what of the actions to which Destiny hurried them? It is even a small thing that they shed so much blood and sank countless thousands in misery, but they took away from a whole people the heritage of ages, a civilisation. It is no consolation that in their northern wanderings, they sought in vain a second El Dorado, that many died of hunger and thirst, or were killed by their own treacherous friends. It is no consolation that Spain has been kicked out of America, or even that in the darkest hour of her guilt a Las Casas was found to rebuke her ;

the fact remains that great men stooped to such deeds, that a Christian Church sanctioned them, and we must be blind indeed and blindly self-conceited if we think we are safe from repeating them.

The issues of this struggle, however, are simple compared with those which face us in the Northern States. We have there the problem of the settler and the savage; it is even more acute and more painful. Let us try, if possible, to see what actually happened.

First impressions between the white man and the brown man were usually favourable. Thus Columbus reported of the Caribs: "There are not a better people in the world than these, nor more affectionate, affable, and mild." The "red man" seems always, unlike the Maoris, to have recognised in the white man a superior. He often endowed him with divine attributes, and welcomed his arrival. In many cases the early settlers owed even their lives to the help of the Indians. And need I recall the story of Pocahontas, which, true or false, illustrates the absence of innate racial hostility.

But in no case, so far as the English and Scotch settlers went, did these halcyon days last. The newcomers multiplied, they needed more room, and appropriated more land. This in brief is the story of a white age of history. Let one example suffice, that of the Scotch Irish in 1730, who seized 15,000 acres of land at Conestoga, saying: "It was against the laws of Nature

and God that so much land should be idle while so many Christians wanted it to labour on." That the Indians needed it for a hunting ground did not occur to them, nor would they have paused had it occurred. Their views were those of Governor Bradford, who led the *Mayflower* Pilgrims, and writes in his Journal of "The vast and unpeopled countries of America, devoid of all civil inhabitants, where there are only savage and brutish men, who range up and down little otherwise than the wild beasts of the same."

The Indian wars thus started lasted till our own day, following always much the same course. It is the verdict of all the authorities that every aggression came from the whites, and was marked in every case by the violation of a treaty. Col. Inman, a United States officer, whose life was spent in fighting the Indian, tells us that "though having little compassion for the Indians he must admit that during more than a third of a century passed on the plains and in the mountains he has never known of a war with the hostile tribes that was not caused by broken faith on the part of the United States Government or its agents."

The whites had at first the advantages of firearms and horses, but the Indians soon learned to use them, though their own bows and arrows—formidable weapons—they never quite relinquished. They would have been dangerous enemies had they ever learned to unite and sup-

port each other. Occasionally a chief of political genius achieved this, and the names of King Philip and Pontiac will live in history. Of the Apaches, says Dettenbaugh, "It is doubtful if any nation ever made a braver or more determined stand against their enemies and oppressors."

We seek in vain to discover if any plan could have solved the problem of the case. We may ask if the Indian's territory could not have been delimited from the first, and if the Indians living on it could not have been slowly civilised, till the day when on equal terms they might have joined the whites in a civilised community. Had the whites consented to such self-denial, would the Indians have played the part suggested? There is nothing to make us think so. The Indian refuses, and has always refused, European civilisation. The missionaries of Rome, in Canada, in California, in Paraguay, after generations of heroism, have achieved nothing with him. It is true that in California a "liberal" state policy destroyed their institutions, but in Canada, I believe, they have always had a fair field. The Indian, however, remains to the last a nomad. That indomitable resolution which breathes from the faces of his old chiefs he has never applied to the creation of a new life and a new morale. We rarely read of men like the few Maori chiefs who struggled towards a new age. I have met the name of one, Kicking Bull, who was

poisoned by a Mexican woman. The rest were willing to fight and die, but not to reform themselves. The English settlers, though they sent a few missionaries among them, were not so zealous for the Indian as the French. In their defence we must admit that the French failed. Penn's settlement fell into line with the rest, and the red man succumbed. More than once in the long struggle he enjoyed an hour of victory; between 1783 and 1790 fifteen hundred whites were killed or captured by Indians; and there were battles in which whites perished by hundreds even down to the days of Custer. But the end was never doubtful, and the progress of civilisation was never checked.

Disease, one hardly need say, has played its part in clearing off the Indians. Smallpox has destroyed whole tribes, and consumption is hardly less menacing in the Indian reserves to-day.

I did not visit these reserves, nor did I see their settlements of really prosperous Indians which are said to exist. From the papers I learned that the character of Government agents is not greatly changed; there was during my visit a long series of scandals over the fraudulent sale of Indian lands in Oklahoma. Let it be said, however, that the central Government at Washington is at this moment sincerely desirous to rescue from beggary the few Indians that remain. Large sums are spent on Indian schools, of which I myself visited more

than one. If a passing verdict on them is justified, I may say they were a queer mixture of good and evil. The buildings were excellent, the equipment so good and comfortable as to be wholly out of relation to the pupils' lives. The sentiments and tone of the teachers were excellent; but none of them understood the children's language. The teaching of English was unscientific, and the children understood very little of what they heard and were supposed to learn. Religion there was none, save a dry "portion of Scripture" and hymns which meant nothing to their heathen ears. Industries, including agriculture, were taught with genuine vigour; but with what success I could not learn. Indian sentiment must have changed to make such teaching possible at all; and one may hope for the best. But I did not see anything in the classroom to stir that spirit of curiosity which the old Indian never felt, the want of which, together with the want of ambition, prevents him from taking a place in America. It must be remembered that Indian blood carries no stigma in America and excludes a man from nothing.

I should like much to see the ideas of the "Junior Republic" practised on a few young Indians. Will Mr. George ever feel called, or will the nation call him to this task?

The Indian schools are all boarding schools. I went on a holiday walk with the pupils of one, boys and girls,

in the Far West, up a little canyon near the schoolhouse. The children were happy to find themselves at large again, and dug up roots and ate them and scrambled over the rocks like the Indian children of many a century before them. They were frank and affectionate children, on pleasant terms with their teachers, but as one of them said, "What is the use of doing anything with them? In a few years they will all be dead of consumption."

The chief superintendent of all Indian schools in America is a woman. Her salary is \$3,000 a year.

### III

## Early and Mediæval America

We turn now to the general history of the States, and I shall begin with a few general remarks on it.

In the first place, beyond any history on earth, it is a history of romantic passages, of swift developments and vicissitudes. That its details should not be known in Europe is natural enough; yet the universal ignorance, even in England, of its true character is a little strange. The one fact we have grasped is that some of its chapters are tedious; almost all others we have forgotten. Americans themselves must bear their share of the blame for this; their own account of themselves in the past has been too often disfigured by prejudice, by pace, and by verbosity. But these defects have now been wonderfully cleared away. Individuals and societies in America are enquiring with great patience into the early records of their country; their conclusions are accurate and impartial, and presented to the world with good taste and dignity. It will soon be possible to study the origins of America in full and readable collections of early facts and documents, and it will soon be realised that



American history is not only as interesting as any other, but, in one important sense, *unique*.

It is the only history which shows us the actual development of a *race*. What we do not know of Greece or Rome—or even very fully of England—we shall know of America, the elements which compose its society, their contributions to its ideas and institutions, and the varying complexion of their ideas from age to age. The more we learn, the more we shall be struck with the changes that have passed over them; and perhaps in the end America may teach us more than any other country how little human nature is subject to law, and whether the word heredity stands for much or little or anything at all.

These few pages of mine are not even an epitome of American history; they are merely points which have dwelt in the memory of a casual reader, a tourist in the world of books. Let them be suggestive, and that is all they aspire to be. Above all, if they meet the eye of a future visitor to America, let them remind him that America, like other countries, to be understood must be studied both in books and in living men. This may seem a trite saying, yet how rarely is a tourist to be found who has any tincture of the scholar! There are such in the ranks of correspondents and journalists, but the press requires rather scene-painters than artists, and the correspondent abroad is a politician at home, who

has other purposes to serve than those of truth.

Now let us begin with a general glance at the process of the years. Prehistoric America, north of Mexico, is unknown to us. It was not the temperate, but the tropical regions of the country, that gave birth to its civilisations. The relics of geologic ages show us a history of man as long here as elsewhere on the earth, a history to be measured by scores of thousands of years, but they do not show us anywhere between California and New York a culture higher than that of the nomadic Indian. Speculations regarding intercourse between the hemispheres have passed out of fashion. It is recognised that beliefs and customs coincide occasionally in the remotest parts of the earth, but that such coincidences furnish no foundation for special deductions. The origins and early movements of mankind must remain for ever hidden from science, unless and till occult wisdom lifts the veil.

Of the red man we have spoken; the first visitor from the East was the Englishman's ancestor, the Viking. Long doubted, this fact seems now to be proved; one Leif Ericson led an expedition to New England, where he found grapes and self-sown wheat fields. There exists, it is said, a runic inscription near Baffin's Bay\* of 1125 A.D. But the Vikings forgot what they discovered, and we pass onwards to Columbus. His

\* Archæology in America is still confused by egregious forgeries.

voyage is one of those tales which not only every young American, but every child of civilisation should read. It wants nothing to make it impressive. His tiny ships, their long struggle with the Atlantic waves, the crisis and the triumph, these may furnish for all time exemplary types of genius and faith and perseverance. The details of the story are by turns amusing and saddening. The first fumes of tobacco, the cheroots of the Caribs, the footprints of alligators which they took to be those of gryphons guarding gold, Columbus' faith and hopes and errors—what a medley of fancies and ironies! A few years later saw him walking the streets of Cadiz in chains, "the admiral of mosquito land," whose worthless discoveries had justly provoked his king and countrymen. Vasco da Gama had found the genuine Indies, and the profits of the new trade with Asia were full in view. Yet again a few years and the age of Cortes and Pizarro followed. The gold of America raised to their full height and then ruined for ever the fortunes of Spain. Castile, "which makes men and wastes men," sent her best blood to America, but the States which they founded added nothing to man's record of great feats. Their history in North America has been one long failure. The United States have treated Mexico with contempt, and when the hour came have never hesitated to raise their flag over Mexican territory. California and Texas—countries larger than

Spain—were appropriated with as little scruple as stout Cortes felt concerning the Incas' rights. I do not say this to condemn the States; the fact is American citizens could not live comfortably in California and Texas under Spanish rule, and a government which cannot govern has no claim to exist.

Spain, France, and Britain have all contested North America; the history of France is one of pathetic and unaccountable failure. A famous episode is the massacre of the Huguenot settlement in Florida by the Spaniards, "not as French men, but as Lutherans," which ended the Puritan settlement of France. Had they gone further North, they might have succeeded where they failed, but it seems often in the history of France that some ironic fate has brought her to the verge of success only to hurl her back. In the records of exploration as in all others she has many great names, but none of the greatest, and there is no national ambition in which she has succeeded. The story of Canada is in many ways a story of wise and well-directed effort. Lassalle, like Duplex, was a man of intuitions; yet Lassalle perished at the hands of his own followers, a fate which, so far as I remember, overtook no English explorer at any time in any part of the world.\* The good will of the French towards the Indians is pleasing to the sentimentalist, yet it bore no fruit, it was probably

\* Were not Hudson's companions Dutchmen?

a source of weakness in that it multiplied half-castes, and it would no doubt have been impossible had the French colonists been more numerous or more prolific. Curiously enough, the warlike Iroquois were allies of the English, and served them better than the French Indians served the French. The consolation that a patriotic Frenchman can find in the tale is the effective help which France gave to British colonists in the Revolutionary war. France can almost say that as America turned her out of the New World, so she turned out England. She will have to add, however, that the American Revolution did much to promote revolution in France. If the truth were known, we might learn that George Washington's example did something to unnerve the French nobility.

France has contributed little to American blood, and little to American ideas. Since I did not visit New Orleans, the only trace I saw of France was in New York, a city which, while only possible in America, is yet hardly American. In the manners and class and the buildings of New York there is something which recalls the extremism of the French temper and is clearly inspired by French models. But this is a local feature of New York; elsewhere and in all deeper veins France has not influenced America. French ideas regarding woman are abhorred in the States; so is her nude art, her atheism, no less than such relics of feudal sentiment as

the duel. The Republican system in America has owed nothing to Rousseau,\* nor will socialism in America, if ever it comes, come from France. There is no hostility between the countries, but there is no sympathy. Towards Spain there is a more lively feeling, and strange to say, it is not one of enmity. Americans, of course, have nothing to gain from such enmity, and Spanish America now interests them as an American antiquity. A growing love for antiquities has shown itself in late years, and the old Californian monasteries are visited by hosts of tourists. Magazines and school books do justice to the great qualities of the *conquistadores* and treat their ferocity as a picturesque advantage of the past. The Cuban War was a genuine product of humane feeling, however much it was engineered by speculators. One cannot doubt that self-interest exploited this feeling somehow, but the fact remains that it did not triumph; the American people would prefer to see Cuba independent, and are making an honest effort to confer this status upon her.

In the case of Mexico a similar play of forces is at work. The trusts of America control the mines and railways and industries of Mexico; it is probably the case that they would wish to control its government. As a preliminary step, it is asserted, they have paid writers in the States to vilify the Mexican Government,

\* Save Jefferson's "Glittering generality"—"all men are born free and equal."

in particular on the ground of cruelty to the Indians. The intention, presumably, is to dispose American sentiment towards the annexation of Mexico. But I have no reason to credit these assertions, nor can I judge between the critics of Mexico and its champions. This much alone is certain, that Americans generally would be very unwilling at this moment to admit to the Republic a multitude of mixed Spanish blood, who are almost all unfit for the franchise and almost all Roman Catholics.

This sentiment I can well understand from the impressions of a brief sojourn in Santa Fe. Almost the oldest town in the States, it has been almost the last to move with the times; it was the only town I visited in the States which had not been modernised. A fine Capitol there was, a fine school, and some good houses; but many of the roads have never been made at all, and many of the houses were little better than the mud huts of India. The surrounding country was bare and poor; not far away were the spurs of the Rockies. The hotels are of the old American type, and among the visitors lingered the manners of Martin Chuzzlewit. The people were largely "greasers," as the Yankee calls his fellow citizen of mixed Spanish blood; a dull, heavy-looking type of humanity. I visited the jail (for jails in the States are open to the public) and there, I suppose, I saw the worst of the "greasers"; a more battered set of

wretches I have never seen. Now Santa Fe is on the up grade; the place is to be boomed, as a mining centre and a health resort; education is at work and the Eastern States have sent there both fashionable and cultured people. I cannot doubt that in a few years modern America will assert itself, but it would be a hard matter for America to remodel the whole of Mexico.

Turning now from the Latin to the Teutonic parts of America, one is struck by the great variety of circumstances under which the colonies were formed, the many experiments in their early contributions, contrasted with the general agreement on principles at the Revolution and the uniformity of system which succeeded it. Early American history is a difficult study, full of intricate details concerning Church and State, and political relations with England. One is tempted to cut all this in favour of the picturesque side of life, but to miss it is to miss the real greatness of the Revolution as an achievement.

Though every colony had something special in its circumstances, two types emerge, the proprietary and the free colony. Both were represented even within the circle of New England. The proprietary colony was founded by the aid of capitalists, encouraged by the



crown, which "granted" them land. The capitalists retained important rights of exacting revenue, making and executing laws; we may imagine that in these colonies the aristocratic principle might easily have taken root. I can see nothing to explain why this did not occur, except the arrival of many free colonists with insurgent principles from Britain and Holland. Anyhow, it did not occur; during the pre-revolutionary period the proprietors almost everywhere lost their rights. These passed in varying degrees to popular assemblies, and to royal governors sent by the crown. In the free colonies political rights were shared on equal terms by the original settlers, and exercised through courts and assemblies. But here, too, the Crown asserted itself, and royal governors controlled even Massachusetts for a hundred years.

These years were a stormy period. The colonies were always feeling their way towards self-government. But they were slow to discover the principles on which the revolution claimed it. We see this even in Massachusetts; the settlers claimed their independence in virtue of their original charter, and the battle was long fought over the interpretation of this charter. Like all such battles, it is tedious, but we watch with interest the pertinacity of the colonies and notice how much irritation culminated in the Declaration of Independence. Hardly any reader will escape a feeling of relief

when the decisive language of this paper falls upon his ears. During the earlier period neither side fully claims our sympathy. We can understand the attitude of the Crown, which had granted the charter, and thought itself the sole interpreter of the charter, and, in general, the owner of American soil and the final authority over the colonists. The English Commonwealth took just the same view of its own position. What is harder to understand is the trouble the British Government took to keep the colonies down. They were making little or no profit out of them, and it really seems that their motive was simply to assert their own principles. Clarendon complained in early days that the colonies had "hardened into a republic," and though it took three generations before the Republic was declared, a dread of its birth was no doubt continually present in Great Britain.

The material grievances of the colonies were insignificant till the Navigation Acts were enforced. They were protected from France, and were free from any kind of tribute. The attempt to tax them was a new move, which brought things to a head. It is agreed here that the British Government may fairly be blamed for not meeting a new situation more wisely. The fault was not so much that their proposals were harsh or inconsistent with European ideas as that they failed to estimate the forces against them in America and the

rallying point they were supplying for those forces. They failed, and their failure was their condemnation, for success is the only thing that justifies the politician.

We shall find perhaps the most powerful of all causes contributing to the colonists' revolt if we glance at the religious history of the States. We shall return afterwards to survey this from other points of view; at present we have chiefly to notice the feeling of the country towards Episcopacy. Not all the States were equally hostile to this system. It was established in some of them from their foundation, but it was abominated in others, especially in Massachusetts. The Puritans here adopted the Congregational system, and when royal Governors brought with them Episcopalian clergy, and seized their churches, the people of Massachusetts were laid under a galling bondage. They feared, and had reason to fear, and even the Episcopalian States feared that the Bishops of this Church would soon be appointed from England, and that religious freedom would disappear. We must remember that the generation which knew Laud had in 1685 only just passed away, and in 1776 his tyranny was still a recent tradition. Moreover, the States had largely been peopled since his day by exiles from Scotland and the North of Ireland, who had suffered from Bishops everything that it is possible for men to suffer. The sentiment of these Scotch Irish must have been one of the chief forces in the revolt.

The subject has been fully explored of late years, and much interesting truth brought to light. This truth has dispelled the idea that English Puritans alone rose against England. Both English and New English historians long fostered this idea, the latter for obvious reasons, the former because it was some satisfaction to reflect that if England was once humiliated it was by English hands alone that this was or could have been done. Now the leading part in the events was certainly played by English Puritans, but only just second to them in force and purpose were the Scotch-Irish, and, as we shall see later on, other races sent their contingent to the field. The Scotch-Irish emigration to the States took place partly in the seventeenth century, when the Covenanters were persecuted, and partly in the eighteenth century from Northern Ireland. Those who belonged to this detachment had a double grievance against England, a grievance against the Bishops, who, with ingratitude unsurpassed in history, inflicted the Test Act on Protestant Ireland, and a similar grievance against the English Government, which ruined the wool industry of Northern Ireland. If racial and religious hatred can be pardoned it was surely in these men. I can mention no general estimate of their numbers, but in 1670 seventeen thousand Covenanters were sent as slaves to the Barbadoes and Virginia; between 1771 and 1773 thirty thousand of this stock left North Ireland for

America. Of 56 who signed the Declaration of Independence 34 were English, 11 Scotch. This Scotch element was scattered through many states, but, strange to say, founded none. Its scions were pioneers and backwoodsmen, hardy in frame, sturdy in character, and parents of many sons and daughters like themselves.

It is clear now what caused the revolt and the war; the student of the tale may even wonder that they were deferred so long. The next subject of wonder is that after all England did not win. Distance was against her, but she had organisation, resources, and men, and above all friends in the Colonies. It is estimated by recent enquirers that a third of the population were on her side. Nor were they half-hearted allies. During and after the war many of them suffered the last extremes of misery on behalf of England. Yet she despised and neglected them; for want of their aid she failed. To my mind it is this which disgraces our country more than anything in her treatment of the Colonies. England is not ungenerous, and our histories of America, in their recognition of American claims, show perhaps a higher tone than any nation has ever taken towards enemies who humbled it, but does this justify our ingratitude to those who stood by us? Surely not, and had the lesson been better taught in our school histories it would not have needed to be taught again after the South African War, when once more it was forgotten.

The Revolutionary war is to America what the Elizabethan age is to England; the epoch on which patriotism fixes its eyes as the type and ideal of the country. This illusion is as great in the one case as in the other, and to support it history has been in each case equally falsified. In each case, too, of recent years, sober and critical research has excavated the truth. We have learned that the Elizabethan age has more than one side to it. That not all the piracies of the sea kings redound to our credit, and our energies might perhaps have flowed in a nobler channel. That the long caution of Elizabeth in the Netherlands is certainly not glorious, and perhaps we missed a fame greater than our victory over the Armada deserves. Certainly the choice spirits of Elizabeth's court thought so, and others besides Sir Philip Sydney longed to serve elsewhere than in the court of that mean and selfish and perfidious queen. That so few of them escaped is little to their credit, and Englishmen should blush to think that for two generations their fathers stooped to accord her the flattery she required.

Now this is still only one side of the tale; I need not here tell the other, we are not likely to forget it. Nor are Americans likely to forget their own heroic legend, but they, too, lay a quieter set of colours on their palette. They admit that the brutality of the English has been over painted, that their own treatment of the loyalists

may be set off against it; that they are not exempt themselves from the charge of employing Indians; that the records of their army are sullied by peculation and rapacity, and that finally the help of the French must not be suppressed. I do not say that all Americans admit these charges, or that any much like to be reminded of them, but the evidence for them is there, and is often quietly allowed. Against them may be placed as far more important the courage shown in many fields of battle, the character of Washington, and most of all the wisdom which framed the constitution.

It is worth pausing here to reflect what America owes merely to the great war. She owes, one might almost say, everything. Her self-respect and her solidarity of feeling are based almost entirely on this glorious and unifying recollection. Without it, one can hardly suppose there would have been any United States at all. Had Britain been wiser; had she judged better the feelings of each of the colonies; had she offered to each in good time and with a good grace the political system which each preferred, what course would events have followed? We need not suppose that the British flag would now float over the whole of the Continent—though that, too, is possible—but it seems very unlikely that the Stars and Stripes\* would have taken their place. Many differences of interest and temper separated the

\*The origin of this flag is unknown. It resembles Washington's coat-of-arms, but some authorities say this is only a coincidence.

Colonies, and they might have continued separate. In that case, would there have been any such common impulse of feeling as has created American civilisation? For my part, I cannot think so, and I hold that the new world of America is one of the many steps in progress which humanity owes to war. The friends of peace, so numerous in America, forget this; the historian and philosopher should have better memories and more insight into human character. The humourist may ask himself what Americans would do without a Fourth of July, when the country celebrates its gratitude and animosity to the two Georges, King and president, who created it.

We may pass now from this review of serious history to a few observations.

Though Virginia was the oldest English colony and in many ways the most truly English, yet in English recollections of America it is quite overlooked; the one episode which is remembered in England is the voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers. That voyage and the early days of the settlement are recorded in Governor Bradford's Diary, the manuscript of which is preserved in the State Capitol at Boston.\* I cannot forbear mentioning †the regular beauty of the handwriting (which resembles

\* This MS. was long in the Library of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and its restitution, a few years ago, may be counted among the circumstances which have mollified American sentiment towards England.

† Though, indeed, the writing of a clerk proves no more the presence of Governor Bradford's gifts than a good seat on horseback, the peculiar grace of the Cavalier, proves the presence of a chivalrous mind.



Washington's); it heightens the respect with which so venerable a monument must in any case be approached. It seems to remind us that there is something in the spirit of man proceeding from himself which makes mean surroundings of small consequence. And mean enough were the surroundings of the Plymouth settlement. Such few of them as time has spared can be seen in the Plymouth museum, pots and pans, spinning wheels, swords, and—not the least important for a colony—*cradles*. Close by is the little cemetery,\* on a green slope overlooking the sea, and just below it the rock where the Pilgrims stepped ashore. I saw it in the bright American summer, which makes it so hard to believe in the American winter; the elms and linden trees in full foliage, the sea coquetting with the shore. Even the Pilgrims must have enjoyed their summer days, though they had much else to think about, especially in their first year, when they landed in the beginning of winter. Their sufferings are recorded in the "Log"; we wonder not that many perished but that any survived †

\* The inscriptions are brief. "Here ended the pilgrimage of John Howland. . . . He was a godly man and an ancient professor in the ways of Christ." 1672.

† From the Journal:—"In the time of most distress there were but six or seven sound persons who spared no pains, but with abundance of toil and hazard of their own health fetched them wood, made them fires, dressed their meat, made their beds, washed their loathesome clothes, clothed and unclothed them, in a word did all those necessary offices for them which dainty queasy stomachs cannot endure to hear named, and all this willingly and cheerfully."

The Plymouth settlement, however, did not grow, and it is elsewhere that we must look for the typical life of Massachusetts.\* We will notice first that the settlers were mostly men of some family and some means, and they did not long choose to live on the very humble plane of the Pilgrim Fathers. It seems there were Cavaliers as well as Roundheads in Massachusetts; and even in 1634 we find the General Court prohibiting "any slashed clothes other than one slash in each sleeve and another in the back," "all gold or silver girdles, hatt-bands, belts, ruffs, beaver hats, immoderate great sleeves, immoderate great vayles, long wings." Similar laws follow almost every year, women requiring most attention for "their new strange fashions, with naked breasts and arms, or, as it were, pinioned with the addition of superfluous ribbons, both on hair and apparel;" the men also (especially the students at Harvard) offending in their "longe haire." About 1700 we have lists of domestic furniture, long and ambitious. There is constant legislation against extravagant funerals, at which casks of wine were broached and silken gloves and scarves and palls lavishly distributed. Teetotalism, we may observe, was no feature of any rank in life, and one of the first steps taken by the Puritans was to brew good ale.

This was not consistent with our usual ideas of

\* I owe most of the details which follow to *The Puritan Republic*, by D. W. Howe.

Puritan gloom, and a problem obviously arises. My own feeling is that easy generalisations about the Puritans have been far too popular, and are as false of other ages as they would be of our own. Probably the stern morose type of Scotland was always distinct from the English Evangelical, which itself admits or rejects worldly ideals in different degrees in different families. Both again are distinct from the cheerful simplicity of the Quaker, and the simplicity, usually less cheerful, of the English Independent. To the last sect belonged the Pilgrim Fathers; to the Low Church or Evangelists the body of English in Massachusetts. It is clear that the more serious were in the majority and controlled the Government, but there were many recalcitrant subjects under them.

The Government in early days was chiefly in the hands of the clergy, who were supported from the public revenue. They had power to deal with any offence against morals, and the code of offences was long. Many were offences against religion; sleeping in church, carping at sermons, celebrating such pagan observances as Christmas Day were punished—in men and women—with fines and whipping. In 1656 Captain Kimble, of Boston, was set for two hours in the stocks for his “lewd and unseemly behaviour for kissing his wife publicly on the Sabbath Day, on the door step of his house.” It was not considered an excuse that he met her after an absence of three years at sea.

The punishments of which we read may create an unfavourable impression of the harshness and cruelty even of New England. We must add, therefore, that they did not equal the harshness and cruelty common at that time in England. English books are silent regarding this, but the scenes on English scaffolds in the seventeenth century had no parallel in America. And this seventeenth century in England has to be remembered when we criticise the Indian wars. In 1679, after Bothwell Brig, "two hundred and fifty Covenanters were placed on board a ship, crowded under decks in a space so narrow that the living had to stand to make room for the dying. The ship sailed on Nov. 27th; on Dec. 10th it was wrecked off Orkney. The crew escaped on a mast laid from the ship to the shore; some of the prisoners burst open the hatches and made their way to the land, but the crew pushed them down into the sea. About forty escaped, who were afterwards sent to New Jersey and Jamaica, where they worked with the negro slaves." When David Hackstone was executed his right hand was cut off, and a little while afterwards his left hand. He was then hanged on a pulley, and when half suffocated taken down. The executioner cut open his breast and tore out his still moving heart." No such scenes were enacted in the New World.

Life in early days passed rapidly from tranquil and happy passages to desolation and misery. Winter was

always rigorous, and on the frontiers the Indian wars never ceased. What shall we consider typical of the times? The quiet industry of the farm, the evenings round the hearth, or the burning hut and the tomahawk descending on man, woman and child? Human life at all stages presents such vicissitudes, overlooked by partisans of race or culture, but perplexing to the philosopher. I will illustrate them by one or two extracts from books of a somewhat later period than the seventeenth century, but describing a life continuous with that and quite resembling it. Read, then, this account of what happened once on Cooper's Run, in Bourbon County. Here lived "a family consisting of a mother, two sons of a mature age, a widowed daughter with an infant in her arms, two grown daughters, and a daughter of ten years. The house was a double cabin. The two grown daughters and the smaller girl were in one division and the remainder of the family in the other. At evening twilight a knocking was heard at the door of the latter division asking in the customary phrase, 'Who keeps house?' As the sons went to open the door the mother forbade them, affirming that the persons claiming admittance were Indians. The young men sprang to their guns. The Indians, finding themselves refused admittance at that door, burst open the opposite one with a rail, and endeavoured to take the three girls prisoners. The little girl sprang away and might have

escaped from them in the darkness and the woods\*, but under the natural impulse of instinct she ran to the other door and cried for help. The brothers wished to go forth and protect her, but the mother, taking a broader view of experience and duty, forbade them. The Indians soon hushed her cries with the merciless tomahawk. While a part of them were murdering her, and another part confining one of the grown girls, the third girl defended herself with a knife which she was using at a loom at the moment of attack. She killed one Indian, and was herself killed by another. This half of the house the Indians then fired, and stationed themselves in the dark angles of the fence, where by the bright glare of the flames they could see everything and themselves remain unseen. One of the sons took charge of his aged and infirm mother, the other of his widowed sister and infant. They emerged from the burning ruins, separated and endeavoured to spring over the fence. The mother was shot dead, one of the brothers was killed as he was defending his sister. The other, with the widowed sister and her infant escaped, and aroused the settlement. Thirty men arrived the next day; they came on the expiring body of the young woman, murdered a few moments before their arrival. They overtook and killed two of the Indians that had stayed behind, apparently as voluntary victims to secure the retreat of the rest.”

\* Almost all Eastern America in early days was a forest, and it is surprising how much of it is still covered with woods. The early settlers lived in clearings, but all around them was the sombre gloom of the forest.

Women captured by the Indians were well treated, and sometimes spent many years among them. This is what happened to Mrs. Dennis, after her husband's murder. Finally, in 1763, "she left the Indians under pretext of obtaining medicinal herbs, her object was suspected, and she was pursued. In the speed of her flight she wounded her foot with a sharp stone, but she eluded her pursuers by hiding in a hollow sycamore log. They frequently stepped on the log, and encamped near it for the night. Next morning they proceeded in pursuit of her, and she started in another direction as fast as her lameness would permit, but she was obliged to remain near that place three days. She then set off for the Ohio, over which she rafted on a drift log. She travelled only by night, and subsisted on roots, wild fruits, and the river shell fish. After passing forests, rivers and mountains more than 300 miles she lay down exhausted, and resigned herself to die, when providentially she was discovered by some people of a settlement and hospitably treated.\*

Insensibly we are now coming down to later times and later settlements, where the character of the age changes and other aspects than that of religion emerge. We are face to face with the backwoodsman, in whom the element of adventure is strong. This element there

\* As a punishment for this a party of sixty Indians visited the settlement, pretending friendship, and in the middle of a feast rose and killed every man in it.

must have been at work in the migrations of the white races; we can neither explain nor fully understand it. I remember how the Boers on the Mas Ngishu told me they did not quite know why they left South Africa; and in the life of Daniel Boone the flow of pioneers to the west is described as "an inexplicable propensity." The movement went steadily on; not merely new comers to America but old settlers felt the impulse. They revelled in the sense of expansion, and there was born within them a new pride of race and country, which was a different vein from that of the mere insurgent against England or against the feudal ideas of Europe. Daniel Boone, the Kentucky-pioneer, caught the eye of the world, as a type of the period; he lived to 84 years of age, Byron\* portrayed him for the nineteenth century. Fighting Indians, shooting bears, hewing down trees, he moved ahead of the war of civilisation; "he warmed both hands over the fire of life." Tall and lithe of form, you will not find a man like him now, except peradventure in Virginia, where I think I saw the last of his line. America, which has seen so many things disappear, has seen the last of the great backwoodsmen. Let us hear a voice from the past glorify their generation. "The first settlers of America were originally a noble stock †, their descendants have been reared under circumstances in

\* A solitary figure in our literature; a John Bull to the core, and the only John Bull who has understood and pleased foreign nations.

† Largely (in this case) Scotch and German.



every way calculated to give them manly beauty and noble forms. They had breathed a free and salubrious air. Field and forest exercise yielded them salutary viands and appetite and digestion corresponding. Life brought them the sensations of high health, herculean vigour, and abundant joy. The virgin soil, as yet friable, untrodden, not cursed with the blight of politics and feud, yielded with little cultivation 80 to 100 bushels of maize to the acre and other edibles in proportion. Venison and wild turkeys, sweet potatoes and peas smoked on the table; persimmon and maple beer stood them well instead of the poisonous whiskey of their children."

Of course, the backwoodsman still exists in America, chiefly as a woodcutter in the Rockies, but the morning of the day is past; the backwoodsman is no more a pioneer. The last pioneers are gone, so, too, are the generations of free-landers who filled the middle west in the nineteenth century. Methought I caught a glimpse of their new epoch in the waiting rooms of Kansas City, while the train halted there. The rows of wooden seats, and their tired occupants, a certain squalid air about everything, seemed to recall *Martin Chuzzlewit*; it was almost the only scene in America that recalled it. I do not think there is much vestige of this epoch in America, and I do not think much is lost by forgetting it. It was not an era of romance. The last romantic epoch was the settlement of California, which was before the gold

mines had begun to attract the farmer. The perseverance needed in early days to reach that country is incredible. There were over a thousand miles of desert to be crossed; Indians to be faced, and not improbably the winter. It sometimes happened that the slow waggons of the emigrants failed to cover the hills before the summer closed, and the most dreadful scenes of starvation and even cannibal repasts ensued.

Two further episodes in early social history remain, the trappers and the gold miners. I do not know when the trappers came into existence; their great epoch was the early nineteenth century. In their company we have left far behind us the religious settlements of the East; they belong to the west. I have read nothing about their origin or their race, but much about themselves. Their life, which was solitary and dangerous, needed as much courage, self-sacrifice, and hardihood as man can compass. It seems enough to mention that in a blizzard it was not unknown for them to kill a buffalo and creep inside its carcase for protection; on one occasion a man was frozen inside his fortress and would have starved to death there if his friends had not heard his shouting. The trapper in many ways became a savage over again, and he beat the savage on his own ground, being at least as good a hunter, no less hardy and a more cunning foe-man. Yet he remained beyond the circle of savage beliefs and rites, and after all the mysterious difference

between the savage and the civilised man does not vanish. Allied to the trappers were the guides of old times, who served with the United States Army, men like Kit Carson, who fought and conquered the wilderness. Some of these men are still remembered not only for their dauntless courage and resource, but for their unblemished faith and their influence with the Indian tribes.

May I record here the feats of the Pony Express, which before the railway carried letters across the continent? They made an average speed of 250 miles a day; Lincoln's message was carried in 7 days 11 hours from Missouri river to Sacramento. Cody once rode 320 miles in one day, and fought two "road-agents" in the course of it. The charge for transmission was \$5 for half-an-ounce, which seems cheap enough.

The history of the gold miners of California has received much attention; it is not only picturesque, but illustrates many laws of social growth. The early miners were solitary figures, who washed the auriferous sands in pans. They came to California either across the long desert, or by the isthmus of Panama, suffering in either case much discomfort and even misery and death. Their lives were toilsome and very ill-requited; they suffered from scurvy and their bones "ached aloud" with rheumatism, brought on by the exposure to the rain. A lucky adventurer made two ounces of gold

a day, but few carried anything away. I cannot doubt that in their hearts most of the gold-seekers knew this, and what took them to California was not the desire to "get rich quickly," but a sympathy fetched from the immemorial past for the savage state of life. The pan was followed by the placer\* mine, which needed a small company of men to work it. Miners became more of a community, and formed their own customs and laws. Accounts of what these were like, from original sources, differ so much as to dishearten the historian; perhaps the chief lesson, here as everywhere in the history, is the inevitable falsehood of generalisations. There were moments, especially in early days, when mining camps were scenes not merely of good order, but of generous and affectionate sentiment; there were other times, especially after long trials, when rogues abounded and surly distrust prevailed. Miners long depended on themselves not only for their moral and social tone, but for justice and the execution of justice. The State authorities were distant, their action slow, their officials either corrupt or suspected of corruption. The miners' courts as a rule were brief and stern, but just. Theft was severely punished; murder was tolerated, conspiracy to murder, never. Frontier morality allowed people to shoot each other in the course of a quarrel; but ambuscades and assassination it put down. Duelling was unknown.

\* A placer was a deposit of gold in the river bank.

There is no more curious difference between England and America than this difference in the administration of mining camps. I have been told it was perceptible in Alaska the moment you crossed from British to American territory. Under the British flag the murderer was bound to be executed; hence, revolver methods disappeared. So, too, in Australia; though the miners were largely convicts, the law made itself respected. It never quitted a criminal till it caught and punished him. For this success of British law we may suggest very different reasons. Perhaps Englishmen, as individuals, felt more their responsibility for supporting the law; perhaps the principle of central authority (ultimately feudal), more alive amongst them, provided law with a stronger arm to enforce it. Possibly both answers would be correct. England admits contradictions more easily than most countries, and possibly she manages to combine the apparently inconsistent principles of individual responsibility and central authority. Life in America, certainly, has often suffered from the absence of both.

## IV

### The Mixture of Origins

This rapid glance at American history has shown us at least two things that are often forgotten. The first is the romantic aspect of America. There is no country that possesses more romantic and picturesque traditions—just as there is no country that possesses more scenes of natural beauty. Again, America has always been, what she is still, a country of mixed blood; and not only that, but, from a very early period, this mixed blood has flowed in the veins of a new people. In America we see the origins of a race, and we see how little these origins explain it and how much they fail to explain it. This is indeed the chief theme of my little book, and I neither introduce it nor sum it up here; it will recur and will find new illustrations as long as I go on waiting. So far I have pointed out that the British settlers of America were by no means of our type, that the English and Scotch Irish were very different people, that even the English belonged to different traditions. But now it is time to speak of another element in America, the German.

Since the Germans founded no state of their own, their influence in the country was long overlooked, but the industry of German writers\* has now brought it fully into the light of day. Already in the Revolutionary epoch one-tenth of the citizens (225,000) were Germans; during the 19th century 5,000,000 more arrived, and to-day, of a hundred millions 18,000,000 are of German origin. In the 17th and 18th centuries† they were mostly refugees from war or from the long depression following war; in the early 19th century they were still mostly peasants. Where shall we find their influence on America?

First, no doubt, in religion. All of the early immigrants were Protestants, and they helped to make the tone of America, what it always has been, profoundly religious. Their religion was often of a mystic, quietist kind, peculiarly German; they founded those small religious settlements which are such an interesting though seldom trodden by-patch of American history. These settlements are homes of cheerfulness and peace such as English Puritanism seldom produced. Their creed was that of the Baptists and their kindred Meuronites. To-day it seldom survives in its primitive

\* *E.g.*, The German element in the United States. By A. B. Faust. 2 col. 1,200 pp.

† It is amusing to meet in Germany in the 18th century with an emigration agent's advertisement. In the U.S., we hear, "The maid becomes a lady, the peasant a nobleman, the artisan a baron; *the officers of the Government held their places by the will of the people.*" Perhaps Mr. Scadder was a descendant of this artist.

form, but from it are descended important types of religious America to which I shall return. In present day Germany, as everyone knows, philosophy and materialism have ousted religion; Germany has long since sent to the States a full contingent of Philistines, though I cannot say I have traced her philosophy there. But we must do a little more justice to the early arrivals, before we leave them, noting that many of them became backwoodsmen, along with the English and Scotch. Many fought stoutly in the great war; Baron Von Steuben drilled Washington's troops, and dissuaded them from stealing their muskets.

As industrial life in America grew Germans took a leading part in it, especially in engineering, chemical, and steel industries. John Roebling in 1870-80 built the great Brooklyn Bridge; and since his day the Laird of Skibo has made his millions by importing clever young Germans. Viticulture and gardening owe much to Germany, and technical education, like other education, owes almost everything.

What the American temperament owes is a far more subtle question. Its subtlety only dawns upon us when we contrast the two civilisations, which flourish under such different conditions, aristocratic bureaucratic Prussia and democratic America. In Germany (under the old regime), a cheerful, kindly family life sheltered itself under a strict but paternal government; in America



the same life seems often to have continued its ideals without noticing the absence of that Government. The German settlers have taken little part in public affairs, and their absence has been a mistake and a source of evil. Looking at the struggles of German Liberalism, one might suppose the German settlers would have adorned a new Sparta of their own, but in spite of a few manly examples they missed their opportunities. They certainly preferred the system of their adopted country; even to-day the German American neither thinks nor talks much of Germany. But recent years have seen a revival of mutual interest, professors are exchanged between the universities of the two countries, and points of similarity and difference are noted. But there is no sign of a closer union; certainly not of any alliance against England.

German love of music has passed over to America, and I suspect religious music throughout the States owes much to this influence. Even the small, erratic churches have good hymn books, and musical taste in hymn tunes is everywhere excellent. The intellectualism of Germany, so far as I can see, has not crossed the Atlantic; its sentimentalism has. The warmth of the American temper must be largely due to Germany, and American optimism to German optimism. German pessimism, so far, has stayed at home, perhaps finding the German professor a congenial companion. Domestic life owes

something to Germany; and a serious interest in cooking is common to the two countries. These judgments may seem capricious, and yet they may be just, for history is always capricious, but general grounds may be rendered for accepting them. German settlers have mostly come from the peasant settler, and they have brought with them a quiet love of home and a respect for industry which has passed into the life of the country. And finally, so far as the American girl has any spiritual ancestors, I think they must be German. The English woman, compared with the German, in every stage of slavery or freedom, has always had about her a touch of the man; the American woman, even to-day, is surprisingly feminine. Possibly this is somehow due to the German tradition. I need hardly add that these judgments confess both German and American women to be charming. This is true, though true in different ways of each, and if you care to regard the American woman as the German woman transformed by Liberty, you will find *Die Ewige Weibliche* a good case for argument between the old world and the new.

Close beside Germany in that old world is Holland, and this brings up America's debt to the Dutch. It has been discussed by Douglas Campbell in his great work, *The Puritan in Holland, England and America*. I cannot mention this book without a word of gratitude, for it stands alone, and throws a flood of light on the

history both of America and Europe. It deals with a country which in proportion to its achievements has received less attention from the world than any other, especially from England. Yet the relations of England and Holland show in the most striking manner how the play of circumstances transforms the scene of history. Here we have two races united apparently by original ties of blood, by language, by religion, and by many common sentiments, yet nevertheless from age to age irreconcilably hostile. Though we have sheltered Dutch refugees and Holland has sheltered ours, though Holland has given us a king and once at least sought a king from us, as a nation we have always thought of her with cold dislike. It is the only nation that has humbled us on the sea; it is we who have stripped her of her colonies. We are not an ungenerous nation, and I believe we have done justice to all our enemies but Holland. Holland still is, in our common thoughts, a country of Dutch boors; her public policy is crafty and grasping; her sons untrustworthy. Her valour is hardly noticed in our histories, nor the voyages of her sailors, nor her art nor her learning, nor the refinement of her life. This is partly due to the blanks in Dutch literature, partly to mere accident. I rejoice to think that in English, at any rate, if not by an Englishman, this wrong has been righted, and Dutch history has been placed in its true light. Douglas Campbell is not as

just to England as he is generous to Holland; but let that pass; England has received abundant justice elsewhere. What I shall here place before the readers is, in the first place, a summary of his views.

He insists, to begin with, that the institutions and guiding ideas of the States are mostly of Dutch origin. Here is his own summary of the case. "First comes the Federal Constitution, a written instrument as opposed to the unwritten English Constitution. Next are the provisions of this instrument, placing checks on the power of the President in declaring war and peace, and in the appointment of judges and all-important executive officers. Then comes the whole organisation of the Senate—a mutable and yet a permanent body, representing independent bodies politic, and not caste in Church and State. After these features of the national system, but not less important, follow our State constitutions, our freedom of religion, our free press, our wide suffrage, and our written ballot. With these come the free schools, for boys and girls alike, the township system, the independence of the judiciary, the absence of primogeniture, the subjection of land to execution for debt, and the system of recording deeds and mortgages. Added to these are our public prosecutors of crime in every country, the constitutional guarantee that every accused person shall have *subpœnas* for his witnesses and counsel for his defence, the reforms in our penal and

prison system, the emancipation of married women, and the whole organisation of our public charitable and reformatory work.’’

The proof that these institutions were drawn from Holland is rendered in a thousand closely reasoned pages, of which I will only say here that they appear to me conclusive. This may seem surprising when we consider how small a part the Dutch took in the actual settlement of America. But we have to remember the close intercourse in the 16th and 17th centuries between England and Holland; practically all the Puritan settlers were fully acquainted with Holland and Dutch institutions. There is no difficulty in explaining *how* these found their way there; the argument becomes one of facts, and what has to be shown is that American institutions were posterior to Dutch and prior to English examples in the same kind. This is done in Campbell’s book; and I refer the reader to it. Among interesting details is the parallel between the American and the Dutch Declarations of Independence (1581 A.D.) “All mankind know,” say the Dutch, “that a prince is appointed by God to cherish his subjects, even as a shepherd to guard his sheep. When, therefore, a prince does not fulfil his duty as protector, when he oppresses his subjects, destroys their ancient liberties, and treats them as slaves, he is to be considered not a prince but a tyrant. As such, the estates of the land may reasonably

and lawfully depose him and elect another in his room." Republicanism is, of course, not fully fledged here, but it soon followed; America, two centuries later, was still following this model.

Campbell exhibits the growth of American ideas in a very interesting way. He shows how much that is very English lingered in Massachusetts. How, for example, social precedence was carefully organised, even the seats in the Puritan churches being allotted by rank. Social distinctions make themselves felt even in the sumptuary laws. In 1651 the General Court declared "its utter detestation and dislike that men and women of mean condition, education and callings should take on themselves the garbe of gentlemen, by the wearing of gold and silver lace or buttons or points at the knees, or to walk in great boots." Similarly toleration was not a plant of early growth in Massachusetts. In 1685 Increase Mather (then President of Harvard) averred that "Sinful toleration is an evil of exceedingly dangerous consequence; indeed, the toleration of all religions and persuasions is the way to have no true religion at all left. I do believe that Anti-Christ hath not at this day a more probable way to advance the Kingdom of Darkness than by a toleration of all religions and persuasions." Toleration as a doctrine and a practice, came first from Holland, and first definitely appears on English lips in 1611 in the Baptist

Declaration of Amsterdam :—“The magistrate is not to meddle with religion or matters of conscience, nor compel men to this or that form of religion, because Christ is the King and Law-giver of the Church and conscience.” This principle made slow but general progress in America; the Puritans in Massachusetts and the Episcopalians in Virginia reluctantly accepted it, and at the Revolution it triumphed. In spite of Locke its triumph was long deferred in England.

Campbell thinks that not only the institutions but the temper of America are mainly derived from the Dutch. One quotation will show his line of argument :—“Guicciardini said, in 1563, of the Dutch inventive faculty : ‘They have a special and happy talent for the ready invention of all sorts of machines, ingenious and suitable for facilitating, shortening, and despatching everything they do, even in the matter of cooking.’ Here is the Yankee of Europe.” Now it is true this quotation does describe the Yankee; yet the period of Yankee inventiveness was so long delayed that it really does not seem to have been a heritage from Holland. And in general, with all respect for Campbell’s authority, I incline to think America’s debt to them in this matter of temperament should be confined to qualities related to the institutions they borrowed, viz., a spirit of freedom, equality, and toleration, also a broad humanity towards the distressed. In the degree to

which this sentiment penetrated and pervaded society America was long ahead of England. But it went along with other things typically English, for instance, a personal aggressiveness which is prominent in mediæval America, and does not seem to be Dutch.

Little, however, do I know of what really is Dutch, and I should like to have asked Campbell why the Dutch made so little of themselves in South Africa, and whether "slimness" is a failing of theirs, and whether he was willing to trace to it the admiration for the "'cute" and the "spry" to be found in America. Not in every American, but certainly in our old friend Sam Slick, and the reader will remember that he despised the Canadian for not possessing it. Now the Canadian was an Englishman, and it appears Campbell would have had to go to Holland for it, unless it was a plant of the soil. Personally I do not think it was either German or Scotch, though some forms of disingenuous conduct have always haunted Protestant bodies, and no doubt turned up in the Puritans of Massachusetts.

But one immigrant race of earlier times now remains to be discussed, the Celtic Irish. They arrived in small numbers in the 18th century and in large numbers in the 19th. What does America owe to them? I should be glad to give this question a reply gratifying to Irish feelings, yet so far as my own knowledge goes that cannot be done. The Irish in America, though they



came chiefly from the country, seem to have settled chiefly in the towns. They have prospered there. The Irish labourer has risen in the world, and the Italian labourer has succeeded him. But they have elevated themselves at the cost of America. They have achieved a profitable union of the liquor trade, the police, and politics, and still, throughout the States, the saloon keeper, the policeman, and the political boss will often, in some places usually, be found to be Irish. I need not say, they will usually be corrupt and a source of corruption. It is one of the ironies of history that the free institutions of America have fallen so largely into the hands of a race least fitted to understand or control them. Though we must not generalise about Irishmen more than about other races, it seems to me they care little for such institutions; the spirit of the clan is still strong in them, and they are happier under personal rule than under the rule of assemblies. They would probably also be better men, if fate sent them better rulers than the political boss, and the best thing that could have happened to them would have been to have found some quarter of the globe where the priests of Rome, Irish, German and even Anglo-Saxon, could have ruled them both in temporal and spiritual concerns.

To American principles they have contributed nothing except an unforgiving hatred of England. Some of their number are of a curiously wild type, which seems to

resemble the savage, and cannot exchange ideas with the Saxon. It is amongst them that we meet the only instance of reversion in America. So far back as 1749 a German observed that in Virginia were to be found "a kind of white people who live like savages. Hunting is their chief occupation." The same people are still to be found there, not much changed. Distilling "moonshine" is their chief occupation; their ancestral home is Ireland.

It should be clear now that American blood and ideas have flowed in a mingled stream from the first, and Americans need not be disheartened if the stream is now wider than of yore and the tributaries descend from sources more remote. Lamentations certainly are heard. "No nation has ever come up out of such a splendid pure-blooded homogeneity into such a mixed polyglot life as America. Our old proud colonial blood is diluted, our boasted unity gone, our moral solidarity is broken, our educational average impaired." But this view of the past is false, and it overlooks the true sources of America's greatness and her legitimate sources of pride. Later on, when writing of America as she is to-day, I shall portray a nation with many vigorous types of manhood; while picking up some broken threads of historical continuity I shall insist that America is what she has made herself out of what Destiny has given her, and that new America, while

differing much from the past, may gain in proportion as she loses and inspire in future generations an affection and pride as deep as that of Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster, but founded on a higher and greater record.

The Jews have not been a large ingredient in the country—though they are increasing, nor have they been a strong one. It is singular that very few of the great banking houses have been Jewish, nor have they emerged into much eminence in other ways. Here North America differs from South Africa. The most notable point in the connection is the steady disappearance of Jewish orthodoxy. There really seems to be a chance in America that the Jews will ultimately subside into a minor Unitarian body. It is not predicted that this process will culminate in the next five years, but it is certainly at work.

## V

### The Country. Towns. Hotels. Railroads

Before passing on to the large towns of America let us remind ourselves of a life which I scarcely saw and the tourist generally overlooks, the life of the villages and the small country towns. We hear of it in American novels; it still sends out many characteristic sons of America. It is still primitive in its surroundings; the houses are all wooden, the roads not merely unpaved but unmade. Life moves slowly, especially in the New England States; the rugged figures of the past still show themselves. Not that people are ever so slow-witted as the peasantry of England, nevertheless they have not moved with the rest of America. In the New England States this makes itself strongly felt, the fact is, the fire and youth of New England have left her for the west. In the west farming life has changed. The telephone and the electric car have livened up the country, and it has regained a power to attract men which it had lost. This has only just happened in time, for the problem of

Europe, the drift to the large towns was growing acute even in America. It was due largely to the same cause, the "dullness" of the country, and it is fortunate that the progress of invention, which contributed to this cause, is removing it.

The growing profits of agriculture have also saved the situation. It is actually beginning to be found that the country of America is not producing enough to feed the towns, and prices of country produce are rising. Though much of the rise is intercepted by the trusts, a good deal has found its way to the farmer. This is all the more fortunate because the farmer had begun to suffer from the improvident methods of American farming. When the pioneers were spreading over the provinces it was naturally their plan to take everything out of the soil and put nothing into it; the soil was equal to this strain for a few years, and then gave out. This did not matter, as long as fresh land was available; but all the good land of America is now occupied. There are millions of arid acres in the West, and much of the East is still uncleared forest, but the easy methods of the 19th century are not sufficient here. Perceiving this, many Americans have crossed into Canada, where virgin land is still available, and the Republic has lost some scores of thousands of her best citizens.\* Public opinion has been disagreeably stirred by this movement; it was not supposed that a true

\* I read in the papers that, in 1909, 50,000 families went to Canada.

American could be comfortable under a crowned head—and indeed some of them have not been comfortable, and have returned. It has been pointed out that in the East, especially in Virginia, there is room for these wanderers, and some of them have turned their steps there. One cannot help feeling that there *must* be room for profitable agriculture in the waste lands near New York and Boston; perhaps things are waiting for some capitalist to prove this. I am told that the poor quality of the soil is a difficulty, that American soil in general is rather poor, and some kinds of produce can hardly be raised there.\* The Government, however, is watchful of the progress of agriculture; it carries out experiments and distributes information on a scale unequalled in Europe, and whatever can be done with American soil will certainly be done. On the whole it seems to me the tide is flowing in favour of country life. In many places the thrifty Italian is introducing the *petite culture* of Europe, and teaching America a lesson which she refused to learn from the Chinese or Japanese. In California he cultivates fruit—prunes olives and oranges; in the East he is a market gardener. He and his children will have a large share in re-making America.

The villages of New England are sometimes not without charm, though they lack the picturesque grouping of the Old Country; the small towns of the middle west

\* *E.g.*, the yield of potatoes is very poor compared with what it is in Europe, though potatoes are indigenous to America.

are slatternly, uncomfortable places. They are far from rivalling the small towns of California, which deserve a few words for their bright clean streets and their note of life and progress. They repose on the native wealth around them, above and below the ground, a wealth not won without toil,\* but poured into the lap of the toiler with magical profusion. Every one of these little towns pushes its way along with irrepressible energy, every one of its citizens hustling and boosting for it night and day. It has, of course, a local exhibition, where everyone sends the very best specimens of local products, and "literature," full of beautiful illustrations, is showered on the visitor. Immigrants, of course, are streaming into it; speculation is rife; but it really seems to be the case that *everyone* is making money. Heading the race, the millionaires course along; not one of them is content to drop out of the glorious struggle. A Pasadena paper tells us that 75 local millionaires† sat down there not long ago to feast together.

\* Most of the figs now produced in Fresno County are the White Adriatic, and the annual crop is about 3,000 tons. By a long series of costly experiments Mr. G. C. Roeding, of Fresno, has introduced the cultivation of the genuine Smyrna fig, which is the finest fig in the world. The difficulty that had to be overcome was the fact that the Smyrna fig will not mature until fertilised by pollen from the Capri fig. This process is carried on, Mr. Roeding at length discovered, by a microscopic wasp which is born in the Capri fig, emerges from it covered with Capri pollen, and enters the Smyrna fig. Mr. Roeding has naturalised these wasps, and in 1907 produced 75 tons of the genuine Smyrna fig.

† Dollar millionaires presumably, and presumably oil.

As for Pasadena, where these millionaires toil and feast, it is a Paradise of flowery gardens that the world cannot surpass. No walls surround them; the canine tribe\* are not encouraged, and the good sense general in the country prevents people from doing damage. This is real progress in civilisation, even if millionaires have achieved it, and the same progress in the same way makes San Diego delightful. Truly it is not San Diego of the past, for that has vanished. A few fragments of walls date back to Spanish days, a few adobe buildings linger in back streets; and too numerous still are the plain ugly barns of the first American invaders. But Progress is clearing these off. Handsome shops are rising to replace them, with modern hotels and sumptuous public buildings, most of all schools, for the school buildings of new America lead her architecture almost as much as cathedrals and churches that of old Europe. The normal school of San Diego you might easily mistake for the Capitol of California.

Will it all last? One cannot say; it is a futile question. When the petroleum wells are dry; when capital is no more flowing into California, when the soil is all she has to draw from, the tide may turn. San Diego's harbour (the only harbour south of San Francisco) will be no asset if she has nothing to export; nor perhaps will San Francisco or Los Angeles become the world's wonder

\* Nowhere in America. It is one point in favour of their streets that they are not defiled, like those of England, by hordes of useless dogs.



that their supporters imagine. Certainly their past is wonderful even now. Los Angeles had 11,000 inhabitants in 1880; it has half-a-million now. It is nearly twenty miles from the coast, and nothing seems to account for its growth. But it is the centre for South California, and its climate brings many visitors and residents with money. The climate is "a perpetual spring," exempt from the fogs and gales of San Francisco, and the fierce heat of inland California. Round it are flowery plains, where the *eschscholtzia* blooms, and on the horizon the sharp sierras lift their peaks. The city itself has less character than the really great cities of America, and I had better pass on to these.

San Francisco, Chicago, Boston and New York; I write with my eye on these; Philadelphia is a lesser Chicago; Richmond will some day be another type. Let us begin with features that are common to all. Almost all American towns are laid out in long streets at right angles to each other. You never see the end or the beginning of one of these streets. Children must grow up imagining that these streets encircle the earth; the visitor will hardly get away from this idea himself. The Britisher finds them overwhelming; his own preference is illustrated by the new suburbs of London, where the streets are purposely contrived to wind. The San Franciscans would have done better if they had treated their own hilly domain in this way; as it is, their streets go

straight up and down the hills, no use made of the views and walking is wearisome. The cars climb the gradients, "like flies on a window pane"; once in a while something breaks and a car runs back again. The rectilinear system suits Chicago and other towns on flat ground; it is very convenient for strangers. Old Boston, built long ago by Britishers, is the most confusing city on earth; its tortuous streets may well be contrasted with those of Philadelphia as types of the old world and the new.

In many public arrangements the large towns are sadly backward. The names of the streets are never well displayed; sometimes not at all. Numbers are difficult to find. The paving, though much improved, is often bad; worst of all in Chicago, where it is atrocious. Lighting at night is poor. These defects are not quite universal; Boston, for example, is ahead of Chicago or Philadelphia. The cause at work is public dishonesty, though some services escape this, and I cannot say what determines the particular ways in which the American public consents to be defrauded. In some ways they are well treated. The drinking supply is good and the drainage good; at least one does not hear complaints regarding them. The drainage system of Chicago is perhaps the most remarkable on earth. It has been carried out by reversing the course of a river which flowed into the Lake, and making it flow into a tributary of the Mississippi. When I was in Chicago the normal school held an

excursion on this river—or drainage canal, as it now is—which I was permitted to join. We went as far as a power-house, which is built on a fall of the canal and utilises the lead of water to manufacture electricity for Chicago. It is a curious economy to get one's drainage returned in the form of electric light, and the idea does much credit to Chicago. So does the channel of the canal, which is cut in rock, and represents a prodigious outlay of toil and money.

The vitality of these large towns depends much on their transport system, which (like many things of which I write) would need an expert to criticise it seriously. But this much may be said, it is in general safe, speedy and comfortable, though it does not meet the rush-lovers. New York and Chicago have elevated railroads, which were made in days when tunnelling was not understood as it is now. Both cities would probably be glad to get rid of them. They are nice and airy for passengers, but they ruin the neighbouring property and make the streets dark and noisy.

Noise is a characteristic of America everywhere. Long before I visited America I was amused by an American lady in an English hotel who said to me one day, uneasily, "I do not like this felt-slipped existence. I feel as though I could scream. I like noise. I like my own noise. I like the noise of other people. Noise is good for us." If she was right, life in Chicago has one thing in its favour, even more than other cities I write of.

Since my first American city was San Francisco, I will place it first, though it is not—or not yet—the most striking of them. It stands on a land-locked bay, fifty miles long, with a narrow entrance, the Golden Gate, one mile wide. Behind it is the sky line of the coastal range, a long green wall crowned with a few pines. You lose sight of this in the Golden Gate, the cliffs and hills of San Francisco confront you. Stepping ashore you soon find yourself in Market Street, which will some day be one of the great streets of the world. It would be further advanced to-day were it not that the great fire centred the building energies of San Franciscans on other parts of the city. In these other parts the new blocks are magnificent and the shop fronts surpass anything of the kind elsewhere. They are lit up all night long after the doors are closed, and throngs of citizens with small purses gather to admire their contents. There is no display more beautiful or more sumptuous in the fabled *magazins de Paris*.

I spent so much time in San Francisco over the ordinary sights of an American street that perhaps I neglected a little its lions. Chinatown I left alone, except for a visit to the Chinese telephone exchange. The telephone suits China or the Chinese tongue better than the telegraph; Chinatown in San Francisco has an exchange of its own, where pretty Chinese girls sit before an indicator and make connections between invisible pig-

tailed merchants. Each of them is indicated by a dot of electric light, which turns red when his proprietor wants to speak. Not a sound of all the speechification issues from the indicator; the girls work away in quiet mechanical silence.

The great episode in the town's history was the fire. The inaccurate world confuses this with the earthquake, and imagines the earthquake did the damage; but the earthquake was really slight, in town itself, and what devastated San Francisco was the fire. The water mains were interrupted, and the fire was only checked by destroying a ring of houses round it. Nearly all the city perished. The occasion was in many ways creditable to human nature. When the disaster was at its height a spirit of order and mutual kindness transformed men into angels; there were soon cases of selfishness or theft, but the heroism which met the crisis was scarcely marred. It was only when the crisis was past that human nature fell, and San Francisco was herself again. For this is a city with a long evil reputation. From early times to the present day its government has been scandalously corrupt; more than once the exasperated citizens have risen against it, but it remains just where it was, and at the very time when I was there its transport arrangements were being made the subject of a fraudulent bargain. It may or may not be true that there is more cynicism here than anywhere; it seems to be true

that since the fire there has been less insolent vice. This, too, should be remembered, that the energy which rebuilt San Francisco is conspicuous even in America. Not every one lent a willing hand; the trade unions kept out labour and forced up wages, but the city was actually rebuilt, with amazing speed and with a splendour that scorned defeat. The insurance companies, or most of them, some willingly, some unwillingly, paid a loss for which they were not really liable, but many private citizens lost everything. No one, however, lost faith in himself or the city, and it is their boast that before the fire ceased they began to rebuild it. The future still is a little uncertain. Some observers think Seattle and San Diego will hang unpleasantly on San Francisco's flanks; but optimists think otherwise. In 1915, no doubt, nothing will be left undone to assure a triumph.

In San Francisco I first struck the American hotel; so I will here digress on this majestic theme. It is not long since the American hotel had a strong flavour of *Martin Chuzzlewit* about it. 'It was a very plain building, of which every feature seemed intended to repel visitors. Within its portal was a hall with a wooden floor, wooden chairs and spittoons; also an office, where a clerk with careless incivility assigned you a room. No obsequious porter attended to your baggage; most probably you carried it upstairs yourself. As for the meals, they were served only at fixed hours, in a very unadorned style; the

cooking was harsh and crude. The surroundings were certainly not very clean; possibly they were dirty. They were always uncomfortable, but complaints were not expected or attended to. Hotels of this type still abound in America, in remote places; in Virginia even the best belong to it. Does anyone regret their disappearance elsewhere? Strange to say, there is some reason for such regret. In the first place they were cheap. In the second place they were truly American, and offered the traveller opportunities of making friends. When you sat in one of their wooden chairs you were *expected* to talk to your neighbours, and it was your own fault if you did not learn something from them. This is all very much changed in the *hotel de luxe*.

I forget what genius saw the time was ripe for this innovation; I think he was a German New Yorker, and the new hotel sprang panoplied, like Pallas, from his brain. Being a philosophic traveller, I felt bound to stay at some institutions of their kind, and thus I visited without staying at them. The spirit of publicity and the purpose of advertisement open many things in America, hotels amongst them, and you are positively invited to inspect the kitchens of billion dollar hotels. There is much also to be inspected, for these establishments as far as possible make and mend everything for themselves; a book could be filled with facts about them. I must restrain my Muse from the Pindar-flights of their

advertisements, but they really are marvels of organisation, and they do give the traveller what they pretend to give him, the *ne plus ultra* of luxury. The old wooden hall is a vast marble "interior," with deep soft carpets and cavernous armchairs. Electric lights supplement the day; electric fans reinforce the breezes. Ball rooms and banquetting halls; conservatories, lounges and stores; the only thing which they never seem to have is a men's smoking room. The furniture of the bedrooms is lavish and voluptuous; private bath, of course; and I must not forget the lift which whisks you up to it. Scrupulous cleanliness; more towels than you can possibly use.

Drawbacks? To be sure, there are a few. A long, long purse is wanted. What you get is cheap at the figure, but the figure is not low. I should say, in a first class hotel, of this description, your room would cost from four dollars a day; your meals (three) about seven, and your tips about one. You would not be expected to drink anything, but you would be expected to tip a great many servants, excluding only the one person you always tip in England, the chamber-maid. "Tip as you go" is the maxim; in Europe you shower gratuities when you leave; in America you relinquish a coin the instant anybody does anything for you. Now, like most experienced travellers, I do not object to the tipping system, provided it is regulated by custom, but it has grown up in America so rapidly that custom has never



done this; while the ignorance, ostentation and kindly feelings of millionaires have encouraged appalling hopes in menials.

And, after all, what you really want, as a tourist, you do not get in these hotels. You do not get quiet unless you take the best rooms, for the rooms differ from each other, not in the glory of their appointments, but in their proximity to the noises of the establishment. Moreover, they are all constructed *en suite*, and nothing separates you from your neighbour but a wooden door. That neighbour belongs too often to the fell tribe of noisy sleepers; how many a night I have spent in a gilded chamber, on a bed endowed with all divine qualities, counting the snores of some millionaire next door. Finally, the sociability of old days is fled. You dine at a small table which just holds yourself; you repose after dinner in a huge armchair which would itself make conversation impossible, even if it were not as great a solecism to speak to anyone without an introduction as it would be in a London club. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*. There may have been a time when the words, "Well, stranger, —," used to be heard in America, but they would not suit the atmosphere of the new hotel.

It is marvellous with what speed these hotels have sprung up, from San Francisco to New York, all built, I suppose, within the last thirty years. You find them at all shrines of tourist pilgrimages, at El Pestal in the

Yosemite valley, at El Tovas on the Grand Canyon. They are masterpieces of cunning architecture, picturesque or splendid, as the case may be, but equally luxurious and well run. They adorn the beach of fashionable watering places, with flowery gardens stretching round them. I have heard complaints—from Americans—that the servants are not *quite* so obsequious as they are in London, but I never found anything much wrong myself. Many of them nowadays are young Germans, who know what is due to their profession.

These hotels in many cases are great architectural features of their cities, and I may here speak a little of American architecture. Early buildings, from the log cabins onwards, were chiefly of wood, and it is still surprising to a stranger how many people live in "frame houses." They have been succeeded in many places by brick and mortar, but in neither style has America much to show that is notable or characteristic. I do not remember anywhere seeing private houses of any interest, except only those of the New York millionaires. These are costly experiments in Renaissance styles, but, as regards the future, I think they only yield a negative result. This spirit of architecture has, however, been very much alive in the country, and its achievements may be seen wherever it has had to work on the grand scale. Even in New York the Renaissance style has an undoubted triumph in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel; more

recent buildings show in more recent styles conscious strength and dignity. The history of the "skyscrapers" is an episode in fine art as well as engineering.

It is the fashion among those who have never seen these structures to shudder at them; if they visited America with open eyes, they would come to feel differently. But first let me remind the reader what a "sky-scraper" is. It is a building with a rivetted steel frame, with walls of brick or stone, which merely fill the spaces between the girders and add nothing to the structure. Such buildings were first erected in New York, where land in the limited business quarter was exceedingly valuable. The foundation being rock, there was no fear of subsidence, and it was soon found that the steel structure could be carried up to any height. Elevators make access easy; fire-proof construction limits the ravages of fire. As business quarters, these buildings are quiet, light and airy\*; their chief drawback is the immense crowd they bring together in the street. One of them may easily hold the population of a small town.

These buildings spring up with astonishing speed; the materials are all brought ready shaped to the spot, and have merely to be fitted together. Machinery hoists the girders and clinches the rivets, a few workmen guide things into their places and the obedient spirits of steam and electricity perform the rest. The workmen's task is

\* Of course, electric lights and fans have made great differences in modern interiors.

risky, but well paid; it suits the American temper. As soon as the beams are laid, the masons complete the walls, and, fast as the structure rises, the bottom is sometimes occupied before it reaches its full height.

It has often happened that a strict economy left the building unadorned, but in most cases something has been done in the name of art. First attempts, of course, followed precedents, the early "sky-scrapers" repose on buttresses, pillars and arches, as though they were solid stone. But a swift course of progress replaced these by other ideas; florid ornaments too disappeared; and the recent buildings show both sincerity and decorative skill. Architects have developed a sense of proportion on the scale required, and posterity will some day recognise their efforts and their triumph.

The streets of the great cities, though not always narrow, are never broad enough to place the observer at a sufficient distance from the sky-scraper. In Chicago alone, on the lake front, is it possible to step back and examine them, though the massive one of New York can be seen from the harbour. This drawback, however, attends many city buildings of older types, and is not to be imputed as a fault to the sky-scrapers. Of course no single building of this kind is intended to stand or be seen quite by itself. It remains a block amid similar blocks, with some character of its own, but always a unit in a vast assemblage. The general effect of such an

assemblage particularly on both sides of a street is difficult to describe. The whole thing is so great as an achievement that the mind is interested and astonished without being quite ready to decide if the spirit of beauty is present. At least this is what I must say for myself. I think the presence of life and power was the chief spiritual imports of these American streets. I did not find them either vulgar or depressing, and in some places they were instinct with wonderful beauty.

It is time, however, to abandon generalisations, and I propose now to move on to Chicago. Not without one passing remark suggested by San Diego on the general conservatism of American street architecture. In San Diego we have a city in a sub-Tropical climate, like that of Southern Italy, dry, hot and sunny. Here was a chance to invent something more suitable to these conditions than the street rows of England; and yet nothing has been invented. Arcades and verandahs and other devices suggest themselves, but nothing has been attempted. Progress and invention have not gone hand in hand.

The change from San Francisco to Chicago is highly disagreeable. To begin with, the soft coal of Chicago smothers everything in soot, which not even the winter rains wash off. I suppose there must be some pleasant days in the year there, but they are surely few. There is a furiously hot summer; a long winter, and a spring, as I

can testify, of howling gales, late blizzards, and incessant rain. The unpaved streets, and the rattle of the elevated subway, make up a discord of jarring sensations; it is difficult for the most attentive ear to catch any harmony pervading it. Moreover, much of the architecture is basely utilitarian. The whole city reminds one of those grimy slatternly engines of the American railways, which no friendly hand ever paints or cleans, which, however, toil with the strength of giants and finish the work they are given to do. So too does Chicago work. Everyone seems to be working there. Perhaps owing to the weather during my stay, I saw no fashionables in the streets, but they were always crowded, and the crowd was less good-humoured than elsewhere in America. Swindlers and sharpers are said to abound; respectable citizens of whom I asked the way entreated me next time I wanted information to consult a policeman. Chicago policemen, however, are less genial than those of London, they rap out curtly, "Two down one over," scarcely audible under the elevated, and when you have wriggled back to the pavement, you find yourself no wiser than you were. Even Americans do not much like Chicago unless they are born to the manners of the city.

Now, however, for some good sides of Chicago, not always noted by visitors. In the provision of parks and the wise use of them it leads the whole world. The Chicago parks are not large gardens, but playgrounds

for the people, and the institutions connected with them are intended to raise and purify the life of the poor. You will find, for example, in one centre the following features:—Gymnasiums, covered and uncovered, for boys and girls; a large playground; small model gardens for children to cultivate; a reading room; a swimming bath; small baths; and three hundred lockers with locks attached, which are at the service of families in the neighbourhood, to keep a change of clothes in. All this is free, everything is of excellent material, and competent directors are always on hand to keep order and teach the use of things. Here, then, behold, in the heart of competitive industrial individualist Chicago growing up unseen the timid flower of Socialism, with excellent results, as everybody allows; juvenile crime has wonderfully diminished, and the dirty immigrants who swarm into Chicago are learning to wash and keep themselves clean. These results are all the more striking because not far from this very playground may be seen an example of that old-fashioned charity which the Socialist hates and mistrusts, Hull House. This is a sort of Toynbee Hall, with all the usual institutions; it pursues the usual objects, especially, as I thought, trying to give a lift to the cause of artistic workmanship. I called and wandered through it, and sought an interview with Miss Addams, the head of the place, the chief lady philanthropist of America. In America it is a fixed principle that anybody

may claim an interview; a cat may not only look at a king, but he may call on the king and extend his paw and say, "How do you do, King? I am *vurry* glad to see you." The king is bound to smile and ask him to sit down and talk to him. So I called on Miss Addams, and as somebody else was already calling on her I sat down and waited, and while I was waiting another professor from another part of the world also called, with just as little right as myself to call. This was too much for me; I surrendered the interview to him and retreated. But I wandered through Hull House, and watched an entertainment in the theatre, a fairy drama, with a moral tendency, in which some delightful children from the neighbouring slums danced and acted delightfully. It was all very pleasing, but somehow I think the Socialists are so far right, that something is wanted on a larger scale than Hull House can supply. In the sixteen free playgrounds of Chicago they seem to have taken a real step forward. Dancing is favoured there too. One evening I saw a "play festival," at which the children performed national dances by electric light. The children were all little foreigners, who brought their dances with them, but America encourages dancing, and it is going to be part of her future. Why not? Thousands of parents attended this play festival, and witnessed a spectacle at once innocent, artistic and cheap; it is one of my brightest recollections of America.



Is not this a recollection of Chicago just as fair as her noise and jostling crowds and savage industries? I shall come back to these; let me say again that there is no place in America where the lamp of idealism burns as brightly as in the Chicago schools; her Art Institute testifies not only to a reverence for art, but to a good judgment withal; in the auditorium, a theatre second to none anywhere for size and beauty, I heard the chief singers of Europe perform Tannhauser and La Bohème. Finally, since I have mentioned the Chicago slums, let me say I saw the worst of them, and they were better than the slums of England. That is to say, so far as a stranger could see; there are always things he misses.

Old men can still remember when Chicago, now a city of some millions, was little more than a name. Fifty years ago it was a small town, which the citizens on one occasion lifted bodily up seven feet above its early level. The Civil War gave it an impulse, as an emporium for food and supplies; in 1870 it had 300,000 inhabitants. At that date it was burned down, and immediately rebuilt. Since then manufacturers have gathered there; it is the centre of wheat and beef and railways, and in many ways the centre of America. Certain problems beset its future, especially its right attitude towards the great lake. There is a vast traffic on this lake, and the question arises where the docks should be, and how much of the traffic can or should pass through the city.

Moreover, there is the vision of a waterway to the Mississippi, which seems a flouting of Nature. Nevertheless, it may come, but first, let us hope, Chicago will have opened up her crowded centre, as she thinks of doing, and conferred upon herself an eminence in city architecture worthy of her energy and wealth.

I now propose to mount the cars again and move to Boston; the opportunity is favourable for a digression on American railways. Owing to the distances of America the tourist inevitably spends much time on the cars, and railroad scenes become prominent in his recollections. Moreover, as Americans are themselves much in motion, there is much of them to be seen on the cars; as a tourist I may say I saw more of the family life of America on the cars than anywhere else. At any rate, I saw families together, and observed the weaker side of the American child. The car is a fine place for children to run about in, screeching like wild Indians, tumbling over each other, pestering and defying their parents. Few people in the country seem able to manage children except the professionals.

However, let us deal first with the mechanical arrangements of the railways. The subject is enormous, its profounder aspects are fit only for experts; in no case does it yield graciously to literary treatment. I may say first that the American railway, though it shrinks from no enterprise on the ground of expense, wastes no money

on anything unnecessary. It calculates every working expense to a cent. Its permanent way and its rails are just what will carry the trains; its bridges are built of logs as long as possible; nothing is ever spent on finish or decorations. Its depots are mostly squalid wooden structures. There are no platforms, and it is not without difficulty that the young and the old and the feeble get in and out of the trains.

The cars, however, are well built and well finished. Their arrangements I need not describe; I found them very comfortable, except that the luggage racks are too small. Nor has any railway in America more than any in Europe, discovered the average length of the human leg, barring one small line near Santa Fe, where the seats conform to it. The system is, of course, "one man one seat"; you board the train anywhere and wander up and down till you find that seat. It is then yours; no stout passenger can encroach on you. The large interior is restful to the eye; you escape the *gêne* of a *vis-à-vis*; and the cars run smoothly.

Annoyances there are, no doubt. Your ticket is a long strip of paper, which gives all sorts of information except the one piece you really need, the price of it. On this point you are left to the honesty of the booking-clerk. As you proceed on your journey the conductor, patrolling the train, detaches various sections from the tickets, giving you a bit of cardboard in exchange for

each. This, in order to save you trouble and assist his memory, he is apt to stick in your hat; the Britisher, experiencing this method for the first time, resents it as a freedom. It will not do, however, on this or any other point, to quarrel with the conductor; he is a very independent person, and you may sometimes need his help. You may wish, for instance, to learn the name of a station you have reached, which you suspect to be your own destination. The conductor may be the only repository of this information within reach; it is seldom to be seen on the station itself.

Speed is low or moderate except in the case of a few famous trains. These trains have often fancy names, such as "The Owl" (which flies at night), and their merits are set forth in literary advertisements, printed in "dainty" booklets. Their standard, however, is not higher than that of a *train de luxe* in Europe. In the case of a Pullman car, as arranged for the night, I think America falls behind European ideas. The European night car is for night use alone; its beds are like berths in little cabins, privacy at any rate is secured, and as much comfort as is possible on a train. The Pullman is convertible; when night draws on the coloured porter makes up the beds after the ancient but ill-approved style of the institution. By a transformation full of interest the first time you see it, the car becomes lined with upper and lower berths, longitudinally. Curtains depending

from the roof screen the berths and form a central passage. You creep or climb into your own quarters—and undress there. This undressing is the prime grievance of American travel; it has to be done in the dark, sitting or lying on your bed. I suppose everyone gets through it his own way; I gradually perfected a system. The coloured porter keeps watch during the night and blacks boots, receiving next morning from each passenger a quarter for this service. He is not always successful in baffling thieves, but he is honest himself and fairly civil, though not in the least obsequious. Other porters, by the way, there are none; what baggage goes with you personally you must tug about yourself. No age or sex or purse is exempt from this necessity.

Distinctions of class ostensibly do not exist, and in mediæval America were really absent. The Pullman car has modified this equality, and takes the place of a first-class. A second class night car is also provided by some lines, called "a tourist car." It ought to be called "an emigrant car," for it is apt to look like the steerage of an old emigrant ship. Those who are not satisfied with ordinary Pullmans have private cars or even private trains of their own; this is one way in which the millionaire copes with the growth of his income. Refreshment rooms are good and reasonably cheap; restaurant cars very good and very expensive.

Fares vary a good deal, according to circumstances. They change frequently; the companies are always fighting each other and producing rival combinations of tickets. Return tickets are disproportionately cheap. Hence there is the artful industry of the "scalpers," who buy and sell return halves of long distance tickets. The companies fight them by making you sign your ticket and by other devices, but the scalper flourishes. As a tourist, comparing the competitive system with the State monopolies of Australia, I much prefer the latter. In America, it is the object of each company to capture you and keep you on their own line; you cannot, except at great expense, combine the places of interest on different railroads.

The safety of American lines is stoutly upheld in the States; and probably with better reason than appears on the surface. There is nearly the same length of lines in the States as in all the rest of the world, though trains are not so frequent as in England. In this vast area accidents must be continuous at some point or other, and the structure of the trains makes them very fatal to life. The long cars get blocked at each end; it is difficult to escape, and the wreckage often catches fire. In many parts of the country natural conditions are more dangerous than in Europe; during my visit a train was buried under an avalanche in the Rockies. The extreme cold of the plains produces some curious results; the

water sometimes freezes in the pipes of the engine, and she has to be laid aside for the rest of the winter.

No treatment of railroad life would be complete without a sketch of the "train boy." This is a youth who keeps a small store on the trains and moves up and down offering articles for sale. Papers, novels, postcards, candy, and pea-nuts, these are his main lines, and he expects to do business with you. Do not suppose that by merely taking no notice of him you will escape his operations. I think you would be safe if you slept steadily throughout the whole journey, but the instant you opened your eyes he would settle on you like a fly, and the only way to get rid of him even for a time is to buy something. He is most annoying in the west, but exists everywhere, and is wonderfully tolerated by the citizens. Nobody is ever rude to a train boy; Edison was once a train boy, and the vocation has made good its claims to exist. In the *train de luxe*, however, he is not suffered to molest you.

Let us close with a more serious word on the great achievements of the American railroads. The speed with which they covered the continent is amazing. Actual engineering difficulties were not in most instances serious, but to penetrate the western desert was a "proposition" needing the very highest courage and ability. You will realise that when you have crossed, day after day, its forbidding tracts. Moreover, it will

suggest itself that a wonderful prescience was needed to bring these lines into existence, not merely on the part of engineers, but of capitalists. For a thousand miles from the Rockies there is nothing to make railroads pay; there are the Rockies themselves to be crossed, and yet company after company has accepted the challenge of the situation, and believing in the destiny of California, has added a new route to the west. There has generally been at work the brain of a single man; no country shows us the worth of the individual so much as the land of "triumphant democracy." And in no sphere is that worth better than in railways. In judging business, in effecting economies of railroad administration there is soon a need for the talents of the statesman and general combined; and in a man like Harri-man, perhaps the Napoleon of American railroads, these qualities may be found almost by nature and training as perfect as in the great figures of political history.

I have made some criticisms, but on the whole bear the impression that I found travel in the States comfortable and amusing. I should add that in respect of "depots" or stations American railways are progressing. While Germany (for example) is far ahead of her in ideas of what an ordinary large town station should be, some of the most recent stations in America equal anything in Germany or the world. The station at Washington is magnificent; the new Pennsylvania line station in New



York probably the finest in the world. It was not open when I left America, but I could just get a glimpse of it, and in real majesty of design it seemed to belong to the best efforts of modern architecture. How such buildings will ultimately be viewed in comparison, say, with the Coliseum it is too early to decide.

We will pass on now to Boston, which succeeds in this book, as it succeeded in my travels, Chicago. The contrast in first impressions is perhaps *too* unfavourable to Chicago, but it is undeniable and it lasts to the end. One can only save the situation for Chicago by admitting that there is hardly any city in the English-speaking world that would not lose by comparison with Boston.

It stands on a large bay; without being exactly a seaside town, it has miles of seaside suburbs. It has also miles of inland suburbs, which lose themselves in primeval forests. You need go but a mile or two (say) to the Blue Hills to survey a scene which the Pilgrim Fathers would have recognised, where the great city of Boston almost vanishes from your eyes and thoughts. Yet Boston, if her suburbs were counted in along with her, would be one of the largest cities in the world; they have kept their independence for local reasons, and the population of the whole settled area is never enumerated. Indeed, I do not know what should determine this area, for the state is so thickly sown with little towns that on

the cars you pass from one to another in the twinkling of an eye and they all seem to be suburbs of each other. The ground is seldom quite flat, and everywhere between the houses is the same leafy wilderness. Some larger houses have veritable parks surrounding them, where the Englishman, after long wandering in America, starts to find himself once more at home. Then the city itself has large parks of the same type, and finally in the very centre of Boston is the famous Boston Common. It is an undulating tract of about 50 acres, long guarded from appropriation by private or public enterprise. Rows of shady elms line the walks and cast their shadows on the turf and flowers; it is a very bright and beautiful scene that has witnessed many episodes of Boston life. It witnesses some to-day; I saw the companies of Boston volunteers assemble there dressed in the military costumes of past centuries, and I saw the cadets of the Boston schools reviewed there clad in the Federal gray, which has so many associations for citizens of the Union. Not in England alone does the present bear witness to the past, and a keener love of the past is a growing feature in the complex of American character.

The domestic architecture of Boston is perhaps the best in America. Commonwealth Avenue is a beautiful street. The houses are often covered with the Virginia creeper, which adds a charm even to the commonplace. A curious feature of the town is the abrupt way in which

the fashionable shopping centre is delimited by the fashionable residences. This has for one effect that of making the fashionable streets disagreeably crowded. Beyond them, of course, lies a business centre, by no means fashionable, and then there are poorer quarters degenerating into slums. In fact, it is rather curious how Boston is traversed by invisible partitions and how little one quarter sees of another.

In public architecture the town has some great triumphs, as almost every large town in America has. In the main these triumphs are achieved in the severer styles, and this is the case in Boston. Trinity Church certainly is in a florid style. It is the masterpiece of Richardson, but I do not care for it myself; it is overlaboured and quite dark inside. The most remarkable buildings in Boston, as I thought, were the Harvard Medical School and Mrs. Eddy's Church. The latter is in the Italian Renaissance, the former in classic Greek style. Now, if there are two styles which I had thought to be dead and buried it was these, and here, behold, they were come to life again. I stepped into the Christian Science offices and asked who designed their church, but though, very obligingly, they telephoned in every direction, they were unable to find out. So his name I do not know, nor the name of the architect of the medical school; it seems almost impossible they will be forgotten, as the names of architects always have been.

However, there in Boston are the memorials of their genius. It would be futile to describe them. The Christian Science Church is spoiled by the survival of the "Mother Church" on one side of it; but its own sense of proportion is unerring. The interior, which holds five thousand scientists, is magnificent. Who chose the style, I cannot say. It wisely breaks with the past of Christian architecture, and does not seem to speak of any inspiration, but a certain capaciousness and comfort and dignified ease pervade it. The organ (a most noble instrument), is to the eye as though it were not; you cannot tell where it is; the strains of music rise on the air as though the very building gave them forth. There are plenty of vestibules for diverse purposes, all lined with marble, and a sort of crypt, which is filled after service on Sunday with a brilliant, gay chattering throng of scientists.

From the roof of the Christian Science Church, if you look in a particular direction, you will see at a distance of two miles or so the Harvard Medical School. The full extent of the hostility between the institutions I shall expound hereafter. I will only here say that it is the widest possible within the wide limits of human nature, yet both find lavish support in Boston. The medical school comprises three blocks of buildings, which surround an oblong stretch of turf. They are built of marble, in the severest classic style, adapted freely to

their needs. If you wish to assure yourself that this style, in the most conscientious hands, may yield a tame and frigid result, you have only to visit the art museum, contemporary with the medical school, a few yards away. In the medical school, however, genius is seen at work; it has created a building which will be visited for its own sake centuries from now. Its success raises a question regarding the future of architecture; one begins to feel it is not so necessary that the future should revolutionise the past. However, we have yet to see what the age of concrete brings forth.

Imbedded in new Boston are certain payments of old revolutionary Boston much valued by America. Chief is, perhaps, the old State House, headquarters of government in King George's days. It is a plain but dignified brick building, surmounted by the Royal Arms of Britain. There was a restoration, at which American sentiment boggled a little when it was effected, but since the Stars and Stripes float visibly above it, I do not see that much harm was done. History was written there in symbols; that was all. Within the building is a museum, including amongst other things various squibs and verses of the epoch. I was surprised to find so little bitterness in them. In fact, the only bitter words I remember were in another museum, that in the old South Meeting House. This is the building where Franklin was baptised; the British turned it into

a riding school, and this profane abuse was much resented. But on the whole the degree of feeling which the age excited is not evinced by anything in these collections, and there is nothing in them which a Britisher could consider at all vindictive or unfair.

It so happened that I spent in Boston the glorious Fourth of June, and I spared no efforts to use the opportunity. But, as so often happens, all my expectations were disappointed. The Fourth of June, 1910, was a very different Fourth from its predecessors. It was a "sane" Fourth. American sentiment, on this as on other points, suddenly self-critical, had decided that another Revolution was called for, and the old Fourth must go. The old Fourth, like the old Scotch Sabbath, began the evening before, and lasted all night, all day, and all the next night. Fireworks and patriotic speeches never ceased; sleep was impossible by night and every sort of work by day. Yet people found this quite enjoyable, and it would have lasted at least till 1910 but for the loss of life and property incurred. Scores of children were killed, hundreds maimed, and millions of dollars' worth of property burned down. A change was resolved on, and, as nothing in America is now done by halves, the change was made a drastic one. The mayors of various cities issued edicts, private fireworks were almost forbidden, and public rejoicings regulated.

I had a friend of old-fashioned ideas, who assured me

young America would rebel against this, and he invited me to join him at 3 a.m. on the Fourth and hear things hum. I did so, journeying through streets as silent as the grave, in company with a party of drunken Irishmen, on a trolley car.\* He rose, and we sallied forth in search of bonfires, but we found none, nor any procession of Antiques and Horribles, nor anything else. At 9 a.m. a schoolboy read the Declaration from the State House; at 10 an audience (by no means large) listened to patriotic speeches at Fanent Hall. The chief speaker was a negro, whom I could scarcely follow; his subject certainly was Freedom, but I heard no echo of the voice, "Give me death or give me liberty." Then followed a procession; soldiers, emblematic cars, and so forth. It was fairly good, but not well managed; the crowd stood for hours waiting in the streets with that patience which one finds, against all expectations, a strong feature of America. In the evening there was a display of fireworks on the Charles River, a very poor display, for which, according to the papers, the Mayor refused to pay the bill. The crowd must have numbered hundreds of thousands; it was very silent, and orderly in the extreme.

There is no doubt that the day marked a revulsion of sentiment deep and wide; whether it will last or not I cannot say. Very possibly it may last; there is only a

\* The only drunken people I saw on that day, and almost the only drunken people I saw in America

small part of America that can feel now they are commemorating on the Fourth of July their fathers' heroic deeds. On the other hand, how far does Protestant sentiment in England account for the Fifth of November? Will not the *boys* of America still need something of the kind? And of course not all America celebrated its Fourth as sanely as Boston.

Bunker's hill I visited, now a grassy knoll in Boston, with a huge obelisk pointing to the skies. Salem, too, one summer evening, with hurried steps—I was foolish enough not to return there. Yet, in the course of a long tour, it is hard to be always wise; sometimes from mere fatigue one leaves a place unvisited. Now Salem is still an example of the past; its wooden houses belong to middle Colonial days, when some degree of state attended Colonial life, and one is surprised at their dignity and elegance. The streets are shaded by groves of magnificent trees. Salem harbour is a beautiful little bay, lined with old wooden houses and furnished with at least one comfortable inn, where you can sit and eat clams, and revolve the many-sided past.

One relic of that past at Boston I must not forget, the old *Constitution* in the Naval Dockyard. It is the boast of America that she lowered the British flag not only on land, but on sea, and fully earned her independence, I willingly grant the full extent of this boast; not that England failed to score



in her turn, but undoubtedly some of the hardest victories went to America. The *Constitution* was the pride of America's navy; she was never beaten, and kept the sea for a whole generation. Beside her lay the *North Dakota*, latest of the Dreadnoughts.

Enough now of Boston's exterior; more will follow in another place of her sentiment and atmosphere. Sadly I boarded the train one day and moved onwards to New York. The country was very beautiful, the day a bright summer day, and towards its close we reached the great Metropolis. Next morning I invited her to show me wherein she could rival the uproar of Chicago or the grace of Boston. In a few days I learned that it is futile to compare her with either.

New York is an immense city, the second largest in the world, the only real competitor of London. Of her, as of London, the stranger sees only a few striking scenes. I write only of these, which are sharply divided from each other. Her long narrow site is traversed from end to end by the avenues, and diagonally by Broadway; the smaller streets run at right angles to the avenues, except at the very end, where, as in Boston, there is some confusion. At this very end is the business quarter, and it is here that the great sky-scrapers rise. The back view of these is from the river. Seen thus at a distance they unite in a mass of incredible grandeur, flecked everywhere with little whiffs of steam, from the machinery of the lifts. I

like this hint of life about the effects, and am pleased to think it was the last thing I saw of America. The river scene is itself very brilliant, especially when the large steamers\* are departing, one after another, for the old world.

New York is a city of anthracite coal. The fog and smoke of London are absent, so too is the charm of London, the play of light and shadow, the vanishing effects, the mystery. If New York has a prototype it is Paris. Regular lines, a clear hard atmosphere are not objections to her, but part of her ideal. There is something exhilarating about them; I suspect that the exhilaration attributed to American air is partly the effect of New York on visitors. Yet whatever one says or thinks of New York, be it remembered to the last that she is not typical of America. She is a part of America; she would only be possible in America, yet within America she is in many ways unique. Curiously enough, I think San Francisco is the only American town that at all resembles her.

Her architecture, I have said before, recalls Paris, yet the nude art of Paris is absent. † I know not whether a certain audacious style in dress should be called Parisian. There it is, however; the plumage of the New York belle is more striking if not brighter than the fine feathers of

\* These steamers are indeed a part of Europe. They are all built there, and all are run and almost all owned by Europeans.

† There is one cautious experiment in a corner of Wall Street.

Boston. Style in dress, however, is everywhere an American ambition. It is set off in New York by the seedy apparel of the loafers. New York has her full share of them, and as you watch them "sitting, lying, languid shapes" in Madison Square, memories of London rise upon your mind. Somehow, too, I felt in New York that a city population has grown up there, such as other towns in America do not possess.

In this same Madison Square is the Metropolitan Life Assurance building, the last and greatest triumph in the lofty style of architecture. The main part of it is a block eleven stories high, the sky-scraper part is a tower eighty-five feet across, which rises to a height of seven hundred feet. Other figures I omit, but briefly note that it is the highest building in the world. The construction throughout is steel; the whole building within and without is faced with marble. The design of the tower, like that of the Harvard Medical School, has been fetched from the old world; it is adapted from S. Mark's Campanile.

It is well for New York that this great experiment has been a great success. The tower is, of course, visible everywhere, for many miles around, and the whole building can be seen across Madison Square. There is nothing about it to forgive or forget; some details, as in any building, may be open to argument, but there is no sense of failure anywhere. The final word regarding it

must no doubt be left to some other age. At present we are puzzled over the ideals of business architecture, and neither Ruskin nor Whistler is very helpful. In this particular instance we are puzzled all the more because the model of the tower was a religious structure, and such buildings for intrinsic or extrinsic reasons come to symbolise religious sentiments. What sentiments can a business building symbolise? The guild halls of the middle ages may seem entitled to a quasi-religious style, on the ground of the quasi-religious idea and superior morality we attribute to our fathers in business; but the modern business would seem more prosaic, and size, convenience, and cheerful ornament seem to be all its premises can properly aspire to. These, it seems, are not sufficient elements for a really great style. On the other hand, there may be spurious elements in our highly esoteric view of old religious architecture; it is not so essentially devotional as some think, and the devotional sentiment, given time enough, would transform modern styles that seem quite unsuitable for churches. So, too, modern business premises, when they are invested with antiquity, may not be questioned so closely about their inspiration, any more than we question the facades of Venice, to which indeed they are alien.

I have said before that fine art criticism will some day take a more serious view of city architecture, and will discover that all sky-scrapers are not equally meritorious,

any more than all churches. At present, it is interesting to criticise them for one self, entering a field where there is no ready-made opinion. We shall do best to quit any search for symbolic values, and take what we find in the way of grace, mass and ornament as merely enjoyable, leaving sentiments to grow up as love grows up in a girl's heart, unseen, "like a new shoot on a creeper." Having so disposed our minds we shall find the Metropolitan Building truly beautiful, and, whatever else it is or may become, a great ornament to New York. It has a beautiful clock and a set of chimes which enter into all one's impressions of the city.\*

The fashionable avenue is the Fifth, where the millionaires live; no line of cars desecrates it,† and in the clear New York air its brilliant mansions form as it were a tiara for the city's brow. At Madison Square it exchanges compliments with Broadway. Broadway, as it winds along, varies in tone, but mostly it is a street of shops, and near Fifth Avenue of good shops. Further away, the shops grow more popular. As Fifth Avenue looks best by day, so Broadway is most itself by night. It owes everything to its advertisements. The street is one immense blaze of legends and pictures, most of them in motion. Some are wonderfully clever; the climax is

\* Is this general indifference in favour of artistic work or not? It leaves artists unrewarded by fame, but it leaves them, too, a very free hand in design.

† Not that the New York cars injure any street, for they are all underground.

the galloping ponies with the dust rising under their feet. Countless thousands of people wander up and down enjoying each other's company and staring at the signs. "The Great White Way" New Yorkers call it; no doubt it is the finest free show in the world.

A few steps may take us to the tenement quarters, best inspected in the daytime. These are where the very poor live. Most of them are "foreigners," and many of them foreigners in course of distribution to other parts of the States. They come from every country of South and South-Eastern Europe, and naturally associate according to their origin. They live in tall "tenement" buildings, where each has just those three and a half cubits of space which, according to the Hindu poets, is all a living man needs. They belong to the reproductive classes, and the streets between the tenements can hardly hold the children. In the summer holidays, when I was in New York, these children fill the streets all day long; I thought them well dressed and well behaved, and did not observe that general starvation which some alarmists have reported amongst them. But alarmists of every kind abound in America, they are always provided with heaps of facts and figures, and there is always the same difficulty in finding out how far to believe in them. As I said before of Chicago, so I may say of New York that the worst slums I saw there are much better than what I saw years ago in Liverpool. As to what may be seen in

the lowest saloons and brothels I cannot say, but some people need to be reminded that civilisations are not to be judged entirely by the very worst things that can be found in such places.

In the centre of New York is the huge Central Park, 840 acres. Much thought and money has been spent on it, and it is skilfully laid out in a series of little landscapes. Yet I do not think it is very useful either to the rich or the poor; the rich do not need parks, and what the poor want can better be seen in Chicago. The really crowded districts of New York are badly off for open spaces.

The great Brooklyn Bridge is one of the wonders of the world of engineering. To those who know America only by her perishable articles and think her incapable of solid work, the Brooklyn Bridge might with sufficient force be retorted; remembering always it is one of the things she owes to her German immigrants. The arrangements for traffic and for the passage of cars are very ingenious, and the long approach is most impressive. From a distance the bridge is light and graceful, the imagination forgets the immense weight and movement it sustains, and the fierce activity that throngs its approaches. It commands a view of New York more impressive than the limitless panorama from the Metropolitan Assurance Building. Two hundred feet below us rolls the river, and, beyond, the city rises like a moun-

tain. Few people come on foot, the pathway most of the day is fit for meditative minds. One misses the dome of St. Paul's, with its many suggestions, but the great tower of Madison Square is fully as grand, and there is more breadth about the New York view.

After New York, Philadelphia must needs be an anti-climax, yet it is the third city of the States and one of the largest in the world. After all our education, how many English people know this? I for one did not know it, and found, with astonishment, that Philadelphia is really another Chicago, only less meteoric. Picture it then as much the same, instinct with the same fierce activity, and then follow me one Sunday to the Friends' Meeting House, where a few spiritual descendants of William Penn still gather. Very few, in summer, when I was there, scarcely any at all; yet the tradition is alive, and those who addressed the meeting, men and women, were true Quakers.

Severely contrasted with the modern city is the old brick State House, where the Declaration of Independence was adopted. Like all monuments of America's childhood it is carefully guarded, and though it contains little but portraits and wooden chairs, like a mummy, it provides the spirit of the dead past with a home. America could spare all modern Philadelphia more easily than this old building. It gives the preacher a text; and I have often thought that America is better off than



England in having always a lever for the moralist, a vantage ground for thinkers, a clear point of view, a position to attack or defend. The Declaration, the Federalist, the morality of Franklin, provide all these, according as they are used. You can always take up Franklin's morality and decide whether it is enough for 1910 or not; if so, you have Franklin's name to support it; if not, his own clear exposition will help you to show what is wanted.

Among Philadelphian museums I single out not that of the University, though its Indian collection is the most striking in America, but one small collection in the Fairmont Park, showing household appliances in the middle of the 19th century. I have not seen a similar collection in any English-speaking country, though this only shows how easy it is to overlook what is interesting and important. What indeed is more important than to realise the change in men's lives that has taken place within men's memories?\*

It is a change greater than thousands of years preceding it accomplished, during which the spirit of Invention slept in its ante-natal womb. Do we hear of one single *invention* during the whole of Greek and Roman history? Scarcely. And Invention, once born, was long ere she busied herself with house-

\* Within the memory, for example, of an old sailor whom I saw in Philadelphia, who was said to have thrown stones at the British in 1812! This was not proved to me, even by his own assertions, yet he was no doubt one of the oldest men alive. He lay in bed at the Naval Asylum with a broken hip, roughly but kindly tended by the ward boys and forgotten by the ministering angels of Death.

hold appliances. The country home of 1850 differed little from that of 1650; there were much the same heavy, clumsy tools in use. I marvelled to see them in this Philadelphian museum; they seemed as far from our own age as the relics of Pompeii.

Perhaps here I may ask the engineer; his inventions are rather pieces of mechanical ingenuity, designed chiefly to shorten labour. In this direction America leads the world, and the list I have given below fails to mention a thousand little contrivances (like the vacuum cleanser), which met us everywhere in the States. It is only lately that I met a book dealing with the art of bricklaying, in which it was shown how much might be saved by better co-ordination of the movements this work involves. The best easily say how far the credit of immigrants' inventions belongs to them. Thus Edison has part, though not the whole, of the incandescent lamp; while Ericsson's screw propeller, sometimes claimed for the States, was invented by him before he settled there. The actual use of anæsthetics was suggested in the States, but Sir James Simpson introduced chloroform. Conversely the crowning of teeth was invented in England, but was taken up and perfected in the States. On the whole it appears that America is not strong in inventions which proceed on new principles, such as the turbine. We may question how far the Americans are an<sup>4</sup> inventive people. Their first notable inven-

tion seems to have been the cotton gin in the early nineteenth century, and after that the best list I can make out runs as follows: The sewing machine, the typewriter, the reaping machine, cash registers, the steam printing press, the elevator, the revolver, the phonograph, the use of anæsthetics. There can be no finality about such a list, partly because most inventions have such long histories that the chief inventor is hard to fix upon, partly because, in the case of the States, the best brains of America study such topics constantly, and from this study many of their inventions proceed.

## VI

### Business Life. Honesty in Business and Politics

I shall pass on now to a few general aspects of American life, beginning, as least important, with her business life. I do not wish to be paradoxical, but it is time to make a stand against the view that business success is the only thing that interests America or the only form of activity her citizens pursue. It is that of which the old world hears most, it is (just now) the noisiest activity in America; yet it is not so absorbing even there as some people think; it is not so far ahead of Europe that Europe has much to learn from it; and what there is to be learned is much less important than what may be learned from America in other directions.

The accessibility which pervades everybody and everything\* in the country freely throws open the doors of industrial concerns. Manufacturers seem pleased to think not that they possess secrets, but that they are independent of secrets. Possibly they would not

\* Except the training grounds of College teams—just what we throw open in England!

welcome actual rivals\*, but you have only to say you are Principal of a Normal School and you will be shown everything. Very likely a special attendant will be placed at your service; the name of Education is respected in the business concerns of America. I made it my object to visit a few large typical industries, and found no difficulty in doing so.

At Chicago I went over the Illinois Steel Works. There I saw what so many others have seen and described, the Bessemer converters and the rolling mills. Who that has seen them will ever forget their infernal splendour? They always seem to me attractive scenes of labour, as much as a shed, full of power looms is unattractive. There is no danger among the power looms, merely the certainty that the dust will shorten your life; and the noise, which adds a sort of glory to the rolling mills, merely makes the weaving shed more hideous. But this may be a fancy; the rank and file, perhaps, who have to work in these places do not find the danger of the rolling mills attractive. There is no doubt about its reality, though my guide at the Illinois works assured me that a special apartment with a committee of the men to help is charged with the sober function of preventing accidents. This must have been an innovation; the

\* Yet I read of the satisfaction of the Waltham Watch Co., when, some years ago, they showed the leading English manufacturer of watches over their works, and he told them he recognised that the English system of making watches was dead.

death roll of the industry in the past has been appalling.\* Most of the common workmen are "foreigners"; the native born American citizen has risen above their ranks. The public notices are posted in five Slavonic tongues, each with a different alphabet.

With far less sympathetic feelings I visited the famous "packing houses," that which I selected being Armour's. Parties are freely taken round them all; I was kindly allotted a special guide, and this is what I saw. Speaking of pigs, in the first place, the last act of their lives is to walk upstairs to the top of a large building, where a dirty comfortable pen is provided for them. The object in view is to accumulate the force of gravity in their carcasses, in virtue of which afterwards they slide down from room to room (one is reminded of Herodotus' humorous remark about the ox cooking himself). The pigs seem very much at ease in their pen, till about twelve of them are driven into another pen, where they soon find that something is wrong. There is a large wheel revolving here. Each pig in turn is chained by his leg to its circumference and raised up till the chain slips on to a rail; thence he glides down to his doom. The butcher is a quick undemonstrative man with a sharp knife in his hand, he looks thoughtfully at the pig for a moment, and inserts the knife—*ohne Hast aber ohne*

\*The Austro-Hungarian Consul explained that 300 to 500 Austrians and Hungarians were killed monthly in the mills of Ohio; in one mill alone 1,200 had been killed in 9 years.

*Rast.* A few kicks : a torrent of blood, and the pig, dead or alive (probably dead), is plunged into boiling water and automatically scraped. He emerges clean from this purgatory, with a sort of jolly smile on his face ; he takes his place on the rail again and joins a never-ending procession of beautified pigs. Slowly they pass a long file of attendants, each of whom dissects out some part of their anatomy, till they are finally resolved into various joints or otherwise disposed of. Horned kine are treated in the same way, save that they are slaughtered behind the scenes. The dissection may be closely followed, as in the case of the pigs.

The reader probably knows that the very smallest particle of these deceased animals is turned into something saleable ; probably he has even heard the packing house joke : " We use up everything but the squeal." I need not, therefore, catalogue the glue and fertilisers, the buttons and tooth brushes, the toilet soap, the pepsins and dessicated thyroids enumerated in Armour's pamphlet. And no doubt the reader knows too that the machinery is all perfect, and that such things as cans are all made on the premises in bewildering numbers by automatic machines. It seems only worth while to add that these methods are all new, and elderly men can remember when the butcher's problem was to get rid of his waste products.

General reflections. Actual pain inflicted on animals

is so small as not to count. What they suffer *en route* is another matter; inside the packers' houses they suffer little.

There remains the effect of the vocation on men; my impressions here are not favourable. Perhaps personally I am prejudiced against Chicago because it compares badly with the Gear Company's works which I visited in New Zealand. The Chicago methods are more ingenious; but the Gear Company's premises were light and spacious, while those of Chicago were grimy, dark and mean. Moreover, I saw every inch of the Gear Company, while the worse scenes at Chicago are not shown to the public. I have no doubt that in many cases they are vile. However, of the actual effect on the hands I cannot speak; there may be little difference between Chicago and New Zealand. It is alleged in the "Jungle Book" that the Chicago hands are helpless, low-class foreigners; but my guide insisted that many men spend their lives in the house and their children follow them. One thing is certain, no effort has been made to improve their homes. I note that women are rigidly excluded from the New Zealand works, and largely employed in Chicago.

But I do not wish too easily to run down the morale of the packer's hands. Visitors are perhaps too prone to take this line. Being unfamiliar with the sights and smells of slaughtering houses (not really worse on a large



than on a small scale), they make too much of their own feelings of repulsion, and impute perhaps too much grossness to those engaged in such scenes. Now it is true that the company of animals, about whom so many kindly feelings centre, is in the main degrading to man. Breeding animals coarsens his nature, no less than slaughtering them. But I should not like to say how much butchers are worse than other men, miners for example; their odious surroundings make them look worse. What one really wants before passing judgment is a chance of living with the packer's hands.

Regarding the product from a consumer's point of view, I felt a confidence in New Zealand that I did not feel in Chicago; no, not though in one room a manicurist sat pompously on a plush throne trimming the girls' nails. In both cases the meat is inspected for disease by Government officials, but so much has been heard in America lately about graft that one wonders what this inspection is worth. This much is certain, that not long ago one of the leading firms was found to have tapped the Chicago water main and to be stealing water from the city. This firm presumably would not suffer its diseased meat to be wasted.

Near the packing houses are the Union Stock Yards, or distributing agency for sheep and cattle, most of which, though not all, are passed straight on to the butcher. Some four million animals arrive and depart

from these premises every year. They come up from the sheep runs and cattle ranches in live stock trains, and are rapidly distributed over the vast area of pens provided for them. It is in the course of these experiences that the animals suffer what they do suffer; I am not able to say if it is much or little. But in general there is little ill-treatment of animals in the country, and it seems probable that the whole system is as humane as human nature and bovine porcine nature make possible. It is not possible to drive pigs by moral suasion alone, but at least measures can be taken to feed and water them and keep them clean, and this I believe is done.

With amusement one meets at these yards the drovers and graziers and cowboys of the plains, a race not very like their fellow citizens of the Chicago streets. They are much what pastoral people have always been: a breed very different from the shepherds and dairymaids of poetry. Curious, how little Literature has to do with Life; idyllic poetry is not such an exception to this rule as some critics suppose.

At Chicago you can also visit the Pullman Car Works, where no guide is allotted you, and you can wander through the shops as you will. This is a great privilege for the stranger, who learns at his leisure what thought and toil are needed to build up so commonplace a thing as a Pullman Car, and what labour gains by concentration and organisation. The Pullman town is well

outside Chicago; it is beautifully planned and built (though not so picturesque as Port Sunlight). Here, at any rate, the workers have all that the packers want, and here in 1894 took place one of the bloodiest riots in the bloodstained history of American industry.

What is done with metal on the grand scale at the Illinois Steel Works is done on the small scale at Waltham, in the watch works. One sight is not more remarkable than the other. The Waltham works date from 1853. They stand on level ground by a river, in a beautiful grass park; the very nature of watch-making is such that pure air and a good light are ensured to all engaged in it. The Waltham works are lodged in a fine handsome building, with a frontage of a thousand feet. The staple of the firm is a good watch at a low price; and this watch has been rendered possible by the incredible development of the Waltham automatic machines. Long rooms are fitted with rows of these machines, cutting, turning or stamping out parts of watch movements. There is nothing too small or too intricate for these machines to handle. They feed themselves by devices that look like actions of human intelligence; the product they supply is often so small that the naked eye can hardly distinguish what the machine has done. The only part of the watch made by hand is the escapement; the making of it is the only operation entrusted to men. Women have been tried, but the union of speed and

judgment needed is beyond them. I showed one of these men my own Waltham watch, made twenty years ago. He observed that wages were paid then by time and not by piecework, and watches were better made.

The concerns I have mentioned were the chief scenes I witnessed in America. I did not much enquire into the methods of distributing houses, though these are no less remarkable for the scale of their operations, their economy of labour and the ingenuity of their methods. There is one immense store in Chicago—Montgomery Ward's—which does no business except by mail.\* It caters for scattered customers in the country, and one thing I remember about its methods is that the mail envelopes are ground open against a stone wheel. In another sphere of commercial life the safe deposits may be mentioned. I saw one in San Francisco. The door was a steel plate of many tons, fitted with time locks, and the locks of the receptacles were all adjustable, so that a new client saw his lock adjusted to a new key. The charge for these receptacles was very small, and I saw no better instance of the way in which civilisation discovers the unfelt wants of people and wills the money from their pockets.

#### GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

In the whole world of business and industry, through

\* Yet, strange to say, there is no "Value Payable System" in the Post Office in America, as there is in India. It is alleged that the express companies have prevented government from undertaking this.

America we perceive the arrival of the machine. The country is really within sight of an age when the mere muscles of man will be very little used by civilisation. I realised this not only in America, but even more when I reached England; the burly type of British workman, the bricklayer for example, is almost out-of-date across the Atlantic. One consequence of this change is a demand for artificial exercise. Even people like smiths no more grow muscles "like iron bands" occasionally, as they did in Longfellow's days; they have to join the gymnasias of Young Men's Christian Associations. The question arises whether the muscles of their minds are going to shrink in the same way, and whether men who are always watching machines will keep above the level of machines themselves. I think, in another age, there may be a danger of this, but the danger is not yet present in America. The age has been too living and progressive. The machines have all been invented in the last few years, by men and boys who have stood and watched machines. American business methods especially encourage this. Anyone in America who improves or suggests an improvement in a business concern is sure of recognition and promotion. The Patent Office will help him if it is a patent he wants, and if it is a change in his employer's system, his employer will listen to his notions, without prejudice, and should they lead to any saving, he will place him in a position where the same

ingenuity will have a larger scope. Thus the man behind the machine is induced to think over his machine, it becomes a part of his personality and he lives in it. I cannot think that machinery plays the same part in the worker's life in Great Britain.

It is curious how machinery at some point or other generally involves an appeal to skill. In the Illinois Steel Works, where the converters roar and glow, there stands a man watching through dark spectacles their torrents of flame. From time to time he rings a bell and indicates which converter is ready to be emptied. He judges by the colour of the flame; if his judgment failed by a few seconds the whole charge of steel would be ruined. So too in the crucible process the state of the steel is tested by fracturing a piece of it and observing the appearance of the fracture.

As for the "hustle" of business life in America, much talked of, much boasted, and much regretted, I cannot really speak, for I was not behind the scenes anywhere, but I doubt after all if it is greater in America than in London. If I *had* to express an opinion, I should say on the whole it was less, that English business men work more steadily, and waste less time. This much is certain, that Americans of every class, including business men, are easily led to waste time. They love to expound their views, and explain themselves, and to show how superior their own methods and articles are. Moreover,

their sociability does not forsake them even in business hours, and they soon warm to a friendly and inquisitive stranger. This is little understood by some critics of this race. Nevertheless, those very men who think in dollars and dream of dollars are often the very first to fling away all thoughts of dollars when an interesting stranger proposes an interesting subject for a talk.

Nevertheless, no one disputes that the pressure of business life is often acute, and leads to many nervous troubles. I cannot say in what surroundings it is most felt, in the silent office of the company president or the frenzied arena of the Stock Exchange. Two of these I surveyed, one in Chicago and one in New York, the famous Exchange in Wall Street. The Chicago institution was perhaps the more striking of the two. It was freely open to the public, who have a gallery assigned to them. Beneath is a vast hall, part of which is full of tape machines. Wires, signals and indicators abound; active little boys fly to and fro with telegrams. In the floor are small depressions, with galleries of three or four tiers round them. These are the pits, the Wheat Pit and the Beef Pit, where the operators gather for the glorious strife. How it is conducted, I do not quite know. I imagine that A cries out: "What will you give me for wheat of such-and-such a sort on such-and-such a date, and how much will you take?" B, C, D and E shout out their answers. A makes such bargains as he thinks

proper. But the proceeding is not conducted with the decorum of a chess match. Everyone shouts at the top of his voice, and when a king of finance enters the pit the struggle to get near him is terrific. There may be three pits in action at once, and meanwhile, the tape machines click away like a million stocking weavers. The tension is extreme, and it is a matter of simple history that fortunes are made and lost here every day. I scanned the crowd with close interest, yet like most crowds it seemed commonplace on a first view. It was not, as I expected, made up wholly of very young men, and perhaps some people find the life healthy and enjoyable. I did not notice by the way that the rank and file of the packing houses seemed to *enjoy* their work.

The scene in Wall Street Exchange was much the same. The famous street is itself, like Downing Street, an offshoot of a much larger thoroughfare, Broadway. It is not quite straight, as it follows the line of the old Dutch wall; it is flanked by lofty offices with cheap little restaurants on the ground floor. On one side is J. P. Morgan's bank, surveyed on the other by a statue of George Washington. Next door to this is the Assay Office, a little sanctum whose calm is not ruffled by the storms of Wall Street. There is no machinery in this business yet, and no petticoats have intruded into it.

A question that arises in connection with American business life is its honesty. The same question arises in



other ways in America over the national character, but it may profitably be opened in connection with the business world. A certain cuteness approaching dishonesty has been long and widely alleged against the country. It is not implied that America has been actually much worse than other countries, but that sharp practice has been more openly admired. (Paradoxically, one might claim that a certain honesty was involved in this!) The older type of Yankee\*, as conceived by the Englishman, may be found in Sam Slick; he certainly did not allow that foolish people had any divine right not to be cheated. English people meeting Americans in business do, as a matter of fact and as a rule, respect them, just as they suspect the Japanese. How much justice is there in these ideas?

Some readers may think the topic best left alone; for my own part I shall see if a philosophic treatment of it is possible. I have no experience of the business world to guide me, and nothing that I personally met with in America confirms the views under consideration. Moreover it seems certain that great works like the Brooklyn Bridge cannot have been carried through without business honesty above reproach. But even in earlier days in America there is evidence in many directions of a lax feeling regarding sharp practices—especially towards foreigners. Prof. Royce, writing of early days in Cali-

\* This word is said to be an Indian corruption of "English."

ifornia, points out the unfair treatment of foreigners at the gold mines. Jowett, a patriotic but very honest American, has levelled some satire at this failing, and it certainly seems to me to date from days preceding trusts and "graft."

If games are any evidence of popular ideas, the games of America testify to the same conclusion. Her contributions to the amusement of mankind are baseball and poker. Now "bluff" is the very essence of poker, and one might almost say, of baseball too. Most English readers know something about poker; they are less likely to know anything about baseball, and to describe how a game is played must always be waste of time. Perhaps it is enough to say that whether baseball is descended from rounders or not, rounders gives a good idea of it. Though its early history is unknown, as in the case with all games, the last few years have brought it to an incredible degree of development and popularity. To appreciate it the cricketer must, of course, relinquish every prepossession of cricket and take the game as he finds it. The pitcher does not bowl, but throws the ball; it is always hit on the full pitch. The leading pitchers throw in a great variety of styles, and they make the ball swerve freely in the air. In the best games the pitcher generally beats the striker, and very few runs or rounds are made; sometimes each side completes many innings before one is scored. When the skill or luck of the striker

does fairly catch the ball it flies an immense distance; the innings side runs and the fielders field with lightning speed. The utmost agility and presence of mind are displayed; it can hardly be said there are any such concentrated moments in cricket. This perhaps is why cricket appeals so little to Americans; they dislike the monotony of it, just as Mr. George Bernard Shaw dislikes the monotony of the old prize fight. His Irish blood prefers the crack of the shillelagh, and we must remember there are many Irishmen in America. Also, there is no turf, and turf is essential to cricket.

But we have to point out some further contrasts between baseball and cricket. Cricket is a silent game; baseball is noisy. Part of the game (unwritten in the law!) is the raillery of the opposing sides; every player seeks to "raffle" the players on the other side by loud provoking sarcasms. I was greatly amazed by this when I heard my first game at San Francisco, and thought of the players much what the Greeks thought of the Trojans when they advanced to battle chattering like a flock of cranes. Then again every sort of feint is permitted; you may pretend to run or bowl without doing so, you may do practically anything to confuse your opponents. Secret codes of signals are employed, and the captain may consult his professional coach on the field during the game. Amid the hurly-burly stands the umpire, with wide discretionary powers, like the Mayor of an American city.

The crowd at a first-rate match is vast and uproarious. A good seat costs a dollar, but the game is expensive; a good player receives 10,000 dollars a year, and teams travel hundreds of miles to their matches. Games proceed during the season every afternoon; and I could hardly estimate the money and time and interest wasted on them. Great masses of people talk and think baseball for months together; it fills the papers with unending columns of verbiage. Gambling, of course, is encouraged, and the net result to American character is as damaging as that of football in England. There is still, of course, to be seen the village game in America, where baseball is thoroughly delightful and innocent. The arrangements of the game permit the spectators to stand quite close to the pitch or wicket, behind which the ball is always dead; and thus everybody is mixed up in a jolly fraternal sort of crowd.

However, I introduced the game here to found on it an argument that American sentiment somewhat condones sharp practice. The same inference may be drawn from the history of sport in other directions. I do not specially draw it from one or two "regrettable incidents" in international contests, but I note that charges of unfairness are too common in American sport generally. And it seems to be the case that rules and conditions are often strained against outsiders. Thus I read of an international shorthand competition, in which the matter

provided was chiefly legal court matter, familiar only to Americans. Foreigners complained that they did not know that the words "objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial" were represented in American reporting by 3, and they declared the speed nominally attained by the writer—260 words a minute—a sham. This incident will do for a specimen; others occurred during my visit, especially one in connection with an aviation meeting, which occasioned vigorous action by some leading Americans.

It is a nice question whether one should connect this trait with the corruption of American politics. I am inclined to think it would be a mistake to do so. The class of people who have brought this corruption about have been men of a different type from the old Yankee, and their obliquities have had nothing to do with the over-reaching spirit in trade or sport. This is, of course, a speculation; the inner history of American politics is unknown to me. It is said, however, that politics remained pure until after the Civil War; at any rate, that municipal scandals began there. But the "spoils system" began before the war, and it must from the very first have tended to corruption. It made every civil office—including even that of the postmasters—the prizes of the victorious party, and the harm it may or might have done is obvious. But at the present day one hears little of it; what one does hear of is municipal corruption.

The extent to which this prevails is amazing. Allowing everything for the exaggerations of alarmist writers, it still appears that there is hardly a city in America where the administration is even passably honest. During my visit to the country there were scandals raging from San Francisco to Philadelphia; in some places, as in Pittsburg, many leading men were actually punished for their part in them. In general, the mischief takes the forms of selling offices, swindling over public contracts, and bribing judges when cases come into court. What the public has lost through these channels alone is quite beyond conception. I will not repeat here the twice-told tale of Tammany Hall, but I will refer the reader to "The Book of Daniel Drew," which, I believe, is a very romance of rascality.

The first question that we may ask is how this corruption came into existence. This can, to some extent, be answered. The American cities, since the Civil War, have been swamped by legions of foreigners, disorganised, alien to each other by temperament, and engrossed in the mere struggle for existence. They have often been densely ignorant and unable to understand the very complicated political system of the country. Such circumstances offered a chance for scoundrels such as the world has never seen before. They have not failed to utilise this chance, organising voters, so far as suited them, on selfish lines, and, with or without their support,

plundering the public in every direction. Men of principle who did not join in the game were numerous, but for various reasons they left politics alone. They were often busy with their own affairs; and they lacked sense of public responsibility. It is curious that this should have been so, but so it was. Moreover, a real pride in American institutions and a delight in the free life of America for more than one generation blinded people to what was growing up in this country.

To-day the scales have fallen from men's eyes, and complaints and protests fill the air. The change in feeling has been sudden and dramatic. There has never been such an example of a nation sitting in judgment on itself as America of to-day, of this year 1911 (if things have not changed since 1910). Last year, at any rate, it was hardly possible to pick up a paper without reading of a new scandal, together with indignant comments thereon. Distinguished public men, like Governor Hughes of New York, were incessantly making speeches on corruption in public servants, and issuing appeals to the citizens. How little all this might have been expected from a book like that which I have so often quoted, Campbell's *Puritan!* Published in 1893, this book evinces nothing but a glowing pride in America, her noble and ennobling institutions, her place in the van of all civilisation. The author, too, is no stump orator, but a scholar and a philosopher and no mean observer of

human life. Within a few years from his death evils to which he was blind have overwhelmed his country with perplexity and shame.

There is nothing strange in this, for the wisest men seldom read the present and seldom read the future. The moral for the American citizen is simply to rise and be doing, and justify once more that pride in his country's institutions which Campbell felt, with other writers of his age, and America is no doubt destined to recover. The moral is also not to despair of the future, which would be just as foolish as his own folly in believing it to be assured. But it is quite imperative that the citizens should feel their own responsibilities and should really act in the matter. Have they felt them? Are they yet prepared to act?

I wish I could answer this question with more confidence. Some things are changing, but much has yet to be changed. American Society has yet to rise against the successful public thief. The poor, who do not associate with him, of course, reprehend him, but rich and fashionable Society, as I suspect, tolerates him. This is due partly to the worship of success, and partly to the easy good nature of Americans. Col. Roosevelt by some determined actions has shown his countrymen what is wanted. He has refused to meet socially bad characters who have escaped the law, and the first step must be for others, at the cost of trouble or violence to their



feelings, to follow his lead. Moreover, the mass of respectable American citizens must organise themselves and control their own affairs. It will be, as they say, a long row for them to hoe; and I do not think, in spite of much grumbling, they have yet set to work. In many places they are looking hopefully to a new system of municipal government, government by commissioners. Instead of handing over (say) the lighting and paving of a town to a committee of the municipality the plan has been tried of selecting one citizen to supervise it, and requiring from him an account of his stewardship at the close of a year. The citizen has, I think, usually been selected by a direct vote. The plan may be compared with the institution of a *podesta* in the Italian republics. Well, in some cases the experiment has been a success. But I do not believe for one moment the forces of corruption are going to be baffled by so simple an expedient. They will reorganise themselves, and if the citizens do not combine to front them by personal, persistent individual efforts, no lasting advance will have been made.

I was present in 1910 at the great annual re-union of Harvard men, when a vast assemblage of old graduates listened to speeches by Col. Roosevelt, Governor Hughes and other leaders of opinion. Almost every one of them dealt with political corruption and the need for personal effort against it. I was led to reflect whether

the purity of English public life is due to any influence of Oxford and Cambridge, if so, how this influence is exercised, and whether American universities exercise any influence in the same direction. It is certainly the case that in the present day the Oxford or Cambridge man is in a pecuniary sense incorruptible. He seldom gives bribes and never takes them. How long this has been the case I could not say; it seems very doubtful if the universities of the eighteenth century inhaled or exhaled such an air. Nor at the present day is there in our schools or universities any explicit teaching against dishonesty or corruption. Very little children are taught not to cheat at games, but they soon reach the age at which it is neither necessary nor usual to admonish them on this point; and one can only say that in the public schools and universities dishonesty and corruption are not contemplated. The old University man in public life would either be too proud to take a trifle or embarrassed by a doubt if bribery pays. Moreover, in his University career he would have grown accustomed to the discussion of politics, in debating societies and elsewhere, from a disinterested point of view. However much nonsense is talked at debating societies, they do inculcate this point of view. Now, it is difficult for me to say whether the American Universities form principles of the same kind in the young men of America; my impression is, however, that they do not. Perhaps this is less true of some

institutions like Harvard, where the sentiment of a liberal education lingers, but it is true of many ordinary colleges in the country, and some reasons why it is true are obvious. College education is often quite utilitarian; the young man at college is there to learn a vocation, and he is thinking, even at college, of money and success. And the discussion of political principles is not a tradition of American colleges, as it is of Oxford and Cambridge. Here, as in other ways, the political education of the country is imperfect.

These being the facts, Americans must not complain if they find that, all over the world, their national character suffers from the suspicion of dishonesty. I have lent support in many ways to this charge, and have not, I think, over-stated anything. It will be a relief now to turn to some counter-considerations. No one who has not actually lived in America can fail to realise the general honesty of the great mass of true\* American citizens. In spite of all rascality in certain circles, the impression of which I am now speaking is an exceedingly strong and favourable one. I cannot explain the paradox, but it must not be rejected merely as a paradox, for the characters of men and countries are full of paradoxes.

I have also been much struck by the *intellectual* honesty of America. There is a great and general wish

\* I mean, of course, citizens born and brought up in America.

to look facts squarely in the face. It is partly connected with the old American tradition; she once looked Monarchy and Feudalism in the face; the great illusion vanished and the free natural man emerged. Hence it behoves all Americans to be true to facts. I think this is really felt as an ideal and pursued. No doubt the country wants the patience and thoroughness of Germany, but it certainly has something of its intellectual honesty. This may be seen even in American travellers; admitting all that may be said of their ignorance and haste, they nevertheless seek to carry back an impression of the facts of life in the countries they visit, and this is the topic they generally prefer to talk about. For this reason even such comic books as *The Innocents Abroad* have a serious value. Underlying their humour may be found a wish to dispel false traditions and see the outside world in its true light and colours.

Does America, then, I may be asked, look at herself with the same open eyes? Assuredly the present age has seen a great change on this point. There was, in the childhood of the country, a type of citizen, now vanished, to whom the great republic was in every way nothing short of perfection. I came across a description of one such, Dr. Sample, of Kentucky, who is described in one of Prof. Royce's works. "His vast height, his ready flow of speech, his righteous glowing and empty idealism, his genial assumption of statesmanship, his

often highly serviceable cleverness, his sturdy honour and uprightness" receive justice in a vigorous passage, and it is amusing to read his views on the annexation of California:—"The gold mines were preserved by Nature for Americans only, who possess noble hearts and are willing to share with their fellow men more than any other race on earth." "If we conquer a country, we have no prince to claim it or to dictate laws for its rule, no tyrant hand is laid upon it, but the glorious American eagle spreads her balmy wings over even a conquered people and affords them protection and freedom." Dr. Sample belonged to the age of spread-eaglim, which, somewhat travestied and misconceived, lives in the pages of Dickens. I should not have been sorry myself, as a tourist, to have met more of it; for the present, however, it is wonderfully silent. The citizens of the States are in a self-critical, almost a penitent mood. The newspapers exploit this, like everything else, and scatter portentous articles on vice, disease and corruption; one might sometimes imagine from these pages that America had lost all self-respect and belief in her past or future. But newspapers are extremists; this mood of despair is not really common and the self-depreciation of the time will no doubt pass away. It has led, however, to much honest examination of ideas, ideals and institutions, and, at present, there is no country more willing to listen to friendly criticism than America.

A fair interpretation of usages will see the intellectual honesty of the country in some traits which foreigners at first find provoking. One is the tendency to value things outright in dollars. Not only are articles of property so valued, but a singer's voice, a lawyer's brains, even a minister's piety is so appraised. Compared with other ministers' piety, its superiority will be seen from the fact that it brings such and such an income to its possessor—or his church. At first sight this is a very materialist, not to say Philistine, criticism, but it is really sounder than it looks and at least very straightforward.

. Another feature of life which is connected with the outspoken temper of the country is a tendency to rush into print. One day, for example, we have the Chief of the New York Fire Department communicating to the papers his view that sixty per cent. of his men, elected by the Civil Service Commissioners, are inefficient. Perhaps he meant to wipe the eye of the Commissioners, but most probably he merely wished to tell the public the truth as he saw it.

## VII

### The Political System

Some references to politics have been already made ; a few general reflections on the political system may now follow. They do not take the place of a study of the Constitution, but merely offer the impressions gained by a tourist and a reader of the daily press.

The English observer may be warned once more that the American system can only be understood by long and patient study. The first error which English people make about America is to suppose that the constitution on the whole resembles that of England, except in the name of President and the disappearance of hereditary rank. There is no truth in this view. The American constitution is fundamentally different from that of England. The framers of it drew their ideas from many sources in ancient and modern history, notably, as I have said elsewhere, from Holland, and what they brought into existence was after all a new creation. It is long before the outsider realises the actual provisions of this system, and longer still before he realises its atmosphere and its practical working. In the course of his enquiries he has

constantly to guard against premature conclusions. Here one piece of knowledge does not lead to another; *a priori* conclusions formed in the light of European experience simply fail. There is nothing safe except actual enquiry into facts. Every system has its own strange compensations; so has that of America.

Perhaps my own best plan with these reflections is to take them as they present themselves, stating facts, as they seem to be, and pointing morals as far as I can. The first fact then that I will note is one touched on before, the great intricacy of the American system. The President, and the members of Congress are chosen by three different methods, two of which require the direct vote of the citizens. In each State there are also three elections for the Governor and Legislation of the State. There are, moreover, the township or municipal elections; and in most States the judges are elective. These incessant elections, all recurring at brief intervals, are a great demand on the time and intelligence of men. The authors of the system no doubt foresaw this, and no doubt thought that the citizens would always be glad to bestow the time demanded. Elections in the glorious days of the Revolution were perhaps a novelty and a privilege. The novelty, however, wore off and the privilege became a burden. Only a few years later, when the "spoils system" grew up, it was defended by the ignoble argument that this was necessary to keep parties together and



foster interest in politics. Then later on came the foreign invasion, bringing millions of men to whom elective systems were unknown and unintelligible. The intricacy of American politics was beyond them, and so far as they voted, they simply followed political bosses. Every office in America, of course, is paid; the payment, though fair, is not attractive to first rate ability, and Mr. Bryce, a friend of American institutions, feels obliged to declare that the State legislatures are in the main corrupt and false.

The whole system tends to discourage eminence. There is a general view among the professional politicians that offices ought to go round, and every one should get his share in their sweets. The framers of these institutions seem to have held the same view for a nobler reason. They believed that one citizen was on the whole as good as another; that, personal integrity being assumed, it was desirable every man, as far as possible, should at some time or other hold office. This was really a democratic sentiment, but in practice it has failed. It has failed in modern times before the expert. In San Francisco I found the Superintendent of Schools was still a politician, who brought nothing to the office but the sound judgment of an honest citizen, but almost everywhere it has been discovered that even in education an expert is needed. And the theory, if it was really a theory, has deprived America of leaders. The country

is not unwilling to recognise greatness, yet somehow there are few or no great figures in American politics. There are many local figureheads, but each of them is nobody beyond his own locality. Moreover, each of them is liable at any moment to be lost for ever. Custom or statute prevents a man from sitting in any public body except for his own district, and if he loses his seat he has to wait till that particular seat is vacant again. What usually happens is that he drops out of the political race. Thus emerges one of the great points of contrast between British and American politics. There is nothing in America corresponding to the group of leaders on each side of our political life. Senators indeed are distinguished persons, still, even they wear a local character. The truth of this is evinced by the absence of political speeches from the press. In Britain there is a body of men whose speeches are reported in every paper throughout the country, often at full length. No such speeches are either made or reported in America. It is only on the rarest occasions that the text of a speech is printed. This is not due to any want of enterprise in the press, but simply, as I suppose, to the want of interest in any particular man's views.

Public meetings are not held in America on the same scale or as often or for the same purposes as in Britain. During eight months in the States, though I scanned the papers daily, I never saw one notified within my reach

and never attended one. I did see one or two casual notices that meetings had been held, but there was no report of the speeches. What does happen is that the candidate for the President's chair, during a mighty campaign, delivers a series of volcanic harangues, but he devotes no special care to any one of them, and none of them has the force of a set speech by a British Prime Minister. Possibly years ago things were different. I imagine that before the Civil War prepared speeches were common; they have almost vanished from political life to-day.

This is unfortunate for the political education of America. Nothing contributes to the political education of England so much as these same speeches. They are carefully read by voters on both sides, compared and contrasted; and this process continued from year to year gives the mass of electors a good working knowledge of the subjects before them. Imperfect, of course, this knowledge remains to the last, especially regarding "Imperial" questions, but it is far ahead of what the electorate of America possesses. No doubt the party meetings of America lead to some ventilation of topics, and I ought not to speak too confidently of scenes at which I was never present, but I cannot help thinking the discussions on such occasions must be very one-sided and uninforming. The newspapers do not assist the situation much. Their tone is certainly good, they are

not extremist or abusive, but their leading articles are very scrappy, they seldom deal with principles, and their political views concern chiefly the prospects of " tickets " and parties. More may be said for the magazines, which publish excellent articles on the problems of the hour. But on the whole better political education is a great need of America. There is little public discussion of principles and measures. However carefully you keep your ears open, you will hear little of it, though the grumbling abuse of trusts, and the denunciation of " graft " are frequent enough.

America, like all countries, has its bureaucracy. It is a body of growing numbers and importance as in other democracies of the world, which have all found themselves obliged to supplement the straightforward instincts of the simple citizen. In different communities this move has been made with different feelings, and has been received with more or less attention. In England, where officials have always existed and are now more powerful than ever, the class is viewed with dislike. They are little removed, it is thought, from being parasites and public enemies. It comes natural to the unofficial to suppose, for instance, that the authorities at the British Museum would not hesitate to burn up a lot of valuable matter to save themselves the trouble of listing it. But officials stand very differently with the public of America. They are popular and honoured,

and the sentiment of the hour is in favour of increasing their power. With this sentiment I altogether agree. The American officials are devoted servants of the public, and the country owes much to them. As a body they are most obliging; they listen to public opinion, and make it clear by their manners and actions that they desire to be nothing else than servants of the people. Moreover, in the midst of much corruption they are generally honest. I have heard some complaints against the assessors of the property tax, but they do not seem to be general.

It may be asked, of what officials am I speaking? Not of the Judiciary, nor the Police, but of such permanent servants as Educational officials, the staffs of Libraries and Museums, and the Agricultural Department at Washington, the Forest Department, and so on. Many of them I met in some way, and I have both a grateful recollection of their courtesy and a very high opinion of the ability general amongst them. This ability America certainly does not secure by extravagant payments. Mr. Gifford Pinchot was till lately in charge of the Forest Department on a pay of four thousand dollars a year. For a standard one may mention that the pay of a good carpenter is about one thousand dollars, and that Mr. Pinchot was in charge of a Department where public interests worth many millions of dollars were at stake. He was said to be a man of large private means, and his

example in accepting his ill-paid position is worth something to America. It is certain that for some years he refused to sell the forests of Alaska to a syndicate of public enemies, and though much was said about him I really doubt if the country recognised what it owed him. I do not quite see how this problem, of securing honest ability in such very high positions, is to be met. Mere salaries, were they never so large, will not secure it. They must be reinforced by a sense of duty to the State, aided perhaps by the *esprit de corps* of a service. The sense of duty no particular measures will ensure; primary education is certainly penetrated by it, University education, in its degree, perhaps less so. If the stars are favourable, the general stir of the age may leave its mark in these institutions and elsewhere. As I have said, the body of permanent officials in educative service of various kinds are vigilant and honest.

There are many respects in which the political system is difficult to penetrate and altogether beyond the criticism of a casual observer like myself. Thus I cannot see what principle the Senate actually stands for. Each State sends two members to this body; thus the majority in the Senate theoretically may not correspond to a majority at the polls throughout the Union. I do not know whether this situation has actually ever occurred, though in some measure presumably it has. The Representatives are changed every two years; the Senate takes

six years to change, one-third of the members going out every year. In a period of transition, therefore, it seems inevitable that the Senate should linger behind the Representatives. Moreover, Senators are usually men of means, though no written provision secures this, and on the whole it is clear that the Senate is a conservative force in the State. This probably was intended by the authors of the Constitution.

One may here say a word in assent to the praise which posterity throughout the world has bestowed on these men. They united both learning and common sense; they were able to read both history and the signs of their own times. They dismissed all "freakish" suggestions, e.g., the appointment of censors. They provided definitely against certain dangers, e.g., the instability of popular institutions, and the ambition of successful men. They devised a system of compensations which did not lead to deadlocks. And they did not crush the life out of the States by centralising legislation at the capital.

This last point seems to me more important than all others. The danger of a President becoming a dictator was perhaps not very real, but there was a danger, greater even than 1790 foresaw, of draining the talent of the backward districts to the great centres. Had this occurred, whole States of the Union might have sunk to a lifeless level, while a few which once gained the lead steadily increased it. This has not taken place. The

ability of America is fairly distributed over the whole country. You will find the most interesting men in places where, on the map, you would hardly think of looking for them. As a matter of fact, this is largely due to the tenacity with which each State insists on its own qualifications for the learned professions. You cannot practise anywhere as a lawyer, doctor or schoolmaster unless you have qualified in that particular State. At first sight this appears a narrow policy, and there certainly is some selfishness mixed up with it, but on the whole it has paid the country immensely. The debt is due to the framers of the Constitution, who left power so liberally in the hands of the States. This has, of course, its drawbacks. State legislations often pass "freak" laws, and sometimes trade is hampered, as when Texas, notable in this respect, insists that every railway which passes through Texas shall have its headquarters in that State. But, on the whole, these drawbacks of the system are far less weighty than its advantages.

It may, however, be questioned, and it is questioned, whether the conservation of the Constitution is not a little overdone. Those who ask the question are chiefly the Socialists, whose ideal, of course, is not the "freedom" of the past. They find that legislation on the new lines has to pass not only the popular assemblies, but the Courts behind them, which interpret the Constitution. Law in America is a conservative force, and it stands in



the way of Socialist legislation. Now Socialist legislation, within certain limits, is accepted by the world, and on some points where America has not yet fallen into line she would be willing to do so—were it not for the Courts. Thus recently the State of New York passed a Workmen's Compensation Act, modelled on the British Act of 1897 (not a very advanced Act), but the State Court felt obliged to declare it unconstitutional. It conflicted with the Constitutional provision that nobody should be deprived of his property without due process of law. Everyone agreed that this was unfortunate, though not everyone agrees with the Socialist demand, arising out of it, for some sweeping revision of the Constitution. The same legal authorities, we must remember, acting in the same name, have sanctioned measures unmistakably Socialist and directed against the great corporations. I will turn aside here to consider the growth of these corporations and their part in politics.

The growth of large business concerns is not peculiar to the States, though the centralisation of business is more complete there than elsewhere. No matter how small an article is, no sooner does it appear certain that people will buy it, than some financier takes it up, manufactures it and drives competitors out of the field. If the field is large enough to invite two financiers, they may perhaps break a lance against each other, for the fun of the thing, but they very soon come to terms and form a

“trust.” This is the great industrial invention of America—though I do not see why other countries have not more readily adopted it. The inner working of a trust few people could describe, and none of them are anxious to earn fame in that way as authors. But this much we know, that in a trust production prices are regulated and profits shared by mutual agreement. New-comers are excluded from the field by a “Munroe Doctrine.”

The large firms, and still more the large combinations, are formidable powers in the State. It is clear at once how they are tempted to work mischief. There are many rights which public bodies have to sell, and then they may be bribed to sell too cheaply; there are some rights which they may sell under pressure and ought not to sell at all. There are many cases in which corporations appear before judges, and judges in the States are poorly-paid officials. Can we answer the question how far public bodies and judges yield to these temptations? As I have said before, in a different context, if we listen to the press and public opinion of America, we shall conclude that corruption is gross and universal, that no large business or public body is exempt from it.\*

\* A famous story is told of Mr. Harriman, that once he needed a piece of land belonging to a certain citizen, and the citizen refused to sell it. Mr. Harriman then threatened to take some step obnoxious to him—I forget what; and the victim stammered out, “Why, you’ll have to buy Legislators! Have you done so?” “Not yet,” replied the laconic Harriman; and his insolent assurance greatly incensed America.

There is a further and no less serious question how far the trusts control the Tariff. This may be done either by downright bribery or by manipulating the various forces of the political world. That it is actually done there cannot be any doubt; how far by corrupt means, the outsider cannot say. There are many ways in which wealth may gain a foothold in politics, and it is not necessary to suppose that the crude expedient of bribing Legislators to vote for particular measures is often needed. No one knows exactly how far the evil goes. Conclusions are rendered difficult by the delays which attend all enquiries in America, legal or other, and are strange in a people who are reputed to be hasty and decisive in their actions. When I was in Chicago in May, 1910, a Chicago paper brought a charge of bribery against Senator Lorimer, a leading man of the city and as distinguished as a Senator must needs be. This charge was made at great length; it covered many sheets of the newspaper, and it was followed up with energy for weeks. At first the Senator made no reply; then he replied; and finally steps were taken to hold some sort of enquiry. This enquiry was protracted over many months, and the original charge was entirely lost to sight. Finally, this year, in April, comes the news that the proceedings have ended in some sort of fiasco. Probably many people are convinced of Senator Lorimer's guilt, and yet it has not been established. All that can be said is that the great

corporations do corrupt American politics, and no one knows for certain how far this corruption goes. This position is discouraging, and many Americans have lost heart over it.

The Socialists and other grumblers are ready with the simple but extreme measure of confiscating the property of the trusts. Let us remember, however, first, that the actual machinery for regulating the trusts is already provided, if people are willing to use it. That is what is necessary. Not long ago, as all the world knows, the Standard Oil Company was actually prosecuted, and fined by a State Legislation six million dollars. This decision, however, was not in the least final, it has been followed by appeals and other proceedings which were not ended when I left America in the fall of 1910\*. By that time the mass of the citizens had almost forgotten the case, and had certainly ceased to think about it. This fickleness, characteristic of the country, must be considered one of the reasons why the process of law, to which the trusts are liable, has not been put into force against them. Till its resources have been explored, no one has any right to say that the Constitution is not elastic enough to meet the situation.

We may close our reflections on American politics with a glance at the two great parties, the Republicans and Democrats. It is the first problem of the British visitor

\* Since these words were written comes the decision of the Supreme Court ordering the trust to be dissolved.

to find out the distinction of principles between these, and it is a problem that takes long to master. Discussions of principles are rare in the papers and rarer in the street; one seems to hear of nothing but a particular man's chance of a particular office. Of course it remains true to the last that this is all the interest many professional politicians have in the matter, but some distinctions of view have to be realised. Speaking broadly, in the past the Republicans have stood for Federal powers, Democrats for State rights. The Democrats have been strong in the South—the scene of the great State schism; the Republicans in the North. The Republicans have been allied with the manufacturers and the trusts, and, of course, have had the support of these in the West as well as in the North. The Republicans have stood for a high tariff: the Democrats for a tariff in the narrowest sense protectionist. During 1910 the game was played into a newer hand. The Insurgent Republicans came into being, friends of a lower tariff and a pure administration. They had Roosevelt's support, but they were not strong enough to control their party, and only succeeded in dividing and weakening it. The Democrats profited by this revolt, but did not join them. In the Southern States they had a personal grievance against Roosevelt, who had been too warm a friend of the coloured man, and, in any case, seeing victory within their grasp, had no motives to share it with any of their old enemies. The

recent elections have given them a majority in the House of Representatives; it remains to be seen how they will use it.

The mention of Roosevelt suggests that I may point out two ways in which his position illustrates the difference between the American and the British systems. He has never sat in either the Senate or the House of Representatives; American feeling does not demand this of a President. Secondly, when he returned from Africa, it was impossible for him to re-enter politics. I suppose, theoretically, President Taft might have dismissed one of his Cabinet and appointed Roosevelt to the vacant place; but this was out of the question. He might, eventually, have returned to Congress, if his own district had chosen him, but a seat in Congress would be a very tame affair for an ex-President. What gives life to the British Legislature is largely the hope of defeating the Government and turning them out of office; but Congress cannot do this, nor can it criticise the executive; it can just legislate and nothing else. I suppose this would be a dull programme for one who had been President. In any case American ideals do not sanction the re-entry of an ex-President into Congress.

In many States of the Union a growing weariness of professional politicians has led to the referendum. It has already been found that this measure brings its own troubles. "Oregon," I read, "next November (1910)

will be compelled to attempt legislation by direct voting on 32 measures, 25 of which come from innovators, agitators, or self-seeking groups of citizens, framed without regard to the conflicting needs of the body politic or substantive justice for interests involved" (The President of Cornell University). This movement, in fact, like the movement for city government by commissioners, proceeds from these who favour the simplification of institutions as a short cut to political reform. Some simplification is probably called for; but in any case a vast country like America cannot carry this very far. The truth is, if Democracy is really to triumph, the great mass of the citizens must put time and trouble into the work of government.

A few figures may interest the reader. The following are from the estimates for 1911 :—

	Dollars.
Salaries of Senators ... ..	737,000
Other Expenses of the Senate ...	1,001,197
Salaries of Representatives ... ..	3,143,500
Other Expenses of Representation	1,529,765
Salary of President ... ..	75,000
War Department ... ..	2,272,908
Military Establishment ... ..	95,605,147
Navy Department ... ..	841,500
Naval Establishment ... ..	108,106,264
Agriculture Establishment ... ..	13,377,136

	Dollars.
Judicial Establishment ... ..	47,614,205
Foreign Department ... ..	4,133,581
Public Works ... ..	101,783,632
Panama Canal ... ..	48,063,524
Pensions, Army and Navy ... ..	155,858,000
	<hr/>
Grand total ... ..	732,223,075

The public debt of the States is \$925,011,637; that of local bodies \$1,864,978,483. This latter is a serious total, and it is rapidly increasing. The public debt of Boston, for example, has increased since 1885 from \$24,000,000 to \$74,000,000. The Socialists assert that the money so borrowed has often been wasted, and that the whole affair is merely another device of the rich to fasten their yoke upon the country.



## VIII

### Law. Lawyers. Crime

The subject of Law in America is one of great interest, but one open only to the expert. Nothing is here attempted that needs the expert's knowledge. I do not try to judge, for instance, how much American law owes to England, how much to the jurists of Continental Europe. Campbell's view has already been quoted that the debt to Europe is the larger of the two. American lawyers generally think differently, and point to the practice of quoting English precedents, which is usual in American courts. I leave the point unsettled, but will ask the broader question, how far American feeling about law resembles British. British feeling, it is generally understood, reverences the name of law. It holds that in every case the law is probably right; that, in any case, if it needs to be changed the change should be made deliberately and formally, and no one should "take the law into his own hands." This view about British feeling is no doubt in the main correct, though the feeling in its outspoken form is more modern than people suspect, and has always had its exceptions. Outlaws, highwaymen, and smugglers have had their

sympathisers in all classes of English society, and the commonsense of uneducated thinkers has often declared that "the law's a hass." In recent times the revolutionaries have taken more thorough ground against it, and the legislation of the past has been roundly denounced as mere tyranny from end to end.

What, now, have been the sentiments of America? We might begin by quoting Abraham Lincoln in a strong and earnest plea for a law-abiding attitude\*. Was he not a typical American? But was he more typical than Walt Whitman, who, in much the same era, declared that the ideal state is one "where the citizens think lightly of the laws?" Which view is really characteristic of the States? To my mind there can be no doubt that the feeling of the people is that of the poet. American people have no doubt their conservative side; the principles of the Constitution have always been sacred to them; but they have always been rather disdainful of Law. I cannot see that this feeling was brought across the Atlantic by the older waves of immigration; it sprang into being when the Stars and Stripes were unfolded. The American citizen then became a law unto himself. I remember an American lady who once said to me, "What I mean by religion is following the best impulses of my nature." Perhaps she might have said the same about law. One can see that in the

\* I regret I cannot find this quotation. It is familiar in America.

old backwoodsmen days the lonely pioneer owed little to law; and in the frontier lands law has always been a tardy force. This must have helped to create the feeling towards law, which other circumstances have strengthened.

Law in America has been a conservative force. This perhaps has been generally the case with Law, though we know that in Rome it was a progressive and liberal force, and in revolutionary times there have always been revolutionary lawyers. Much space and much knowledge of history would be needed to discuss the question raised, but waiving it in the present place, it may be said merely that Law in America has been conservative. Here, too, no doubt it has had its progressive aspect; it has shown itself willing to regulate the trusts; but speaking in general terms we can only speak of it in one way. In the Criminal Courts it has continued old methods of procedure; old rules for challenging juries, old exceptions to indictments. These once were devised in the name of humanity and progress, but they have now become obstacles in the path. The evasions permitted by the American statutes have ended in the victory of money over justice. It has become possible for rich offenders to delay the impanelling of juries, to raise endless questions over evidence, to contrive endless postponements and appeals, and finally to manœuvre judges into inadequate sentences. The historic example

of these evils was no doubt the Shaw case, a travesty of justice and procedure as amazing as anything in all the strange annals of mankind. But though the extremism of America is here illustrated in its most exaggerated form, trials only less monstrous are not infrequent.

The result has been, all over the country, a tendency to supplant law, first by the right hand of the injured party, secondly by lynchings.\* Personal vengeance has always been common in many parts of America, notably in the South and West. Many wild and dreadful tales could be told of it. I pass them over to observe what is more serious, that public opinion in the States is still much in favour of private vengeance. In 1910, for instance, a Mr. C., in the Middle West, catching an adulterer with his wife, chastised him as the lover of Heloise was chastised long ago, and gashed him in the face, so that he would be known for ever afterwards. On this the *Spectator* (a "journal of progress") observes that "the law which Mr. Cudahy wrote with his knife on the face of his false friend is as strong as any written in the Statute book. †

\* According to the press, there have been 3,337 cases of lynching in the last 22 years, 40 of which have been women.

† The following is a common type of trial and sentence. "Providence, June 1st: J. Coyle was given 10 years in the State Prison to-day for the robbery of Marmaduke Mason in Bristol on Dec. 22nd last. Coyle was first charged with murder. He broke into Mason's house, beat and robbed him. Mason died shortly after."

The following extracts will illustrate the same views :

“ New Orleans, Aug. 23.—Mamie McLoughlin, 18 years old, who shot her false lover, Hugh Smith, jr., a wealthy saloon-keeper, as he was walking with her rival, was acquitted by a jury in the district court here to-day. Her plea was the unwritten law. The jury was out 25 minutes. The announcement of the verdict was received with cheers by the members of the Era Club, an organization of women, and the spectators who filled the courtroom. Miss McLoughlin herself took the stand just before both the defence and the prosecution rested without argument.\*

“ ‘ He wronged me,’ she sobbed. ‘ He had promised to marry me, but he did not keep his word. I went to the house of the Blake girl. I saw her come out. I thought that she was going to meet Smith. I followed her. I found that my supposition was correct, for he met her at St. Charles Avenue and Felicity Street. I followed them, and when I got near to them I was so crazed with grief that I did not know what I was doing. Life was worth nothing to me any longer. So I killed him.’ ”

\* One may observe that this view is at any rate *honest*. A little earlier in New Zealand I heard a painful case tried, where an attempt at murder was condoned by a jury. The prisoner's counsel deprecated any appeal to an unwritten law, and put forward an almost improbable theory in defence. I can hardly suppose the jury accepted the theory, but they acquitted the prisoner. British hypocrisy, no doubt foreigners would say.

“Ever since the McLoughlin girl killed Smith the women of the Era Club and others throughout the State banded together for her defence. They raised a fund to hire good lawyers and in every way assisted the girl.”

These are examples of private vengeance; there remains to be spoken of the court of Judge Lynch. I defer his proceedings in the case of negroes, but allude here to his summary trials of whites. They are sometimes quite orderly, but no one can seriously justify them as a substitute for regular proceedings. What leads to such outbreaks and such want of confidence in the law is not only the delays and evasions of the courts, but sentimentalism. It is rare indeed for a murderer to be actually sentenced and executed in the States. In one way or another his penalty is reduced to imprisonment, and he spends a period in one of the State gaols. Two of these I visited, one in Santa Fe and one at Elmira.\* It cannot be supposed that a casual visitor can judge of conditions under the surface life of prisoners, but on weighing all the evidence it appears certain that the State prisons are healthy and com-

\* British sentiment, regarding imprisonment as a disgrace, takes extreme care to prevent the public from staring at convicts in their cells. It is felt by democracy in England that to add this to the burglar's other trials would be wanton cruelty and might break down his self-respect. American democracy, always humane to prisoners, has never hit on this idea. It regards prisoners as patients under treatment, and is anxious in a sympathetic way to see how they are getting on. Hence American prisons are fully open to the public.

fortable institutions. The tales of prison luxury that appear in the press may or may not be true; I do not know whether Mr. Shaw had eventually a suite of rooms and a cook at his disposal. But there was nothing unreasonable at Elmira; it appeared to me a very honest attempt to unite the deterrent and the reforming in prison discipline. More of it anon; the smaller city prisons, it appears, are often behind Europe in their methods of arrangements. But the large State prisons are excellent, and the point at present to be made is that life in them fails at times to impress the public as sufficient penalty for murder. This is one of the circumstances that account for lynching.\*

The actual amount of lawlessness in America is still serious. The "Wild West" and Texas I cannot speak from experience of, and I do not know what to make of the evidence. One hears strange tales, and the papers publish brief accounts of pitched battles between the police and "moonshiners," between blacks and whites. It is a matter of figures that during the period of the Boer War the American Republic lost more citizens by homicide than we did in the war, the numbers being about 20,000. To some extent this slaughter is due to

\* One curious case of lynching arose out of a temperance crusade against the saloons in a Western town; the temperance party employed secret agents to collect evidence against the saloons, and one of these was lynched. On the other side Mrs. Carrie Nation and her followers adopted the plan of smashing unlicensed saloons to pieces. I suppose she was protected from violence by the American respect for women.

the knife and pistol among barbarous immigrants from Southern Europe, but the greater part is an American institution. Carelessness of life has marked the country from early days. Perhaps Indian massacres accustomed the first generations to it; certainly during the nineteenth century it was notable everywhere. Industrial life in America has been quite prodigal of life\*; the Civil War was one of the bloodiest in history; we need not wonder that homicide also has been and remains in many places an ordinary incident of life.

Of course, there are vast masses of law-abiding people; the ordinary tourist need not expect to witness dramatic scenes. Anyone looking for trouble might easily find it; if he wished to know what a gaspipe or a sandbag feels like when delivered forcibly on the back of the head he might satisfy himself after nightfall in many of the dark streets of Chicago, or New York. But at the worst, probably, he would be safer in these cities than in Paris just now. Regarding the police, they are more feared than trusted by the public. They are not accused of cowardice; they face the desperadoes of their country with unflinching courage. In some respects they are better off than their English compeers. Every American policeman carries a revolver, which he uses on the shortest notice. Nor does he scruple to bring down

\* The National Association of Manufacturers agreed in 1910 that over 500,000 serious industrial accidents occur every year.



a fugitive, nor is he forbidden to do so. But force on one side is met by force on the other, and the police of America run many risks. Their general efficiency varies much from city to city; one is struck by the reforms which now and then one man of character introduces in some particular place. They are wanting in good traditions; and, as extremes meet, so here American democracy seems to resemble the personal rule of Asia, where a good ruler achieves so much in a few years and leaves so little permanent mark on things. The police, as one may expect, are much charged with corruption, and are said to blackmail whores and saloon-keepers, but I think many ordinary citizens resent even more their cruelty. The American policeman considers his fellow subjects as "clubbable" persons in quite another light from that intended by Dr. Johnson, and it is always well when a fight arises to keep out of his way.

Turning now to another aspect of law and lawyers, one may notice a certain dignity which the profession acquires in the States from the function of the courts as interpreters of the Federal and State Constitutions. This function they do not exercise unless cases arising out of laws are brought before them, but on such occasions they may refuse to recognise laws which conflict with the Constitutions. There is nothing parallel to this in Europe, and one may suppose that the custody of this important right has had a great effect in uplifting the

tone of the profession. While I cannot speak directly of this tone, I note that the newspapers testify to a general respect for it. Complaints of judicial incapacity or dishonesty are rare. This is not because judges are well paid; the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court receives \$8,500 dollars a year, and the School Superintendent of Chicago \$10,000. Nevertheless, the dignity of the bench attracts capable and honest men.

Looking forward to the future, one sees that the faults of American procedure are fully recognised by the present generation of lawyers. In 1910 the American Bar Association sent a commission to observe the methods of Great Britain, and they reported in favour of certain changes, designed to simplify and expedite trials. At the same time one or two cases, such as that of Dr. Crippen, attracted notice in America, and the swift and sensible procedure of the British Courts was freely recognised. Changes probably are impending; they may discourage the lynching methods of the South. Nor should it be forgotten that local authorities do make strong efforts to resist mob violence, at the cost of danger and unpopularity. The trouble is that these outbreaks are very sudden, they cannot be foreseen in any particular place, and force is seldom at hand to resist them. Juries—often themselves concerned—will not convict on prosecutions after the event. Lynching is not likely to disappear in the immediate future, but

swift and rigorous justice in the courts is the first step needed towards putting it down.

To close this topic with one small point, the arrangements of the American Courthouse are fairer to the accused than ours. The witness stands next to him, and not next to the judge; he can hear the evidence against himself, which in a British court it is often hard for him to do.

A chapter which deals largely with crime may be permitted to close with the subject of drink and temperance. It is well known that the general sentiment of America is against drink. Wine and beer seldom appear on tables; no visitor at a hotel is expected to order them, and in every place of refreshment drinking water is liberally supplied. "Iced water" is, in fact, one of the regular recollections of American travel. In many States, moreover, the sale of intoxicants is severely restricted or totally forbidden—especially in the South, where there is a determination to keep drink from the negro. The passing traveller in these places finds he *has* to abstain, and, speaking generally, the same traveller will seldom see drinking saloons in the streets. If he enters one, when he finds one, he will miss the barmaid, and he will probably look in vain for a seat. He will just have to stand on his hind legs and swallow his poison and begone. Of course, where Germans abound arrangements for drinking German beer are more com-

fortable. I visited a "beer garden" in Washington which might have grown up in Munich. But, as a rule, saloons are not only disreputable, but uncomfortable; they are inconspicuous; you might easily pass through America and report that except in a few vicious circles drink was unknown in the country. Figures, however, show that the consumption of drink is larger than this; whiskey, 123,000,000 gallons, beer 59,000,000 barrels a year. These are Inland Revenue figures; the brewers and distillers assert that they show an increase during the last fifteen years of 50 per cent. per head of the population. This is due, in their view, to secret drinking, practiced often by the very men who vote, in the name of respectability, for prohibition laws. Such drinking is carried on partly by the purchase of spirits direct from the distillers, partly by visits to illicit saloons. Thus not only is the sale of bad whiskies encouraged, but the *morale* of local officials, especially police, is undermined. The brewers, therefore, assert that prohibition is not only a failure but menace to the national character, and they press for an open but well-regulated sale of drink. The prohibitionists are not satisfied with this policy, but demand stronger measures, especially the prohibition of the transport of drink.

It is a little puzzling to me that there actually is a drink problem in America, for I agree with those who say that the climate of America does not encourage

drinking. The air is drier, in many places rarer, and perhaps electrically different from that of Britain, and according to many people's experience, drink is not only less of a craving, but more deleterious than in Britain. It appears, however, from the facts, that the problem is present; one cannot predict how or whether it will be solved. Regarding secret drinking in homes, I can say nothing; regarding American bars, I can say that they seem to me more damaging than those of Britain. Their tone is viler, and those who frequent them are led to contemn the laws and morality of their country. This is the natural result of dissociating the drinking habit from respectable society, and perhaps the plan is the best one. Still, the victims of the system are disagreeably numerous.

## IX

### Social Questions and Reforms

The cause of avowed socialism has not gone far in America, but we must see how far this is, what its progress is due to, and how much unavowed socialism there is in the country. We must begin with some definition of this elusive term, and perhaps few people will be aggrieved if I make it comprehend (i) the public ownership of land and capital, (ii.) the public provision of education and amusement, (iii.) the protection of the weaker members of the community, *e.g.*, by the regulation of industrial conditions.

A glance at very early days will show us that in New England, at any rate, America began with a good deal of socialism. In Massachusetts no sphere of life was exempt from State regulation, and this was often directed against monopolies. In 1639 the Rev. Mr. Cotton (speaking, in those theocratic days, for the State) denounced a number of false principles, among which were "that a man may buy as cheap as he can and sell as dear as he can. . . . that, as a man may take the advantage of his own skill or ability, so he may of

another's ignorance or necessity." Some attempts at legislation on these lines proved a failure, and socialism of this kind disappeared. Competition became the general and avowed principle of America. But the public provision of education, also a first care of the infant state, has never been relinquished by her. At an early date it was made free, and it remains to this day, in the main free from the primary school to the university. Thus America has opened her careers to talent, so far as education goes. She holds that this is the main thing. Inequalities of money do not weigh much on the minds of her sons. America, said the chief philosopher, is a name for Opportunity; and it has been the conviction of the past that brains and energy and education will not fail to make their way. The foolish lord of millions will soon lose them; "from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves it takes but three generations," said the Past. Thus old America, confronted with the programme of socialism, says—or would have said—she was Socialist enough already.

Moreover, so far as Socialism means care of the weak, America did once in many ways lead the world, and in these same ways she has never fallen behind it. She has never troubled much about poor-houses, nor are her poor-houses to-day (such as there are) models; but in hospitals, institutions for the blind and deaf, and reformatories she has spared neither money nor pains to

repair the injustices of Fortune. Her provision of parks and museums is more than liberal : her library system by far the most progressive in the world. In fact, progress has not stood still in any of these directions, and is rapid and continuous everywhere. We may pause awhile to recall some of the institutions here recalled.

However successful Elmira claims to have been, or, along with similar institutions has actually been, some observers have always remained dissatisfied. They have thought that such places, after all, send out men without vigour and resource, without the social sense, if not even hostile to society. This is the result of training and drilling the young in masses and placing them in artificial surroundings under a rule which, even if kindly, is almost bound to be depressing. Can nothing be found to take the place of this system ?

One man, at any rate, who has answered the question for himself is Mr. George, the founder of the Junior Republic. You will find him and his institution near Freeville in N.Y. State; it is Mr. George's boast that parties of tourists pause at the Republic and ask if it is Freeville. It does not look like an "institution." It is, in fact, a group of small houses, with one or two small factories and a church. The best way to realise what goes on there is to imagine yourself a "juvenile criminal" of some fourteen years' growth turned over to Mr. George by the police. Mr. George would greet you



with a friendly smile and invite you in breezy tones to look around for some work to do. You might perhaps be inclined to sulk and to do no work, but you would soon find yourself starving. No "charity" is allowed in the Republic. Commonsense would then point out the wisdom of working; you would perceive that everyone else is working, and everyone seems to be enjoying his work. Some are cultivating land; others building houses, others busy in the bakery, the laundry, or the printing press. All are ex-criminals, like yourself, but all have found their places in the social order of the colony. On application, say, to the master baker you would be told off to some simple job, and at night you would get your wages. Not in coin of the Senior Republic, but in coin of the Junior Republic; leather coin, with values stamped on it. You would find this accepted at your own stores, or your own dormitories, and you would begin to understand the place. You would soon see that your future lay in your own hands; that in the Junior Republic, at any rate, honesty and toil are the best policy, and their reward is certain. Should you break the laws, your peers will capture and try and sentence you, and the sentence—usually solitary imprisonment—will not be found a light one. Industry, on the other hand, and a wise use of the schools provided, will see you emerge, after some years in the Republic, a college student in the outer world, with all the opportunities of America before you.

The system has now been tried long enough to judge of its results, and those results, beyond question, are excellent. I cannot say how far Mr. George takes the worst cases of theft and vice, but much of his material is unpromising, while the young men who leave him are found to be manly and upright citizens. Of course, some years of observation are still needed to assure ourselves of conclusions, for education is a preparation for life, and its value can only be judged in the long run, when our pupils have lived thirty or forty years in the world. Still, Mr. George does seem to have obtained results, and I myself, wandering round the Republic, was struck everywhere with the frank demeanour, modesty, honest pride, and good sense that I met. Even the perilous experiment of free association between the sexes seemed to have succeeded, though I speak with much reserve on this point. But the great mystery that rose up before me everywhere and I left unsolved was the place of Mr. George in his own institution. Mr. George is accustomed to being asked questions about this, and he is fully provided with his answer. He is a true American. He believes in the vitalising power of ideas; and he ascribes all the success of his system to the responsibility thrown on his charges, to the close and visible connection between work and the results of work, to the social sense created by the manifest benefits of mutual service. He will take credit, if you like, for

being the Washington of the Junior Republic, but not for running it. According to him, he has no authority in the State at all. And authority in the Occidental sense he certainly does not wield, for the boys call him "Daddy," and treat him as though he was one of themselves. Moreover, when they do not agree with him, they sometimes follow their own counsel, and sometimes actually take a wiser course than he suggests. Such an episode is a triumph for Mr. George, who can never insist too strongly that human nature and free institutions are equal to all the problems of destiny.

Now, if I must state an opinion, I can only say that I do not believe Mr. George is merely the watchmaker of Paley's argument, surveying the watch as it left his hands. He is at the best an inspiration—can he help being that? Nor do I doubt that he speaks many words in season and adjusts with an invisible hand some little difficulties over wages and prices. But I grant the most important parts of his position, and trust that the institutions which have sprung up on his lines will further vindicate it\*. The Senior Republic might do a worse thing than depute him to try his method with the Indians.

Elmira was a State institution; the Junior Republic is not supported by any public funds. (Boys are only sent

\* In America action follows conviction—outside politics. As soon as people saw Mr. George succeeding they began to multiply institutions on his lines.

there with the consent of their parents.) Still, from my present point of view I put them together as examples of what the social order of America does for the weaker members of society. One could mention many other examples. In Massachusetts practically any blind child will be fed, clothed, lodged from birth to manhood, and will be taught a living. No stigma of pauperism will attach to any child so reared; what the goodwill of individuals or the humanity or the wisdom of Government undertakes is always bestowed generously. In Boston there is a steamer supported by the city on which sick infants are taken out in summer gratuitously. I have spoken of the Chicago parks and baths; in several cities free meals are provided for underfed school children. I am not familiar with the details of the poor relief system; they are subject to local arrangement and, I believe, imperfect American sentiment, while holding strongly that everyone should have a fair start in life and equal opportunities, has not much sympathised with the man out of work or the man who at the end of his life finds himself penniless. It has believed that work and wages are always waiting for those who want them, and that laziness and folly ought to suffer their own natural penalties.

Competition, then, open competition on fair terms, compensated by humanity towards the weak, was the formula of the past, and people thought, as they think

of every formula, it could last for ever. But the unforeseen has occurred, as it always does. Every system when it culminates begins to decline; this has happened in America over the social order, and like the old world which she seemed to have left behind, even she has now to face advanced Socialism. Not that Socialism is altogether new. The principles are largely those of the old compensations, but now they seek a more thorough application and some fundamental re-arrangements.

The reasons for this change lie partly on the surface. In the first place the wide horizon of earlier generations has been suddenly contracted. The old advice to the young men, "Go West," has lost its point; there is no west to go to. Free land has disappeared, and though there are still many openings in Arizona mines and California fruit farms, the sense of boundless possibilities has vanished. Nor does the present generation, a town-loving race, value the chances of the West. Their comfort in town-life, moreover, has been rudely shaken by the great rise in prices. More or less, the masses have all felt the pinch of this, and everyone wants to know what is responsible for it.

I have here reached the point where I ought to consider the ratio between incomes and expenses of living in the States. This is one of the most troublesome problems that can be raised in any country, and it is

hopeless in a country so large as America. Facts vary enormously in different places; and general conclusions seem to be at the mercy of every one's prepossessions. I will state such general conclusions as I seem able to reach, but I shall not cite many figures, and though I have examined statistics confess that I rely chiefly on impressions. It appears to me that really unskilled labour is badly paid everywhere in the States. It is viewed with contempt, and no one feels any obligations towards it. Apart, however, from recent immigrants, there is little unskilled labour in the country, and though it is badly off it is not growing to be worse off. I read in Pinkerton's\* account of the great railway strikes of thirty years ago that the cause of the outbreak was a general reduction of wages below a dollar a day. Prices certainly were lower then, but a dollar a day must have been starvation wages. The recent report of the English Commissioners places the labourers' wages in the States at eight to nine dollars a week; this is a dreadfully low figure, but the class on this level, as I said, is small, and no intelligent man need stay in it. Women's wages, however, are very small. The immense class of assistants in shops and restaurants get about six or seven dollars a week; office girls more, but not much more; school mistresses and civil servants on the lower grades just enough to live on respectably. Directly,

\* The founder of Pinkerton's detective force.

however, we pass on to the ranks of skilled workmen wages rise at once; the average bricklayer makes twenty-two or twenty-three dollars a week. He is actually better off than the mere clerk—though the class of mere (masculine) clerks, the unskilled labourers of the mercantile world, is small. Men in responsible positions, in factories or offices, may make anything; there are servants of the great corporations whose salaries exceed that of the President of the States. Teachers, professors, and ministers of religion as a rule are—comparatively—badly paid. An average salary for a professor would be three thousand dollars a year; lecturers and assistant professors get much less.

It is, on the whole, however, my impression that (neglecting recent immigrants) the great majority of American citizens are at least in comfortable circumstances. The great cities, such as Boston and Philadelphia, are surrounded by endless miles of comfortable dwellings. They are flanked by places of resort, where countless thousands of people may be seen in summer amusing themselves—indeed, amusements of every kind, such as baseball, and picture shows, draw immense crowds of very ordinary citizens. The goods displayed in shop windows seldom evince the penury of France. Ragged clothes I never saw anywhere, not even in the poorest quarters.

Nevertheless, there is much economic discontent

abroad. The Socialist orator may be seen on the street corner everywhere, and the comic paper, *Life*, which caters for the well-to-do\*, is bitterly and aggressively Socialist. Whence comes this?

Partly, no doubt, from real suffering; I have admitted its existence. Partly from irritation against certain obvious monopolies and overcharges. For example, the banking interests have prevented America from possessing a Government Savings Bank; the express companies have resisted a Parcels Post. Many small services in America are overcharged for; for example, it costs five times as much as it does in England to deposit your luggage with a railway company for a day. Irritation against these grievances is no doubt real and growing. At the same time there is growing a hungry spirit of self-indulgence, an envy of the rich and their pleasures. One of the favourite mottoes of the picture postcards is "Ain't it hell to be poor?", and the whole system of American life is constantly obtruding this notion on men. Business largely consists of inventing wants for people and teasing them into satisfying these wants and making them feel that life is not worth living if they cannot afford to do so. This is the moral of all the demoralising advertisements; I suppose it is not lost on men.

Whether suffering or imagining they suffer, people relieve their feelings by abusing the large industries,

\* It makes a speciality of advertisements of motor cars.



especially the trusts and corporations. They are certainly visible enough to be seen, and perhaps one grievance against them is that they are so tentacular and ubiquitous. Outsiders little realise how much America has passed under their control. Everyone has heard of the Standard Oil Company and the Steel Corporation, but only Americans know that their beef and boots and paper and everything else they eat or wear or want for any purpose whatever has to be taken on the terms granted by a trust.

The transport and express companies of the various railroads are not trusts, they are still in many cases rivals. But they have often exclusive spheres and they are bodies supremely important to the country. Food-producing America, in the West, is far distant from industrial America in the East, and regular communication between them is as important as communication along the great arteries to human life. The powers that control these lines could at any moment paralyse the civilisation of the country.

Whether the trusts and corporations overcharge the public for what they supply is a question I cannot answer.\* If one looked solely at the figures of large incomes there would be no doubt what to think. But it is probable that as regards the past these figures suggest a false conclusion. The millionaire's income has been

\* Of course, merchants accuse them of the most gross overcharges; of watering their stock and paying a hundred per cent. on their real capital.

constantly spent in enlarging his business; it has been added to the capital of the country, and the effect has been just the same as though the State took and spent the money. The millionaire has not diverted labour to supply him with luxuries. In spite of the silver plumbing in millionaires' houses and freakish displays of wealth, I think it very possible that the actual drain on the country's resources in the past has been small. That does not mean that it is going to be small in the future. It is possible that wealthy men's incomes are being more and more wasted, and the waste is perhaps being felt more and more. Only a very close acquaintance with the facts of life could enable one to form an opinion on this point.

It must be admitted that to estimate the incomes of the American rich is almost impossible. No one can say how far allied interests are in the hands of the same men. Certainly the same men appear before the public at one time as producers, at another as transport magnates, and, further still, as financiers of side-lines and as speculators in real property without disclosing their identity under various names, or acknowledging the vast concentration of interests they have effected. The public suspect, but do not know exactly what or whom to suspect. They feel they are subject to a close conspiracy of masters, by whom they are not only plundered but mystified and humiliated.

While understanding their attitude, I feel in many respects the denunciation of the trusts is neither just nor sensible. They belong to the men who have succeeded, whereas the critics of trusts for the most part are simply the men who have failed. Of course this consideration does not justify the winners, but it suggests that the blame for this situation cannot be laid wholly on their backs. Moreover, it must be remembered that the enterprise of the great financiers has simply created modern America. From the primitive oil well, "kicked down" by two needy adventurers, to the docks of the Standard Oil Company there is a progress not easy and spontaneous, but only achieved by audacious enterprise, which unearthed chemists from the furthest corners of civilisation and financial experiments in the face of the most unpromising difficulties. Socialism assumes that without the American financiers every home in America would have enjoyed the comforts and luxuries of the present day, but the truth is without them modern America would simply have been impossible. The fruits and vegetables of the Continent would not have been, as they are now, distributed throughout the year over the whole country. In fact, life would have been something like the life of South Africa under the old Boer regime.

The sanest plan with regard to the past is to recognise what America owes to it, and to share the blame for its social evils among all who, successful or unsuccessful,

supported the system. With regard to the future, innovations must be weighed on their merits. So far as Socialism means regulation, the great companies, which will probably have to submit to it, must allow they have invited it. They have excluded competition, and made themselves monopolies; they have lost, therefore, that right to independence which under a competitive system was at least more plausibly asserted. This regulation the State has already begun to enforce. Some examples of its action have been cited elsewhere; one may notice, too, that the railway rates are subject to the control of a State Commission, and that in 1900 the companies applied in vain for permission to raise them. The State regulation of prices is another affair; even supposing the courts dissolve trusts, it is difficult to see how they can really affect these. America is not likely to go in for the State-owned industries of New Zealand (though she has cast curious glances in that direction). She has not even thought seriously of regulating wages and hours of labour, which the Australian Government seems to find practicable. Opinion is far from ripe for such innovations.

The demand for a lower tariff is quite serious, and for the present men's thoughts are fixed on this. They are not satisfied to pay the present prices for European goods, nor to see their own companies "dumping" American articles in Europe. This practice, apparently, in the near future will go.

Another object which will soon be taken up—in fact is already in hand—is the protection of life in industries. Here, too, we must not lay all the blame on the companies; the capitalist is not alone responsible for the death roll of the past. It is characteristic of the American to take a risk, and had labour not despised protection it would have come sooner. It is fully time that it came.

To make the great companies amenable to law will be a solid gain to American life. They have too often—by illegal rebates and otherwise defied it. But once more, it must be asserted, they have not been worse than other citizens; good and bad motives alike have weakened the whole nation's respect for law. We read of the sugar trust being detected in a vast series of weighing frauds at the Customs; we must not, however, condemn the trust without reflecting that every class of citizen cheats the Customs. They are caught in a vicious circle. They cheat the Customs because the duties represent dishonest laws; and they weaken the same laws against those who make them and pervert them.

Avowed Socialists are not very numerous, though they are active and insert many letters in the papers. I was present at their annual conference in Chicago, when a delegate from every State attended, together with one or two incendiaries from England. The proceedings were rather confused, and the president's gavel did not lie forgotten on the table. It did not appear that there was

much ability present, many were "foreigners." It was pleasant to see their faces light up when the band played the International, for they came from the tyranny of Continental Europe, and to their ears the Marseillaise is full of bright predictions:—

Ein neues Lied, ein besseres Lied  
 O Volk, will ich euch dichten;  
 Wir werden jezt auf Erden platz  
 Das Himmels reich errichten.

Their plans are simple; nothing more is needed than a few scratches of the pen to transfer all the property of the trusts to the State. And, indeed, this *looks* so simple that there will always be people found to support the measure, but they will have to reckon with the sentiment of the past, still strong, with the shareholders in the said companies, and lastly with the Roman Church. That body in America does not try to reason with the Socialist; it has taken up a line against him, and calls his tribe "an accursed brood." America may yet be the great battle-field of the Red International and the Black International.

I do not forget that the present invasion of foreigners (mostly Roman Catholics) may profoundly change the country. Milwaukee, a great German centre, two years ago elected a Socialist Municipality, and adopted a Socialist programme. Its first step was to close many drinking saloons, and to arrange for a free supply of ice

for all citizens in the summer. I do not know how matters have gone there since. Avowed Socialism, however, is not the only party that takes summary measures for the public advantage, and perhaps I should earlier in this argument have noticed the varied regulations which the Local Legislatures introduce mostly in the name of health. I read, for example, that the town of Aurora orders its inhabitants to take a bath once a week; that in Rhode Island bakers are forbidden to smoke or chew or entertain cats in bakeries. The Government departments are not behind Socialists in this solicitude. The Post Office issues an order that stamps shall be sold with the gummed side up (as citizens are prone to lick them when affixing them to letters!) The Agricultural Department at Washington brings out a cookery book instructing people how, in these days of dear beef, to make the best use of the cheaper joints. Much of this activity is very laudable and full of promise, though unfortunately "freak legislation" perpetuates the American contempt for law.

American moralists might impress on their country more than they do the lessons to be learned from the management of the great firms. Their order, efficiency and economy, their real genius for administration and their wide outlook are things to be admired; they are a perpetual lesson to a country where municipal departments are often so dishonest and inefficient. The

journalists and the caricaturists teach the young to see nothing but good in them; this blindness, however, will punish itself. The first thing America has to do is not to start the State ownership of industries, but to find out why in a country of adult suffrage the affairs of the people are so mismanaged. Nations get the governments they deserve.

A personal study of the great millionaires of America would be one of our most valuable records, if it were made by the right men. It ought to show exactly what sort of opening each found, how he used it, and what use he made of his money himself. Few writers would be equal to the task, but I will briefly indicate its scope by pointing out some features of a few careers.

Among the older millionaires of America the Astors are conspicuous. The founder of the family made his money in fur—"skinning skunks," as one of his friends put it. He invested in real property in New York, and created an estate, which, under wise management, has never ceased to grow. It has been the motto of the family that "it pays to invest in *men*." The Astors have never interested themselves in pictures or other works of art, and have led quiet, Puritanical lives. I believe their chief representative now lives in England, to escape the inquisitive American press and the loud tone of some American fashionables.

Another old family is that of the Vanderbilts; Com-



modore Venderbilt, who founded it, was born in 1794. He was the first to see the future of steam navigation, his family invested in railroads.

The Swifts owe their position to an early perception of the uses of the refrigerating car. They have owed nothing to speculation, and everything to solid cautious work. The Swifts are Methodists and supporters of religious institutions; they are not associated with any interest in art.

I have not been able to read a life of Jay Gould, but believe he was a financier pure and simple, and a bad type of millionaire. He ruined more than one railway by Stock Exchange operations, and he created nothing. We may contrast with him the great Harriman, who was a creator and actually developed the railways of America.

Rockefeller rose from poverty by organising and controlling the oil industry. This trust system is almost his invention. He is personally a rather solitary man, and his interests, apart from business, are centred in religion and education. He is an evangelical, if I mistake not, of the Baptist persuasion.

Carnegie, who also rose from poverty, has developed and organised the steel industry. Not himself a chemist, he was the first to see the possibilities of high chemical knowledge applied to steel processes, and by salaries of unprecedented liberality brought some of the ablest men in the world to his works. He discovered, too, exactly

how, when and where to "dump," and is said to have sold his products sometimes 40 per cent. cheaper in Europe than in the States. The value of the property of the Steel Trust is currently put at fourteen thousand million dollars, of which the greater part presumably is his. He has, however, for some years retired from active management of it, and all the world knows how he amuses himself at golf, and what excellent advice he gives to young men who wish to make money. He is an eclectic of the modern type in matters of religion, a humanitarian, and a friend of the peace movement.

J. P. Morgan is one of the very few millionaires who were born rich. His father was a banker; he himself has been a banker, financier, and an organiser of railways and other enterprises. I have asked elsewhere a question which the public ask, whether his enterprises have always been loyal to his country—but how is the public to learn? Some articles which I have read concerning J. P. Morgan assert that his career has been conspicuously honest, that he has never wrecked one industry, nor killed a rival, nor accepted illegal rebates. His interest in art is personal and genuine—which many people do not understand.

Ryan was one of the few Catholics who have made much money; he was also a Southerner. He bought up small concerns and consolidated them into large ones; he had a great eye for business possibilities, and all sorts of things prospered in his hands—tobacco, steel, cold storage, traction and insurance.

This list might be made a very long one, yet we can see our way now to philosophise over the matter as well as we ever should. We note that these illustrious men have had nothing in common save the power of making money, a power, like other powers, inscrutable, and inborn. The opportunities they used were various; and they themselves in their own characters not less so. Almost all of them, like many successful soldiers, rose from the ranks. How many were men of principle, one cannot say; only prejudice could reply, none; if prejudice is strong against the millionaire at the hour, philosophy is all the more called on to pause.

No judgment on American millionaires should forget their wise and splendid liberality to their country. Schools, Universities, Museums, art collections, and hospitals from end to end of America testify to this. Chicago owes her University to Rockefeller; Boston her Medical School to J. P. Morgan; a complete pension scheme for American professors has been financed by Carnegie. These are only specimens of what these men have done; they have done much more, and others have done scarcely less. It seems to me foolish to deny that the really great men among America's millionaires have lived up to their responsibilities.

I will close this chapter with two casual remarks on the economic situation in the country. There are few Americans who are Free Traders, the feeling of the

country being altogether in favour of some sort of tariff. Nevertheless, it is difficult to see whether America should be quoted by the States in Europe as an argument for one feeling or the other. The United States are the largest area under a free trade system in the world. Every part of the States is content under this system, nor does it seem that any State would wish, even if it had the power, to surround itself with a tariff wall. Shall we conclude that the economic unit for free trade is miraculously identical with that covered by the Stars and Stripes? Apparently not; for some Tariffites would include Canada. But why stop at Canada?

The view is gaining ground in some quarters that the recent rise in prices, especially in food prices, all over the world is due to the growth of town populations. This country, it is said, is really not producing enough to feed the town. Either the town populations must cease to grow or the country must be re-peopled. The first tendency no doubt is already at work; town populations are marked by a falling birth rate. And possibly in the recent development of Canada we have a trace of the second.

## X

### Fashion

I remember a picture which caused me some surprise once in an old print-shop in Chicago, a picture of Mrs. Washington's drawing-room. The inscription beneath made it certain what the picture represented, or one might have supposed it was the Court of Louis XIV. There was the same brilliance of dress and the same artificial *mise en scène*. Later on in Boston, when I read Howe's *Puritan Republic*, I learned that the very earliest days of Massachusetts had some social ambitions and fashions. Looking round me finally in the America of to-day I realised that in this respect history has continued itself; if America has not had rank it has always had fashion. With respect to the South this has been more or less known, but it has been true North, East and West.

A question may be raised how far this sentiment of fashion has been associated with one of birth. The descendants of the earlier settlers and of those who were distinguished in the war have never forgotten their ancestry, and it has sometimes (though not always) happened that these families have possessed means, and

sometimes too that they have been people of superior education. It may seem that here we witness the birth of an aristocracy, in the very heart of the great American democracy. On the whole, however, such a view would be rather plausible than correct. Some members of these circles may have toyed with the aristocratic idea, but they have never been in earnest about it. Most of them have been very earnest Republicans, and if they have felt proud to be the sons of their fathers, this pride has not made them haughty or inspired them with any idea of claiming privileges. Set this down, as you will, to their candour or their hypocrisy, or be merely content to acknowledge that human nature is full of paradoxes.

The people we speak of have been rather disquieted by this change of recent years, and in some cases have felt impelled to exploit their antecedents. "Orders" have been founded, suspiciously like European orders, for descendants of *Mayflower* Pilgrims, of Colonial Governors and so forth. Expensive badges have been prepared for these people to wear, and in some cases one seems to detect that sort of vanity which in Europe we call "snobbishness." In this connection, however, it need at no time excite more than a smile; more dangerous perhaps to the future peace of America are the social ambitions of wealth.

There was a type of risen man some years ago, the *nouveau riche* of old caricatures who did not much

damage the morals of his country. He was at the worst ostentatious and foolish, but he was usually good natured and remembered the pit he was digged from. Much worse is the educated rich man of modern times, and his educated sons. He is beginning to pick up—from Europe presumably—the hauteur of birth, and I feel that he is no friend of his country. I ought to write with reserve of a class with which I never mingled, but I seem to have seen them in the great hotels, and do not think America is spiritually richer for their existence. Their extravagance is incredible; the newspapers are for ever publishing figures of their expenditure on diamonds and motor cars.\* This fosters the basest kind of envy and materialism. It is unfortunately the case (as we shall presently see) that the *men* of these classes are drifting away from the spiritual life of America, and their women are notoriously the most selfish of her women.

I could wish I had seen more of these people; I might have found more to admire among them. I should have liked to see something of the club life of the country. Every one of the great cities has splendid and exclusive clubs, still tenanted by ability rather than by birth, and no doubt the scene of many interesting discussions.

The mention of these clubs brings up the topic of secret societies, a great feature of American social organisation. We must remember that the old principle of contiguity

\* According to the Press in 1908-9, the States imported diamonds worth 48,000,000 dollars.

has almost ceased to be a unifying principle in modern society. In America it means hardly anything, even in trade. The supply of all ordinary articles is in the hands of large central firms, local shops are nothing like as important as they are in England. Suburbs consist of miles and miles of residences, the tenants of which are scarcely organised on any local principle.\* Swift means of locomotion carry them off for various purposes to centres remote from their residences. These centres may be churches, or caucuses, but in many cases they are the gatherings of secret societies. The full list of these I could not pretend to give; they are probably headed by the Masons, but there are many other bodies, with hundreds of thousands of members. Almost all of them are open to men only, some to women only; I do not recollect if any (except temperance societies) are open to both sexes. Some of them exist for specific purposes, such as the furtherance of agricultural interests, but most are—ostensibly—associations for good fellowship. It surprises me to learn, what is apparently the case, that they have nothing to do with politics.† The Roman Church forbids its members to join them; it has, of course, social and temperance societies under its own direction. The general societies may yet be destined to

\* Except for political purposes, which thus bring together a crowd of strangers.

† The Masons did at one time play a part in politics, but this was a passing phase. The Ka Klux Klan was an organisation of the Southern whites after the war, designed to repress the negroes.



develop into political and social forces. Should the feminist campaign irritate men, should the Church of Rome take up arms against republican institutions, such a consequence may follow.

A special variety of the secret societies is the Greek letter fraternities, founded in American Colleges. These bodies, dating from the last generation, are simply social clubs, which extend their numbers, unlike the Masons, by invitation to desirable members. They take two or more Greek letters for their motto, which letters stand for certain words, supposed to be known only to initiates; thus the Delta Upsilon fraternity has for its motto *Dikaia Hypotheka*—"Just Foundations." Branches of each fraternity exist in almost every large college, and they form a bond between present and past students. They have often funds and fine buildings at their command; they are well managed, and perhaps the only thing that can be said against them is that the wealthy fraternities have begun to cultivate a spirit of social exclusiveness. In schools, however, similar bodies have sometimes developed unpleasant features, such as secret vice, and it is a question if they should not be forbidden.

American manners strike me as more formal than English in every grade of society. The well-to-do classes pay great attention to etiquette; the tone of the backwoods, if ever it pervaded these circles, has vanished from them. I think in the past social intercourse in their ranks

has very happily combined a cordial with a dignified manner. The future may perhaps see some of their members imitate the frigid and inaccessible manners of England, while others, by midnight vagaries in New York, spread distorted ideas of America.

One charge to be brought against the world of fashion is its love of personal advertisement. The newspapers prey on this and minister the most fulsome dishes to their appetite. There is, for example, in California a weekly, called *The Tatler*, really a literary advertisement of the hotels, which chronicles the guests at all these sumptuous hostelries of the West. It empties the butter-boat over each and all of them in the most astounding way, crying up the ladies' good looks, their dresses, their hospitality and their accomplishments, till one would think the most empty-headed amongst them would be thoroughly vexed and ashamed.\* Apparently, however, they are all flattered and delighted. Otherwise, presumably, they need only complain to the managers of their hotels to have the publication stopped. It appears to me that in this connection one finds the only vulgarity in America. What this elusive quality consists in, no philosopher can really say, any more than he can answer the old question, "What is a gentleman?" Vulgarity is not mere

\*cp. the *Del Monte Weekly* :—"Another very charming guest recently was Mrs. Z.C.V., a very beautiful little bride, who, with Mr. Z.C.V., spent part of her honeymoon at the Hotel Del Monte. Mrs. V.'s unusually perfect features and glorious colouring was (*sic*) enhanced by perfect gowns and attracted much attention.

coarseness ; it is a mixture of coarseness, ostentation and vanity, and, as everybody knows, may accompany wealth and poverty. In its British form, we must, I think, add some ingredient of arrogance, a desire to humble others, and not improbably snobbery, or a cringing to birth. The absence of these ingredients may explain why I feel reluctant to recognise true vulgarity in America, though, certainly, *national* vanity may be found there together with a coarse judgment. Manners and speech, however, do not separate classes as much as they do in England, servility and arrogance are absent, hence one is never offended in quite the same way as good taste is offended by vulgarity in England. The only exception to this rule is in contact with the parvenu rich, whose manners do too often strike the familiar note.

American sentiment in every class pays great attention to dress. Amongst the poorest people you will not see the dirt and rags of England ; when I landed there I was struck by the unfavourable impression any American would receive from the street children of Liverpool. The working classes do not wear the rough corduroys of England. They would not like to carry a sort of class badge, nor to wear off duty the dirty clothes of their calling. Their general plan is to dress like other citizens, and to wear cotton overalls at work, which can be thrown off when they go home, and can also be washed when they need it. (This is one reason why one seems to see

so few of the horny-handed class about). People of means take great interest in the subject of dress: one gathers their views from the psychological advertisements:—"It's a social obligation, this looking every inch a gentleman." Tailors' views differ slightly from those of Europe; a skilled eye can distinguish an American suit or hat from one of Europe. They are not, however, too enlightened! As for ladies' hats and dresses, it appears American ladies are very anxious to bring them over from Paris, though whether price or fashion is the main consideration I do not know.

In care of the person also I think America is ahead of England. The habit of bathing extends further down the social scale, and the schools, as I have said, actually teach it. The attentions of the dentist are appreciated by all ranks. The cult of beauty is practised with sufficient diligence by the women, and they seem to value quite as much as the decadent races of Europe those aids to Nature which used to be known as wigs and pomades, and are now described as transformations and facial creams.

A word may be added regarding the "American accent." As known to Europe of the past this was the accent of the Yankee, whose drawling nasal intonation so many people in England have tried unsuccessfully to imitate. Where it came from, nobody seems to know. The cold winters of America, and the prevalence of

catarrh have been blamed for it, but the history of its origin must for ever remain obscure—like the history of its disappearance. For it is certainly disappearing. Mediæval America stood up for it valiantly, in the face of English ridicule, but I imagine that in its extreme forms it was never much admired in the cultivated circles of Boston, and a few years ago it began quietly to decline. Probably, as the years go by, this “American accent” will mould itself into something which English ears will rather welcome than dislike, just as they welcome at the present day a *cultivated* Scotch accent. Nobody really wants a dead level of intonation amongst all the English-speaking peoples. There are, of course, nowadays other varieties of “American accent” besides the New England: one of them, least admired, is that of Chicago. The Chicago schools are making attempts to improve it, and no doubt their efforts, combining with other forces, will eventually purify it into an agreeable form. I may note as one of its peculiarities a strong tendency to omit the middle consonants of words, turning, for example, “dollar” into “do’ar.” It is curious that the large admixture of non-English-speaking peoples has not perceptibly affected the accent or idiom of the country.

## XI

### Amusements

Not many years have passed since a distinguished New Englander wrote of his countrymen :—“ Amusement, good or bad, remains to the last an external addition to the average American’s life.” If this was true when he wrote it, how great is the change that these few years have witnessed ! There is not a country in the world now more infected with the craze for amusements than America.

Of some I have written already, of baseball, for example. It is a pure amusement, and has none of those pretensions which cricket makes to forming character and bringing classes together. Profit and loss considerations loom largely in connection with it. Prominent players make over ten thousand dollars a year; its followers divide their thoughts between their betting accounts and their local pride. The same may be said, I suppose, of trotting matches, an old institution of the country. I did not witness one; they are confined to certain localities, and no doubt the motor car threatens their future. As for motor car races and motor boat races,

and yacht races and aviation meetings, I need not write of them; the world hears enough about them from the newspapers.

I feel moved, however, to digress awhile on the subject of pugilism, for during my visit to the States the great Jefferies-Johnson contest took place. This amusement, as we know, is an old English one, and in its old English form was uncongenial to the temper of the States. The heroes of the ring practised no scientific art like the ju-jitsu of Japan; they pounded each other for twenty or thirty rounds till one of them gave in. The quality displayed was endurance more than anything else, a quality which has always interested English people\* much more than Americans. Hence the old prize fight, I believe, did not flourish across the Atlantic, and pugilism only became popular there of recent years, when it took a new turn. With the introduction of gloves it became less bloody, but the knock-out blow made it much livelier. At once it spread to America, and her citizens proceeded to show the way to the Old World. Witness the following passage from the San Francisco Call, which appeared during my stay there:—"Sam Langford fought for the moving picture machines for seven rounds this evening in his scheduled long scrap with Jim F.—. Langford

\*The author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, describing the paperchase, speaks of "the delight of holding out against something, of not giving in" as the charm of a paper chase. Curiously enough, Mr. G. B. Shaw, making his Irish prepossessions the standard of everything, declares an old-fashioned prize fight a dull amusement.

broke F.'s nose in the second round and broke his left jaw in the third round, but his natural gameness kept him going till he was literally half beaten to death." These displays are not allowed in every city in America. In some places a nice distinction is drawn between a sparring exhibition and a prize fight, the amount of the prize determining the character of the show, and "prize fights" being forbidden.

Well, some time before my arrival the championship of the world was claimed by the dusky hero, Johnson, and certain patrons of the ring induced the great Jefferies to leave his farm and train once more and fight him. What were their motives? Some people (after the event) said they knew all along Johnson must win, and they meant to make their fortunes by betting against Jefferies. The promised encounter soon attracted great attention, not only on account of its racial aspect, but because it really was, on physical grounds, very interesting. Both men were giants, Jefferies had never been beaten, and the great question was, could he "come back?" There was also the question of the negro's moral courage. All these questions the newspapers began, months before the contest, to discuss at length, devoting not merely columns but whole sheets to them. The noise and rumour spread to Europe, and it was reported by the veracious press that Lord Rosebery and a shipload of peers were coming over for the fray. I forget what their seats were to cost them



or how many hundreds of thousands of dollars the victor and the promoters were to share. Respectable Americans grew very much annoyed, and even the papers, while publishing full page portraits of the antagonists, and yards of figures about their muscles and special numbers of impressions about their chances, did at the same time in their leaders declare the whole thing ought to be stopped. Eventually, after the arena had been built, stopped it was, as far as San Francisco was concerned, by order of the Mayor, but the promoters, undaunted, flew to Nevada and put things in motion there. Up to the last moment the papers predicted the success of Jefferies, attributing his ill-temper and his gloomy silence to his "primordial" nature. Johnson had few friends, but he did not fail to make himself heard and promised everyone, in his breezy way, to "bring de bacon home." This, of course, in the decisive hour, he did. The fight was a mere farce—unaccountably so considering Jefferies' real eminence in the ring. While it went on, the niggers held prayer meetings, and white enthusiasts sat watching its progress by special wire, but the issue was not long doubtful. In the next few days the papers were busy with Johnson's return home, his affectionate greetings to his old mother, and the bloody racial riots which broke out all over the South and elsewhere.

Many Americans felt that the Fourth of July and the good name of their country were soiled by these events,

and there was a movement to have such contests put down. Moving pictures of the fight were forbidden in all cities of the East.\* Unfortunately this impulse died away. Prize fights continued and continue. It is not long since I saw in the American press a dreadful account of one between women.

There is a paradoxical contrast between the real humanity of America and the brutality of many of its recreations. American football is notorious. I did not see anything of it, but college magazines, anticipating the football season, were full of discussions how its brutality could be diminished. The adoption of the English game was sometimes supported. Curiously enough, it was at the Berkeley University in San Francisco, in the prize fighting West, that I saw an attempt at the English game.

Throughout American athletics the result and the record count for more in athletics than they do in England—even in England of to-day, when the old-fashioned idea of sport is so much undermined. Sport is a very artificial affair. You pretend you want to beat someone in order to have the pleasure of fighting him. When the fight is over you forget that you ever wanted to beat him. The American temper is too earnest, possibly too honest, to enter easily into the restrictions of sport.

\* English critics imagined that this was because a negro won. But here they were wrong.

The popular amusements of America may very well be witnessed on the beach near Boston or at Coney Island, New York; I spent more than one day at these resorts. Throughout the summer, week day and Sunday, they are crowded with inconceivable crowds; Coney Island is visited sometimes by a quarter of a million people in one day. They bathe in the summer sea; they sit chatting on the sand, and amuse themselves with the shows and entertainments. When I was there I was struck with the good order, good humour, cleanliness and sobriety visible. No liquor is sold on the Boston (Revere) Beach; if I remember rightly, none is sold at Coney Island. There was some gambling until lately, and some traces of indecency, but a strong Mayor, Mr. Gaynor, repressed all this. So far as frivolity is lawful for men, Coney Island may be viewed without censure. One might sigh over the countless millions of dollars wasted there, and the ages of time that might have been filled with higher thoughts, but at least drunkenness, ribaldry and horse-play seemed to be absent. As for the shows, they were astonishingly good. There was a troupe of villagers from Borneo, blowing darts from sampans; next to them a panorama of the Creation. This strange revival of a religious drama, in the midst of that pagan crowd, was quite impressive. It took place in a huge darkened theatre; chaos, the dawn of light and the gathering of the waters were effectively represented, and a showman

with a sonorous voice read passages from Genesis, a text otherwise (in all probability) quite unknown to the audience. Adam and Eve appeared, not indeed in the garb of innocence, but sticking out of bushes, if I remember right. They were finally driven forth with thunder and lightning effects, and the show concluded. Outside you found fortune tellers, professional draft players, and artificial babies. There is a company in America which supplies the machinery necessary to bring up infants prematurely born. To advertise this machinery they keep exhibitions going at places like Coney Island, where the unfortunates are nursed for nothing. The public are admitted for a small charge, and perceive the babies each lying in a little case. They are beautifully dressed, and the arrangements for warming, ventilating and feeding them are explained by a hospital nurse. O land of paradox! So prodigal of life and so thrifty of it! Where the sex problem is the one thing that parents, pastors and schoolmasters dare not expound to children, and school boys and school girls may nevertheless for five cents stare at the ante-natal slumbers from which they have but just awakened themselves.\*

America, by long tradition, is the land of circuses. Who has not heard of Phineas T. Barnum? I mention

\* As I write, comes the news that a fire has destroyed the Dreamland of Coney Island.

his name with respect. Take him all in all he was a *man*; honest, with all his dodges, good humoured, unwearied, a genius in his own line, and a servant of the public. He belonged to mediæval America, and he helped to revolutionise it; he was one of those who taught America to amuse herself; whenever he entered a town, he invited the clergy to his show and begged them to mention anything they would like to see altered. Of course there never was anything to object to—except the whole thing; and the clergy were manoeuvred into supporting circuses. Circuses nowadays, like other things, have passed under the control of a trust, and, I believe, practically all belong to one firm. They are run on the gigantic scale; the tent holds ten thousand people, and three rings of performers are kept going at once. The train of followers is enormous; and I understand it includes a qualified doctor, a lawyer and a *clergyman*.

The most surprising thing to be witnessed is no doubt the animal performances, in which branch America leads the world. The national faith in education views even animals hopefully; and the attainments of the trained animals are really stupefying. Can I ever forget the elephant orchestra? or the seals which rode round the ring on horseback, tossing torches to each other? Or the chimpanzees? The lady chimpanzee threaded a needle, and sewed a patch on her clothes; the gentleman lit a cigarette and smoked it, and when he went to bed,

in deference to the feeling of the audience, he abstained from taking his trousers off.

In Philadelphia I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Garner, whose self-denying labours in exploring the language of monkeys have become known to the world. His views are far more cautious than some of the papers make out, and his real service to science consists in establishing the negative but tame conclusion that chimpanzees cannot pick up the use of language from man. I witnessed his long and patient attempts to make a chimpanzee understand which compartment of a box to open. The poor creature seemed to realise that there she was listening to a command which she could not understand, and the perplexity on her face was quite pathetic. She kept looking from Prof. Garner to the box and back again, but it ended in nothing, and we must conclude that the eternal laws forbid monkeys to learn to talk.

This, however, is by the way ; I was writing of amusements. One may pass from the circus and the beach to the amusements of educated people, among which one may reckon travel. A love of travel is thoroughly characteristic of the country, and the habit is growing. It takes many people to Europe, for curiosity about Europe is growing, and a European trip is not as expensive as it looks. The lower prices in Europe make up for the expense of the voyage ; and one sometimes forgets that in any case Liverpool is nearer to New York

than San Francisco is. Americans are observant travellers, especially as regards the details of manners. Those who come from the educational profession often study the history of countries they visit, but—naturally—under-estimate the extent of study needed to master it. Their great fault is, of course, haste, which is forced on many by want of time and means. Perhaps the greater part of American travellers in Europe are really people of small means who have saved up just enough for the trip. This may explain the fact that two charges are levelled against American travellers, one of prodigality, the other of parsimony. Both in a measure are true, but parsimony is not characteristic of the country, and may be accounted for in travellers by circumstances.

One may add that the vogue of European travel takes a great deal of money out of America. Other circumstances also do this, such as the marriage of heiresses to English and Continental noblemen and the habit formed by Italians of sending money to Italy. Altogether many millions of dollars vanish in these ways every year, and America, without seeing exactly how to prevent this, is feeling rather sore about it.

## XII

### Literature. Art

In offering the reader a brief retrospect of American literature, I propose to take as a special standpoint the question, How far has America struck a note of her own in literature? How far has she used her own materials to portray herself? Does the spirit of old scenes live on the pages of her books? If the answer to this question is in some ways disappointing, we must remember that very little life is left to us anywhere in literature, and the most interesting races and epochs and social orders have often passed away without record.

Books on the Indians of any interest are mostly scientific; literature about them is either poor or dyed in false colours—not, indeed, that false colours rob literature of its right to exist; good literature is seldom veracious. Fenimore Cooper is not devoid of force when he is writing about Indians; elsewhere, he is so tedious that he has ceased to be read. Longfellow's *Hiawatha* belongs to the class of Virgil's *Pastorals*. It tells us nothing about the Indians, yet it is beautiful and unique



—the only white man's poem inspired by the savage. His *Courtship of Miles Standish* is likewise literature and a fair picture of old times as a modern sees them. Longfellow seems to me a poet of higher powers than is recognised at this moment. He is the finest interpreter of childhood in English, and he has the rare gift of persuading the muses to help simple Christianity and commonplace morals. Though he has done his best for American traditions, he is not typically American; his pages do not reflect American scenery or ideals, it is doubtful if he should be called by the equivocal name of "patriot." "*The Bells of Mazatlan*," his last lines, fairly represents his feeling; he dismisses the Spanish epoch not unkindly, and closes

"The whole world moves into light."

"The whole world"—not alone America.

Early Puritan America has its record in the works of Cotton and Increase Mather; the Colonial period has many such materials, gradually unearthed and printed of late years. Byod's *Dividing Line* I have mentioned elsewhere. It seems to me easier from such books to picture early America than it is to reconstruct in the same way old England. Good biographies of individuals are available for those who look for them, right through American history. On the other hand, few purely imaginative works survive from mediæval America. The greatest of them—as the world has

judged—is also the last of the epoch, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Like all such books, it may have faults of colouring, but they arise from omissions rather than from any other defect. The characters are all in the highest degree convincing; the story is well told, well proportioned, and maintains its interest. In the field of literature it seems to me the greatest work of art America has produced, and it is at least good evidence of the feelings with which the North viewed slavery.

The Wild West of America has its chronicles, and there are excellent lives of men like Kit Carson. Col. Inman and others have produced notable memoirs. But literature based on these scenes is mostly poor. Bret Harte's tales, to give them their highest praise, are like Dibdin's sea songs; they are literature, but contain too many spurious elements; America has not passed beyond the Old World in the task of making literature true to life. The one great writer who has really seen this and tried to achieve the impossible is Walt Whitman. His vogue is now over; one seldom finds an American who cares for him, and some are rather vexed that foreigners take so much interest in him. I nevertheless still admire him as a seer and a poet, one who might have been the morning star of a new Reformation. He proposed "to see life steadily and see it whole," avoiding neither its good nor its evil, and rejecting equally the romantic and the realist illusions.

Admitting all its horrors and failure, he never lost his belief in the average man, and his works are one long appeal to this average man to trust and love his fellows. This trust and love, about which we hesitate so much, are really born in every human heart, and Walt Whitman believes that with a little prompting every one will be ready to taste their sweetness. It is his mission to America, and America's mission to the world to supply this prompting, and, still more, by lives actually lived to set forth and show the fruits of the fraternal spirit. There is certainly no spread-eaglimism in Walt Whitman, and he is far from contemning Europe, but his eyes are fixed on the glowing future. No doubt, in his day, the day of Western expansion, he must have had sympathisers, and I think it is no credit to his country that men have failed to understand and value him.\* Probably the best excuse for them is that Whitman associates himself with no religious views, and all serious thought in America, if not definitely atheistic, is definitely religious. Accordingly, it has not availed Whitman that he preached a spiritual conception of democracy. His rejection of art as a worn-out garment, like feudalism, has also with more justice been found premature, and both Philistines and men of culture may

\* Richardson's *Primer of American Literature* (1889, 55th thousand) :—  
“ The ‘ upward look ’ is conspicuously absent from Whitman's verse. The world's great poets have been morally in advance of their times; Whitman lags behind the average sentiment of his day and his country.”  
Alas !

be pardoned for finding his catalogues dull. Nevertheless here, too, a passionate—and truly American—honesty is to blame, and Americans should judge them sympathetically.

It is curious that the great Civil War has left so little mark in literature. One or two poems, (“*Barbara Frietchie*,”) deserve a moment’s notice, yet neither in history nor romance is there anything worthy of the struggle. Life since the war is reflected in many novels—none of which I have read; it is perhaps enough to say that the world, which seldom fails to find out good things, has not thought much of them. No doubt American literature long suffered from the piracy permitted by the copyright laws. Protectionist America here protected the foreigner, and native literature was depressed by the unequal struggle with Europe.

In historical writing America has sufficiently honoured her own origins, and the names of Prescott and Motley are familiar on both sides of the Atlantic. Bancroft is too wordy to please the present age, and together with other early historians has somewhat dropped out of sight. Religion and philosophy have produced little that can be called literature, but in morals we have a sort of American Bacon, Benjamin Franklin, whose humour and good sense and shrewd remarks on life are still justly admired. He gives us a pleasant glimpse of the homely New England he lived in. He was also one

of the earliest of his country's humourists, and his name may introduce the topic of American humour.

I wish some one better qualified than myself were writing its history, for I feel that it is America's chief contribution to literature, and its history is obscure. Certainly one seems to trace it continuously from early times, even amongst the Pilgrim Fathers. The Rev. John White, of Scrooby, was "grave, without moroseness, who would willingly contribute his shot of facetiousness on any just occasion." Later on (1680) the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, denouncing ungodliness in female attire, described a certain lady as "the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kicked, if she were a kickable substance, than to be humoured or honoured." About the same date Judge Sewall—that Pepys of New England—describing one of his visits to his mistress, writes: "I got my chair in place, had some converse, but very cold and indifferent to what it was before. Asked her to acquit me of Rudeness if I drew off her glove. Enquiring the reason, told her it was great odds between handling a dead Goat and a living lady. Got it off." Many jests of Franklin's are recorded; perhaps none better than his advice to his comrades to band together, for, "if they did not all hang together, they would all hang separately." Franklin's humour, infused into business, made the Sam Slick of Judge Hali-burton; and it spread also among people of all classes

and became the typical American humour. Many classes of people did not sympathise with it; fervent patriotism of the old type disclaimed it, and religion must in the main have disliked it. American humour is sunny; it is at the very opposite pole from Jonathan Edward's Theology. I know not whether to call it a reaction from such theology, certainly it long continued as an opposite in the American character. Sometimes, too, we find humour and religion in the same character; in Lincoln, for example, who won his way largely by his shrewd but kindly jokes. George Washington was presumably too truthful to be a humourist—at least I recall no jest of his. Exaggeration has always been a feature of American humour, for example:—

“He was a weary, thin, and sallow-looking American, who had never been so far west before, and when he struck Carson City he hailed the first native he met.

“Can you tell me, sir, if there are any mineral springs about here?”

“From the east?” asked the westerner.

“Yes.”

“Come here fer yer health?”

“Yes.”

“Tried everything, I suppose?”

“Yes.”

“Tried sulphur springs?”

“ Yes. Didn’t help me a bit.”

“ Been to Arkansas ?”

“ Yes, and everywhere else.”

“ What kind of water are you looking for now ?”

“ Well, no kind in particular. I was told, though, that I’d find a variety of springs out here.”

“ Going to locate ?”

“ That depends.”

“ Well, stranger, I have got just what you want. A vacant lot in the best part of the city. Finest iron springs in the country. Go and see for yourself.”

“ But how do you know it’s iron ?” queried the easterner.

“ Well, pardner, I drove my horse through it, and he came out with iron shoes on his feet. And that ain’t all. I drove some pigs down there to drink. They turned into pig iron, and I sold them to the iron foundry. Just what you want. For sale, cheap. Why, halloa ! What’s the matter ?”

The weary easterner had turned abruptly and was walking off up the road.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

In spite, however, of a general love of humour, America had no comic paper till 1876. On the other hand, her serious papers published columns of jokes, as they do to-day, and amongst their leading articles are generally a few humorous paragraphs. This is still the

case with the gravest journals, and I think myself the happiest efforts of American humour are to be found here. The professed comic papers are disappointing; they lack the spontaneity which is essential to the American joke, and they have not the depth of European humour. With us in Europe there is an after-thought of malice or melancholy in almost all our humour; it is often the refuge of disappointment, and its laughter is one "that maketh not glad the heart." Not so in America; the American jest is blithe and generous, and almost disproves the view of Hobbes that laughter is a sudden glory to ourselves, arising from the infirmity of others. The infirmity is so lightly handled that it almost disappears. Whose feelings are hurt here?

#### PLAYING FOR SAFETY.

"Why don't you move up the aisle?" roared the incensed conductor on the Cedar line. "Yes, I mean you! There's lots of vacant room between you and the lady."

The little man with the sandy moustache unsteadily shook his head.

"All the room tha'ss there will sthay there," he called back rather thickly. "I know when I'm well off, besh your life."

"Nothing's going to hurt you," cried the conductor.



“Nothing’s going to hurt me,” the little man repeated. “Whash you call those four hatpins?” And he pointed with an unsteady finger at the woman’s hat.

Of course there were only two pins, but they were long enough to scare a much braver man.—*Cleveland Plain*

Some people think American humour is declining; and perhaps the troubles of recent years are beginning to sadden life, but this was not yet certain. Of course, all things when they reach their climax tend to vanish, and perhaps the death of Mark Twain, which occurred when I was in Chicago, marks the close of an epoch. I heard Dr. Gunsaulus preach a sermon in his memory, to five thousand auditors in the Chicago Auditorium; of course he glorified humour and claimed Christ as the greatest of all humourists. It was not very convincing. When anything in art or life is glorified in this way, we may conclude that its best days are over.

Looking round the literary field in America to-day, the following points seem to strike one. As in Europe, many excellent monographs are appearing, chiefly on historical subjects, but there are no eminent writers. Perhaps this is part of the general truth that we live in an age of science rather than literature. There are no great poets, but there is a steady flow of excellent verse,

often rising into real poetry. This verse is often found in the magazines of freak religions, and one feels that at any time from some unexpected quarter a great poet or a group of great poets might emerge. The future must prove this. For the present, apart from this lingering love of poetry, the best feature of the time is the appreciation, amongst those who do read, of careful and scholarly style. This has to be recognised, though amongst the semi-educated the old fault of verbosity is common enough. The same freak religions that I have spoken of display it amazingly. I do not think, however, that America is by any means a reading country. The men, certainly, do not read much; their education and their occupation, as we shall see, discourage it. Women read comparatively more than men; but the reading time of almost all classes is filched from them by journals and magazines. These magazines deserve in their own way much praise. They are not only very cheap, (for they live by their advertisements), and very well printed and illustrated, but very educative. It is they rather than the papers which explain the political situation and the various programmes of reform which lie before the country. I take from a magazine article the following summary of topics lately discussed in magazine articles :—

The Conservation of the Nation's Timber and Water Power.

Better Tenements.  
Improved Conditions in Mines.  
Fresh-air Campaigns.  
Education in Tuberculosis and Other Diseases.  
War on Flies and Other Insect Pests.  
Pure Food.  
Doped Medicines.  
White Slavery.  
Workmen's Compensation.  
City Government.  
Rescue of Poor Children.  
Juvenile Courts.  
Agricultural Improvements.  
Police Problems.  
Ocean Commerce.

The only fault one can find with the magazines is their sensationalism and the want of continuity in their efforts. These are serious drawbacks to their usefulness in a country where progress is effected sometimes by leaps and bounds and sometimes merely by fits and starts.

The magazines of America are a less important topic than the newspapers, which took me by surprise in many ways. First of all in their price; in the west you seldom find a paper under five cents. In the East they are cheaper, two cents. being the lowest I remember. The

value received in print and paper is liberal, and every journal has a Sunday number of incredible size. I think 5 cents. is all this Sunday number costs, and it will take you the whole of Sunday to read it. If you read the advertisements, it would take you the rest of the week. I cannot here do justice to the Sunday number, with its comic supplement, and its fashion supplement, and its sporting supplement, and its rousing articles on vice and crime; I just confine myself to the ordinary weekday paper, so bewildering and tantalising to the European visitor. The following are some of its features.

No arrangement of news. Police court reports, facetiae, and foreign intelligence follow each other in disconnected scraps, interspersed with advertisements; there is nothing to guide you; if you want the news on any particular topic you must read the whole paper—including many advertisements—from end to end. This is a plan with some merits of its own; I cannot say so much for the absence of continuity between the columns on the same page. When you reach the bottom of a column you are briefly bidden to turn to, say, page 5, where, *somewhere*, you will find the rest of your subject. Type is no guide to the importance of news; the most trivial incidents are honoured with enormous headlines. The headlines themselves epitomise the paper; you need not read the paper at all if you are in a hurry.

What you get to read does not include political speeches or any regular report of political assemblies. Nor does it include long conservative reports of anything. There are no such reports of trials as English papers aim at, reports where the whole of the evidence is either printed verbatim or summarised for the reader to reflect on. American papers give only little dramatic incidents and devote their space to impressionist pictures of the scene. In this way injury is inflicted on the mental habits of the public. They are not trained to demand a precis of the relevant facts before judging a case, a training which the English press really gives by its solid reports of all trials and enquiries. American papers, moreover, give often great prominence to a topic one day and dismiss it the day following—without notice. You read on Tuesday of a “Fierce Racial Riot” in some Southern State proceeding and developing; on Wednesday you try to keep track of it, but it is already lost to view. These habits of the American paper tend to make its readers inaccurate, fitful, and forgetful.

It is pleasant, however, to record some points in its favour. Its enterprise is real and so well known that I need hardly dwell on it. This enterprise it willingly exerts on behalf of good causes, and the world at large hardly credits it with this. People hear of the Yellow Press, and they know it has circulated lies about Cuba,

about England, and other bugbears, but they hardly know that the American press has fought often and well for good causes. At the present day it is a strong ally of the demand for political reform. I have wondered at this, and have surmised that possibly the press is not very influential, and that capital has not found it worth while to corrupt it. Though instances may be cited of capitalists and politicians controlling papers, this conclusion is probably on the whole correct, but in any case the American press does in the main support the public demand for purer politics. And its brief leaders are generally sober and sensible; one wishes often they were longer and more educative. Of course, there are some papers, like the *Boston Transcript*, which are more solid and careful than the average, but it is of the average I write, and the tourist through America will probably find them as I have written of them.

It must, unfortunately, be added that an excessive love of the picturesque leads often to an artistic handling of the truth. I will illustrate this by relating a personal experience, the only one in which my obscure movements attracted the notice of a reporter. It took place in a certain city, of which I will only say that it is the capital of a state, one of the less important States of the Union. A reporter of the local paper found me out there, and being struck with the immense orb of my wanderings (for Americans respect travellers), he

proposed that we should visit the Governor together. This accordingly we did; nothing much occurred in the interview, but it furnished material for a column in the paper next day. My friend the reporter made me the mouthpiece of some views about Pullman cars, which are popular in America, and related that after leaving the Governor I exclaimed, "What a splendid man Governor X is, and how fortunate the State of P.Q. is to have such a Governor!" This was entirely his own invention, but, as he sent me a copy of the paper himself, I conceived that I was not meant to take offence. I draw the moral, however, that American papers are not to be taken too seriously.\*

One may add that a vast amount of their space is taken up with personal items. I do not think these are treated in an ill-natured way, but they are certainly not reliable. Considering, however, that libel actions seem to be unknown the papers on the whole are merciful, and one seems to trace, since Dickens' day, an improvement in the tone of their personalities.

The European is disconcerted by the extremely small amount of European news supplied. Only a few of the best papers pay regular attention to Europe, and the

\*The papers gravely published a telegram from Rome stating that the Vatican had declined to receive Col. Roosevelt because "it did not wish Mr. Roosevelt to bracket the Pope with other more or less royal personages he will boast of having hunted in Europe after his African hunt. Cardinal Merry del Val, who perhaps does not understand American newspapers, took some trouble to repudiate this message.

visitor from the Old World has to realise that he is now in a New World, where people have other things to think of than Trans-Atlantic developments. I was much disappointed with this at first, but came afterwards to think it natural and proper. So, too, I grieve to say, I grew used to other features of the American papers, and even became fond of them. They are always bright and lively; they put no strain on the intellect, and are frankly but "the perfume and suppliance of an hour."

I must add a few words on American advertisements. These have passed the vulgar and blatant stages which we still see in England; there is not so much of the hoarding in America. Here advertisement writing is an art and a trade by itself; literature and psychology are both pressed into its service. The arguments are lengthy and complete, one might add convincing, if every advertisement were not equally convincing. I am told, however, that they pay, and thus leave little to be said against them. It seems probable that men's sense of truth is silently injured by the constant, even though incredulous, perusal of so many lies, and that the edge is taken off their finer feelings by this vulgar appeal to them. "Sweet as children's laughter; pure as the innocent heart of a child." So runs the advertisement of a brand of chocolate; of course the worst specimens of all would be cited from the prospectus of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The exploitation of this great book is



perhaps the basest thing in the history of literature, and both America and England have had a hand in it.

Considering America's interest in health and healing professions, one would expect the papers to be full of quack medicine advertisements. Expectations, however, are always wrong, and such advertisements are quite scarce. It believe this is due, for one reason, to a Federal Law, which requires the formula of a patent medicine to be printed on the bottle.

#### ART.

Of Art in general we may say, as already said of Poetry, that she has not yet come into her own, but at any moment she may do so. To be sure, the muses often linger and delay their coming; no one could tell us why a musical country like Wales produces no great musicians; yet America seems moving towards an artistic outburst. I have spoken of her achievements in architecture, where that outburst is perhaps already upon us. In painting progress is perhaps delayed by the interest which the patrons of art take in acquiring foreign masterpieces. It made me sad in California at the *Hotel del Monte* to wander through the sale gallery, where so much talent is evinced and so much labour and so many hopes are buried. A crowd of millionaires stays at this hotel, yet the prices of the pictures are piteously low, and nobody buys them. Thus it is all

over America. Not talent was wanting nor interest in drawing, but patrons. I have read that over a million pounds worth of pictures are bought in Europe every year for America. In the past much of this money has been wasted; it is stated that twenty thousand forged Corots have passed through the American Customs. But the standard of taste is rising; the art collections of Chicago, Boston, and New York will stand any scrutiny, and there will soon not be a centre in America where the young generation can learn what Art is from fine examples. A lamentation is sometimes raised over the masterpieces that leave England for America. But those who have seen with what reverence these masterpieces are received and housed, and what excellent use is made of them, will perhaps rejoice with me that they have been drawn from their useless solitude in English country houses. One thing, however, will have to be watched, that the hot and dry interiors of America do not spoil them. It may be worth while to mention that in no country can reproductions of pictures be bought so good and so cheap as those of the Perry Co. at Boston, and the Cosmos Co. at New York.

Much the same may be written of music as of painting. The extent to which music is taught in schools, and the good taste in church music are favourable omens for the future. And America has some achievements in the past. As far as inspired tunes go, the country of *The*

*Star-Spangled Banner* and *Dixie-Land* yields precedence to none. It is curious that this latter tune is so little known in Europe. In stirring power it is hardly second to the *Marseillaise*, and will surely live as long as anything in the white man's music. As for the "nigger" melodies, a mystery hangs over them which I have not penetrated. I have been assured that the "coon" songs are not in their present form a genuine product of the negro, but have been worked over by Europeans. I regret I cannot give a clear account of these, for they are true and beautiful art; one would like to know in what sense the credit of them belongs to America.

## XIII

### Woman

I am not at all prepared to write the history of woman in the States\*; it is a fascinating subject. I have suggested before that here the Germans have perhaps helped to create American ideas; be that as it may, let us now pass on to the present and see how things actually stand. Perhaps the first fact to notice is the economic independence of women. Though female labour is badly paid, it is paid a living wage, and it is steadily demanded. The rank and file of almost every profession are women‡. Offices of all kinds (except banks) are filled with female clerks; almost all primary teachers are women. There is no stigma attached to work of this kind. America is quite free from the British sentiment on this point. Girls do not wish to depend ever on their parents, much less on their brothers; they are educated to make a living, and prefer to make one. In the main this has not lessened the charm of women, as it sometimes seems to do in England. American women, in

\* It was a woman—Isabella—to whom Columbus owed the means of his voyage.

‡ There are, however, no barmaids in America, and their presence in England seems to American visitors barbaric.

spite of earning their own living, in spite, too, of any "higher culture" they may possess, have plenty of feminine charm.

This is all to the good; we shall see next, however, that the situation has its troubles. How comes it that in the last twenty years there have been thirteen million cases of divorce in the States? People are not quite agreed on the answer to this question, but here is a suggestion that may be offered. Modern culture makes people keenly impatient of trouble. People demand happiness here and now, and resent every source of unhappiness that cannot be immediately cured. At the same time the greater sensibility of the age is more quickly irritated than of yore and finds itself unhappy over trivial causes. Hence married quarrels, and, since divorce is cheap and easy in most parts of America, divorces. If this diagnosis is correct, education is to blame, but the friends of education will not admit this. I have more than once argued it out with them. American schools are so pleasant and so well managed that they form a poor preparation for a world where there will be no school ma'am to maintain good feeling and where troubles are bound to introduce themselves. This is the argument; but the friends of education reply that amongst the best educated people there are fewest divorces. I cannot decide the point; it may be true that what is wanted is not less education, but more and

better education, of this very type that I am complaining of.

One point, however, may be definitely made, that the higher education of women does bring much unhappiness into married life, as things stand. The higher education of men is for the most part utilitarian. Men take up chemical or electrical courses at college; women take up literature or art. The women are very much in earnest about these things, and often make great sacrifices to "keep them up" after marriage, but the end of it all is that their accomplishments divide them from their husbands. The same division is often effected by religion; a woman is attracted by some freak religion, her husband cannot follow her, and he takes to drink or vice or runs after some other man's wife.

This accounts for some of the divorces; others again are due to the conditions of high life. Girls in the upper classes are often petted from their cradles, and become in the end as selfish and capricious as it is possible for women to become. They are often married to hard-working heads of business firms; they see nothing of them day to day, they leave them for holidays, and their marriages end in scandals and divorces.

In cases before the courts the most curious allegations are sometimes made; I remember one instance where a wife asserted her husband had improper relations with a spirit. "Mediums" often make mischief in homes.

It is plain that the evils of frequent divorce fall heavily on children; and in societies, like those of the West, where divorce is common, married couples avoid parentage. What this means every one knows; it means a seamy side to married life and the absence of the healthy influence of children on society. I remember that in the joyous streets of San Francisco a cloud fell on my spirits when I observed how few children were visible.

As to the future, many voices are heard. Some believe in cheap divorce as the only remedy for unhappy marriages and the only condition on which the young generation will consent to be married. Some of this school are Socialists, and would throw the children on the State as soon as they are born; others vaguely hope to settle the family on a firmer basis. The Roman Church stands where she ever did, and claims that without divorce she secures happy marriages and large families. But to those outside her pale she has, of course, only one piece of advice to give—"Come inside." So, too, with the Protestant Evangelicals. They warmly assert that amongst good Church-going Christians divorce is rare and happy marriages as common as human happiness ever is. The evil of divorce prevails, say they, amongst the pagan part of America, whether in high life or low life. They, too, do not profess to see how the evils of paganism can be lessened.

We must, of course, distinguish the frequency of

divorce from the practice of restricting families, against which Col. Roosevelt has inveighed. This may be found in circles where divorce is quite uncommon, in the Eastern States, for example. The cause of it is difficult to determine, for we must not confuse the self-respect from which it may possibly proceed with the mere love of pleasure. I think Col. Roosevelt weakens his argument by dwelling too much on the latter motive. Still, he knows his own country, and it is his verdict that the refusal to multiply is due to selfish and self-indulgent prudence. The evil is, of course, that the wastrel and needy classes, who do not refuse to multiply, assume a growing preponderance in the State, and that "education" may not always be able to grade up their posterity.

As I have suggested that education may have something to do with divorce, so I may suggest that it has something to do with the restriction of families. At any rate, one day, while I was watching a crowd of girls hopping, skipping, and jumping in the gymnasium—not tiny little girls, but virgins well on in their teens—I asked the president of the institution whether girls so brought up would care to face family life, the "long malaise of pregnancy," and so on. He replied with some asperity that they would all be very glad to marry and bear children; the only difference their education made was that they would not be satisfied with any sort of a



husband; they would want good, well-educated men. Such was his view; I cannot say if he was right.

Wherever the relation between the sexes goes wrong, there lifts up its head "the most ancient profession in the world," which I shall call, out of the many names by which it is called, that of the whore. Mediæval America disliked to mention these people, and preferred to believe—no doubt rightly—that there were few of them in America. There are many more now, however\*; it appears there is a strong organisation for distributing them, a sort of trust, in fact. During my year in America there was a loud protest against this situation, especially in Chicago. It appears that fraud and violence play a large part in the capture of young women for the trade. The economic opportunities of America have perhaps had—for the present at any rate—the results predicted by optimists, and American girls are no longer driven into brothels by distress†. Extreme measures are necessary to supply their place, and besides

\* According to Mrs. Tingley, 15,000 girls are annually sold into "white slavery."

† At the same time I note this passage in a rescue pamphlet:—" . . . the girl of fourteen or fifteen who is just beginning to enter the life that leads to moral degradation. Such cases require much of the visitor's personal interest and time. When a girl of this age is beginning to associate with vicious companions it takes much time, infinite tact, and considerable money to win the girl back to the paths of rectitude. In these cases it is only by means of personal friendship and personal attention, of taking her to concerts and other forms of pure entertainment, and an occasional day spent in the country, of frequent visits to the home, and of personal efforts of the most tactful kind that the visitor can succeed in saving such a girl."

those above indicated the net is cast all over Continental Europe. To meet this President Taft appropriated a sum of fifty thousand dollars, for the purpose of watching the frontier and arresting *bawds souteneurs* and their victims.

There is no tendency in America, so far as I know, for men to cultivate the *demi-monde* after the Continental fashion. It would not be possible to duplicate over there *Das Tagebuch Einer Verlorenen*, or even *Sappho*. This is the more remarkable because man over there is very sensitive to the influence of woman and the chivalrous tradition (unlike the feudal tradition) is very much alive. I purchased the following poem, printed in art characters, in a Boston shop :—

“ I had a friend, a woman friend most dear,  
 Who ran upon some little grace in me,  
 And loved me for it ; fostered tenderly  
 The grace itself ; then saw my faults grow clear  
 On close approach, but bravely drew more near,  
 Believing these were transient ; earnestly  
 I set myself to mend myself, since she  
 Did love me still, extending hope and cheer.  
 Once all unconsciously, by one swift move,  
 Unstudied as a child’s, she let me see  
 The angel in her, standing there to prove  
 How close God comes to us invisibly ;  
 And looking in her eyes with reverent awe,  
 I joyed to love the creature that I saw.”

The grovelling self-abasement of this poem\* might easily be paralleled in England, but it would surprise us

\* Considering the great output of poetry in America and the attitude of men to women one might expect a good deal of erotic verse from the country. This expectation, however, like others, would be false ; the proportion of erotic verse to other kinds is small. There is far more religious and moral poetry.

little there, remembering the long line of ancestry and the confusion of thoughts in which England confessedly lives. In America, however, which has forced the past to defend itself, clearer thinking might be expected; we might expect, perhaps, to find woman treated as a comrade, but not to find her worshipped. Such worship is, however, quite common, and perhaps the comrade view has made less real progress than in England. Athletics do not bring the sexes together so much as in that country; there are fewer women who play games. If the "doll" type of woman is English so is the "mannish" woman and the "sportswoman"; the American woman, in spite of her economic independence and vivacious manner, has at the bottom more of the clinging tendency left than the advanced Englishwoman. Here, as in some other ways, we see England making a move ahead of America; the suffragettes are an English invention. Feminism in America does not greatly covet the vote. The municipal vote, of course, women possess, and in a few States the Congress franchise, but the movement to this end does not make much progress. Socialists in general are suffragettes, but the attitude is not essential; the Socialist paper, *Life*, is anti-suffragette. The usual argument advanced is that women would purify politics, and places are pointed out, (like Denver) where they seem to have done good, but it is felt as a rule that this good is not assured, and

would be dearly bought by the loss of domestic peace. The dignity of women is not bound up with political privileges, as it is felt to be in England; women know that if they pushed for the vote they could get it, but they would not be more respected or more powerful than they are. Practically all careers are open to them, except that they cannot sit on the bench. They cannot mount the pulpit, in most denominations, but they have no great desire to, and, in some denominations, where this has been tried, it has not been found that women succeed as pastors. The readers in the Christian Science Church are half men and half women, but they have nothing to do except read.

In fact, the emancipation of woman in America is pretty well complete, and one is tempted to ask what it has proved or brought to light. It is perhaps too early to ask the question, but if it be asked, it can only receive a disappointing answer. There is no direction (but one) in which women have shown any talent whatever. Not a single invention—even a domestic invention—has proceeded from them, though this has been the inventive age of their country. They have written nothing remarkable, though there are hosts of female writers. They have added nothing to medicine, though there are hosts of lady doctors. Science owes nothing to them; art nothing, except one or two moderate painters. Except in the rarest instances, they have shown no power to

organise or run businesses, though this field is fully open to them, and there are thousands of women in business. In a word, the progress of America is still due entirely to its men. The reply may be made that the emancipation of women is not more than thirty years old, that they are still hypnotised, and we must wait longer. This, possibly, is true, but if it is also true that race-suicide is due to this same emancipation, what then?

In passing we may remark that the movement has one side issue, common to America and all modern countries, the disappearance of the domestic servant. Service is regarded as humiliating and irksome, though a thousand ingenious contrivances have minimised the domestic toil which women so much dislike. Servants are simply not to be had, by people of less than millionaire rank. Eventually this may lead to a complete reorganisation of life and the disappearance of the old "home," but the change hangs fire and the institution struggles on. I am convinced that in many cases the struggle is a feeble one. The home is dirty and disorderly. Meals are contrived extempore or taken at a neighbouring restaurant. It is the most cultured families sometimes that make the most valiant stand; I remember a Professor whose name is known in three continents explaining to me how to beat the situation by doing without a servant, and crowing over his patent dish-washer. Naturally, it is the

mothers of families who suffer most from the want of help, the very women who need and deserve it most. The whole problem, essentially a woman's problem, illustrates in many ways the selfish and unprogressive sides of feminine nature.

It would be tempting perhaps to ascribe to feminine influence that weakening of principle with regard to crime which to-day has infected the whole civilised world. This, however, would be a mistake. What has led to this, are a reaction from brutality, a determined philosophy and Socialism. Thus one of the Socialist papers writes: "Crime is a result of environment and heredity, and civil society, not the individual, is responsible therefor." It has already been remarked that sentiments of this kind colour the administration of justice and encourage violent crime. I have sometimes thought that more feminine influence might even strengthen the arm of the law. Certainly women stand no "nonsense" where sexual crimes are concerned.

## XIV

### The South.    The Negro

It is part of the irony of history that the North of the States has so far blotted out the South, and the story of Massachusetts, impressive though it be, has eclipsed the picturesque and pathetic story of Virginia. This chapter will try to do justice to a corner of America now overlooked. Certainly old-fashioned people still think of the country as divided into North and South, though the importance of this division has vanished. But they think only of the Secession War, and the early history of Virginia means little to them. Nor do they often realise that Virginia was the mother not only of Robert Lee, but of George Washington.

I paid but a flying visit to the State, just long enough to realise its beauty and the glories of its summer. Much of the land is out of cultivation, but the East that once flowed to the West is beginning to flow back, and has already found out Virginia. Surely it must have a future before it. Tobacco and maize grow freely in its subtropical summer, and inventive America will no doubt some day discover the best uses for its soil. The winter is cold, but less rigorous than that of New England.

Virginia witnessed the first English settlement in America. Sir Walter Raleigh sent there more than one colony that failed; in 1606 James V. granted a charter to an expedition that succeeded; their hopes and motives are told in Drayton's well-known lines. Many of the adventurers styled themselves "gentlemen"; one of their names has survived in people's memories, that of John Smith. From him we learn how the colony fared, how times of plenty alternated with starvation, how quarrels divided them, and they fell in warfare with the Indians. It is a picturesque but painful tale; the story of Pocahontas lightens the gloom, and humorous episodes are not wanting, but what we read of is mostly mismanagement, failure and misery. One wonders why the colonists stayed in the country at all, and why others came out to join them. No gold mines revealed themselves, and agriculture was dreary and unprofitable work, especially to the fashionable young men who made up many of the company. However, in their own strange way they persevered; eventually they made money out of tobacco and Virginia became a civilised and flourishing settlement.

It was always very English in its ideas. It had an Established Church—Episcopalian; and its large land-owners were something like the magnates of the English counties. But as years went by many Scotch-Irish joined the settlement; Patrick Henry was a Virginian, and the



State sent its full contingent to the Revolutionary forces. Its leader at that epoch was the father of his country, George Washington.

I went to visit his home at Mount Vernon, now maintained in beautiful order by the women of America, and restored as far as possible to its pristine order. It is a large wooden building on a slope overlooking the James River. Round it are groves of noble trees—planted by Washington's own hand; a formal garden; slaves' quarters, and many outhouses. A spinning room and a granary suggest the independence of the old conditions; the house itself is as complete as a feudal castle. There are many bedrooms; several drawing rooms; a library and a hall. The rooms are not large, nor are they crowded with furniture, but everything is severely aristocratic in its mien. It is an old remark that the age of luxury precedes the age of comfort; Washington's establishment is luxurious and dignified rather than comfortable. There are no easy chairs in his house; and you feel that no one except a man of staid manners could have moved safely among the frail pieces of furniture. Washington cannot always have moved about gravely; he was a backwoodsman, a soldier and surveyor, and must have been able to move at the double. But one feels that gravity was born in him; from his earliest years he was *pietate gravis*. At the age of thirteen he made out for himself fifty-seven rules of manners; herein he notes

often his duty to his "superiors," and concludes: "Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

His services to his country have not been overrated; I myself will only remark a few points in his career which are seldom recalled in England. He was a good judge of men. It was he who chose for office Hamilton, the greatest political thinker of America; and the services of Lafayette and Von Steuben, if not entirely due to him, were turned by him to the best account. He took no payment from his country except his out-of-pocket expenses, amounting to \$160,074 in eight years. With a precision engrained in his character he accounted for this sum in detail. When he retired from public life he left his countrymen a farewell address, a chart across the unknown seas they were to sail. It is an act which can hardly be paralleled, though it seems a natural one, and we turn to his words with expectant interest. He shows no rancour towards Britain, indeed he never showed any; but he cautions his countrymen against "habitual hatred or fondness." He remains religious to the last. "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." The greatest danger that he fore-

saw to the States was disunion, he cautioned them to "frown indignantly upon the first dawning of any attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest." This was sound advice, though in the hour when it was most needed it did not much avail America. But this was not Washington's fault. Perhaps his language does not suit modern times, but it is the fault of modern times if they cannot learn from the example of his character. How much have they to learn? In Wall Street you may see a statue of George Washington facing Mr. J. P. Morgan's Bank. One can hardly look at the spectacle without certain queries rising on the mind. At Harvard Commencement I beheld Mr. Morgan honoured with a degree, on the ground, according to President Jowett, that he had "twice saved the State." What were the two occasions? I was never able to learn, but one, I believe, was in the financial panic a few years ago, when Mr. Morgan's Bank produced gold enough to restore credit. Was it true, however, as rumour asserts, that Mr. Morgan produced that same panic in order to shake Roosevelt's attack on the trusts? And is it true that by private arrangement he lent Grover Cleveland money at 85 when the U.S. credit was unimpaired in the market? Rumour asserts this also; I had no chance to verify it, but wonder very much whether J. P. Morgan's transactions do all commend themselves to Washington's statue.

One word more about Washington. He was the first great American; may not we of the Old Country claim him without offence as one of our Englishmen? He seems to me very like the Iron Duke, in his industry, his practical sense, his religion, and the balance of his mind. Like him, he was a man of stern manners, yet Wellington wept as he entered Ciudad Rodrigo, and Washington broke down when he bade farewell to the army. Valley Forge may parallel the lines of Torres Vedras; Washington had his Waterloo. Perhaps Washington did more for America; let it then be added to his glory that unlike Wellington he took neither rank nor money from her.

This, however, is all incidental to the history of Virginia; let us pursue the subject a little further. Old Virginia was no intellectual or religious community like New England; "I thank God," wrote her Governor in 1660, "we have no free schools here." They had plenty of taverns and boon companions to fill them. A fine picture of the times may be found in Byrd's *Dividing Line*, 1726. He tells us that most of the colonists were "Reprobates of good Familys," and some of them even run-a-gates from European society. "While we continued here we were told that on the South Shore dwelt a marooner that modestly called himself a hermit, though he had forfeited the name by suffering a wanton female to cohabit with him. His habitation was a bower covered with bark after the Indian fashion. Like the ravens, he

neither ploughed nor sowed, but subsisted upon oysters, which his handmaid gathered from the rocks. But as for raiment he depended mostly upon his beard and she upon her hair, part of which she brought decently forward and the rest dangled behind down to her Rump. Thus did these wretches live in a dirty state of nature, and are mere Adamites, innocence only excepted." Such renegates may still be found on the fringes of civilisation, and Col. Byrd gives a picture little less flattering of the other denizens of Virginia lubber-land. "Idleness is the general character of the men in the South of this Colony, as in North Carolina. The air is so mild and the soil is so fruitful that little labour is required to fill their bellies, especially where the woods afford such plenty of game. So much work as is absolutely necessary falls to the good women's share to provide. They all spin and weave and knit, and thereby reproach their husbands' laziness in the most inoffensive way." Col. Byrd himself, though a humorous rogue, was a shrewd and industrious man; he and others like him graded things up, and Virginia became the home of many fine characters. They were men of principle, men of religion and gentlemen; it was they who gave strength to the Southern Army in the war.

Before I pass on to this let me linger a moment near the estuary of the James River, where the ghost of colonial days haunts the quiet streets and shady groves of Williamsburg. There you may perceive the statue of

Lord Botetourt, Colonial Governor of 1771, smiling affably upon the scene, while on his pedestal appear the words:—"Americans: Behold your friend, who, leaving his native country, declined the additional honours which were there in store for him that he might restore tranquility and happiness to this extensive continent. With what zeal and anxiety he pursued these glorious objects Virginia thus bears her grateful testimony." It was about the same time that the *Tory* wrote ecstatically: "We were formed by England's laws and religion. We were clothed by her manufactures, and protected by her fleet and armies. Her kings are the umpires of our disputes and the centre of our Union. In a word, the island of Britain is the fortress in which we are sheltered from all the machinations of the powers of Europe." Five years later the statue of Lord Botetourt and the staff of the *Tory* witnessed a change in the scene. When a system reaches its climax its hour has come, and we in England have yet to see whether the Royalism of the *Daily Mail* is an omen favourable to the Crown.

Near Williamsburg is Bouton, where in the Church the curious can see all the arrangements of an old English Church, even better than they would readily see them in England. For the old Church has been restored as the former generations saw it. The high pews are all unspoiled, with the private pew where Lord Botetourt worshipped, "at ease in Zion." There is a sumptuous

Bible presented by King Edward VII. and a lectern presented by Col. Rooseveltdt, whereon the Lion and the Lamb allegorically lie down together. Let us hope the good King and President were not far amiss in their pious design.

What follows next, however, is a note of war—the great Civil War, the War of the Secession. Fortunate as the States have been in avoiding civil dissension, the course of their good fortune has been broken once, and of the episode that broke it we are now to speak. Its history has been fully written, and, of course, I do not re-write it, but merely note a few salient points. The scale of the struggle, its character, the issue at stake and the balance of justice between the parties have been mistaken or forgotten in Europe; and it is idle to suppose they will ever be studied there. The struggle was one of the longest and bloodiest in history. Military genius was not conspicuous, except in Lee and Jackson, but the courage and tenacity displayed on both sides evoked a feeling which passed beyond admiration into awe. As we contemplate them we realise another of the country's paradoxes, that while in common affairs she is fitful and forgetful she has shown on great occasions a depth of purpose unwavering and invincible. The North gets some credit for this; the South gets none. Yet the South faced and suffered more than the North. They were few in numbers compared to the North, they had fewer

resources, and the whole of the war was fought in their country. They saw their houses, farms, villages and towns destroyed, they saw hope disappear, they fought till they had neither clothes nor food nor cartridges, and starvation and overwhelming numbers crushed them. There were battles in which Southern regiments completely disappeared.\* The number of Northern soldiers captured by the South exceeded the total number of the Southern troops engaged in the war.

In some respects the conduct of the war leaves a stain on the North from which the South is free. The Northern troops respected no convention of war except the right of women to life and honour. All sorts of property they plundered and destroyed without mercy. I think it was Staunton, Lincoln's Secretary, who sent instructions to ravage the South so that the very birds of the air might find nothing to live on; and with this we must compare Lee's stern injunctions, on the one occasion when he entered the North, that all private property was to be respected. Yet it was on this campaign that the Barbara Frietchie episode occurred, celebrated by Whittier in his ungenerous poem, where he calls the Southerners a "rebel horde," and taunts them with their "famished eyes," little reflecting *who* had starved the South, and

\* At Shiloh, the Sixth Mississippi Regiment lost 300 out of 425 men; at Gettysburg the North Carolina troops lost 80 per cent. At Vicksburg 6 survived out of 123 cadets.



who spared Barbara Frietchie and "the garden of the Lord."

*Victrix causa deis placuit.* The South lost. It is idle to defend a cause tainted by slavery, yet I will waste a few words to point out that what they fought for was *freedom*. Rightly or wrongly, they believed that the Federal Government was intending to enter their territory by force and emancipate the slaves, and they believed slavery was a domestic problem with which it had no right to interfere. We may or may not imagine that explanations could have saved the situation; such fancies are vain. The South was perhaps hasty; they supposed, as other aristocrats have done, that the mechanics of the North would easily be beaten. But the North came of various hard fighting races, and the South was mistaken. It is a curious fact about the North that the immense majority of their soldiers were under age, and this explains why so many veterans of the war linger on. They have been liberally pensioned. Pensions still cost Uncle Sam a hundred and fifty-five million dollars a year. The Southern veterans received some very small allowance from their States; nothing, of course, from Federal funds. One may add that the army of tramps which infests the country districts of the States dates from the war.

The North showed itself a stern victor—as the United States have ever showed themselves in victory. Neither

the British Loyalists, nor Mexico nor Spain experienced much clemency from them, nor did the South from the North. Jeff Davies was tried by a negro jury, and the negro in general, the ex-slave, became, under Northern protection, the master of the South. A period of great disorder set in, ending with a Commission in 1872, before which the Southern Representatives asserted that "no people have ever been so mercilessly robbed and plundered, so wantonly and ceaselessly humiliated and degraded, so recklessly exposed to the rapacity and lust of the ignorant and vicious portion of their own community as the South have been for the last six years. History till now gives no account of a conqueror so cruel as to place his vanquished foes under the dominion of their former slaves. That was reserved for the radical rulers of the great Republic." One way or another, by force and fraud, the Southern States got rid of their negro assemblies, and drove the negroes from the polls. They began the reconstruction of society, and to-day at last they have emerged from the dark valley where the last generation journeyed.

This chapter in their fortunes would have been different had Lincoln lived. He was a just and careful man, and he would have dealt more fairly with the vanquished South. Let us spare a few words to commemorate this second great figure in America's history, a figure nearer to the present age, and perhaps more

inspiring than that of Washington. He was a son of the people, a splitter of rails turned into a lawyer and a politician, an honest politician withal, and American to the backbone. He was not chosen President to steer America through the war; he just happened to be President at the crisis, and the theory of the average man for once produced results. (If I were an American and held the theory, I should like to remember that it gave the country (America) Lincoln). He had both the shrewdness and the impulse that are mixed up in the national character, both in their most amiable forms. He would probably have sacrificed the freedom of the negro to the Union, had such a sacrifice been the one thing needed, and he did all that care and self-restraint could do to keep the peace. The story of the struggle shows his firm and far-sighted character, his sense and his judgment of men. It shows, too, how far it is possible to go in the way of ruling men by love. This was Lincoln's plan; but one wonders how much he owed his success to his harsh lieutenant, Staunton. Men who rule by love often work in a couple with someone who rules by fist; when Nelson had a bad character on board his own ship he sent him off to Collingwood. However, Lincoln must always remain as an ideal and an inspiration for his countrymen; his kindness and humour are not rare in America, his integrity and devotion to the public are less common. Otherwise "Government of

the people, by the people, for the people " would be more of a success.

What a lesson in eloquence is this same Gettysburg speech! Who would have expected it from the land of Bancroft and Emerson?

Lee, the great contemporary of Lincoln, is under a cloud. I have read no life of him, but dimly discern his genius, his serenity of mind, and his humanity. Virginia has placed his statue in that group in the Capital where each State may send her two most distinguished sons. What an irony of fate that Washington and Lee should both be hers!

His presence in the capitol, fully accoutred as a Confederate general, marks the end of the struggle. It is a wonderful thing how all animosity has passed away. I have seen old soldiers on both sides greet each other and exchange recollections with cordiality, even on Southern battlefields. I visited more than one such. The Seven Pines, near Richmond, for instance, where thousands of dead lie under the pines, and you may see the stumps of trees that were cut down by bullets. An old survivor of the war guides you round and points out where the slaughter culminated.

There can be no room for doubts that the verdict of the war was fortunate both for America and the world. Had the Union perished not only would the citizens of the States have lost their self-respect, and the American idea

its force, but war would have become the outlook of the Continent. It is hardly possible to speculate on the situation, it is indeed painful to do so, and we do so only in order to realise what America owes to those who saved the Union. We may add that the war, in itself so great an evil, did this much good to the country, it made her conscious of her strength. In this respect America has something to set against her loss.

Memorials abound. The battlefields are all in the South, but in the North the veterans of the Army are formed into Posts, and once a year they meet and commemorate *their* services and decorate the graves of their comrades. I was present at the meeting in Fremont Hall in Boston; it was a solemn and dignified scene. The speeches turned mostly on the significance of the Union. The negro and his emancipation were not mentioned by anybody, nor, so far as I remember, was anything said about the South.

In the South are the battlefields, museums of relics and occasional statues. One such I remember better than any statue in the States, that of a soldier standing by a soldier's grave, in Alexandria. It typifies the feeling at the close of the war, when the South had lost all but honour; unlike most statues in public places it speaks to the heart. And it is impossible to visit the museums of the South without yielding to their spell. The North and West of America, which seldom visit

Virginia, do not realise this; though they have forgotten and forgiven, they have never *sympathised* with the Confederates.

Richmond of to-day is a flourishing and progressive town, largely in the mediæval stage. It was here that I stayed in a hotel of antique mould. There are dignified "antebellum" houses, two of which are museums; the usual state buildings; a fine library, and a cemetery. Here is a monument to the Confederate dead, a great pyramid of unhewn stones, which the Bignonia, self-carried and self-sown, has covered with flowers and trailers. Here, too, one meets the heavy-leaved magnolia, the arboreal emblem of the South.

Peradventure the reader may wonder why I have said nothing yet of the latent cause of the war, the negro. His turn will come; with him I will finish the topic of the South. His history begins with the history of the white man in America. Even Las Casas suggested that the negro might be brought to replace the Indian in the mines, and the death of the Carib made the negro inevitable. English slavers soon began to supply the demand, and the slave trade between America and Africa lasted till 1808. There were always voices against it in America; some even assert that England forced slavery on the country. This, however, is not true. It was soon found that slaves, though not wanted in the North, were indispensable to the planter of the South, and he

demanded them. When the abolitionist sentiment arose, of course, it was stronger in the North. But those are greatly mistaken who imagine the opinion of either region was solid; there were friends of slavery in the North till the last, and among the thoughtful people in the South there were many who were dissatisfied with the system and anxious to end it. They saw, however, the difficulties which Northerners did not see, and which Mrs. Stowe made it impossible for them to see. Time has justified their hesitation.

I cannot say how much brutality went on in slave days, but certainly there was a more friendly feeling between the races than there is now.\* Little white boys once played with little slaves; they will not now play with "niggers." Grown-up people will not now associate with them anywhere, in cars or in hotels; schools and religious bodies (in the South) are separate for each colour. This is not so in the North; I have even seen a black negress teaching white children in a public school in Boston. Nevertheless, the negro gets very much the cold shoulder in the North; nobody wants him, and he is pretty well restricted to such jobs as running

\* One may still see notices in the papers like the following from the *Charlottesville Progress* :—"In the sudden death of Lina, for upward of forty years a member of the household of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Williams, there passed away yesterday one of the few remaining domestics of the old type. Faithful and loving to a degree rarely approached in these days, she endeared herself to all who had the privilege of her ministrations. Many friends will mourn her loss. The funeral will take place from Mr. Williams's residence to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock."

elevators. In the South he is nominally a free man. But he is kept away from the polls, by one dodge or another, and he is left to work out his own salvation. Nobody helps him. The North sent him some missionaries and teachers after the war, but has now dropped him; the whites of the South do not want to elevate him. In slavery days a talented negro was taught an occupation by his master; at present, no one is interested to teach him, and he becomes a casual labourer. That is a rank nobody respects in the States, not even in a white man.

Negroes tend to concentrate in their own quarters in the towns, where they do not improve each other's health or morals. In Richmond, according to official figures, over a quarter of the babies born are illegitimate, and over a half die within one year of birth. The cases of homicide and rape are four times as numerous as those amongst the whites. Though proof against alcohol negroes are thinned out by tuberculosis and other diseases; the best authorities seem to think, at the hour, that the race is declining and will not, as once was feared, expel the white man by force of numbers. In the past their numbers rose rapidly within the States; in 1800 there were less than a million of them, in 1860 four millions, at present (I believe) there are between eight and nine millions. As I had seen something of the wild negro in East Africa I was greatly interested to meet the race again in coats and trousers, and to see if I recognised them. The American negro is, of course, West African, and negroes differ, but I thought in America, from the



little I saw, the civilised negro is much the same as the inferior sort of savage. Savage chiefs and headmen have a certain dignity which the commonplace "nigger" of civilisation misses. Of course the prosperous and risen negro has dignity too—in fact an impressive and ceremonious dignity is an accomplishment the negro readily acquires. Probably it is rather hollow. There seems little evidence that he has learned much from civilisation. I still feel that he is a grown-up child—as indeed Englishmen feel about Frenchmen and Frenchmen about Englishmen, and many races about each other, but with less reason than a philosophic enquirer may hold the opinion of the negro. He is neither servile nor cowardly, though he has so often been enslaved, but he is a very simple creature, and cannot take in many ideas. He would be happiest and best off as the slave of a good master,—but who is going to arrange this? Anyhow, he has got to be free nowadays.

Dr. Booker Washington takes a more hopeful view than I have indicated. The question is, how many negroes will follow his lead? If only they knew it, they have in him the greatest leader Providence has ever raised up for a fallen people; a man both of words and deeds; sane, generous, practical, and far-sighted. His "Autobiography," modest as it is—and all the more on that account—is the record of a noble and wonderful life, in its mere language, a most eloquent record, of which black and white America may equally be proud. Two lessons he has sought to teach his race, that recriminations are vain, and that when the negro produces any-

thing of substantial merit, the white man will be the first to recognise it. Accordingly, he has founded Tuskegee, to train the negro to straightforward toil, and all through the South his voice is heard in favour of the industrial programme. He has critics of his own colour and among the whites. The Socialists despise him as a "self-abasing" slave of capital; ambitious negroes prefer to clamour for equality, and sceptics point to the millions of degraded blacks and ask where are Booker Washington's men? He answers this question often on public platforms, and produces figures which show progress, and points to agricultural settlements where a new type of negro is growing up.\*

Whether he is right or he deceives himself I cannot say; but this is certain, that he has told his people what

\* In Virginia, according to him, negroes own 1,517,500 acres of land and pay taxes on property valued at \$26,000,000. Compare also the following passage:—

"New York, August 18.—An old-fashioned Arkansas ducky, one of those proud to call himself 'nigger,' stood up in the second day's session of the Negro Business Men's League here to-day and vowed that he "wouldn't change places with Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, big a man as he is."

"Come out with us, you niggers," he told the New York negroes, "where the air is free and God is good, and where, if there is any gumption in you, you can have more in a year than you ever earned in all your life before. If you haven't a dollar I'll give you a farm and a chance. Come out to Arkansas."

The speaker was introduced by Booker T. Washington, as Scott Bond, of Madison, Ark. "How much are you worth?" asked an inquisitive delegate. Scott Bond grinned. "Well," he said, "down in Arkansas they tax us 50 cents on every \$1,000. I pay a few dollars less than \$2,000 a year." A little arithmetic shows that this tax represents a capital appraised at nearly 4,000,000, consisting, Scott Bond said, of his own farm, nineteen farms rented to other negroes, cotton gins, twenty general stores and live stock.

"What do you raise?" asked a woman delegate. "On my place," was the reply, "I raise mules, corn, cotton, tobacco, and boys and girls."

they needed to hear, he has done for them what needed to be done, and many countries and peoples are waiting for a man like him to-day.

Connected with the negro is the subject of lynching, because most of the lynched—though not quite all—are coloured men. I have written of it elsewhere in connection with crime, pointing out that the slow procedure of the courts and weak sentences are amongst its causes. In the case of the negro we must add a racial hatred which *prefers* to use its own hands in the cause of vengeance. The crime which leads to it may be murder, or more often rape—though sometimes neither of these offences is in question. The victims of rape are often little girls, and here the feeling of Southern society demands death as the penalty even in the case of white men. The law, of course, does not go so far; society rises up and goes beyond it. Very often it is the whole society of a town that acts, including the most prominent citizens, and the proceedings may be quite orderly. They may end in burning the negro alive\*, and America

\*“ The lynching of Elmo Curl at Mastadon, Miss., was a most orderly affair, conducted by the bankers, lawyers, farmers, and merchants of that county. The best people of the county, as good as there are anywhere, simply met there and hanged Curl without a sign of rowdyism. There was no drinking, no shooting, no yelling, and not even any loud talking.”

“ Rusk, Tex.—No arrests were made to-day as the result of the lynching of Leonard Johnson, a negro who was burned to a stake last night after he was reported to have confessed the murder of Miss Maude Redding, a white girl. Sheriff Norwood, from whom the negro was taken, said he did not recognize any of the members of the mob, and no further attempt to discover their identity is expected.”

is used to reading of such cases in the papers. Nobody quite likes to see them there, and nobody quite knows what is to be done. In many cases the local authorities have fought to save their prisoner—sometimes successfully and sometimes in vain. The worst of it is that the mob often hang—or burn—the wrong man, and crime is not put down. There is a class of negro loafers and ruffians who need to be over-awed, and lynching does not effect this. A better organisation of society is needed—which means doing things that are still left undone, and perhaps, after all, educating the negro. But what is to become of the educated negro?

I know not whether our West Indian Colonies could supply any answer to this question. We hear neither of rape nor lynching there, but perhaps we have given the negro a position which America is not prepared to give him. We find a Colonial Governor—Sir S. Oliver—stoutly maintaining that the only way to deal with the racial distinction is to turn our backs on it. One has to travel a long way from the American position to reach this. In most States of the Union it is an offence punishable by law for a white person to marry one of colour.

## XV

### Education. Libraries. Museums

America points with well-grounded pride to her early and sustained interest in education. Massachusetts saw Harvard founded in 1636; Connecticut, the rise of Yale in 1700. By 1665 there was a common school in every town in Massachusetts; a hundred years later girls were admitted to the Boston schools. Virginia, as we have seen, did not favour common schools; but she had a University, chartered by the Crown in 1693. Without following the history of education in detail, we may say that every State has followed the lead of Massachusetts, and education almost everywhere and at all times in the country has been a sacred name.

The type of education long continued to be the old-fashioned English type. The three R's supplied the staple of the common school; high schools and the universities added on Latin. Stimulus was imparted where necessary by the rod and the ferule. Under this system many a good citizen was moulded into shape, and it was not extinct in Tom Sawyer's day. But the forces of progress were then in the field; 1843 saw

Horace Vann make his European tour and write his report on German schools. From this quarter came an impulse which still dominates American education, the impulse of Germany. I suppose it took about a generation to penetrate all the schools of America, and the type it created has now a generation of trial behind it. This does not mean that the schools of America have been all on one pattern for a generation, it is a country of experiments, but some broad principles have been accepted everywhere.

The first of these is perhaps the view of the school as an extension of the family. This is clearly true of the kindergarten, but the feeling pervades all primary schools. Boys and girls go to them together, the teacher is almost always a woman. The relation between her and her pupils is one of affection, and that is the atmosphere cultivated throughout. There is no jealousy between the children, there are no marks, no prizes. The spirit aimed at is one of mutual help; the work of the better children assists the laggards, and they are pleased to think that this is so.

I cannot doubt that American primary schools have gone as far in pursuit of this ideal as it is possible to go. I spent many hours in them all over the Continent, and found everywhere the same Elysian fields. I never saw any rudeness or disorder, though I saw often under the same roof scores of large classes run by young girls,

without a man about the place but the janitor. I often asked about discipline and means of punishment, but found that very little was in use. The cane is almost unknown; there is some detention; but in the junior classes it is found sufficient to deprive naughty children of the pleasure of their work. The principal is often expert in the art of appealing to refractory specimens. If the worst comes to the worst, in most places, a child may be reported to the authorities and sent to a reformatory or a truant school. But such cases are rare. The atmosphere of the school, the good humour and skill of the teachers are irresistible; the children are carried along by them. Then, too, the force of society strongly supports the school. Most schools are open to visitors; parents come to look at the work, as well as inspectors; it would be almost impious for a child to misbehave maliciously.

This public interest in schools has saved America from some ill consequences of universal education. It has made people less sensible of the gulf between the culture of parents and children. What may easily happen, and in some countries does happen, is that the educated children despise their uneducated parents. This is rarely the case in the States. Education is part of the onward sweep of things, which the parents themselves foster and take part in. They do not feel bewildered or humiliated by their children's progress; they are proud

of it and seem to feel that they participate in it. At the same time it must be allowed that schools are robbing parents of the power to control their families. The school has drawn to itself so much of the love and veneration of the young that in their homes missing its spell they grow unruly. Parents are not experts in the management of children, nor have they the moral weight of an institution to back them up, hence they fail to keep up the smooth ascendancy of the school. This is the only way in which I can explain the paradox that many complaints are heard about the behaviour of children at home, and yet that the relations of parents and children do not seem to me unsympathetic. Of course I saw hardly anything of homes, but I very often saw parents and children out together on holidays.

Some observers, Dr. Hall, for example, complain that the weak discipline of schools makes boys unruly, and young America includes too many of the scapegrace and criminal types. This he attributes to the want of male teachers, and, I think, but am not sure, of the rod. Now certainly bad boys and gangs of bad boys can be found in cities, but it seems doubtful if the presence of more men in schools would mend this. What Chicago seems to have found is that more playgrounds and more interests for boys are wanted; this is the remedy that will cure the disease. If I am to mention my own casual impressions in the connection I should say that so far as



I met American boys about the city streets they were better mannered and less mischievous than those of England or Australia.

If the American primary school does any injury to the average boy, it must be sought in another direction; it makes him tame rather than unruly. This is a criticism not only of women teachers, but of co-educationalists, and thus we have drifted into a discussion of one of the widest and haziest of problems. What is to be said of co-education? It has its friends and its enemies, though, in primary schools, it is so universal in America that there cannot really be any chance of changing it. Still, on the whole, its critics are rather growing in numbers. It is being felt that the system is not fair to boys. They are often outrun by the girls in earlier years, they grow listless, and are anxious to quit school and join the real world as soon as the primary school course is over. The high school subjects, as taught by women and girls, do not interest them. Manual subjects, (*e.g.*, carpentry), often taught by women, assume a feminine character, and do not change the situation.

Hence has grown up the movement towards the "vocational school." This is a new name for a technical school, and its sphere and methods are matters of discussion. At present, however, it is mostly a high school, following the primary school, and mostly a high school for boys. In Chicago, a third of the boys in

high schools are in such institutions, one of which, the Lane High School, I visited. Its size and equipment were quite stupefying, there seemed to be acres of forges and lathes and other machines, and here young Chicago, of the masculine sex, was visibly going ahead. There were no petticoats in the place. I thought the boys looked as though they meant business, and the Principal seemed glad to hear me say so. He told me he went to the Lane School a supporter of co-education, and had been converted by his experience there, but he told me also that fathers and mothers felt their sons were doing better there. I came across similar schools elsewhere; and even a Training College, near Buffalo, where artisans were being trained as teachers for such schools—for America does nothing by halves, and if she goes in for vocational schools she will not starve them.

This is all very well, but if the movement prospers, especially if it extends to primary schools, America stands to lose something by it. At present, the primary and secondary schools almost all stand for *culture*, for a liberal education, in the old phrase. Surely this is a good thing, in a country where business and politics swallow up so many human natures. I always felt it, for this reason, delightful to step into an American school, and leave the world outside for a time; was this feeling a mistake? The reformers answer "Yes"; children will not work at things unless they are

“vocational”; their time is wasted; and vocational subjects themselves provide enough culture. I am not fully satisfied with the answer, and apprehend that the change, if it comes off, may make America’s schools *avowedly* Philistine. Boys will disappear from literary high schools altogether—as they tend to do now. A later generation may then find that culture, left to women, becomes sickly and unprogressive. I have written of this topic already, and pointed out other evils of the tendency to leave culture to women. But I sympathise, as I have said, with the desire to place growing boys by themselves under men. East of the Alleghanies even literary schools of this character may still be found; a remote future may see them re-born elsewhere.

The question, of course, arises, How has co-education affected the feelings of the sexes towards each other? It might have been argued, *a priori*, that familiarity between girls and boys continued from early childhood would expel the grand passion from their breasts and leave them capable of nothing more than flirtations. This, however, has not happened. Perhaps the *naïveté* of the American character protects both sides from such a result. Anyhow, the phenomena of “adolescence” seem to occur across the Atlantic as much as anywhere and to end in marriage just as often. (I do not say, of course, in parentage.)

We may turn now to the intellectual methods of the schools. No one needs to be told that the general aim is to teach children to think, and not to accumulate knowledge. There are serious complaints in the country that this is overdone, that school children are ignorant and inaccurate. If one judged by the average adult, this complaint would seem to have some grounds, for these are common failings of the average American. Outside America, at any rate, his knowledge stops very short and is often very quaint\*. But his field is wide, and his impulse to learn is real. Moreover, as regards the children in schools, while I have found the impulse just as real, I have thought the information sound. Of course I was not an inspector, but the opportunities of American schoolrooms enabled me to test this. For, if visitors in general are welcome there, professional visitors are doubly welcome, and they are speedily made at home. I soon learned that in every school in America the professional visitor, especially if he is a far-travelled one, will be courteously and cordially received, he will be shown everything he wants to see, and his most searching questions fully and candidly answered. Finally, he will be invited to teach the class or talk to them, and the class, you may be sure, if he is at all a speaker, will listen with delight. I used as a rule to

\* Thus, in a paper before me, the editor speaks of something being "as round as Giorgone's O."

ask questions about India, and above all to ask *for* questions about India—which is a first-rate test of intelligence. I rarely failed to get good questions, and an Australian inspector, who was touring round at the same time as myself, told me the children knew Australia well. I am inclined to think that on the point of accuracy perhaps American schools are on the upgrade. Their treatment of literature, a favourite subject of high schools, I thought too scrappy, and too much inclined to give feeble little answers to ambitious questions. This encourages superficial views, which are also a fault of the country.

I did not seem to feel any over-pressure in the schools, as one seems to feel it in Germany, and surely this is a proof of wisdom. Sometimes it appears that too much inattention of children, (I do not mean rudeness or noisiness), is tolerated; but the difficulty of fixing a mean is well known. On the other hand, the usual absence of all home lessons kills self-reliance.

The disappearance of men from the rank and file is due to the low pay; in most cases this is only just enough for a woman to live on. Higher appointments, of course, go increasingly to women; there is no field of male candidates. The Superintendent of Schools in Chicago is a woman; the Superintendent of all Indian schools is a woman. I did not, however, hear of any sex jealousy, even of complaints by women that men

are favoured. There was, I believe, a little feeling over the election of Mrs. Young to the post of President of the National Convention, but it was slight, and disappeared with her election. I do not think, however, this predominance of women is going to be a good thing for the future, unless women show a grasp of facts and a power of facing situations which they do not show elsewhere. Surely it is not satisfactory that the only profession in which they rule should be one where they fill up the ranks because they are cheap. I do not say that in this situation they are bad. Quite the contrary. They are bright, industrious, and sympathetic, most of them are trained, and have taken their training seriously. Most of them leave the profession young and marry, but this in itself is not a bad thing, as women do not wear so well as men. In some places, however, like San Francisco, the procession of girls passes through the schools at an amazing rate, and it is equally amazing what good work they do. But with regard to the higher appointments, the problem will soon be to get men in them at all. A plan that is tried in some places is to push young college graduates directly into appointments as superintendents, but this would only be possible in a country that respects youth as much as America. At the universities, I need hardly say, there are Professors and Lecturers on Education, and specialised courses beyond number.

Nor need I say that American schools are democratic to the backbone. They are democratic in their organisation, which seems to hold there need be no special bond between individual teachers and individual pupils; the theory of the divine average extends to this sphere, and children constantly pass from set to set and teacher to teacher. Moreover, rich and poor sit side by side, (so far as they live in the same district.) The story of America is told and re-told, and the patriot's duty is constantly brought home. The American flag is never out of sight, and on more than one day in the year it is honoured with national songs. This is not mere exuberance, for the millions of immigrants have to be made into Americans, and the schools have to undertake this. Their vigour and success in the task are astonishing. This is perhaps the greatest debt the country owes to its schools; and the second is that sociability of tone which I referred to at the outset. It has already been questioned whether this is a good preparation for life, and whether the smoothness of school introduces the friction of the world; but, setting aside this speculation, I think the social, amiable, cordial tone of the schools does a great deal for American civilisation. It did not wholly create this, but it continues and develops it.

We will now glance at some exceptional types of schools. The humanity of America has never neglected the stepchildren of Nature, and the public care for them

is now greater than ever. There are many schools for defectives; the blind, the deaf, the feeble, and the diseased. Children are examined with more and more care for adverse symptoms, and placed under specialists if these are found. There is, indeed, an opinion audible that this tendency is going too far, that the children of genius now suffer, and that the best teachers are often sent to the least repaying work. But the spirit of the times is still to search out the weak for especial care. In Boston I went to an open-air consumptive school in the beautiful Franklin Park, and also to the Perkins Blind School. I need hardly describe the ingenious arrangements of the Blind School, but I will speak of a brief visit I was permitted to pay to Miss Helen Keller, the blind deaf-mute of Boston. Few who read these lines will fail to know her name, or the story of her education by Miss Sutherland. She lives with Miss Sutherland, now Mrs. Macy, in a suburb of Boston, amid glades and grassy knolls and gardens; I spent an hour with them there, and for once in my life while I talked to them forgot that time was moving. Mrs. Macy interprets to H.K. in taps on the palms of her hand; it is done very quickly, but one wishes somehow they could have developed telepathic powers and flashed their thoughts to each other. H.K. can speak, but not *very* clearly; Mrs. Macy has to repeat the most of what she says. She can talk well and easily on many subjects;



I found she knew much about India and even remoter parts of the world; she could discuss a subject so full of pitfalls as "materialism." I spoke of the sense of smell, and told her how the ancient Hindus did not kiss their babies, but smelt their heads; she replied that she was not surprised, for lovers smelt their mistresses' hair. We were greatly amused to find her possessed of this information. No sentence, however complex, was beyond her comprehension. She must have possessed by nature a powerful mind; it is rarely that a blind deaf-mute can be taught at all. They succumb to the strain. And, indeed, a man with five senses can hardly imagine what life is like with only two—and one of these the least informing of all. Of course, nobody can say exactly what H.K. owes to education. Everything that has gone into her mind has been very carefully chosen, but without her gifts the materials would not have made her. Her philosophy of life is a generous optimism, which the reader will best gather from her own books. Do I end with the feeling that I would like to change places with her? I cannot say, but if ever you passed an hour in her company you would feel that in her case pity was a foolish if not an impertinent mood.

From schools for defectives I will pass to schools for the very rich. There are, to begin with, certain private schools in the large cities where these very rich children can have the very best teachers, on the usual lines, for

several hundreds of dollars a year. I do not think that social exclusiveness takes them to these schools so much as a desire for the very best teachers and for special personal attention. Of course they get any amount of this, and the teachers are charming. The children, too, are charming—at school at any rate, though I really cannot say if the advantages are worth what is paid for them. Curious that such schools should arise in democratic America, and should be unknown in aristocratic and intellectual Germany. Then there are schools somewhat like these, expensive schools reposing on special foundations; e.g., in Chicago there is one connected with the University and another called the Franklin School. Much experimentation has been carried on here; children have been brought up on a theory that as they grow they should live through civilisation in miniature, from its earliest stage onwards. Thus they wear baskets (like the Indians) when they are young, and work a printing press when they are older. It is very interesting; I cannot say what it all ends in. At least, however, I must recognise the enthusiasm and devotion of the staff.

Finally, for those who seek other ideas, there are schools like the Public Schools of England. One of these I was permitted to visit—Groton. It stands away out in the country in its own grounds, with beautiful buildings in the colonial style and a Gothic chapel.

Much money must have been put down to build it; I understand it was a private school at first, but has now a public constitution. This, however, I cannot say, for Groton, following the precedents of Eton and Harrow, puts forth no printed account of itself; indeed there is no reason why it should invite the attention or satisfy the curiosity of the public. It has its own circle of friends, among the leading men of America; Col. Roosevelt's sons are being educated there. Its supporters feel that the sons of the rich, in America as in England, should be withdrawn while they are young from the luxuries of their homes; also, that they should be placed where responsibilities and services will be required of them, that is to say in a good boarding school. So far English ideas are followed—perhaps even a little too closely in classrooms and classroom methods; but the tone of the school remains firmly American. It was interesting to see round the hall autograph letters from all the Presidents and famous men of the States. Whether the spirit of democracy can be induced to dwell within its walls is another matter. The authorities intend this, but will they succeed? I am not at all sure but that *Noblessè oblige* will some day have to be written over the portals of Groton.

One remarkable school that I visited was the Gerard College, of Philadelphia, founded by the earliest millionaire of America, Stephen Gerard, who died in

1831, aged eighty-one years, possessed of seven million dollars. This sum he made partly in trade and partly as a banker,—by honest enterprise, if we may trust his biographer. He left most of it to found the College, which is really an orphanage for the State of Pennsylvania. It provides for eighteen hundred boys. The buildings are handsome and modern; they were nearly empty when I visited them, as the holidays were on. The grounds are surrounded by a high wall, and I could not help thinking how Mr. George would have denounced that wall, and relegated Gerard College to the class of “institutions.” It is true indeed that they tend to become harsh and mechanical, and that fine buildings do not insure a humane or stimulating life. But this is no criticism of the Gerard College, which I am not able to criticise. One thing is very suggestive there, the household furniture of the founder, which is kept in a room by itself. It shows that Stephen Gerard, like many great men, preferred the simple life. One famous paragraph in his will is that which excludes all ministers of religion from the buildings, not merely as teachers, but even as visitors. “I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans far from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce.” There is, however, a chapel where religious addresses are given by the Principal.

It will have been seen that America takes care of the

young. In this she is far ahead of England, though English people little know it. One of the most painful sights I saw in my Mother Country was the boys who sit down in the London tube stations selling papers—not much unlike those boys who, years ago, opened and shut trap-doors in coal pits. Is it necessary that people should buy newspapers underground? Is it nothing that these wretched boys waste there the precious hours when they should be gaining health and strength and the knowledge of some calling? It would not be tolerated in America. Child labour and the “blind alley” employment of youth have vanished there. There are no errand boys; and newspaper boys in many towns (e.g. Boston) are only allowed to sell papers out of school hours. We in England, presumably, what with crowning our King-Emperor and abolishing our House of Lords, are too much occupied to think of our children.

America, again, has taken the lead in children's courts. I hesitate to believe that the growth of youthful crime has led to them, and would rather believe it is the growth of sympathy with the young. I am not sure if Judge Lindsay of Denver invented them; he was the first to develop them. Denver seems, according to the judge, to have been a vile city not long ago, and to have treated its young criminals vilely; he bethought himself of this better way. It is simply to hold an informal court, in a place apart from the police court, where informal

methods will elicit the truth, and good advice may sometimes be substituted for punishment. I was present at such a court in Chicago, and heard a lot of boys tried. They were pretty voluble (as guilt often is), and I thought such courts will certainly need a firm judge as well as a humane one. Nor is the informal method always the best method of getting at the truth. But the ideal is good and experience may show the way towards it.

The boys (and girls) awaiting trial are kept in special houses of detention, that in New York being managed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. I was amused to find it entirely in charge of women—about thirty unruly boys being assembled in a hall, with no occupation, under the control of a woman. At Chicago they are split up into groups, and schooled and taught modelling and other fine arts. The sleeping arrangements at this institution seemed to me designed to spread the infection of vice.

I will pass on now to the American Universities, noting, as before, those points which struck a casual visitor. The first is no doubt the splendour of their buildings. I might have made the same point about the schools; their size, their beauty and their convenience can hardly be believed. The very smallest town spares no money over its school, and architecturally we might compare the American school to the parish church of the

middle ages in Europe. It occupies almost the same position in men's affections, and is built as carefully. So, too, are the Universities built. It would be a revelation to most Europeans to visit them and to find that what Europe took centuries over America has achieved in a few years. In point of their style I think they are a little disappointing; though sensible and effective they seldom strike a note of their own. The exception to this, among those which I saw, is the Leland Stanhope University, in California. The founder was a millionaire, who made his money by building the first railroad to the Pacific. An only son who should have inherited this money died; he was a boy of intellectual promise, and his parents resolved to commemorate him by building a University. A few years saw the University built, under the vigorous rule of Dr. Jordan; an earthquake shook some of it down, but all is now restored except the chapel. The style is founded on the old Spanish architecture of California, the material is a warm brown stone, which under the blue Californian sky glows with a warm inspiring radiance. The long cloisters have an effect of their own, and altogether the group of buildings is a triumph. The brick quadrangle of Harvard has now antiquity on its side, and is chiefly impressive for that reason; the campus of Cornell, for its glorious view.

The aims of these Universities vary. Pure scholarship is represented by Yale, east of the Alleghanies; modern

and practical subjects have taken complete possession of the West. Harvard, not less scholarly than Yale, has nevertheless given students a much wider option of studies, in accordance with a tendency of late years. This tendency is now questioned; it has been found to encourage desultory and inaccurate work, a fault which infects American Universities; and marks a declension from their German prototypes. Nor do the *opuscula* of American students and professors compare with those of Germany; there is a tendency (certainly in educational work) to produce endless little papers that signify nothing. American critics, however, have become aware of this. Doubtless the same is not to be said of highly practical subjects, like electricity.

In the relation of Schools and Universities, west of the Alleghanies, it has been the tail that has wagged the dog. The schools have insisted on the colleges accepting whatever courses they pleased, and matriculating students from their certificates. East of the Alleghanies the Universities have not been so compliant.

In the student world one is struck by the number of students working their way through college. Sometimes they earn money as waiters, morning, noon and night; sometimes, in winter, they go round and stoke heating apparatus. In the vacations they pick up various jobs. These students are often boys who left primary schools young, and resolved in after years to go to college; their



self-help is admirable, and they will generally be found sensible and pleasant men, who neither boast of their achievements nor hide them. Their industry loses them nothing in the eyes of university society.

Women, east of the Alleghanies, are excluded from most University Colleges; they have institutions of their own. These are very large and well endowed; time fleets away in them full blithely. The girls work hard, but, judging from the papers, overstrain is not common, much less suicide. Whether the nerve diseases of America proceed at all from women's colleges is perhaps a different question. Their life is a crowded one, and no doubt the life that follows it is often a disappointment. There is room here for various inner discords to arise. I saw Wellesley College, near Boston, one evening, when the students entertained their friends to a "float." That is to say, to the spectacle of all the college boats floating in the lake by moonlight, with the aid of coloured fires and Chinese lanterns. It was very pretty; many girlish trebles filled the air with music, the scene was graceful and delightful. The American summer and the suburbs of Boston suit this sort of thing very well.

In the West co-education is the rule. I have the pleasantest recollection of the girls I saw trooping about the Californian Universities; bright, sunny, healthy girls they looked. But I should like to know why marriage and parentage are states little sought after in

the West, and divorce is so common. Perhaps those are right who say not college life but the want of it is to blame.

Among many new inventions of the age are vacation camps for boys and girls. Boys and girls are found troublesome companions in the hotels where their parents spend the summer holidays, and some years ago teachers conceived the idea of taking the boys away into the woods camping. The boys were found to enjoy this, and philosophers remembered that the boy is still partly savage and wild life suits his savage years. Later on it was thought that the girls would enjoy it too, and girls' camps were founded. Boys' camps and girls' camps now account for thousands of children and youths during the summer holidays. They vary much in size and style, some being cheap and some expensive, with special tutors both for work and games, and horses and fleets of boats. I visited two myself, and spent some delightful days at them. One was at Chocorna in the White Mountains and one by Lake Morey; and the latter was the girls' camp. There were girls of all sizes in it, and they seemed to enjoy very well their non-co-educational holiday. They wore bloomers, and climbed trees, and scrambled up Moosi Carke, and swam across Lake Morey. They acted plays and sang heaps of songs written by themselves.

Girls in America have a way of singing little songs in

honour of visitors, which is very pleasing. Here is the Smith College song:—

There's a lass that's known in all parts,  
Her name is——, and she's won our hearts.  
Oh!!! We'd like to know  
A girl with more go;  
We'll stand by her till the end, Oh!

Boys and collegians of the male sex have special cheers, which perhaps were once suggested by Indian war-whoops. I am sorry I cannot remember the transliteration of one. They are practised with assiduity and led on great occasions by a bugleman.

A point in which the whole world might learn from America is the gratitude of old pupils to schools and colleges, and the careful organisation of college ties. The students of each year keep touch of each other more carefully than they do in England, and meet with more affection. At Harvard every class after attaining its twenty-fifth year from graduation, makes a present to the University. The figures of individual contributions are not made public; but the sum total has exceeded a hundred thousand dollars. I have never heard elsewhere in the world of any similar instance of generosity and gratitude.

American children are sometimes run down, and when I went to the country I expected to find them rude and noisy. Now it is true that the quiet, old-fashioned children of our grandfathers' time are not to be found there. I did stumble across two such, little half-caste

Indian girls, who reminded me of old novels and vanished times. They had the quiet interested view of their surroundings that well bred children used to have, long ago. But though children of this type have vanished, let me say that so far as I met children in America, I thought them a very amiable and innocent race. Nor did I hear those sinister rumours about vice that I heard in Australia. As for boys, there is proof that the American boy, at a boarding school, can be as cruel and mischievous as boys elsewhere. I think it a good thing for the country, on the whole, that such schools are not the rule. American boys will generally be found frank, responsible, sensible, and humane. Their weak points have been indicated elsewhere.

It must be recognised by all who have studied America that there is a breadth about her views of education not yet attained in England. Education is felt to be a function of society; society needs to study itself from an educational point of view, to take stock continually of its needs, and to measure its progress. Conditions change, new methods are required, mistakes have to be corrected; all this cannot be done without continual thought on the part of able and honest men. The Universities accept it as part of their duty to produce such men and to devote such thought to the general problem of education; it can hardly be said even yet that they take up a similar attitude in England.

It is, moreover, a strong point of America that education is followed up by the influence of libraries and that the young are taught to use and value them. What a contrast with the England of my youth! I well remember the reception which boys got in the library at Southport: they were merely tolerated, within very narrow limits, as a nuisance. But go to Chicago or Boston, and you will find one of the best rooms set apart for the young, an excellent choice of books for them on the walls, and a smiling librarian, (a lady, of course), waiting to help them. Then what magnificent buildings the libraries are altogether; light, spacious, and nobly decorated. Library methods have been carefully developed; there are even colleges which give courses in this subject. Everything is done to induce the public to use the books; e.g., a circular is sometimes sent round to a particular trade telling them of new books concerning that trade added to the library. The "open shelf" system is adopted more in some towns than in others; I did not meet with it myself as much as in Australia. The custodians everywhere are most courteous and painstaking.

Concerning American museums there is more to write than the world realises. Most people probably think, as I did, that in so new a country museums must needs be slenderly stocked. That may have been the case years ago; now, however, the chief American museums are

approaching those of Europe in the value of their contents. The collections of Indian antiquities are, of course, unrivalled; and late years have seen them grow enormously in the departments of physical science and natural history. There are also special collections of great value. In the Metropolitan Museum of New York are Mr. Bishop's jade and crystal carvings, which cannot be equalled elsewhere in the world. This gentleman was a colleague of Jay Gould, who actually left off money-making to pursue a hobby; the hobby was jade and crystal. He struck an hour when other collectors were running after something else, used his money well and made bargains which posterity will never duplicate. Then there are the glass flowers at Harvard; Europe cannot match them. Nor can Europe easily match the splendour with which the best American museums display their objects. Space, lighting and cases are *perfect*. Do you think stuffed birds can ever be attractive? It is worth a journey from Europe to the New York Museum to see the bird-cases alone.

All American museums are entirely free. No gratuities. European nations (except England and Germany) please notice.

I find I have said nothing about finances, but I may add, as typical, the following figures about Boston, a city of about 500,000 people (excluding suburbs). Teachers' salaries amount to \$2,860,000 a year; new school houses

\$800,000; and other expenses about \$1,000,000. Thirty-four per cent. of the city revenues is devoted to education—exclusive of new buildings.

The following poem, by a humourist of the day, may prove interesting :—

“ THE SCHOOLMA’AM.”

“ The teacher in the country school, expounding lesson, sum and rule, and teaching children how to rise to heights where lasting honour lies, deserves a fat and handsome wage, for she’s a triumph of this age. No better work than hers is done beneath the good old shining sun; she builds the future of the state; she guides the youths who will be great; she gives the childish spirit wings, and points the way to noble things. And we, who do all things so well, and of our ‘ institooshuns ’ yell, reward the teacher with a roll that brings a shudder to her soul. We have our coin done up in crates, and gladly hand it to the skates who fuss around in politics and fool us with their time-worn tricks. In congress one cheap common jay will loaf a week, and draw more pay than some tired teacher, toiling near, will ever see in half a year. If I was running this old land, I’d have a lot of statesmen canned; and congressmen, and folks like those, would have to work for board and clothes: I’d put the lid on scores of snaps, and pour into the teachers’ lap the wealth that now away is sinned, for words and wigglejaws and wind.”—WALT. MASON.

## XVI

### America and the World

The feeling between England and America has changed more than once in the course of their common history. The earliest days saw friendship on both sides. Even in Massachusetts, so far as I know, the age of the Pilgrim Fathers was not hostile to England. It was during the eighteenth century that a hostility arose; the reasons for it have been already stated. It was not appeased by the War of Independence. I do not think that English feeling resented the American victory; in any case the Americans, during the struggle, had friends in England. The war of 1812, however, roused England more; it also exasperated America. The burning of Washington (a reprisal for a similar action of the Americans in Canada) was long remembered against England, and during all the nineteenth century the two countries were unfriendly. England thought little about America, but that little was tinged with contempt. Washington indeed was always mentioned with respect, and school histories treated America fairly over the war, but the attitude of England towards the country, when



not indifferent to it, was usually either patronising or disdainful. This was appreciated and warmly resented in America, where the moral darkness and brutality of England were frequent themes, and school books treated the country as an enemy of mankind. Antipathy culminated during the Secession War, when many Englishmen supported the South—though there were Americans who recognised that, English sympathies being what they were, the attitude of the English Government deserved their gratitude. The historian Freeman, a few years later, lecturing in Boston, made a notable attempt to reconcile the nations, proceeding on the ground that both were English in origin and similar in institutions and sympathies. Yet his effort does not seem to have been much appreciated, and he was perhaps the last really able man to imagine that America is English by extraction. The fiction lingers in the columns of our papers, and we still hear of “American cousins” in England; but we do not hear of English cousins in America.

The immigrant Irish have played a great part in keeping the two countries apart. They, are almost to a man, inflexible enemies of England, and it is strange that they have not actually embroiled her with the States. When I was in San Francisco, I went to a meeting of “The Knights of the Red Branch,” a Fenian society, who were opening a new hall. The gathering was blithe

enough, the citizens all of prosperous appearance, and in the chair a priest, of a well marked Irish type, dark, truculent, and bitterly in earnest. The night was Emmett's anniversary; he recalled the hero (whose portrait looked down on us), denounced the mendicant policy of Irish M.P.'s, and declared that he believed in "the crash of the bullets and the magic gleam of the sword." Did he mean it? Will the day come? I do not think so now; at any rate I do not think America will draw the sword to set Ireland free. The game is played into a newer hand.

The States and England have drifted together. The event that really changed the feeling of the countries was the English attitude during the Spanish-American War. England might easily have believed (or affected to believe) that America was bullying Cuba out of the feeble monarchy of Spain; instead of doing so, she accepted the explanation of America and supported her. This led many Americans to see that England is not necessarily the hereditary enemy of America. Many of them, too, began to cling to England for another reason. The vast incursion of South Europeans had begun to change the character of America, so that New England felt overwhelmed in her own country. She began to look on the English connection as something to be treasured.\* This

\* It is remarkable how many Americans have taken the trouble, of late years, to get their English pedigrees furbished up.

improved relations, while at the same time these new immigrants themselves had no unfriendly feeling to England. Many of them were Italians or Greeks, whose views of the country were quite favourable.

Thus varying forces have brought the countries together, and at the time when I visited the States there was throughout the country quite a pro-English wave of sentiment. I was in Chicago when the news of King Edward's death arrived, and I attended a memorial service in the Auditorium Theatre, where about 5,000 people listened to a sermon from Chicago's foremost preacher. He passed in review many great Englishmen of the Victorian age, and it was surprising to find that even in a sermon the name of Gladstone evoked involuntary applause. The estimate of Edward VII. was generous, and to hear it from a Republican speaker in the land of the Monroe doctrine was remarkable. During all my visit to the country, save in one of Mr. Hearst's papers, I did not read a single unfriendly remark on Great Britain. This attitude is reciprocated across the Atlantic, as we may see from the calmness with which the tariff negotiations of the States and Canada have been received. The messages over the Tercentenary of the Bible prove the same cordiality between the peoples, and the question that suggests itself is simply how long it will last and what will come of it.

Before we try to answer this let us survey briefly the

history of America's relations with the world other than England. We have partly spoken of them, in the case of Spain, in the case of France there is little to be noticed save the episode of Maximilian in Mexico. It would never have taken place had not the Civil War paralysed the States; at the close of that war the States reasserted the Monroe Doctrine, and politely but firmly turned out the troops of France. The French Republic has long since wiped out the memory of the Third Napoleon's folly.

During all the nineteenth century the policy of the States was to guard the frontier line of the New World, but, like the tortoise in the famous simile, they have now put their head out of their shell. The acquisition of Hawaii, and the purchase of the Philippines mark a new era in their history. Why this era was inaugurated, no one seems to know. The common citizens of the States do not know. I asked numbers of them, but never received an answer.\* Possibly the inner rings of capitalists may know; the soil and the markets of the Philippines may be worth to America what they have cost her. But what have they cost her? Not merely the money the

\* President McKinley gave the following account of the matter:—  
“The war has brought upon us new duties and responsibilities which we must meet and discharge as becomes a great nation on whose growth and career from the beginning the Ruler of Nations has plainly written the high command and pledge of civilisation. Incidental to our tenure in the Philippines is the commercial opportunity to which American statesmanship cannot be indifferent.”

States have spent on the islands themselves, but all that they have since spent on their fleet, their army, and the Panama Canal. Were it not for the Philippines, where would be the necessity for these things? Not the greatest alarmist in the States believes that the Japanese are prepared to attack the continent of America. If this view be correct, we may say that the Philippines have cost the States more than they would ever venture to reckon.

Of course there are other views of the case. "Imperialism" has made itself felt in the Republic, the desire to enter the Councils of the world, mixed up curiously, but quite sincerely, with a desire to benefit these very Philipinos. These motives, however, are repudiated by many Americans. They feel that the right of the Philipinos to be free takes precedence of any American desire to benefit or control them, and they have never been satisfied by the most convincing explanations, that Aguinaldo was not the George Washington of his islands. For the present their consciences are quieted by the presence of the Philippino deputies in Congress, and they mean, as soon as possible, to give the Philippines independence, as they have given it to Cuba. But it remains to be seen whether this independence will not involve new scandals, and whether America will not be forced to carry the burden she took up. This feeling, too, is present in American minds, and it has induced them to see that the history of England in Ireland and India is

not the simple affair represented to them by Irish and Indian patriots.

With respect to Japan, the growth of hostility between her and America is curious and amusing. It was the United States which, in 1853, insisted by force of arms on Japan opening her ports to strangers. I know not how the republican conscience of those days justified this bellicose act; perhaps on the ground that it was good for the Japanese. Anyhow, for some years the two countries continued friendly, and America became in many ways the instructor of Japan. Things only changed when the Japanese proposed to reverse the position of 1853 and settle in America. The Pacific sea board was not long in resenting this, and the position became strained. A few Japanese the Americans do not mind, nor a few Chinese, but they will not have them in numbers. The objection is partly the white man's objection to cheap labour, and yet not wholly; it is admitted the Japanese have no desire to remain coolies. A large settlement of Japanese would, however, change the civilisation of California. This the States do not want; and I understand that some private arrangement has been made between the Governments whereby the Japanese restrict their own migration to the States, the States admit them, and the Californians open their schools to Japanese students. This at least is said, I know not with what truth. The position may become acute at any time, but what will probably keep

things quiet at present is the Japanese want of money. America is strangely nervous, however. I heard a minister in San Francisco, in one of the principal churches there, pray that if America were to be overwhelmed by the races of Asia they might first be "lifted from their heathenism, cruelty and darkness."

I think on a general survey of America's relations with the outer world it will be found that she has acted much as other nations have acted towards their neighbours. Americans (like the citizens of other countries) may have cherished the illusion that she is less aggressive, more veracious and generally more virtuous, and they may occasionally have lectured other countries under the influence of this illusion, but it is false after all, and the better sense of America now admits this.\* America's wars are all her own; no country has ever declared war against her. She is not less exclusive than other countries; witness her treatment of Hawaii as an American port. She is not less aggressive, as Mexico could testify. She is not more veracious, as a thousand instances prove. Let me quote only the promise of the open door in the Philippines, which has not been kept, and the non-fortification of the Panama Canal, which, it seems, is about to be broken. In saying this, however, I

\* Of course, not always. During my visit the Congress passed a resolution asking the President to remonstrate with Russia against the massacre of Jews. Had the President done so, the Russian Government might have said something unpleasant about the lynching of negroes.

bring no special charges against the States; if no better they are no worse than other Governments. Only the affectation of republican virtue must not be overdone.

Certainly, it is not so much forced upon us nowadays. Better acquaintance with Europe has led the States to value more the culture of Europe, and there is a growing desire to live at peace with the old world, with England, with Germany, and with all the Powers of Europe. This Peace Movement has taken a strong hold of the American imagination, and we can now resume the question how far it is likely to carry the world. With many people it is, of course, a pious sentiment; it expresses itself in a strong approval of arbitration, but it provides no means to enforce this. With others, notably with the ex-President, the sentiment is accompanied by a determination to use force against force, to establish an international police and put down war by war. It is a paradox of human nature that so bellicose a man should prepare so bellicose a scheme of peace; I suppose he objects to war not so much in itself as because it interrupts domestic politics. But in other quarters a sentimental objection to war is strong. I remember hearing President Jordan, at Leland Stanford University, denounce war as an "inverse selection," which killed off the best men of the world. To this he attributed the fall of Spain, and much loss of vigour in England. Perhaps, however, he overlooked the fact that war not only destroys men, but makes



men. Be this as it may, the sentiments he spoke are common and sincere in America; whether they will endure is another question. My own feeling is that a few years might see them all scattered to the winds. Of the future of the ex-President's plan I am no judge; it may be the world is going to try his project, but of the instability of the purely pacific sentiment there can be no doubt, not even in America.

I have little to say of the American Army. You see on the walls advertisements calling for recruits to the Federal forces, and offering "opportunities for travel, education and advancement." These certainly are not the inducements by which England secures her Tommies. Train loads of troops may be seen proceeding to the Philippines—a spectacle more natural in Anglo-Indian than in American eyes. I fancy the service is not very popular, though there is a growth of military sentiment in the States, as well as of pacific. Troops may usually be seen in pageants and processions. The State militia are organised in somewhat the same way as the old British volunteers. There are *corps d'élite* which have fine headquarters of their own and are careful about admissions.

## XVII

### Religion

There is little in the preceding pages to suggest that this chapter will be a long one, yet it might easily be made the longest, and is probably the most important of all I have to write. The history of religious feeling in America is probably the most instructive part of her history. This will be news to those who think of America as "the land of the dollar," yet it is not said in any perverse spirit; there is no doubt that the religious sentiment of the country is deep and widespread, and at least equally real with the democratic sentiment. Its moods are profoundly interesting, especially because, as we shall see, in America we can study the actual foundation and growth of schools of religion.

The mixture of creeds which we find in the country has been present from its earliest times. The Anglican Episcopalian Church was established in Virginia, the Puritans in New England. The latter were not in their first intention seceders from the Anglican Church, but were soon forced into this position and became the Presbyterians and Independents of later years. The

Society of Friends occupied Pennsylvania; the Roman Church Maryland. Thus in religion as in race the origins of America were mixed.

The States varied at first in the point of Toleration. It was professed by the Roman Maryland and by Pennsylvania; it was denounced by Massachusetts. In 1629 the Brownes insisted on using the Anglican Prayer Book, whereupon Governor Endicott told them "New England was no place for such as they," and sent them back to Old England. Seven laws were enacted against "the cursed sect of heretics, lately risen up in the world, which are called Quakers." Several who refused to obey sentences of expulsion were hanged. The moving powers against them were chiefly the ministers, who in those early days controlled the administration. They were men of great character and ability, learned in all the learning of their time, and devoted to the public weal; whether in the public assemblies or in their own congregations their judgment in matters of faith or morals was final. They attained this end in virtue of no office; their position merely illustrates a fact of all American history, that even in a democratic system, men of weight emerge and rule. Not that the theocracy of early Massachusetts could yet be called a democracy, or that the clergy favoured this political development. John Cotton "did not conceive that God did ever ordeyne democracy as a fitt government either for church or commonwealth."

The popular assemblies, however, gradually gained in strength and the power of the clergy waned. The interference of the English King postponed the actual foundation of the republic, but none the less the theocracy vanished.

In defence of its intolerance we may say that from the first New England was troubled by "freak" religions, just as it was troubled by the fashionable extravagances of women. In the case of other religions, too, it was largely from women that the trouble came. About 1640 Mrs. Hutchinson raised a disturbance, and after a long and weary trial was banished to Rhode Island—where the Indians killed her. An enthusiast named David George founded "the Family of Love," and proclaimed himself Messiah. Between 1637 and 1680 five synods were held "for the preventing of schisms, heresies and profaneness."

The belief in witchcraft was held by all devout minds, and in 1692 took place the horrors of the Salem trials. Nineteen persons perished. It is easily understood what a gloom both the belief and the suppression of the belief cast over men. The whole of the Puritan theology was gloomy—whatever were the variations in the tone of families or circles. Jonathan Edwards, 1703-1758, is the best-known voice of the age, but many congregations besides his must have listened to pictures of hell not unlike this:—

The world will probably be converted into a liquid globe of fire, a vast ocean of fire, in which the wicked shall be overwhelmed, which will always be in tempest, in which they shall be tossed to and fro, having no rest day or night; their hands, their eyes, their tongues, their feet, their loins, their vitals shall for ever be full of a glowing melting fire, fierce enough to melt the very rocks and elements, and also "they shall eternally be full of the most quick and lively sense to feel the torments."

With this we may contrast the serene faith of the Moravians, whom Wesley met in Georgia, and to whom he owed his spiritual conception of faith. This strain continues in the religious life of America to-day, equally with the other.

I have no materials for a general history of religion in the 18th and 19th centuries, but so far as the orthodox Protestant bodies are concerned, the progress of ideas seems to have been much the same as in England, until quite recently. There has even been in America a growth of high Anglicanism, a reflection of the Oxford Movement. This movement continues to-day; I heard one of its emissaries in Philadelphia giving a cosy talk to a queer mixed audience of prospective converts. It was comical to hear how he represented his small affair as the true Apostolic Church, the golden mean between Pro-

testantism and Rome. However he seemed to be finding adherents. Of course not all the Episcopalian Church in America is high Anglican. It is a rich and powerful body; if I mistake not, Mr. J. P. Morgan is one of its adherents. It is also, I think, the religion of such schools as Groton. Except, however, in the mere fact of its existence and prosperity it is not specially interesting to the student of American religions.\* We must note, however, that the spiritual healing movement of the Emmanuel Church has proceeded from it.

Of other Protestant Churches, the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian are the most numerous. Their arrangements for worship resemble those of the same bodies in England; the only detail to which the Englishman is not accustomed is the choir of four paid singers who usually front the congregation. The churches are perhaps less ecclesiastical in style than the English; their interiors are comfortable and in good taste. The clergy are hard-working earnest men, less prone than is supposed in Europe to sensational methods. The share of American ability that enters their ranks is probably the same as that in similar bodies in England.

The remarkable feature about all their churches is the simple evangelical character of their views. Such views, of course, exist in England, but are growing rare there; in America they are common. No echoes of the higher

\* Franklin, Jefferson, Henry, and Washington were all Episcopalians.

criticism proceed from the orthodox pulpits; the simple faith of sixty years ago suffices both minister and congregation. Those who find it insufficient leave the church; those who remain are content with the Gospel as their grandfathers heard it. Nor are their numbers small, despite all the defections of modern times. The first thing that strikes one about American churches is that they are well attended. I have no figures for the country available, but a recent return of Protestant bodies for Chicago shows 854 churches, with 208,242 members, and an expenditure on church work at home of \$3,787,000. The congregations, moreover, are largely masculine, more so than those of any country known to me.

These bodies all take a keen interest in missionary work, for which there are raised in America by Protestants about eight million dollars a year. During my visit there was a movement by the laymen of the churches to increase this amount, and a campaign was carried on from one end of the States to the other. The meetings were large, and, like everything of the kind, exceedingly well organised. No one who attended them could doubt that Protestant Evangelical Christianity is a living force in America. It can hardly be said at the moment to have great leaders, but the rank and file are marching on.

They are in the main people of means. The great mass of working men and the poor generally ignore the orthodox churches. They bring against them the

familiar charges of dishonesty, and demand from them "social reforms." The question remains why they do not start their own churches, and the answer is probably the same as elsewhere, that the poor in this world have decided to become rich in this world rather than expect the compensations of the next. This is not really an explanation of the case. Religious sentiment in America being as strong as it actually is, one might expect the poor to have their Christianity as well as the rich, whether of the other-worldly sort or combined with the spirit of the English politico-religious revolutionary. I think, however, this, like the suffragette, is not an American type.

Nor is the atheist of Col. Ingersoll's type common now, if ever he was. The enemies of Christianity betake themselves either to other religions or to indifference: It is strange, by the way, how little Ingersoll's really able attacks have affected the influence of the Bible.

A powerful auxiliary of the Protestant Churches is the Young Men's Christian Association. This is a more vigorous institution across the Atlantic than in Britain, and it encourages a manlier type of men. The English branches expect too much of the plaster saint, and encourage too many pious frauds. The American institutions do not reject the smoker and the drinker; they require chiefly a clean life and a spirit of friendly co-operation between men. They do an enormous amount



of good throughout the country, in providing education, amusement and exercise and smoothing life for young men in great cities.

Particular churches in America are still notably strong in particular places. Thus the Unitarian Church is strong in Boston. Many Presidents of Harvard have been Unitarians. One of the most curious by-paths of religion in America is the Unitarian Church in Tremont Street, an old endowed church with an old building in the Anglican style; high pews and a three-decker pulpit. The service is conducted from a prayer book, resembling that of the Church of England; there is no collection, and the visitor is invited to depart with a cargo of Unitarian pamphlets. These he will find written in classic language, clear and strong, putting forth—one point alone excepted—the most orthodox Christianity of the past. Unitarianism concedes nothing to the age. It does not sympathise with the demand for “restrictive laws, a new social mechanism, a better physical environment built up by statute.” The mission of the Church is “first to keep the light of the ideal burning clear and bright amid all confusion and storm and darkness, and then, by the glory of that ideal and by the sheer power of its loyalty to itself to inspire men to go about doing good. In this field it stands alone.” Clearly, this is the Christianity of the past—why is not the Church that so speaks a more powerful agent in the world? One cannot say.

Unitarians would claim that they are an unseen influence, especially among educated men, but they seem, at the hour, to have no mission to the crowd.

Such a mission the Salvation Army claims, but, apparently, with no striking success in America. This again is strange. Their simple point of view is not uncommon, and their methods, one might suppose, have appeared less eccentric in America than elsewhere, but, for some reason, they have not greatly prospered there. I do not think their English origin was against them, but perhaps there is not exactly the same field across the Atlantic. Except in a few centres, there are not the "slums" for them to conquer. Certainly, where these slums exist, they have met with the same kind of success as in England, but not apart from them. One of their developments in New York is an anti-suicide bureau. Here intending suicides are invited to come and be reasoned with; it appears that many are rescued.

The Society of Friends are silently declining; modern movements are stealing away their members. Their principles remain unchanged. In some respects they form an interesting contrast with the religious world round them; especially with those bodies which, like them, believe in assemblies of the faithful. They claim no miracles and no pentecostal powers. They seek an illumination that reassures the spirit and prompts to good works and with this they are satisfied.

We may pass on now to the unorthodox forms of Christianity, and point out the impulses that have created them. In a country which draws its inspirations from the whole of Europe such bodies are naturally more numerous than the sects of England. First then let us note the Christadelphians. This body, representing views that are really older than itself, took shape in America during the nineteenth century. It follows the impulse, never dead in Christianity, to accept the teaching of the New Testament in the plain sense of its own words. This has often been the impulse of unlettered people, but the Christadelphians have had scholars amongst their numbers. They have been able to perceive that historic Christianity has borrowed from pagan systems, and some of these borrowings, which all the Christian world accepts, they have rejected. Thus they hold that the soul is not immortal, but perishes with the body and with the body is recalled to life at the judgment day. Their views are—for the orthodox—disagreeably hard to refute. Their assemblies possess many of the marks by which the true type of primitive Christianity can be distinguished. They look on the Church as an elect body, bound together by conviction and mutual love. They do not care to see large assemblies of the unbelieving and indifferent brought together by incongruous motives ostensibly for Christian worship. They take little interest in politics or worldly affairs; without

being ascetic, they prefer the simple life, and they look forward with hope and joy to the Second Coming and the Millenium. They gather no collection at their services and do not want outsiders' money.

Methods similar to theirs have led other bodies to dwell more on the horrors with which the last day will afflict the mass of wicked and indifferent men. This sentiment is the lineal descendant of that which animated Jonathan Edwards; it is not extinct, though confined to small bodies now. Such a body is "The Order of the Holy Ghost and Us," founded some years ago by Mr. F. W. Sandford and now flourishing in New England. It is strongly millenarian in temper, and pays the closest attention to the details of the Apocalypse. That these details will be realised, that the world and all save one hundred and forty-four thousand of mankind will perish is their unwavering faith, and their present task is to search for these elect vessels throughout the world. They are strongly missionary; they possess\* a yacht of their own to transport their preachers, and they have founded a settlement in Jerusalem in anticipation of the end. Their centre is the Bible School at Shiloh, Maine, a large and remarkable building where some three hundred voluntary workers are assembled. They are not communist, but, like other similar bodies, give very freely to their own purposes.

\* I have seen it stated in the papers that this vessel has been wrecked.

I had unfortunately no opportunity of meeting the founder, Mr. Sandford. Others of their chief speakers I did hear and was struck, deeply struck, with their intense conviction. There was one among their number who possessed a power I have never experienced elsewhere to *horrify* men. It cannot be doubted that to men accustomed to take the Bible seriously, as seriously as the orthodox church, for instance, the full meaning of its words must occasionally break forth, and, if they do not leave Christianity forthwith, they must take the line of Mr. Sandford and his followers. Their tenacity when they have chosen their line is astonishing, and also their ignorance of other views than their own. This is characteristic of all the minor bodies of America—and no less remarkable is the ignorance of the world, even of the churches, regarding them. They are curtly disposed of, “freak religions,” and there is an end of the matter.

One day, in a respectable Boston paper I read that the “Holy Jumpers” were about to hold a convention at Milford, and knowing very well that this was some misrepresentation or other I proceeded to Milford and joined the convention. I found the “Holy Jumpers” were a revivalist movement calling itself the Latter Rain. It is a movement that has migrated from one part of the world to another, from Wales to Australia, from Australia to Ramabai’s Mission in India. It is not closely organised, and is rather a series of spontaneous meetings

to which believers come as they have opportunities. The name is taken from the saying of Zechariah: "Ask ye of the Lord, Rain in the time of the Latter Rain." The impulse at work is strongly millenarian, but little attention comparatively is paid to the horrors of the apocalyptic hour, and much more to the bond of love between believers and to the signs by which God shows His presence amongst them.\* Such signs and miraculous cures, prophecies, and above all the pentecostal gift of tongues. It is believed that in their assemblies this gift is freely poured out, and that many speak and pray in unknown tongues. What I myself heard was certainly a flow of sounds resembling language, but whether such sounds have ever been identified I cannot say. The methods of worship reminded me of some in use in India; for instance the iteration of the name Jesus,

\* Still, their faith in hell is real. "Yes, there is a hell, a literal hell, burning with fire and brimstone. I will give, in a few words, what God has shown me. I speak what I know and testify to that which I have seen. After the Lord had put me in His work, I, for a number of years, preached and taught there was no literal hell, but our passions were what burned us up. The Sunday following my baptism with the Holy Ghost, I was awakened very early in the morning, my body shaking and trembling while a voice, clear and distinct, gave command to arise, so I arose, and kneeling down at the bedside in prayer, I was taken out of the body, and a being, which I did not or could not see, yet very distinctly felt, took hold upon me. Finally, I was let down in what is commonly called Nob Hill, in San Francisco. I heard again a voice saying to me, 'Son of man, speak.' I opened my lips and strange sounds I uttered, not understanding their meaning, but the ground under my feet parted and I looked down into an awful fire. It seemed to scorch my skin, and I smelled the brimstone very clearly. I beheld men and women falling and stumbling into the everlasting fire. I saw the splash as of liquid fire and heard the awful fiendish laugh of demons when a poor soul tumbled in."

such as the Hindoos understand by *japa*. It is not to be doubted that these were very sincere people and truly Christian in their humility, faith and mutual goodwill. The workings of the Spirit amongst them I cannot understand; it is certain that miracles of healing occur, but I suspend my judgment as to whether "in Assansol, the Holy Spirit fell upon a Methodist School. Mr. and Mrs. Byers, missionaries from America, had long been praying for this. Mr. Byers was prostrate, lying on the floor of the church, under the power of the Holy Ghost for about three hours. Mrs. Byers saw the tongues of fire sitting on the girls and teachers of the school." The emissaries of the movement go as the Spirit leads them; I met a little man, consumptive in both lungs, who told me (not without some pressing) that he had walked across Africa from Mombasa to Paul de Loanda.

These bodies are Christian; they must, I think, belong to a type that has been present in Christianity since its very earliest days and is conceivably its truest type. As we have seen they fix their thoughts on different aspects of the promises, they are some more and some less ecstatic; but they all wait upon God for grace, they all expect the second coming, and they regard the number of the saved as small. Some are more, some are less joyful, but on the whole the gloom of Scotch Calvinism is absent from them. We shall now contrast with them the first of

many bodies whose title to the name of Christian is more doubtful.

The first of these is the Universalist Church. It differs from the preceding bodies and resembles most of those that follow in taking a deliberate survey of the various sects and deploring sectarianism. It feels the impulse to throw off dogma, but it struggles to remain Christian. It yields to the modern impulse to seek pleasure and joy for their own sakes, and it is effusively optimistic. Some people hold that this is the only way to rescue Christianity from death. I said that Dr. Jordan, the well-known President of Leland Stanford, takes this view, but he is an optimist, and believes a change for the better is already being effected:—"The church has given up some of its old methods and is taking hold of new things. The world is not a vale of tears and a place of sorrow; on the contrary it is a place of joy and pleasure. We don't want our ministers of the gospel to teach us only the road to heaven. We want them to carry us through this world in a realm of love."

However, men of the type that forms the Universalist Church do not as a rule, in America, remain within the Christian pale. Occasionally they join one of the Hindu cults. The hierophants of these are sometimes private adventurers, sometimes missionaries of the Ram Krishna Mission. In San Francisco there is a rather striking building on which an inscription testifies to the



fact that it honours "the first Hindu mission to the West." Inside it I heard the Swami Trigunatita discourse—a Madrassi apparently. He seemed an earnest and unaffected man, but the discourse was dry and rambling. It followed familiar lines: "Good and evil are merely conventional; two opposite aspects of one and the same thing." On his walls were various pictures, one of which represented Christ sitting cross-legged, with a dove and parrot feeding him and a rabbit licking his feet. (I can account for the dove and the parrot, but why a rabbit?)

The Los Angeles Swami I did not see, as the meetings held during my visit were only open to esoteric pupils. His circular begins:—

JAYA MA KALEE  
Unto Mother Kalee  
All Glory.

In Chicago there was a School of Applied Philosophy and Oriental Psychology. The Principal was a Bombay B.A., and his prospectus denounced "modern occultism, with its heritage of hysteria, self-righteousness, and cranial degeneration," and invited "those who, having had some experience of life have come, at least partially, to recognise the unsatisfying nature of phenomenal existence and are fired by the desire to co-operate for the real in the midst of changing shadows." The lecture I

heard was quite on the lines here promised; a creditable lecture of an ordinary college type, which, one would have thought, could not possibly have brought together the females who attended it. The lecturer was an earnest, prepossessing man. A few days later some Chicago girls accused him of having seduced them under pretence of teaching them Yoga exercises, and a little stir took place. I saw the affidavits of the girls, but can only add that the Swami denied the charges, and the matter rested there.

Strange scandals came to light in New York during the year in connection with pretended Swamis there. I cannot say if they were real Swamis or not; one called himself "the Tantric Om." His name easily indicates his importance and its object.

Other Swamis, too, I heard, in Boston and elsewhere. Their audiences seemed to be made up of commonplace but earnest and inquisitive people; their influence, however, at present, is small, and is not spreading. The pagan movements of America generally follow more original lines, and attempt in some way to reconcile Oriental cults with Christianity. Minor movements of this kind abound, I will mention as an example the Oriental Esoteric Center of Washington. They have, of course, the magazine, the Bulletin; magazines are even more numerous than organised movements. Their supporters are certainly very ill-informed about Eastern

religions and religious books. They do not distinguish, for instance, between the Vedanta and Buddhism; all things Oriental, save things Mahomedan, they equally revere. Nevertheless, they have correctly caught the tenor of Hindu religious methods (excluding idolatry). They are, in fact, the Gnostics of the age; even more eclectic than the Gnostics of old. They believe in the existence and fatherhood of God, and the power of man, by meditation rather than prayer, to work his way upwards into His presence. They also hold vaguely the doctrines of Kaima and Maya. Some believe in the ascetic practices of Yoga, others do not; but as a matter of fact no one devotes much time to them; people of this kind read and write and talk a good deal. The best of them are sincere and aspiring minds, who have been repelled from Christianity partly by the death of Christ, partly by hell, and partly by its want of pretentious explanations of things. Many, I think, have an unspoken, even unformulated, dislike to the very humble attitude of mind which Christianity requires. They dislike, too, the "sectarianism" of the churches (not perceiving their own). They find a want of honesty in Christian preachers. With all this, however, they respect Christ as a teacher, especially as a teacher of renunciation and the brotherhood of man.

I add an extract from the Bulletin of the Oriental Esoteric Centre.

“ A MEDITATION.

I ask for Power, that I may help my Brothers. For Thou knowest, O Father, that this is my great wish in life—that my Brothers may universally see the Light.

But why dost thou wish for this ?

Because, my Father, I see men struggling and unhappy, I see them saddened with the sense of separateness, I see them darkened with ignorance and illusion, yet they are all One—the Infinite is indivisible.”

It is astonishing what beautiful poetry these magazines often contain.

My wish for thee ! a sympathy divine,  
That with a brother knows not “ mine ” and “ thine,”  
But yields in loving service at his cry  
The silent recognition, “ This is I.”  
My wish for thee ? a second, clearer sight,  
That sees, through deepest gloom the inner light,  
The lamp of soul fire glimmering above,  
Thy humblest brother—seeing, thou wilt love.

We are here in touch with a real spiritual life, but I will pause awhile to observe that American curiosity about the East is not always of this lofty type. To begin with the journalists write and publish much nonsense about it, as, for example, this passage about Madame Maeterlinck.

“ In Madame Maeterlinck’s eyes is a look that is seen only in the eyes of those who have been permitted to gaze into the occult realms. It is a look of trance-

like ecstasy. This look is sometimes seen in the eyes of Professor William James and other great students of Psychology. It is never seen in the common everyday eye. Madame Maeterlinck is a Buddhist, a deep student of Vedanta and Theosophy. She spends hours poring over the Bhaganad Gita. She says that the ancient Greek dictum 'know thyself' is the concentrated essence of all the wisdom of the world. But by the self is not meant the objective self, the ego, but the subjective or subliminal self, which is the real self, etc., etc."

Besides the fools who write this and the fools who read it, there are the countless fools who visit witches and wizards of all kinds. I call them fools, though I expressly assert an opinion that "occult" powers are realities. The mode of their working, however, is so little known and impostors are so numerous that those who trust the opinions of advertising mediums may justly be called fools. Read, if you have patience, the following advertisement from a San Francisco paper:—

AAA—ASSURED SUCCESS FOR YOU.

HENRY MANSFIELD.

HENRY MANSFIELD.

HENRY MANSFIELD.

50c—50c—Special Readings—50c—50c.

50c—50c—50c—50c—50c—50c—50c.

\$5 Phenomenal Deep Mental Reading for \$1.

**Genuine** substantial trance readings with full name, age, occupation, spirit messages.

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I had an amusing interview with Mr. Mansfield, which space fails me to relate. I had rather describe how I saw the famous Slater give readings to a huge crowded hall at Los Angeles, undoubtedly genuine and some quite sensational. A schoolgirl sent in the question, "Should she go on with her studies?" Slater replied, "Yes," and added, "Do you know a man named — —?" She turned redder than a rose, and faintly indicated that she *did* know such a man. "Beware of him!" replied Slater. "We tell you this, little girl, because we want to save your soul." Next morning I repaired to his private rooms, and on payment of three dollars monopolised five minutes of his time and mystic powers. He told me some curious but useless details of my family history, and assured me that "God had a great work for me to do in India."

I have drifted, however, perhaps prematurely, into Spiritualism; I may perhaps finish a digression concerning it. At present, Spiritualism of the old-fashioned kind is rather under a cloud in America. Newer cults have drawn away its followers, and probably many people have found its results disappointing. Still, there are Spiritualist bodies, and regular meetings are held, both in New England and in the West. The spirits who turn up are often Red Indians, and I was amused by one who addressed the audience (through his medium) in a very Indian-like manner, exclaiming: "Huh! Huh! Me Redjacket. Me heap glad to see you all. Me much want to help you all." How strange, that with all the enquiry and experiment of fifty years we should yet be so ignorant what was really happening to this medium, when these words left her lips—for that something is happening, very interesting but inscrutable, cannot be doubted. I will not, however, pursue the subject here; with respect to Spiritualists, I think that they have at present in America no strongly defined character; they are commonplace and materialist. Many of them should be placed with the groups that join a religion for the sake of what they get out of it. In earlier days, I fancy, the body included more truly spiritual members. Actions against fraudulent mediums are not uncommon in the law courts.

Returning now to the Neo-Pagan movements of the

country, I will speak of the Universal Brotherhood Movement at Point Loma. This is really the lineal descendant of Mrs. Blavatsky's Theosophical movement; it recognises the line of William Q. Judge and Mrs. Tingley, the English Theosophists—who are represented also in America—recognise Col. Olcott and Mrs. Besant, and between the two bodies there is a warm hostility. The secretary at Point Loma has published a plain account of Mr. Leadbetter, the chief medium of the English Theosophists, and, as I dare not speak openly of its contents here, I will only recommend the pamphlet to all who are interested in the history of moral ideas. Those who believe the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have witnessed progress in these ideas may be referred to the strange cases of Oscar Wilde, Hector Macdonald and Mr. Leadbetter, and their admirers.

Relinquishing this point, however, one may say of the Universal Brotherhood that it is established in a beautiful home at Point Loma. This headland near San Diego runs out into the blue Pacific under the blue Californian sky; it is surrounded by glorious cliffs, and breathes the purest air in the world. The Brotherhood, like all religious movements in America, has not found any want of funds impede it, and it possesses many stately buildings. Here live and work members from all parts of the world, who are being trained as emissaries of the faith; and there is also a school. Visitors are admitted to the



gardens, but not to the buildings or the school; it is the only school in America which declines to receive the public. This, of course, is a matter entirely within the discretion of the authorities, but it prevents me from speaking of the educational principles of this interesting body. As a whole, they borrow from the East the idea of Karma, but are much less given than most of the Neo-Pagans to expanding into metaphysics. Their immediate object is to spread sound morality, and their code is not marked by extravagances. In their writings they evince a great interest in fragments of history and science, and the reconciliation of these with the usual Theosophist theories of vanished worlds. They deprecate all magical rites, and dislike Mrs. Besant's speculations and indulgence of idolatry. They might, in fact, be described as Buddhist rather than Hindu, just as she is Hindu rather than Buddhist. I was permitted to watch a little entertainment by the children in the theatre, dancing, music and a fancy sketch. It was very pretty, and not in the least pervaded by metaphysics.

I met Mrs. Tingley for a moment, but had no opportunity of forming any opinion of her. Like most leaders of religious movements in America she commands the deep and outspoken veneration of her followers, and her utterances are quoted as authoritative:

“ In every act which partakes of a divine and infinite compassion lies concealed the potency of all spheres.

All nature obeys the command of one whose heart beats constantly for others."

"The basis of the Raja Yoga system of education is the essential divinity of man."

The Gnostic tendency I have spoken of before shows itself here. The movement believes that *Karma* is a full explanation of the problem of evil; that it lies with man to change himself; that the Golden age is coming. What marks it from the other cults I have dealt with is perhaps better organisation and more instinct for practical work.

Though all these bodies rely chiefly on Hindu sources, the Mahommedans have also their representatives in America; not indeed the orthodox Mohammedans, so far as I know, but an offshoot of the Bâl, who lives at Akka. The founder of this movement was a Persian, Baha Ullah, and his Khalifa, now living, is named Abdul Baha. The teaching of Baha Ullah seems to be merely tolerance; he would have all men follow their ancestral religion. "The first command that is given to a Bahai by his leader is this:—'Do not antagonise any religion'." Curiously enough, his Christian adherents find this "strikingly similar to the early Christian faith," evincing once more the conservatism of all these American heresies, where the *name* of Christ is concerned. For those, however, who have left the churches,

the Blessed Perfection has teachings of his own. These he puts forth in the *Lawh-et-Akdas*, The Holy Tablet, revealed by the Blessed Perfection at Bagdad. I transcribe a part of it:—"Blessed is whosoever is illumined by the Sun of My Word. Blessed is whosoever adorned his head with the Wreath of My Love. Blessed is he who was attracted by My Melodies and tore the coverings by My Power. Blessed is he who cut himself from all other than Me, and soared in the ether of My Love, and entered My Kingdom and perceived the Dominions of My Might, and drank the Kawther of My Favour and the Salsabil of My Grace and was apprised of My Command and of whatsoever was hidden in the Treasuries of My Words and shone forth from the Horizon of Inner Significance in My Commemoration and My Praise." The object of the sect seems to be the cultivation of mutual goodwill; they are not much concerned with general oriental studies. They have projected a Mashrak-el-Ozkar (i.e., a central building) in Chicago. It was in Boston I met them; and for a moment, for a moment only and only on that occasion, did my gravity fail when I heard them singing

Tell the loving story,  
Tell it near and far,  
Of our gracious Father,  
Of *Baha Ullah*.

However, they struck me as friendly and simple people,

and devout in a way in which Neo-Pagans as a rule are not.

I now approach a group of bodies which do not seem to me in the strict sense spiritual, bodies which believe that religion pays in the way of worldly blessings. These bodies include both Pagan and Christian sects; I will speak first of the Pagans. The most interesting body here is perhaps the Mazdaznas assembly. I did not find out its precise history, but I believe it was created by its present leader, Dr. O. Z. Hanish, of Chicago. It reposes on a Zoroastrian tradition, communicated to America, I understand, by members of a mysterious white race, who live retired in Persia. It does not, however, interest itself much in the study of Persian or Parsi literature, but depends on the personal writings of the Doctor, who is supposed to be a plenary authority. It is represented to the public by a magazine, which is beautifully printed, called *Mazdaznan*. From this we learn the metaphysical system of the creed:—"Man's entity in the *focalisation* of God's intelligence manifesting attributes of spirit, soul and mind; we recognise in the body of man the *crystallisation* of substance, guided through uncountable processes of creations and evolutions, passing through the lower strata of matter as revealed through the elementary, the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, and, lastly, to the form of man, the culminating point of all intelligence and energies, celestial and terrestrial." Maz-

daznan has its spiritual methods, including a version of the Lord's Prayer:—

Our Father, who art in Peace,  
Intoned be thy name;  
Thy realm arise;  
Thy will incarnate upon the earth as in heaven.  
This day impart thy word,  
And remember not our offences,  
That we may forgive those who offend us.  
Through temptation guide us  
And from error deliver us. Be it so.

But the methods it prefers are materialist. It attaches the utmost importance to breath control, and holds that the Lord's Prayer is of little use if not uttered "on the breath." The purification of the body is its chosen means for the purification of the soul. Flushing of the colon is recommended, and detailed rules concerning diet are promulgated. The strictest vegetarianism; a special system of cooking; the magazine is full of instructions. "Butter should not be used with cereals, and if using vegetables they should be raw and grated. Instead of salt use for six weeks or more alternately finely ground sage root, orris root, sarsaparilla, charred ash powdered, and rose leaves, cayenne pepper, anise, celery seed and other aromatics." Fruits are only allowed in their own seasons—a great restriction for Americans, who are accustomed, thanks to cold storage and railways, to indulge in them all the year round. Careful attention to the body is required:—"Prove your admiration for the temple of God by draping it with the finest of linen,

festooning the outer part with the most appropriate designs, revealing your perfect form in line and symmetry—Going to the table to dine, hold yourself as stately as it behoves a hero of the day, etc., etc.” The reward of all these measures will be health and poise of mind. Mazdaznan does not, like some religions, promise money; nor does it heal diseases, as almost all American religions do. It is, in fact, a very curious and original system, and I listened to its founder with great interest. I wish I could have seen more of him; the founders of religious sects are always interesting people. He was very self-confident and broadly humorous; certainly not spiritual in the usual sense. His movement is gathering momentum, and has a satisfactory building in Chicago.

Quasi-religious teachers promising health are quite common in America; Dr. Petter, of California, for example, prescribing hygienic exercises, writes:—“Mentalise upon and partly close the hand, claw-like, then fiercely tense—stretch every single nerve, muscle and bone in your body, and while thus tensed with a slow rhythmic movement bend as far forwards as you possibly can . . . and you will have daily performed your duty to yourself through the organising principle of God—Nature’s all-governing natural law.” He is also a physician of the mind, and directs his patients each day to breathe deeply and say to themselves:—“I can and I will have the most vigorous health, honourable

success with money, wealth in the greatest abundance, and the very highest mentally structurally and vitally developed long happy life, which truly embraces all that is worth while to the naturally mentalizing mentality." Sophists of his class are common,\* but we may as well go back at once now to their prototype, who is also the father of Christian Science, Dr. Quimby. This was a New England doctor born in 1802, who discovered the art of healing by suggestion. From him are derived many of the thought-healers throughout the States; the chief of them being perhaps the New Thought Movement, whose chief centre is in Washington. This movement, however, advancing upon Quimby, announces itself as Christian—"We believe that Jesus meant just what He said, and that everything He taught is not only true, but practical and practicable in daily life." In practice its chief interest is in the restoration of health; it attains this by affirming the identity of the soul with God and its consequences, the applicant assuring himself that he is one with God through Christ, and *therefore* free from all illness and destined to all worldly success. It appears material surroundings can be changed in this way:—"A lady who was burdened with the oldness and unfit character of her furniture took up this method of blessing

\* Here is the advertisement of one:—"The great questions of life are quickly solved, failure turned to success, sorrow to joy, and want to affluence by calling into use the power to know oneself. Margaret teaches those who sincerely desire to develop their intuitive powers. . . . Margaret Grahame, permanently located in her own private residence—.

and thanksgiving because she saw it was the true attitude of mind, with the result of being able to dispose of all her old furniture, and while moving into a new apartment to get new furnishings throughout, having demonstrated the way and means of procuring these by the Truth to which she was conforming her whole life. And to-day she is a prosperous independent healer, owning her own home, all through living this life." It appears that circles can be formed to impart these assurances mutually, and that distance does not affect the result.

I am aware that Christians of the severest types hold that God answers prayer with tangible results, that such people may be called spiritual, and the name should not be refused to those of the New Thought school who unite spiritual aspirations to material aims. But the procedure is different; the New Thought School is self-reliant, and in this diverges from Christianity, though it diverges also from the method of the advertising sophists, which are outspokenly hypnotic.

The New Thought School, besides objecting to prayer, are fond of the pseudo-scientific:—"Going up into a mountain to pray means an elevation of thought and aspiration from the mortal to the spiritual standpoint. The prayer of Understanding, which is founded in unselfishness, sends out a very high and pure thought vibration. All mental action radiates rays of light; they are now called by physical scientists N-rays . . . If



the thoughts pertain to the things of sense, they are dark and weak; if the affectionate and intellectual nature is active, they become highly coloured and forceful, but when the mind is exalted in prayer, a dazzling light radiates from all parts of the body, especially the head."

Proceeding now to Mrs. Eddy herself, I may state that I rely chiefly on a careful life by G. Milmine, which confines itself almost entirely to facts and quotations from her own writings. I have also read her book—or most of it—and many articles by her own followers. I shall try to distinguish the few points on which I feel certain from the many where I am hopelessly perplexed about her.

It is certain then, in the first place, that she owed the idea of mental healing to Quimby, and did at one time practise it on his lines. On his lines, however, it never made, and apparently never would have made, much progress in America. What Mrs. Eddy did to give it force was to ally it with Christianity, just as the New Thought movement does, only with a different jargon and a different metaphysic. Her formula is "the non-existence of evil." Assure yourself that it does not exist, and it ceases to exist. In proportion to the strength of this assurance is its power; Mrs. Eddy has made barren trees burst into blossom by asserting to herself that they *were* in blossom. As men gain the habit of this assurance, not only will all disease vanish and all wickedness, but death itself will become impossible, and when

children are required women will impregnate themselves by direct assurance of pregnancy.\*

Mrs. Eddy's book, even as revised by her literary editor, is unintelligible, and cannot be taken seriously. It is dull and silly and turbid, and signifies nothing.† When you have read it all, you are no nearer understanding the dark saying that "evil does not exist." In spite of all the allusions to the Bible, it appears to me the New Thought movement is perceptibly nearer to Christianity; and in spite of all Mrs. Eddy's protests she is perceptibly nearer to self-hypnotism than they. I believe that fundamentally, whatever power her system has, is due just to that and nothing else. It is really and truly a materialistic method, and has nothing whatever in common with Christianity.

It is true that Christ is recorded to have healed diseases; the secret of His method is not told us. There is some reason to suppose that an unexplained gift of healing has been found in others besides Him; it may be

\* One of Mrs. Eddy's followers became convinced that she had accomplished this. The rebuke she received from Mrs. Eddy makes the most amusing episode in the movement.

† Since I have quoted the Mazdaznan version of the Lord's Prayer, the reader may be amused to compare it with Mrs. Eddy's:—

"Our Father-Mother God, all-harmonious, adorable one,  
Thy kingdom is come; thou art ever present.  
Enable us to know—as in heaven, so on earth—God is omnipotent;  
supreme.  
Give us grace for to-day; feed the famished affections;  
And Love is reflected in Love;  
and death.

And God leadeth us not into temptation, but delivereth from sin, disease  
For God is infinite, all power, all Life, Truth, Love, over All, and All."

due, in general terms, to an excess of vitality which some people possess and have the power to direct towards others. This would be an activity quite distinct from the power, which the mind can undoubtedly exercise, of affecting the body, either by direct command or by self-suggestion. These, of course, are themselves different methods, as when you tell headache to go away, or assure yourself it is not there. The method of Christian Science is the latter. Within what limits it is effective I cannot at all say. The most difficult cases are those in which one person heals another—even at a distance and without that person's knowledge—by (apparently)\* assuring himself that the evil operative in that person's case is unreal. One must suppose that his assurance transfers itself to the patient's mind. But he does not direct the patient to tell himself that the evil is unreal, nor is such faith in the patient considered necessary.

Controversy over the results is fierce and wholly undecided. But many sceptics and foes of the body admit that real cures are common. We must remember that such cures are reported from almost every religious body in America—except the orthodox Protestant Churches, which only admit them as exceptional answers to prayer. The Roman Church announces countless miracles, especially from St. Anne's in Quebec; the

\*The exact mental procedure of a Science healer is not known to me. The one who treated me merely sat still for ten minutes by my side, with closed eyes; what he was doing with his mind I cannot say.

enthusiast Protestant sects claim them. I think there can be no doubt they take place, probably through various agencies, but the Christian Science method seems to me the least Christian. It is not on that account illegitimate.

The success of its founder is very curious. As we see her in the portrait in *Science and Health* her face wears a candid and winning air, in the photographs, she looks crafty and suspicious.\* So, too, there is a world of difference between her autobiography and that which Milmine supplies. It appears certain, however, from the facts that she was very quarrelsome, and very false, and kept no friends except those who never saw her. She believed in witches and wizards, and spent many years grovelling in abject fear of their practices. She had, however, ingratiating hours, and there must have been something convincing in her manner. In organisation she showed much worldly judgment, especially in putting down rivals and prohibiting the growth of a literature that might have eclipsed her. I can only end, however, as I began, by saying her success remains inexplicable. Her book brought her many followers,—yet what is there in it to account for its bringing *one*? I mean, to lead *one* person to try its methods; for, one may admit, the method, once tried, had its successes. One can only say, the general frame of mind, in America and elsewhere, was such that people's thoughts followed in

\* I have seen a parallel difference between rival pictures of Luther.

the direction in which she led them. For one thing, her gospel was, in Boston, at any rate, a welcome change from the gloom of the past. It promised health—and even wealth—to its followers. Yes, though it is not exactly written in the book, “Scientists” believe that Science prospers, and indeed it seems to do so. Mrs. Eddy’s followers are all well-to-do people; the collection they take up on Sundays is *enormous*. Yet they all believe that these gifts return to them in further blessings.

So far as I met them, I found them—not religious, but—very nice, kindly, generous people; very sensible when they were not talking about Christian Science. Shall one rejoice or lament over the turn of fate that has called them into existence? It seems designed to prove to us how chimerical the world is; what queer people succeed in it; and how little education—in the most educated town in the world—achieves for people’s intellects. On the other hand, it seems to prove how unimportant the affairs of the intellect are. If the lines of the Scientists are right, what is wrong?

Their future will be interesting to watch. I think I see them already throwing off their Scripture, though Mrs. Eddy has made it very hard for them to get rid of it. Now she is gone, other writers are bound to catch the ear of her followers, and they must some day discover what nonsense she wrote.

Of course, Christianity has not seen without concern this rash defection, and there has even been a counter-movement within the Church to frame a defensive alliance between the Church and mediums. Dr. Worcester, of Emmanuel Church, Boston, has given shape to this. I gather that he distinguishes between organic and functional diseases, and hands the former over to doctors. Scientists, of course, smile at him, as a Roman priest smiles at the absolution of an Anglican. Nevertheless, he is successful within his own limits, partly, as I gather, by hypnotic methods and partly by spiritual consolation. One thing I gathered with interest from his writings and those of his colleagues, the amount of mental misery beneath the humour and activity of the States. Statistics show there are some twelve thousand suicides in the year. This is a strange reflection, in the brilliant streets of Boston.

I will devote here a brief space to the Latter-Day Saints, vulgarly called the Mormons—the only American creed which, to my regret, I did not touch personally at any point. My chief authority is W. A. Linn's very careful history of the body. It is to be noted that their founder was a New Englander, born within a few miles of Mrs. Eddy—New England having produced both the orthodox and the freak religions of America. There was perhaps a little resemblance between them in another way, for Smith was a clairvoyant and Mrs. Eddy at one

time practised as a medium. There, however, the resemblance ends; Smith seems to have been a humorous, even a genial sort of rascal. After living by various shifts for some time and gaining vague credit for occult powers, he produced his translation of the Book of Mormon, revealed to him, as he said, by an angel on certain plates of gold. This is ostensibly a history of America from the time of Babel onwards, written by a priest named Mormon. It is different sort of rubbish from *Science and Health*, having no pretensions to metaphysics and consisting merely of words from the Bible shovelled together in a loose sort of way. It may be represented by the following passage, descriptive of the boats that brought the early Americans over the Atlantic:—

“ They were built after a manner that they were exceeding tight, even that they could hold water like unto a dish, and the bottom thereof was tight like unto a dish and the ends thereof were peaked and the top thereof was tight like unto a dish and the length thereof was the length of a tree and the door thereof, when they were shut, was tight like unto a dish.” This, as someone has said, leaves no doubt of the dish-like character of the vessels, nor of Joseph Smith’s style. His learning may be gathered from the following passage, in which he propounds the etymology of “ Mormon ” :—“ Before I give a definition to the word, let me say that the Bible in its widest sense means ‘ good,’ for the Saviour says,

according to the gospel of St. John, 'I am the Good Shepherd,' and it will not be beyond the commonsense of terms to say that good is among the most important in use, and though known by various names in various languages, still its meaning is the same and is ever in opposition to bad. We say, from the Saxon, *Good*, from the Dane, *God*, the Gothic *Goda*, the German *Gut*, the Dutch *Goed*, the Latin *Bonus*, the Greek *Kalos*, the Hebrew *tob*, the Egyptian, *mo*. Hence with the addition of more, or the contraction *mor*, we have the word Mormon, which mean literally more good."

Smith had no new doctrine to teach; he was a millenarian; the settlement he founded does not differ from others founded on similar lines by millenarian preachers. That such a man and such a book should have gained followers is strange, but the history of mankind is full of strange things, and mediæval America, on the frontiers, was in places as ignorant and as undisciplined in thought as any civilised people have ever been.

The story of Smith's church I need not repeat; after his murder Brigham Young removed it beyond the desert to Utah, where the enquirer must pursue it if he really wishes to penetrate its mysteries. That will be a hard problem. In books, at any rate, the ethical character of Mormonism eludes us. It is the only religion, since the persecution of the Quakers, that has suffered violence in America. This was the case even



before the revelation of polygamy, and the explanation of the Saints, that the world hates virtue, does not seem convincing. Nevertheless, it seems certain that many of their rank and file were simple and industrious people, whose religion was somewhat of the old Jewish type, that believes world blessings wait on devotion\*. If this is true, however, then we must suppose they scarcely understand Brigham Young, the Borgia of his time, resembling his great prototype in energy, capacity, and ambition, and contempt for laws human and divine. He died worth an immense fortune, the number of his children being officially admitted at 44. Mormon ethics differed from those of America in various respects. They repressed drinking and encouraged dancing—till lately much frowned upon in the country. In 1852 the revelation of polygamy was promulgated; and various subsequent revelations appropriated particular wives to Joseph Smith. Here is one:—"And I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave to my servant Joseph and none else. But if she will not abide the command, she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord, for I am the Lord thy God and will destroy her." The necessity for it was explained as twofold, (i.), "as there was no provision made for woman in the Scriptures, their only chance of heaven was to be sealed up to some elder

\* After the Second Coming, said Smith, each of the Saints would have 150 acres, "which would be quite enough to raise manna (!), flax to make robes of, and to have beautiful orchards of fruit trees.

for time and eternity and to be a star in his crown for ever," (ii.), the multiplication of children, "that the noble spirits who are waiting for tabernacles might be revealed." The Mormons argue that Christ is the author of their faith, and that He Himself set the example of plural marriage by His sexual relations with the women of the New Testament. It is plain that there was much in these teachings which America heard with horror, and the progress of Mormonism placed an alarming future before the West. It is customary now, however, to believe that the worst is over; that Mormonism has dropped its Book of Mormon and become an ordinary sect reposing on the Bible. Mormons themselves loudly proclaim their own virtues, their faith in education, etc., and invite the States to produce a city as beautiful and as godly as that by the Salt Lake. They also assert—and Colonel Roosevelt corroborates the assertion—that they have given up polygamy. I note, however, in the papers rumours that they intend to go off to Mexico, where they will be free once more; and altogether I am not quite persuaded that the Mormon problem is settled. The world may have to help America to settle it.

I might prolong this survey of the free religions of America, but here I intend to close it. It has illustrated so many things that I can only, in closing, draw attention to a few of them. One is the continuity of

American history. She has always been, she is still, a religious country and one interested in religion. Another is the difficulty of *explaining* religious movements. Here we have them almost under our eyes in America—and yet they are not explicable. Could we dispel the darkness of the Christian era, would the growth of Christianity be any plainer? Then again, is the growth of a movement any proof of the character or inspiration of its founder? Must we believe that Joseph Smith and Mary Eddy were great and good because millions of people followed them? Can we still take the simple view that they and their workers were of the Devil? Where do we stand, and what becomes of the Christian argument, *quod Semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*?

We see the strength of tradition in the way all these religions cling to Christ; yet the name is all. The variations of creeds are infinite, and cannot be predicted. No one can say what shape the next illusion will take. But whatever shape it takes, it will find sensible and good men to follow it. One is bound to remember this; and to remember, too, that literary finish and accuracy of thought have nothing to do with the presence or absence of the deeper impulses of religion.\* These perhaps are the two chief lessons of the whole survey.

\* Non in dialectica complacnit Deo saluum facere populum suum.—*St. Ambrose.*

No spiritual victory is ever gained by verbal argument.—*New Thought Motto.*

All that I have yet said, however, may, if you please, be considered introductory to the subject of the Roman Church in the country. I have glanced briefly at its history, in Baltimore, in California, where the Mexicans destroyed it and ruined the missions in 1822. Till lately it was not a great power in the States, but immigrants of the last thirty years have been predominantly Catholic, and its adherents now number about 14,000,000. It is by far the most powerful single body\* in the country, and it often happens that the most striking building in a town is the Roman Chapel or Cathedral. Their influence in the press is very strong, many pressmen in the service of ordinary papers being Catholic.

It appears to me that the Roman Church has not yet relaxed in the least its doctrines or its attitude towards the believing or unbelieving world. It has not changed the conditions of salvation or its rules of practical life. The American citizen who belongs to it has to live in two environments and to pass from one to the other hourly. As an American citizen he concedes little to authority; as a Roman he admits the right of authority to prescribe to him every word that he reads. The legislation of his country offers him positions which his Church forbids him to occupy. Divorce she forbids, the State en-

\* Recent figures give :—Protestant Communicants, 20,287,742 ; Roman, 12,679,142.

courages. State schools and colleges he may only enter if the sternest necessity compels. "The American Universities," says a Catholic paper, "like Lucifer of old, are endeavouring to cast down God, and, like Lucifer, they will find their end is hell." The Church is slowly moving towards Universities of her own; schools she has already. These schools and their staffs stand outside all the public and semi-public organisations which do so much for American education; when the National Convention of Teachers meets in Boston, the Roman Convention meets in Detroit. I need hardly add that Roman adherents may not enter the Young Men's Christian Associations, much less the Masons' or other secret fraternities of the country.

What is to be the future of all this? There does not seem to be any sign at present of an approach of the Roman and Protestant Churches to each other. The Roman press in America is bitterly anti-Protestant, and daily attacks Luther and the Bible—"a vulgar swaggering blusterer, of bibulous habits and libidinous appetites," "a garbled product of human ingenuity." Nor does it see with any friendly feelings the stirring of "Socialism," which it regards from the Continental point of view. Should Socialism advance, the rift between the Church and the State in America will grow more acute than it is, and the hopes, already very faint, that Catholic education will be aided by the State will

disappear. Protestants, on the other hand, looking at Canada, are not much disposed to make terms with a Church which requires in the French provinces the sanction of the Bishop for every book that is placed in the public libraries. One may say, in fact, that the expansion of the States both North and South has been checked by their reluctance to add more Catholic territories to the Union.

I do not feel that the questions here raised are imminent. Human nature is so flexible and so capable of paradox that many good Americans find it still possible to keep their political and their religious principles apart. The Roman Church at present avoids anything like a conflict with the Republic. But can one suppose this is going to last for ever? Many things are possible. Rome, after all, may change. Or she may yet think the hour is come to fight her case. It remains to be seen what a few generations make of all those South European immigrants.

It remains to be seen, too, whether the women of America will always support the Roman Church. They, even more than men, one might suppose, would be embarrassed by a creed which does not recognise their equality with men. At present they scarcely seem to have noticed this.

What I have granted to all the other religions I grant freely to her—her religion is sincere. She, of course, makes no such concessions; the freak religions of America she despises and abhors. Her sons write much beautiful poetry for her, e.g. :

## THE SACRED HEART.

REV. JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

(Written for *The Pilot*.)

There in the west when the sun is burning  
Incense sweet, like a priest in gold,  
I see the Heart of the Saviour yearning  
With love for His children manifold;  
But ah! His lessons of beauty spurning  
All we give Him is service cold!

Rhododendrons, rich in their glory  
Speak to me of the Heart of Him  
Whose rainbow garlands the headland hoary,  
Whose golden lamps in the distance dim  
Like tongues of Pentecost tell His story,  
Who fills the world to creation's rim.

Never roses of summer blowing  
But of the Heart of Jesus speak;  
Offer Him prayers of perfume, glowing,  
Thrilling with love for the Lord, they seek.  
Poppy and peony, all are flowing  
With wine of love for the Saviour meek.

Let my soul to the sunset-altar,  
Red with the crimson flowers of love  
Soar, and there at the shrine, the psalter  
Sing to the Sacred Heart above.  
Let not shadow of evil halt her,  
Soaring ever along like a dove!

Let my heart be a bed of roses,  
Symbols sweet of the Heart Divine!  
That when the eye of morn uncloses  
Its long lashes of summer shine,  
And when day in the west reposes,  
It may ever be, Jesus, Thine!

Sacred Heart, be the Light of Nations,  
Grandly leading Thy people on!  
Fill us ever with aspirations  
High and noble, All-Holy One!  
Till all men and all generations  
Praise Thy Name and Thy Will be done!

Teach us duty and self-surrender,  
Holy love, as Thou wouldst it were!  
Teach us truth in its light and splendor,  
Kindness, sweet as a box of myrrh!  
Make us one with Thee, Jesus, tender,  
One with the Word, the worshipper!

## XVIII

### The Future

That America has her problems must be clear from all the preceding pages; it must also be equally clear that she is not slow to recognise and grapple with them. This has been often illustrated; let me illustrate it once more. There is a general feeling abroad that the health of the people is not what it ought to be. The journals, perhaps too alarmist, tell us that there are constantly 3,000,000 people sick in the States; that adults lose an average of 13 days a year in illness. This idea once afoot, the result is at once a search for remedies. I have spoken of the quasi-medical work of religion; let me speak here of the spread of hygiene. War has been declared against the mosquito and the fly—effective war in many places, and if the fly is not annihilated, at any rate he is kept out of houses and away from food. The crusade against spitting has been vigorous and effective\*; it is now the turn of the American to be shocked at what he sees in England. Public drinking cups have

\* *E.g.*, the town of Rochester has two policemen whose sole duty it is to enforce the anti-spitting ordinance.



been in many States forbidden ; and their place is being taken by ingenious bubbling fountains, where thirsty mortals sip from an artificial spring. All very expensive, but real and effective measures. The scourge of consumption is being fought, and in the slums of New York you may see an exhibition, where the disease is explained and precautions against it inculcated. Let Christian Science, if it will, decide these measures as the cause of disease ; not all America is yet Scientist, and hygiene has its army of believers. The clean sweep of Yellow Jack from the ports is an argument in its service not to be forgotten.

Here we have then one of the great features of America, the spirit of Progress at work. Now Progress makes mistakes, it achieves much less than it purposes, and the philosopher may see through many of its pretensions, but after all is it not, when rightly conceived, the right frame of mind ? To the American, as yet, it does not mean denouncing other people, or redistributing wealth, but improving the habits of society by energetic concerted action. Be it granted, that, at some times, progress may have to mean social war, these are surely unhappy times and unpromising ; I do not think that in spite of all the trusts they have yet arrived in America. Is it a dream to hope that the States may yet avert this war, that the capitalists may take their places as the servants of society by a friendly Evolution, and

that Progress in the States may long continue to be the name of a common hope?

I suppose that in no country is the spirit of Progress so closely associated with that of Education. No country believes so much in this, or owes so much to it. It is the common schools of America which are moulding her young generation of foreigners into American citizens. In this direction their work is magnificent, and one is glad to see the whole country watches them fondly and gratefully. America believes\* in education.

Of the sentiment of Democracy in the country I have already pointed out, it is not in the main, a faith in assemblies. Freeman, with his eyes fixed on the township meeting, thought it was; but I should say rather that the object of the American citizen is to find the best man and trust him. He elects his own kings; his President, once chosen, is a real ruler, and all the executive officers of the States enjoy power. I have pointed this out of the Mayors of cities; it is no less true of College Professors; they are each in his own faculty able to grant or withhold certificates from their students. All the great business leaders of America, accessible as they are, are no less dictatorial in their orders; everywhere the man emerges. The older view was perhaps that the

\* Even in the Philippines, to which she has sent 800 teachers, of whom 500 are men. The last report observes:—"A few more years of effort will demonstrate that the American faith in the power of public schools to affect (*sic*) the social and spiritual betterment of backward people is not an unpractical delusion, but a vision of the highest statesmanship."

average citizen, when placed on his mettle in office, would show himself equal to command; an age of competition and the arrival of the expert have now undermined this faith. There is, moreover, a revolt against it socially, and one notices with amusement the frequent insistence on the value of personality. The advertisements of the Indestructo Trunk tell us that "it has a dignified personality of its own. Its quality proclaims its owner as one who knows, the finished traveller, who demands proper service and receives unusual deference in hotels." This new sentiment is no advantage to American life, but fortunately the old epoch has not yet passed away, and democracy as a social faith is not extinct. It will be a loss to the world if it vanishes. One need not wish to see Europe Americanised, if even the change were possible one may even think that American ideas are sometimes mischievous in Europe, but in their own home their inspiration is not exhausted and we might hope to see an even newer and vaster world formed under their inspiration. Nor do I see what else is to mould the many sections of her people into one.

It is a danger of the future that classes may arise in the large cities, Philistine, selfish and devoid of all ideas except a surly hostility to the existing order. Young men and women buried in these vast masses of brick and stone, working the long hours which the country works, may easily forget their spiritual heritage, and pass into a

discontented mood which threatens all social institutions. It is partly on this foundation that the schemes of Socialism are built. Other countries besides America have found this, and the remedy, it is thought, lies in borrowing some of the Socialist plans. In America, too, one finds this remedy applied—even in Chicago, where, most of all, I noticed the tone I am speaking of. To discuss it would be beyond the scope of these pages. The question is whether a little Socialism means eventually the whole Socialist programme, or whether the courage and enterprise of the competitive system can be saved to the world while its evils are palliated. Various answers are given to this question, but, however the future reveals itself, what is wanted in America is that the bright faith in democracy should not degenerate into a selfish attack on society by the mob. If concessions can secure this, if even the whole programme of Socialism can secure this, it would be worth the price. But in the meantime the spiritual powers of the country will have a hard task to convince men that it is not the material gains of Socialism that may justify it; the frame of mind is all-important, and mere greed is as bad in the People as in the Trusts.

Though I have dwelt on the variety of American origins, let there be no mistake as to the solidarity of the States. Differences of interests may sometimes divide the agricultural from the manufacturing or mining

centres. Differences of tone may be noticed between East and West, between North and South. But these are all trivial, compared with the strong community of sentiment and manners which, as a whole, unites the country. If we go to extreme cases, to the mining camps or the cattle ranch or the ultra-fashionable quarters of New York, of course differences become pronounced, but this would mean little. In the main the American of San Francisco is the same as the American of Philadelphia. Nor need this surprise us when we remember the vast and constant movements of population between different parts of the States; it is the East that has created the West. This solidarity, moreover, is increased by the many organisations that cover the continent, by the frequent conventions and frequent journeys of secretaries in connection with their organisations. We sometimes smile at these secretaries when they recite in their reports the thousands of miles they have travelled in the year, and wonder if they have not wasted their time in useless bustle. I used to think so, but think so no longer when I see how these journeys keep one end of the States in touch with the other and consolidate the nation.

My impressions are now drawing to a close, and I feel it is time I should choose one with which to strike a final note. I prefer, then, to dwell on the sociable and amiable character of American civilisation. It is a

country much libelled by its oft association with the dollar; assuredly the man who thinks of nothing but money is not more welcome in American society than in any other. Success is valued, and is measured, for convenience' sake, like other things, in money; but what is valued more than success is a warm heart. The people of the States are a sentimental people, and what they esteem in men are the qualities that bring men together. This national trait is in some ways threatened, but it still prevails, and ennobles the democracy of America. *Esto perpetua!*

## Postscriptum

The foregoing pages were written, the last of them somewhat hastily, in the intervals of office work, on my return to India in 1910. Since they departed to Europe in search of a publisher many points have struck me which I overlooked, and a few of them I should like to make here, trusting the reader, remembering the difficulties of an Anglo-Indian author, will pardon the inartistic method of their insertion.

It is interesting to observe how the American physiognomy has changed in the last fifty years. The Uncle Sam face is rarely to be seen now, unless it be in the old-fashioned Southern States. The classic example of this type is the face of Abraham Lincoln; the face which has superseded it is that of MacKinley; full, massive, and oftentimes blue-eyed. Like the American national character, it is at once a composite and a new departure, but I suspect that Irish blood has had much to do with its development. Curiously enough, it suggests *aplomb* to European eyes, a trait which Americans have often admired but do not seem specially to possess.

In connection with education I should have noticed the very expensive private schools which survive and flourish side by side with the public schools of the country. Some of these are day schools; others are reproductions of the English public school. An example

of this type is Groton, to which I paid a visit. It stands far away in the country, amid most beautiful scenery, and in spite of its few years of life possesses everything in the way of buildings that any public school in England has to boast of, including a fine Gothic chapel. Obviously its ideals are drawn from the same source, and its classrooms are open to the same criticisms as (probably) those of Winchester or Westminster. One wonders if its sentiment is aristocratic. The authorities, I understand, would deny this; but if I were an American citizen whose son went to a public school I should find it hard to accept their assurances. The ground taken up is that boys learn public duty in such a school better than they do in a public day school; but this is just the ground on which the old public schools of England would defend their existence, and their motto is frankly *noblesse oblige*. As for the private day schools already mentioned, they maintain themselves by the beauty and comfort of their appointments and their close attention to individual boys, who are cultivated with the same care as unique orchids. Their fees run up to \$1,000 a year. It is curious that these exclusive schools flourish in democratic America rather than in Germany.

In speaking of the problems of America's future I have said nothing of the preservation of her natural resources. These, which once seemed inexhaustible, have shown many signs of depletion. The woods have been thinned not only by business enterprise but by desolating fires; the rivers have degenerated into dangerous and uncertain torrents. America is even now contemplating schemes of forest and river management like those of Europe. At the same time she is greatly



concerned how to prevent the riches of the earth, its coal, iron and oil, from falling further into the hands of monopolists, and especially the sources of water power which are growing in importance as the uses of electricity develop. These measures are among the vague and complicated issues which affect the present Presidential election. Characteristically, there is little before the country in the way of actual programmes, the world seems to hear of nothing but a duel between the protagonists, Taft and "Teddy"; the chief issue, however, is the longstanding one of the future of the trusts. Another issue is the powers of State Courts, the effects of which I have discussed elsewhere. Roosevelt claims to stand for really popular measures, but if he attains to power he will still have to mark out lines of action and make action effective. In spite of many commissions and judgments since I left America two years ago the politicians and the trusts seem to stand all of them where they did.



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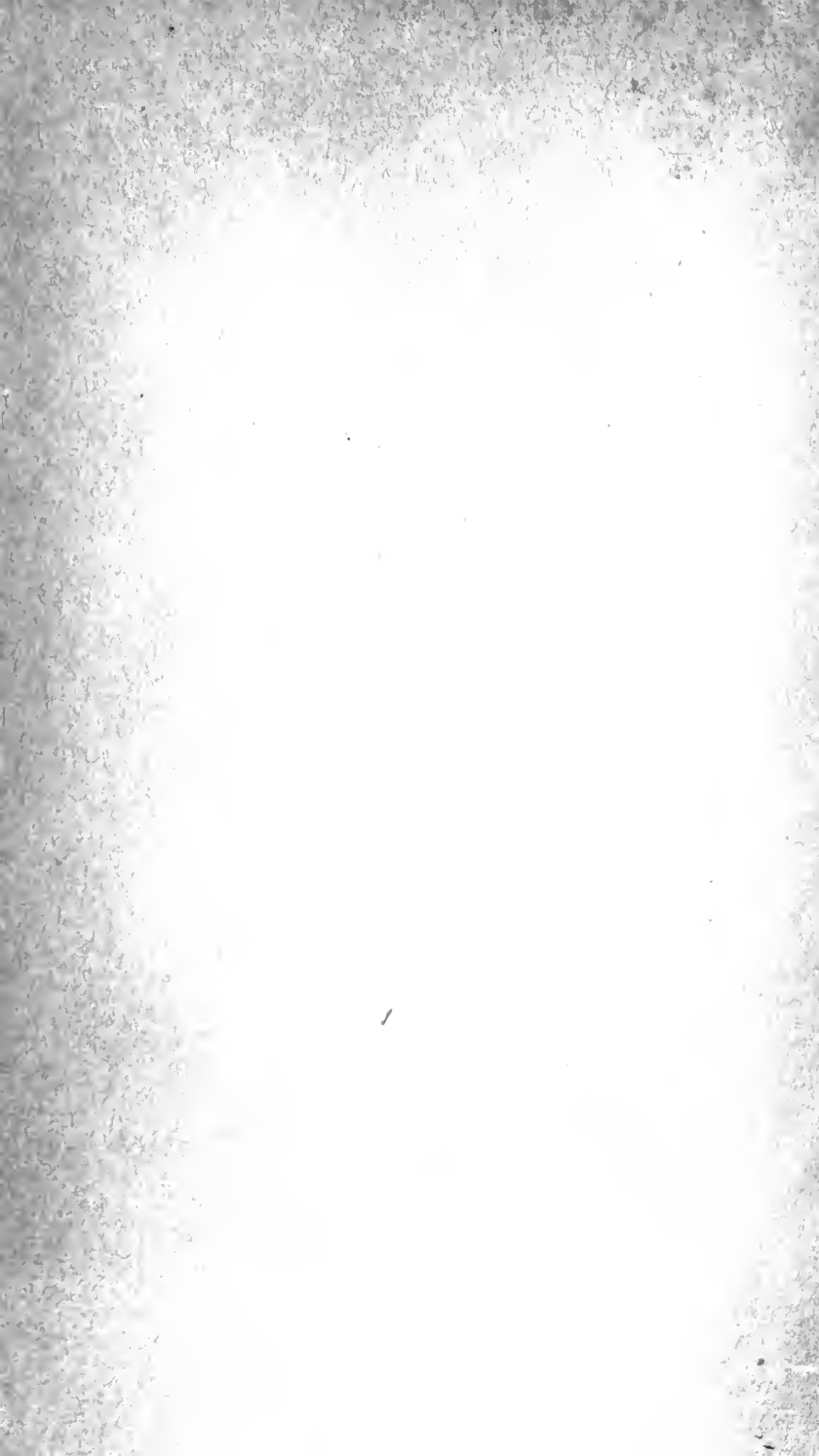
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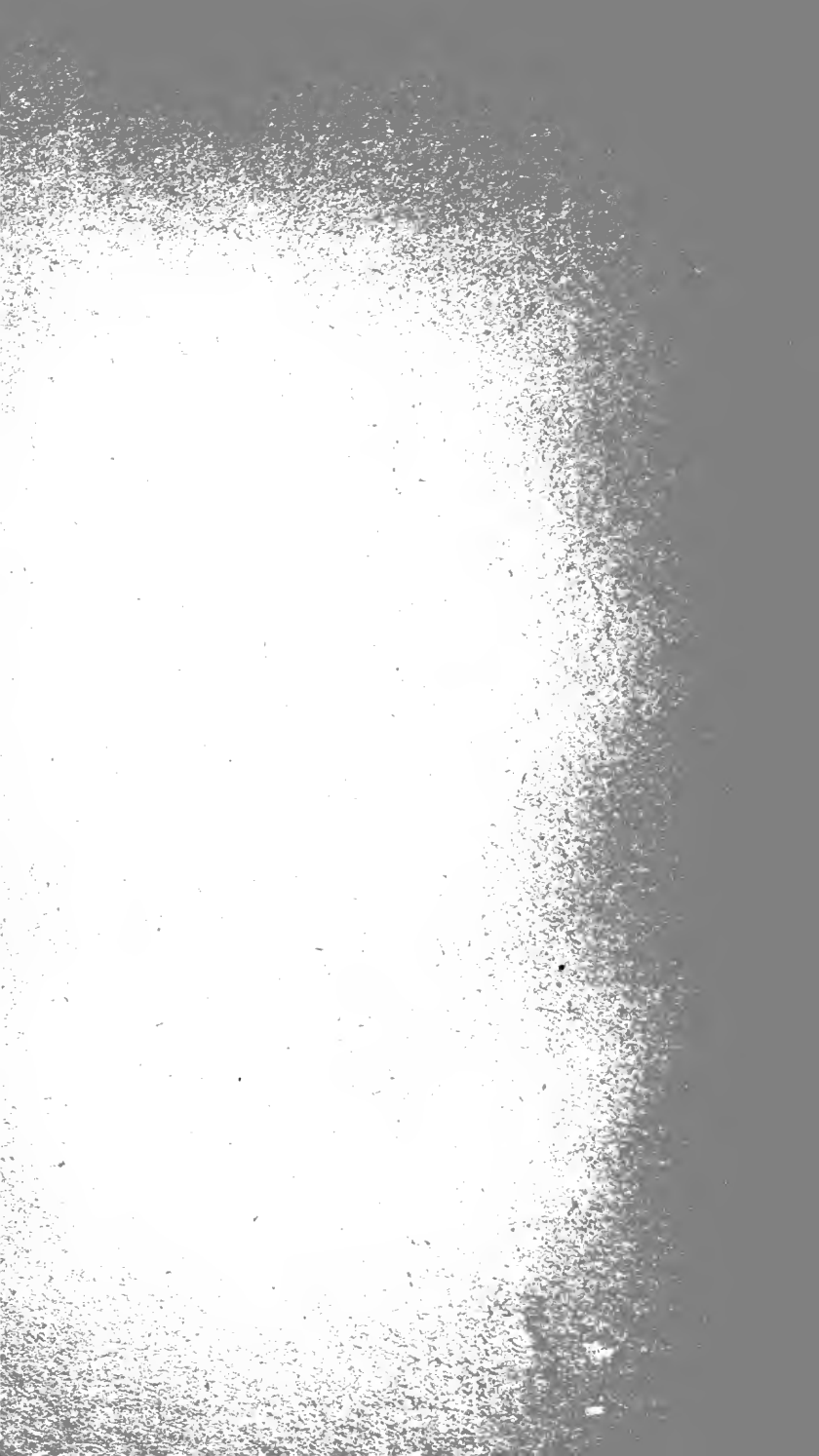
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