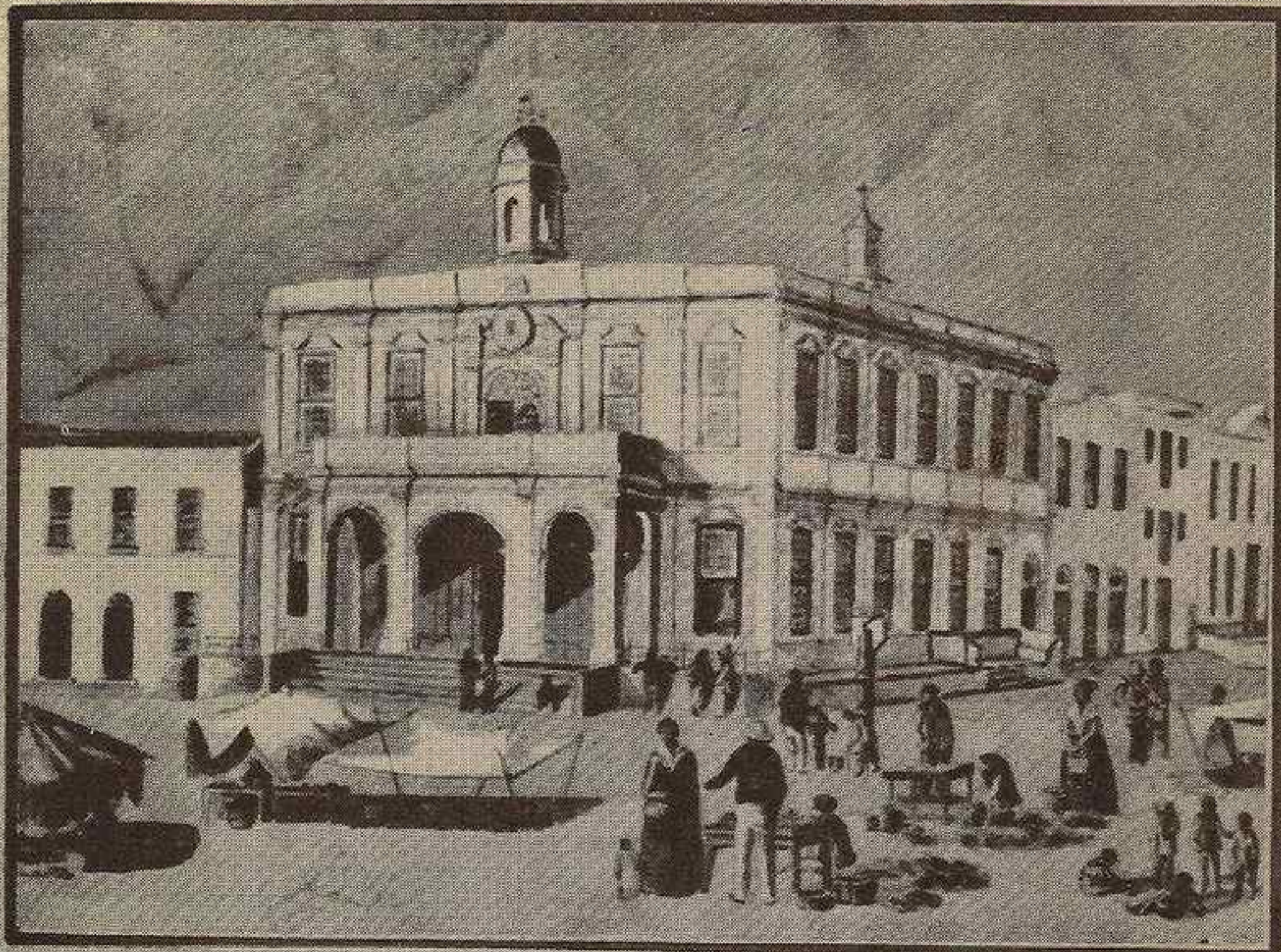
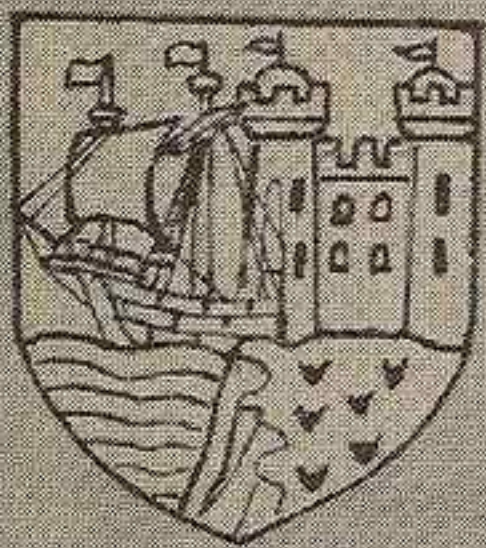


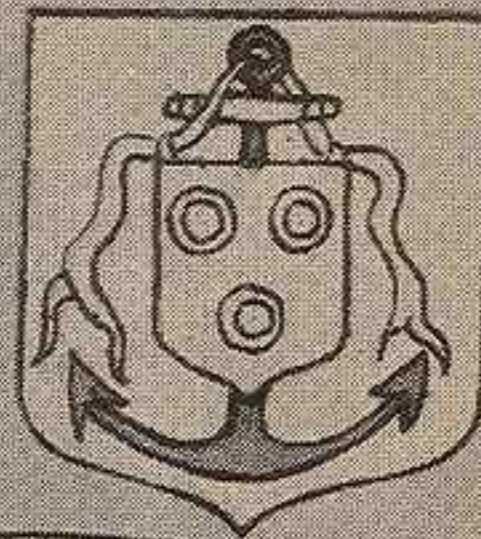
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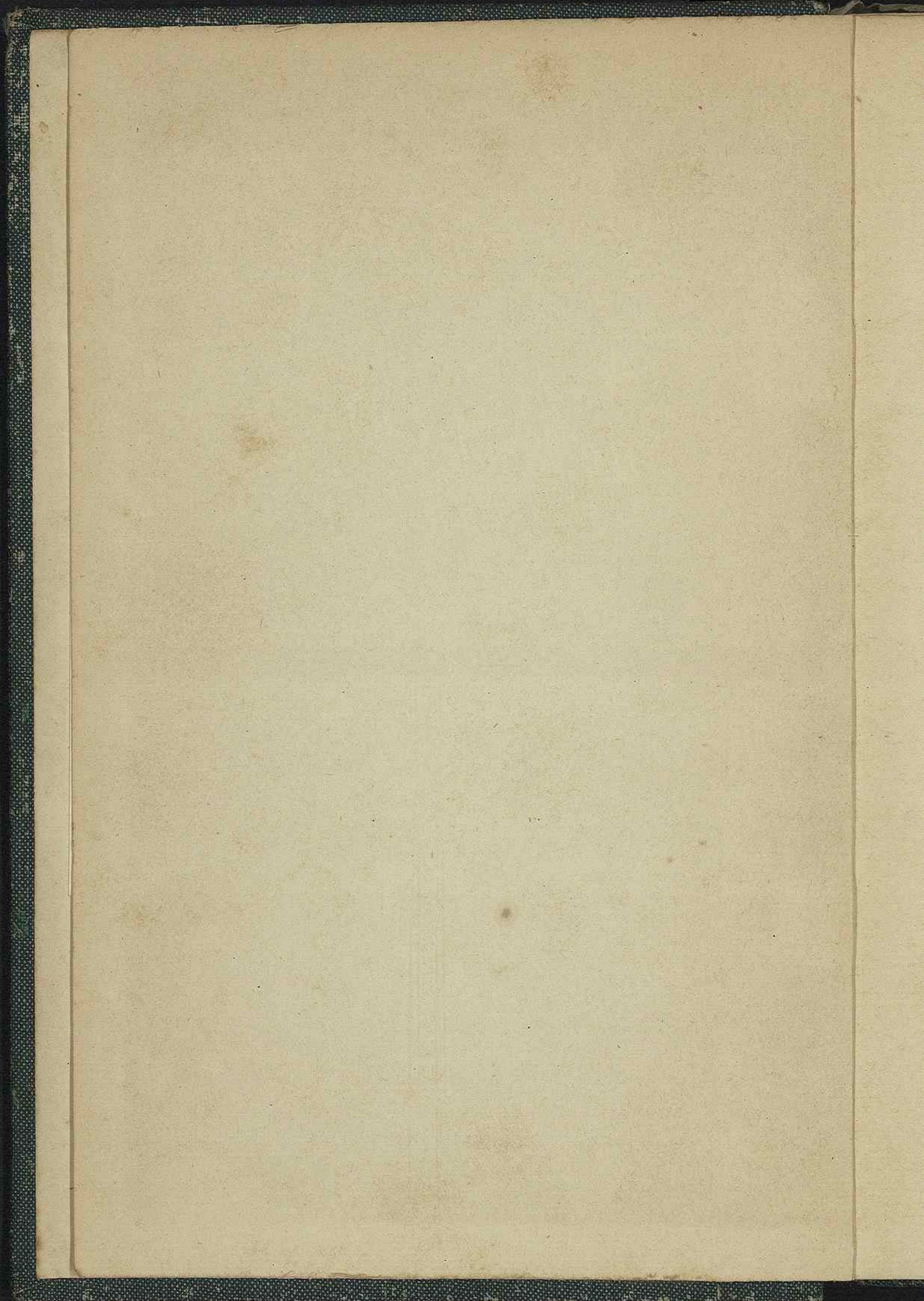
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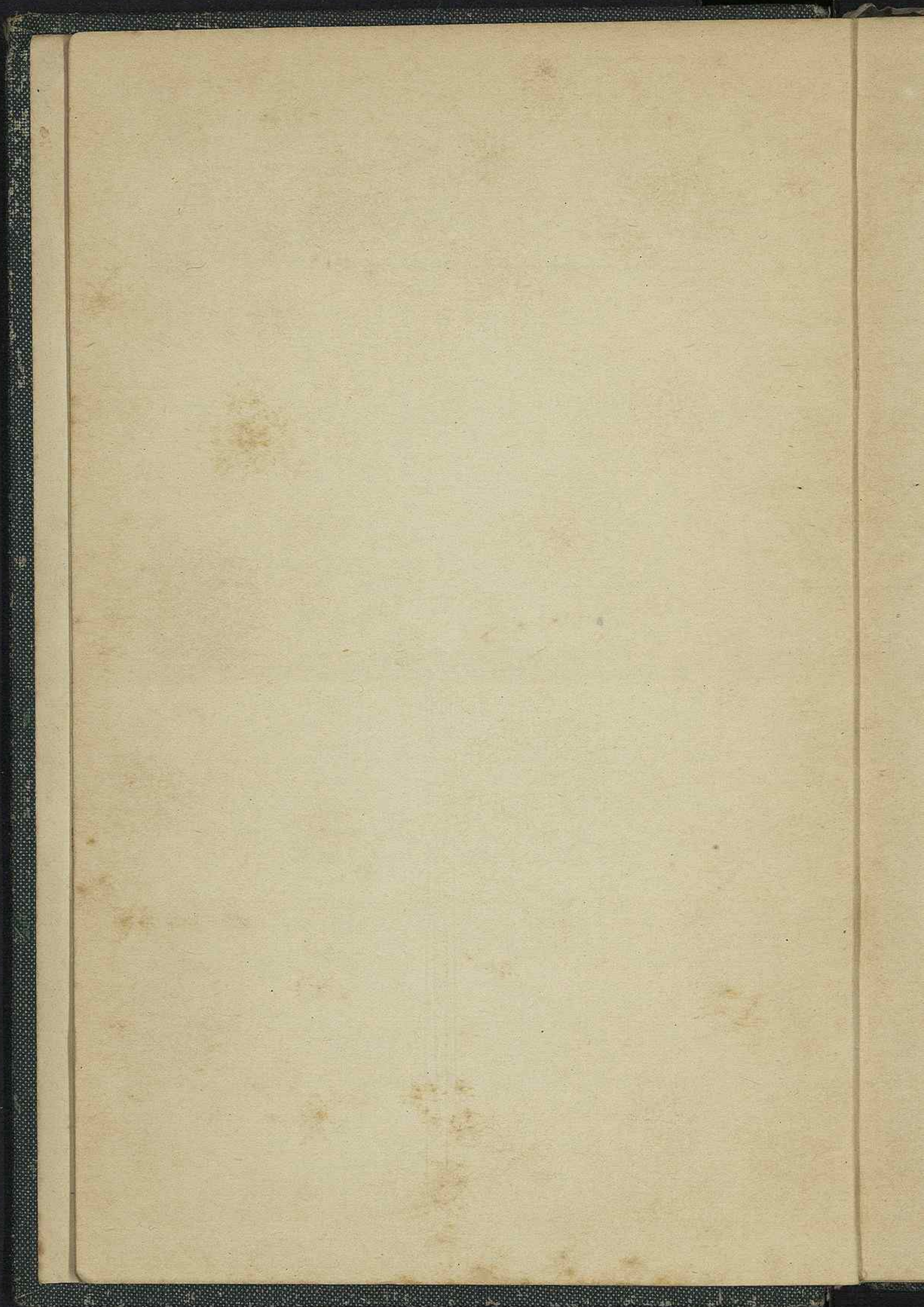
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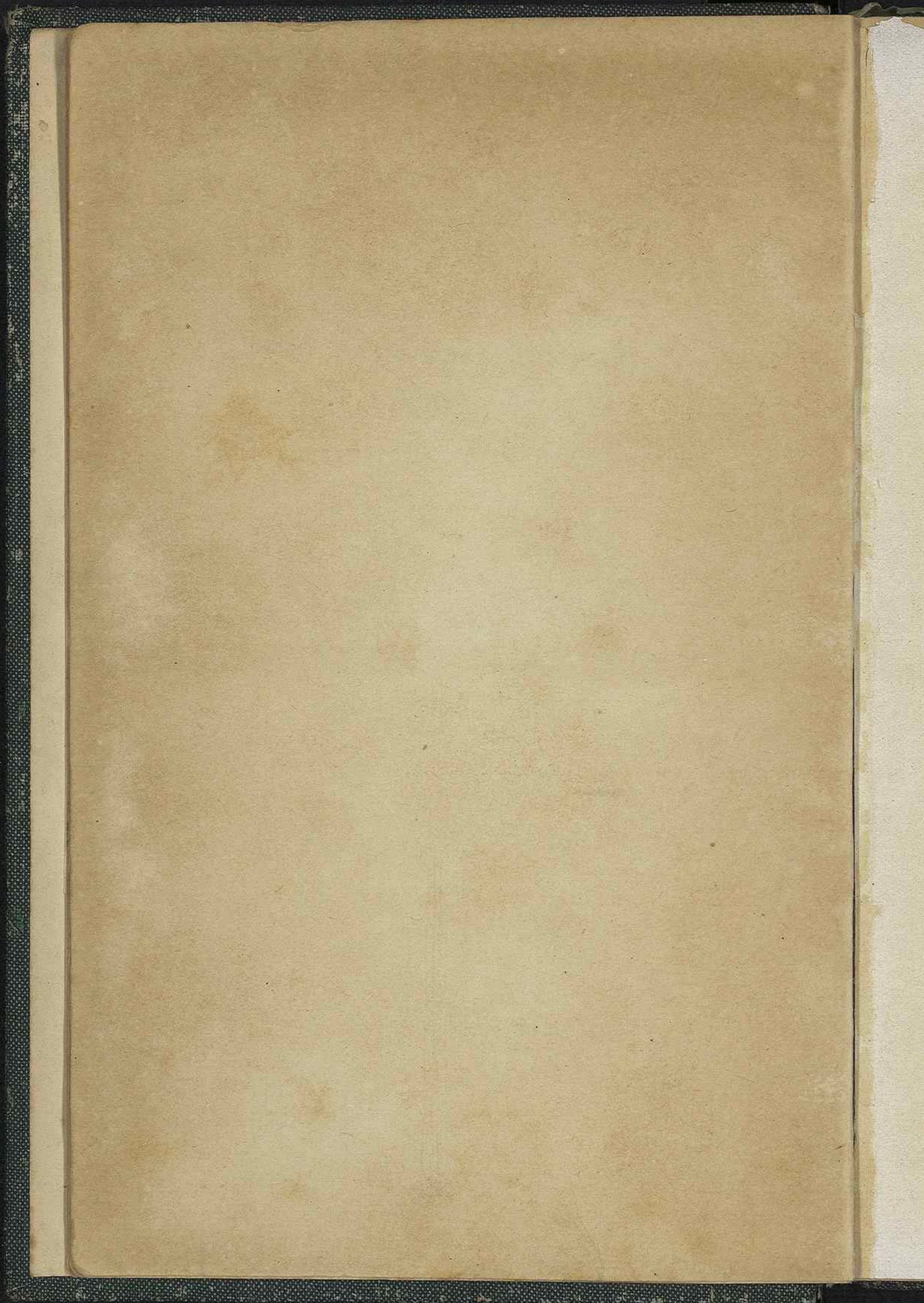
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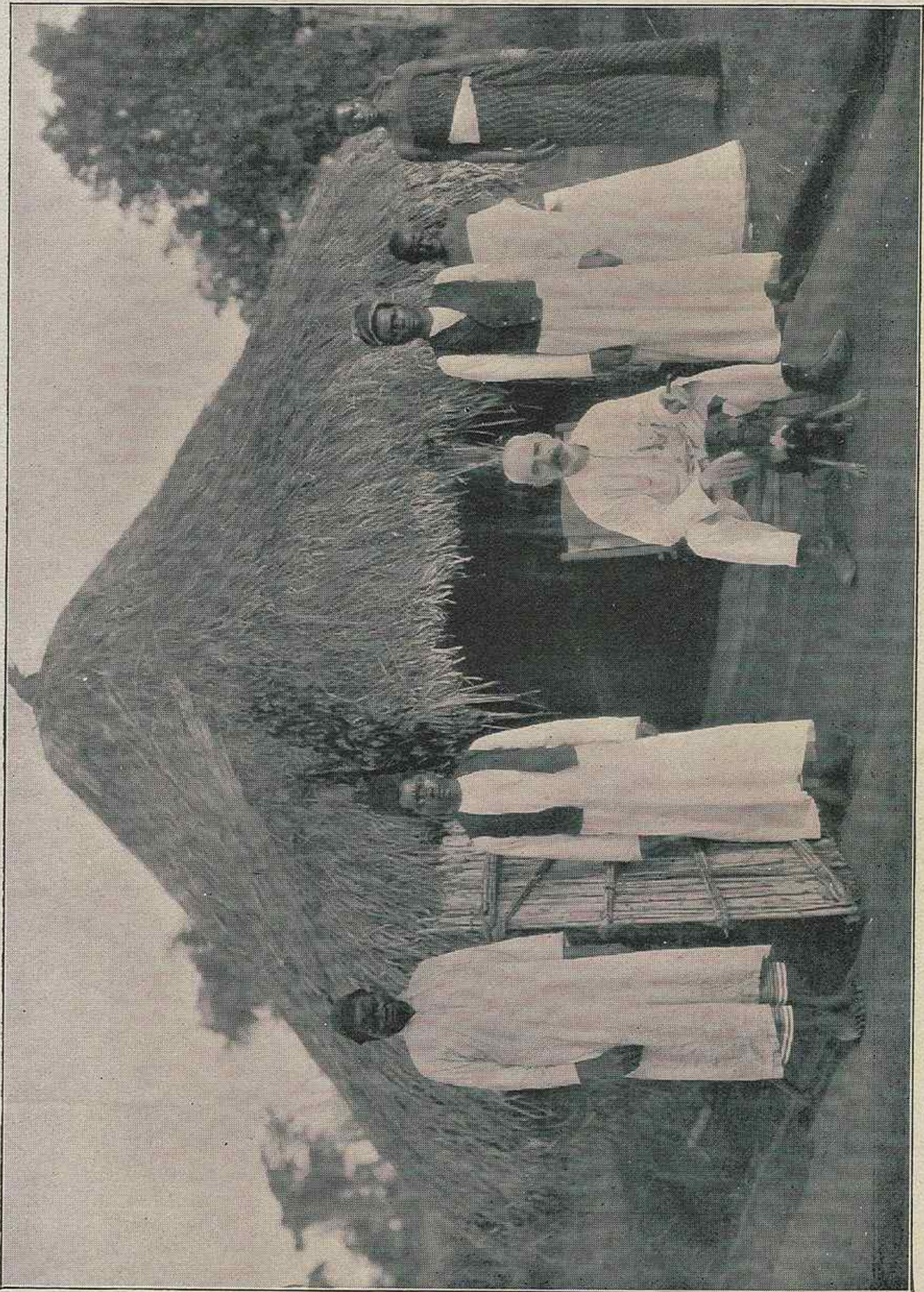
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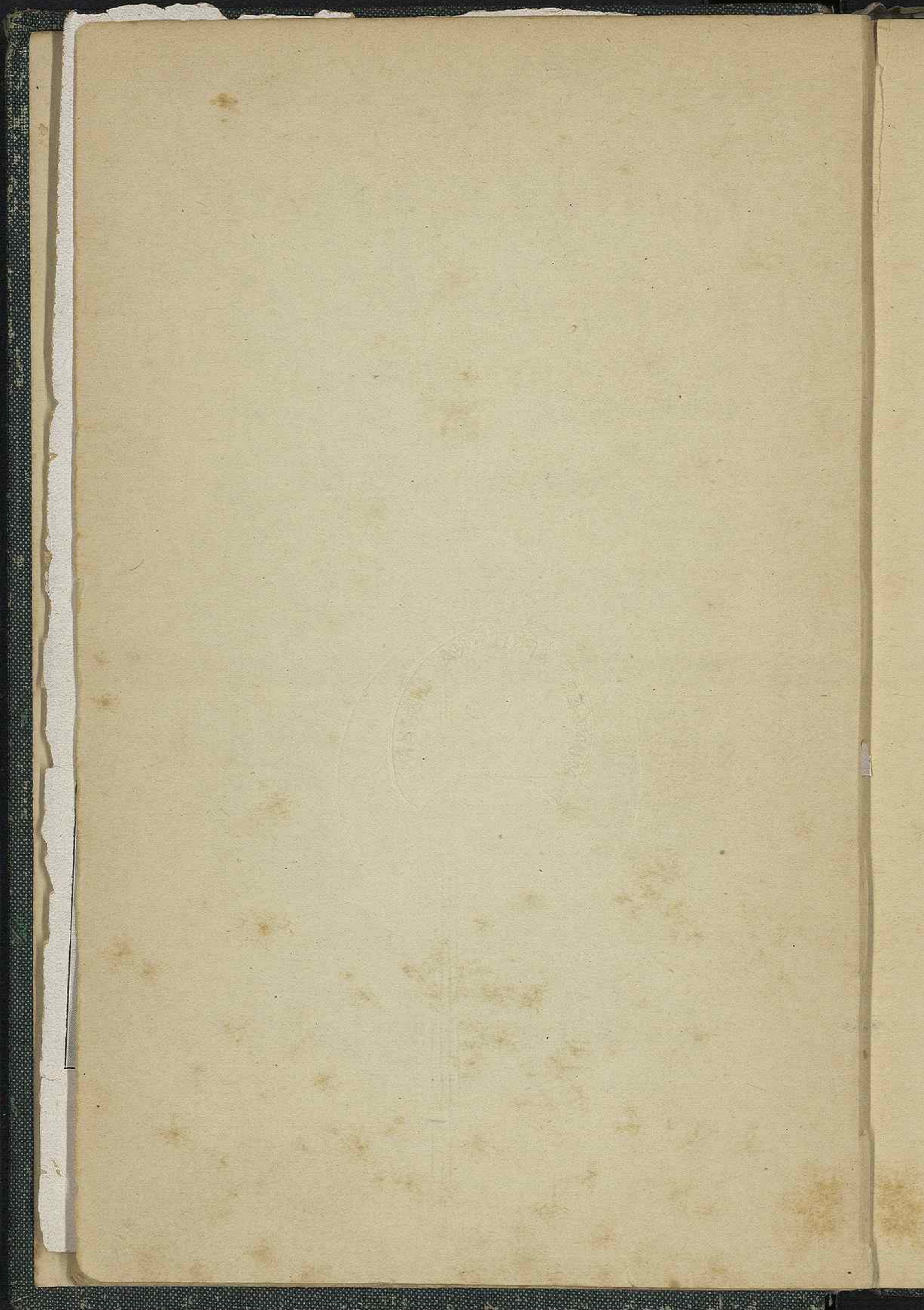
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# GROWLS FROM UGANDA

## CHAPTER I

### CIVILISATION FROM A DISTANCE

8  
FOR the past six months I have been living in a Baganda grass hut, built, to my own specification, native fashion. It is circular, 15 feet in diameter, with a high-pitched roof supported by a 10-foot centre-pole formed of the rough trunk of a tree.

Rough poles radiating from the top of this centre-pole to the top of the circular wall—exactly after the fashion of umbrella ribs—carry the thatch, which is simply the long grass of Uganda laid on in sheaves, binding itself in the action of drying, and secured at the top outside by a strong cap and a spike, all of the same primitive material.

The walls are formed of upright stakes about a foot apart, between which is packed sheaves of grass, secured by wattles inside

and out, bound horizontally with banana-fibre rope.

I have not the luxury of a window—light and air being admitted by the doorway, which, being only 4 feet high, compels a respectful bow on entering from any guest who may honour me with a call.

The floor is Mother Earth, and the door—which is wide open all day, and even at night is not quite closed in order that my dog may have free passage—is formed of elephant grass canes secured by a single hinge of banana-fibre rope, and as it rests on the ground it has to be lifted to be opened or closed.

I have rigged up a green canvas curtain over the doorway inside, and this I drop at sunset, to check the ingress of mosquitoes, raising it again just before I go to bed.

My Baganda cook and two boys are accommodated in a similar hut about 50 yards away, and a third does duty as cook's galley.

This hut is as comfortable a dwelling as a man could wish for—with certain reservations. It is always cool inside, even in the hottest weather. Indeed in July and August, which is winter out here, it is often quite cold at night; for although we are practically on the Equator (the line crossing three miles to the south out in the Lake Victoria Nyanza) we are close on



4000 feet above sea-level, and it is no uncommon thing to see a thick white fog in the early morning, which is not dispersed until the sun is well up.

The chief drawback of this hut is the insect life which eagerly and instantly avails itself of the shelter.

First and foremost, of course, are the ants, which seize upon the hut almost before it is finished, and in a few days have run their mud galleries along every stick, up into the roof, where they are soon busy, sawing, cutting the bush-rope which binds the rafters, scattering continual showers of sawdust, dropping their young, and disporting themselves generally as if the house was built especially for their exploitation. It is no use fighting the ants—they are supreme in Uganda. Many of the grassy hills, especially around the Victoria Nyanza, are so crowded with their red-earth erections that a stranger to the country is very apt—as in fact I did—to mistake them for haycocks, when seen from the steamer's deck.

The effect of the ants' industry is that after awhile the roof gets leaky, and when a great number of the bush-rope ties have been cut, and there comes a heavy storm one night, the hut takes a list, or even collapses altogether.

Then there are spiders, which weave their webs

across the rafters, and bind your face with streamers in the morning; slugs which occasionally drop with a thump on your camp-table; mason-flies, which buzz everywhere, seeking a place to build their mud nests, and generally selecting a fold of your coat as it hangs up; and a harmless species of centipede with a shiny black coat of mail, which trundles peacefully in, and on the slightest alarm rolls itself up like an armadillo.

But worst of all are the mosquitoes, which from sunset to sunrise enter into possession, for the sole and avowed purpose of sucking my blood, which they consider their right, resenting with a buzz of indignation every interference with their operations. I have acquired an extraordinary dexterity in killing these pests, of which I can, on an average in the wet season, account for as many as fifty during dinner and after, allowing very few of them to get a bite at me.

After dinner it is impossible to read or write, while playing my flute appears to attract them, so the only course is to retire as early as possible, and defy the enemy from behind my mosquito-bar.

There are also a few jiggers—most awful of African pests, which have been imported here from Entebbe, where they are abundant, by my boys.

My only neighbours—beyond a few harmless

Bagandas living quietly on their own shambas—are troops of monkeys, a good many jackals, an occasional leopard, snakes, lizards of various kinds, and a vast variety of birds, including chiefly Demoiselle Cranes, Hornbills, black and white ravens, vultures, cormorants, snowy egrets, pigeons, parrots, guinea-fowl, pheasants, and a host of others, down to the enchanting little pied wag-tail, which comes to my door at sunrise every morning, and sings a sweet song, with an odd refrain which sounds exactly like "*We greet you*" uttered with emphasis, all the while capering and dancing about from sheer jollity and lightness of heart. This dear little bird has often beguiled me into good-humour by its captivating antics at times when I have been feeling down-hearted. It is a miracle of grace, elegance, and prettiness, beautifully marked with black and white, and is extraordinarily tame, seeming—just like the robin at home—to love human companionship.

Then there are the tiny crimson finches, which also affect human association, and come in pairs about the door, and even inside if I remain quiet. But the boldest of all are the blue swallows, a pair of which actually made a nest and reared a brood inside the hut, building near the top of the centre-pole, and flying in and out all day. Now and then they would sit on a twig above my bed and softly chatter to each other not two yards from

where I sat at my table, and often they brushed my face with their wings as they passed in and out of the low doorway. When the young brood of three were hatched, they would sit in a row on the edge of the nest, while the old birds were in and out all day feeding them, and later on they took their first flying lessons round and round the centre-pole, very soon being as strong on the wing as their parents.

Then a terrible thing happened, for the human owner of the hut—tired of the constant dropping of mud—decided to evict the swallow family, and not in future to let the flat; so one morning while all the birds were out hunting, he broke down the mud castle, and great were the lamentations on the return of the birds, who for many days after would re-enter the hut in force, and fly, shrieking denunciation, round and round the centre-pole.

My only companions are my bitch, "Snatch," who, amongst her other diversions, occasionally finds time to present me with a litter of puppies, and the hen, "Old Moncabila," who has lost all her brood of six promising chickens to the hawks and jackals, and now competes with the dog for a share of my friendship, following me about all over the farm in hope of a little *mahinde*, or the discovery of a new anthill.

She is the sole survivor of my poultry farming

venture (now temporarily suspended) and has scarcely a claw on her toes through much scratching for her bygone chickens. She was a good mother in her family days, when she would fly at anything, making even the dog turn tail.

My location is near the end of a long, low, narrow peninsula, rising eastward, a mile away, to a high conical hill, at the other side of which the road from Entebbe to Kampala runs. This hill, though now covered with dense forest, is evidently an extinct volcano, and the whole peninsula is an ancient flow of lava, the bare rock being exposed here and there in big patches. Generally it carries a very fertile soil, yielding almost any crop, and easily supporting the lazy native, who grows bananas, maize (called here *mahinde*), and sweet potatoes, and has a few fowls and goats.

All around my farm-clearing the grass is six feet high, and scattered clumps of trees and bush afford cover for the jackals, who snarl at me as I go home in the dusk, but are far too cowardly to attack a man. They fly before my dog, who is always chasing them.

East, west, and south, at varying distances, are the waters of the Lake, forming lovely pictures as seen through openings in the belts of forest, which fringe vast level swamps at the ends of the various arms of the Lake.

Southward, over the tree-tops, rises the bold range of the Entebbe hills, and in all other directions, wherever an opening in the forest admits a view, are high, table-topped hills,—grassy, windswept, and storm-beaten, sometimes clothed in thick forests, but more generally quite bare of trees at the top.

Such is my environment, and though I am only within an hour's walk of the town of Entebbe, I might well be a hundred miles away from white society for all it troubles me.

I am well content to leave Society alone to its own devices, which here, in this remote townlet of Central Africa, follows with amusing fidelity the lines of Society at home. The microscopic Society of Entebbe (I am told there are about 500 English there) divides itself up into sets, dresses and dines, and, as far as the capabilities of the place allow, afflicts itself with all the conventionalities of Europe, which, to my mind, is a most unreasonable mode of life for the tropics, where, separated from all our home associates, denied such amusements as civilisation affords, and living in a climate which most people denounce as unhealthy, we are surely entitled to such compensation as can be found in freedom from conventionality, and a general relaxing of those bonds of etiquette which are indispensable at home.

For my own part, years of residence among

cannibals on the West Coast, in Spanish Guinea and the French Congo, in the mountains and forests of British Columbia and elsewhere, have imbued me with such a rooted objection to evening dress, stiff collars and cuffs, and gloves, that if I can put on a fairly clean white drill suit on those few occasions when I find it desirable or necessary to attend any social function in the town, I consider the requirements of etiquette have been sufficiently complied with, while down at Vernon I find the monkeys and jackals are just as well pleased to see me in khaki as anything else.

It is undoubtedly the life of a recluse I am leading here, with a good deal of what most people would consider privation; but privation does not trouble me so much as it would most people, for the simple reason that I have all my life cultivated simplicity of taste, and my ruling passion being a love of nature, I am able to derive so much consolation and pleasure from my wild surroundings that I really can afford to dispense with nearly all the usual pleasures, relaxations, luxuries, and distractions with which in cities we endeavour to make up for the lack of freedom, open air, and natural surroundings. So far from envying my friends at home their theatres, card-parties, dinners, motoring, and concerts, I have no wish to change my lot, and can

even afford to commiserate them, living as they do in the midst of the turmoil, agitation, artificiality, strife, and generally unnatural conditions which, judging from the newspapers I occasionally see, continue to an ever-increasing extent to constitute the main features of modern civilised life.

I seldom see a newspaper, but when I do I read it deeply, and further, I read between the lines extensively, gaining information and forming opinions and judgments which it was never the intention of the Editor I should do.

When, as very often happens, I have nothing at all to read for weeks together, I have plenty of leisure to digest what I have read, which is more than most people have who live in great cities, where the newspaper habit is so strong that a man entering his train for town in the morning feels naked if he has not a paper in his hand, under his arm, or sticking out of his pocket; while if he has to take a whole day's railway journey, he is uneasy unless he can provide himself with at least half a dozen newspapers and one or more novels.

With all classes of the people it is the same. All ages, and both sexes, are alike the victims of the habit. The millionaire, the bank manager, the wealthy merchant, the company director, each has his *Times*, *Morning Post*, or *Daily Telegraph*, while the vast army of clerks are devouring some half-



penny representative of the new degenerate type of so-called journalism which seeks to increase its circulation by pandering to the latent universal gambling instinct. The newly-born class of lady clerks and typists beguiles itself with some paper devoted to the all-important topics of dress, fashion, Society, etc., and the working-man, too, reads assiduously some new sheet.

My own opinion is that all this incessant and indiscriminate reading of newspapers is very far from being an unmixed blessing, and is a factor in the moral condition of Society to-day the importance of which is universally underrated or totally ignored.

The leaders of the Church are constantly lamenting the falling-off of church attendance, the increase of gambling, of discontent, of infidelity, of immorality, the declining birth and marriage rates,—in short, of the general restlessness of mankind; and from the pulpit they preach in very much the same style and form as was current when England was "Merrie England," when it was possible to live and even be happy in England, when the whole world was not yet eaten up by the cankers of false progress, false education, American commercial rapacity, millionairism, false journalism, false Imperialism, false Socialism, and the endless other "isms" which make life a burden to-day to the average man at home.

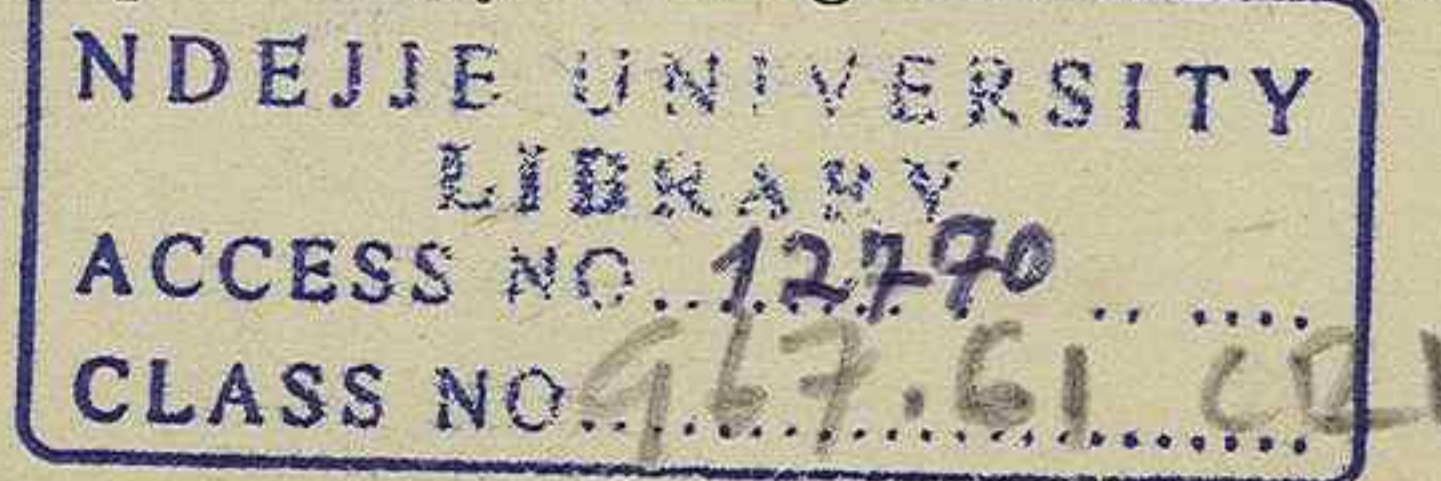
I would say : my dear, distressed, simple-minded, Reverend Friend! Are you as simple-minded as you appear to be?

Why don't you wake up, and bring your spiritual armaments up-to-date, as we do in the Army and Navy? Is it not sheer affectation that impels you still to fight with bows and arrows?

The cast-iron conservatism of your Church threatens to be her ruin before long, but, what is far more serious, it is even now blinding her to her duty as the legal custodian of the nation's spiritual welfare. What is the use of confining your activities to attacking, in the hackneyed phraseology of the pulpit, the sins that were fashionable 2000 years back, but of which no one knows anything to-day, leaving untouched the seething mass of those we are perishing of now?

If Jesus Christ was among us now, would He not denounce in plain modern language that all could appreciate the self-made millionaire, who always makes himself by the ill-usage of his fellow-men?

Would He not denounce the accursed modern spirit of commercial rapacity, born in America, acclimatised not only in England but throughout all her Colonies and dependencies, and known by its American name—Hustling? That spirit which has gone far to destroy utterly all the ancient friendship formerly existing between master and



man (or, as we now say, employer and employee), and is responsible for the growth of that insatiable selfishness and greed on both sides which bears its fruits in the everlasting strikes, lockouts, labour crises, and endless agitations and distress?

Would He not denounce that cynical newspaper editor, who, sailing as near to the wind as he dare, devotes his life and energies to enriching himself by the industrious dissemination, through the medium of his paper, of the most insidious forms of gambling?

Would He not tell us that our much vaunted progress of to-day is no progress in any real sense—that it is a progress of mere material expedients, and that any progress which does not involve the moral progress of a people is no progress at all, but vanity? Would He not warn us against the increasing luxury of our wealthier classes—luxury which always means cruelty and selfishness—the luxury being always only for the few, and bought by the sufferings of the many—as in all ages?

It is quite easy to illustrate this. Take motor-ing. Employers who formerly were satisfied if they were making an income of, say, £5000 a year, are to-day not content with double that amount, for they find the upkeep of a motor-car, perhaps two or three, a heavy tax. They cannot deny themselves the luxury, so they cut down the working expenses of their businesses, "hustle"

their staffs, weed out old servants and replace them with cheap juniors, make them work longer hours, and impose a code of fines. Perhaps not relishing all the dirty work involved in retrenchment, they find managers or partners who will do it for them as the price of their positions or partnerships, and so in due course the staffs come to look upon their employers as their natural enemies.

Would not Jesus Christ, were He among us now, denounce such an one, and the stupid luxury which causes so much misery, and leads to such a criminal waste of money? Would He not also denounce the wicked extravagance of our modern method of advertising which, again slavishly copied from the American, squanders upon advertisements countless millions of money every year which should properly be employed in keeping up the standard of quality in merchandise, and paying honest wages to employees?

Unfortunately we find outrageous advertising pays, and so, with the cynical selfishness which generally characterises the modern capitalist, ignoring every consideration save that of the largest and quickest profit, if we find we can spend £200,000 we at once decide to spend it, not upon the legitimate trade or business we are controlling, in the direction of maintaining or improving the quality of the goods we supply, or increasing our staff and paying better wages, but upon advertising.

This is a fact which accounts for an enormous proportion of the demoralisation of our commerce, and disturbance of our industrial life to-day, and is a melancholy reflection equally upon the unscrupulous greed of the advertiser, and the deplorable gullibility and stupidity of the public to which his advertisements appeal.

Doubtless there are many thousands of our people at home who comprehend this; yet, with the honourable exception of a league or society founded in London a few years ago, there is no general appreciation of the vast mischief done to commerce and to society at large by the advertising craze; and the general public, with the colossal simplicity which is one of our most surprising characteristics to-day, goes on buying implicitly all the most blatantly advertised goods.

There is another aspect of modern advertising which was more particularly the objective of this society. I refer to the universal disfigurement and desecration of the beauty of the country. One feels this with peculiar bitterness on returning to England after long residence in savage countries, where, whatever hardship we may have to experience, we are spared the infliction of the advertiser.

On landing at Dover, or Southampton, or Liverpool, in fact at any of our seaports, and entering the train for London, the returned

wanderer looks eagerly from the windows for the first glimpses of the dear old English country, and what does he see?

In the centre of a lovely meadow, where the cattle graze in the shade of noble elms beside a winding stream—a spot selected with diabolical ingenuity because of its very loveliness—stands a huge board, 30 feet long and 10 feet high, supported on a scaffold, bearing the words **BROWN BEANS FOR BRONCHITIS**, or something equally distressing; and so it goes on, all the way to London, every hundred yards or so, until the countryside seems to have been turned into one vast hoarding for the display of these hideous, disgusting, shameless advertisements, and the disappointed and shocked traveller is driven in despair to shutting his eyes to keep out the horrid sight, or to take refuge in reading a newspaper. But in this latter resource he is hardly better off, for what newspaper can you open without being assailed with glaring advertisements of our fountain-pen, or our typewriter, or some other thing? Most probably the advertised article is utter rubbish, upon the production of which only one-tenth of the amount devoted to advertising has been spent. Yet the public, which includes the working-man, and the oppressed middle-class man,—two of the chief sufferers from the advertising juggernaut,—meekly and straightway go and buy

the thing as they are told, thus directly supporting and encouraging the abuse.

I shall doubtless be met by the contention that advertising is in itself a large new industry, giving employment to many, but to this I would reply, that in the first place it is an unproductive industry, and therefore stands economically condemned; and in the second place I would unhesitatingly declare that the benefit which this new industry confers by the business it creates is nothing compared with the injury it inflicts on legitimate and productive industry, and on our commercial morality. As a matter of fact it is closely allied to gambling, and, as is constantly being demonstrated by revelations in the courts, is very often quite indistinguishable from it.

Who that has read his newspaper can be unfamiliar with the incident of a group of speculative gentlemen who meet to form a syndicate, the object of which is to offer to the guileless British public some perfectly worthless patent medicine, or other patent article, the whole programme being judicious advertising upon which practically all the subscribed capital is spent—provision for the production and supply of the article advertised being a mere detail?

I feel pretty sure that were Jesus Christ among us to-day, He would condemn in unmistakable language the whole system of modern advertising,

which, beginning as the "steam of business" about fifty years ago, has been allowed to generate in such a reckless fashion that it not only threatens to burst our commercial boilers, but has become an active factor towards the wrecking of society at large.



## CHAPTER II

### LEGISLATION *VERSUS* CONSCIENCE

**M**Y dear, distressed, Reverend Friend! Take courage. Be of good cheer! There is hope for your Church, if only she will wake up, for a greater opportunity never existed than there does in England to-day for the exercise of the beneficent offices of the Church. That hope lies in the pressing need there is of awakening and improving the general moral sense of society—of educating the people into detestation of all the meanness, cruelty, greed, dishonesty, and selfishness which permeate all classes of society, and which—if not corrected—will infallibly and before long culminate in the downfall of the Empire and the Nation.

Nothing but this can save us from the fate which has always overtaken moribund civilisations in the past,—that fate which all thinking men can clearly perceive is already making stealthy, but steady, advances upon us; which is indicated by a hundred signs apparent to all intelligent minds, in every-

day life, in the Church, in Parliament, in the Stock Exchange, in the daily Press, in the Law Courts, in the schoolroom, in the City, in the East End, in the West End, even in our remotest Colonies and Protectorates in all parts of the world.

One of the greatest mistakes we make to-day is looking to legislation to right all wrongs, and another is that we absolutely misconceive the objects, scope, and nature of education. In short we are attempting to supersede the office of conscience by legislation, even as we are attempting by legislation to correct the effects of our absurd and utterly mistaken educational system.

The two things are inseparably connected, and the whole double subject is not by any means so complicated as it looks. Lord Rosebery, presiding recently at a meeting of the Society of Comparative Legislation, made some remarks which I very greatly admire, and which we should do well to lay to heart. He is reported to have said, *inter alia*—

A Ministry now, to whatever party it may belong, reckons its Acts of Parliament at the end of a Session as a sportsman reckons his bag. I belong to that small school which does not believe that laws in the long run can greatly ameliorate humanity.

I am not sure that I do not incline to that small heresy—if it is a heresy—which believes that that State is most fortunate which achieves its own development by the character and efforts of its citizens, as little as possible supported and guided by legislation.

For years a distressing and discreditable wrangle has been proceeding over this most vexed question of education, and yet we are as far off as ever from any solution of a satisfactory nature.

It is not by the formulation of elaborate and costly schemes of universal technical education, or the equally costly and futile promotion of complicated Bills in Parliament, that the nation is going to be saved. We are face to face with a burning crisis, and it is time we left quibbling and realised true issues.

What is essential is that we should cultivate conscience, inculcate honesty, teach our boys to hate a mean or cruel action, and to despise the self-made millionaire, instead of, as now, holding him up as an example to emulate.

There is a melancholy grotesqueness in the fact that to-day while with one hand we are secularising and commercialising our educational system, striving to fit our boys for a commercial career, encouraging them to cultivate "smartness" with a view to achieving success in one or other walk of life in which notoriously nothing but roguery can succeed, with the other hand we are handicapping them by legislation—laws to regulate Company promotion, laws to suppress adulteration of food and drugs, money-lending Acts, anti-gambling Acts, Merchandise Marks Acts, Secret Commission Acts, and so *ad infinitum*.

We are training up a nation of sharpers, and seeking to defend society from the results by legislation. We have been called a nation of shopkeepers. There is no disgrace in that, if our shopkeeping is honest, but to-day it is not. If it is true that a house divided against itself shall not stand, it is perfectly certain that a commercial community whose whole system is impregnated with dishonesty, roguery, and sharp practice is bound to fall.

I would go a good deal further than Lord Rosebery, and say that I believe it would be a good thing for the country if we were to give Parliament a ten years' holiday, and thus throw upon the people the onus of putting their house in order. Probably we should very soon find the necessity of forming Vigilance Committees, which, after all, are a healthy and spontaneous manifestation of the conscience of a community.

The futility of our modern Party-made legislation is constantly being illustrated in a manner often ludicrous, sometimes tragic, as in the case of the first sitting of the new Court of Criminal Appeal, when, through the imperfect provisions of the Act, the Court found itself compelled to release a prisoner convicted of the manslaughter of his child, through a technical inaccuracy in the charge upon which he had been convicted. Could anything more humiliating be imagined?

But in no direction is the futility of our legislation

more glaringly exhibited than in connection with Company Law. The whole history of the Companies Acts from 1862 to the present day is one continuous record of futile attempts to rectify in detail what is wrong in principle—to correct by legislation the mischief wrought by a piece of legislation bad morally, legally, and economically.

The essence of Limited Liability is that it is of the nature of a decoy, to induce people to invest their money carelessly. It appeals to the speculative or gambling instinct of men, a fact which was immediately, and has been ever since, fully appreciated by fraudulent promoters to their own advantage, the detriment of society, and the confusion of justice. The prime feature of Limited Liability is that it is the rogue's opportunity.

We are all familiar with the cry of the Bucket-Shop, "The loss is limited. The profits are unlimited." And those of us who have been caught (as I was many years ago) know too late that it is nearly always the limited loss which occurs, just as at Monte Carlo, and that the Bucket-Shop, like the Casino Company, lives on the losses of its "clients," lives, and grows exceedingly fat on them.

The principle of Limited Liability is exactly the same. The man who takes up shares in a new company should properly exercise precisely the same caution that he would were he entering into a private partnership, but it is notorious that he

does not. He looks at the limited liability and is dazzled by it, fancies that he can afford the loss if it occurs, easily persuading himself that it will not, and, the gambling instinct that is latent in most of us coming into play, he decides to chance it.

Later on, when the inevitable loss is confirmed, he finds he cannot afford it as easily as he fancied.

What is it but Limited Liability that has bred that modern race of social scourges, the pirates of finance, some of whom have been brought to justice, while others have successfully eluded the grasp of the law so far? In the course of their meteoric careers the public have been defrauded on a colossal scale, while the criminal has posed as a leader of Society and fashion, or as a shining light of the Church, or even in some instances as an associate of Royalty. Limited Liability is the stagnant pool that breeds this race of financial, malarial mosquitoes, and until we clear that pool away the breed will continue to flourish and to prey upon and infect society.

All that we have been attempting by piecemeal legislation, by the bewildering mass of amendments and additions to the Companies Acts for the past forty-six years, can be effectively achieved only by the repeal of the original Act of Limited Liability and a return to Unlimited Liability.

I can quite imagine the howl of derision with which my denunciation of the principle of limited

liability will be met, and am quite prepared to meet it. It will be pointed out to me very plausibly that limited liability has fostered industrial activity, has created an enormous impulse in business, and, in short, is the mainstay of our commercial system to-day.

To that I would reply that it has fostered an enormous amount of spurious business, has given a tremendous impulse to speculation, and that its tendency on the whole is to demoralise our commercial life. And if any one is not satisfied of the truth of this from his own daily observation, let him read the annual reports of the Inspector-General in Bankruptcy.

I affirm without hesitation that there has been nothing done by Limited Liability enterprise that could not have been done just as well under the old system of unlimited liability, by which those who claimed the profits were prepared to take the risks, and justice was done to creditors.

Quite apart from the Stock Exchange aspect of Limited Liability an enormous amount of mischief results from it in other ways. Who, for instance, is not familiar with the change that comes over an old-established industrial concern when it is "converted"? The hustling, the sweating, the retrenchment all round in order that the Directors can meet the Shareholders with the announcement of big dividends?

When I first went to the City, early in the seventies, the counting-house staff of old-established and respectable firms comprised mostly men of middle age, or more, and the work was well done; but to-day you see none but boys and girls in City offices, under the supervision of a chief clerk in a glass case, who is held responsible for the control of the work, and draws the only decent salary paid.

Even the Banks follow the fashion to a certain extent to-day, with the natural result that the old standard of efficiency and almost infallibility in the clerical work of banking is a thing of the past.

For a man of over forty years of age to seek a position as a clerk in London, or any of our big cities, is absolutely useless. No matter how good a man he may be, he is age-barred, and every door is closed to him.

Where is the old or middle-aged clerk of the past—such an one as Charles Lamb sketched in one of his delightful Essays? You will find him all over the world in various degrees of destitution and despair,—a refugee, an exile,—driven to flight from England by the greed of employers for big profits, by the greed of shareholders for big dividends.

And yet we affect to wonder how it is that the vast army of the Unemployed—which is one of the



most disgraceful features of our modern commercial civilisation—is ever growing! Not only in London and all our great cities and towns, but in all the towns and cities of our Colonies there is a huge unemployed population, ever growing.

Attempts have been made to soothe our national conscience by saying that the bulk of the unemployed are unemployable, but this is not only an obvious absurdity—it is a colossal injustice. I could quote numerous instances within my own personal knowledge, of men of the most unimpeachable character and highest ability who have been cut adrift late in life solely on the Age-bar, and in order to make room for cheap juniors. And when, in due course, these juniors reach the age-limit, they too will be ruthlessly discarded, except in the cases of such as have displayed unusual ability in the direction of crushing their fellow-employees, and elbowing themselves to the front rank—which is what we term “smartness.”

There can be no manner of doubt that it is largely our stupid educational system which has produced the problem of the Unemployed. That system by which we have, at ruinous cost to the unfortunate ratepayer, forced upon the entire population indiscriminately an elaborate, costly, useless, and utterly unsuitable schooling, losing sight entirely of the obvious fact that only a very small percentage of scholars are capable of utilising

such schooling, and that these would in any case naturally come to the front.

The School Board Act of 1870 wisely provided for the *three R's* and a rate of about a halfpenny, and we ought to have stuck to that, for it gave every one a chance, instead of which, following blindly the lead of enthusiasts, dreamers, and faddists,—so-called “progressives,”—we are ruining the ratepayer in order to create a nation of clerks.

The almost total extinction of the agricultural labourer and of the domestic servant, the depopulation of rural England and the corresponding congestion of town populations, the overgrowth of London, with all the problems attaching to it, the monster problem of the Unemployed which is at once a menace and a reproach to our boasted civilisation,—all these are directly traceable in a large measure to our mistaken educational system, under which at ruinous expense we have done a great deal which we ought not to have done, leaving undone that which is of the highest importance. We have neglected the training of the rising generations in sound moral principles, the inculcation of common honesty, of manliness, industry, unselfishness, frugality, and simplicity of tastes,—in short, the principles inculcated by Christ Himself; and unless and until we fully recognise this, our civilisation will continue to be disgraced by the rapid growth of those problems which vex

us to-day, but will to-morrow overwhelm us. Now, my dear, distressed, Reverend Friend, now is the opportunity for your Church to come to the rescue and do her duty.

We want one or two very strong men in the Church and in Parliament, men above the fear of wealthy congregations or of angry constituencies, above all party considerations or personal ambitions, to take the lead in opening the eyes of the public to these things—in denouncing in plain, familiar, vigorous language, such as Christ Himself would use were He here, the vital wrongs, follies, and abuses of our twentieth-century civilisation.

We want men able to appeal successfully to the manliness that yet remains in us, to teach us to hate and despise all the meanness and littleness of our exaggerated modern commercialism.

Could such men be found—and I doubt very much if we could find them—willing to face even the fear of the modern equivalent of crucifixion—social ostracism—it is possible some good might result.

The remedy for our national sickness is in the hands of the people. All the machinery required is ready to our hands. Our representative system is complete; it only remains to arouse the people, especially the oppressed middle classes, from the deadly apathy which possesses them, into active appreciation of the dangers multiplying around

and to realise their duty as citizens to bestir themselves if only in the direction of exercising far greater care as to the men they elect to represent them in Parliament, on the County Council, on Boards of Guardians, and elsewhere.

Surely the energies and resources of the Church would be better employed in studying these vital questions than in discussing the legality or otherwise of a screen, a vestment, a gesture, or a candle?

## CHAPTER III

### THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS

THERE are a good many things which we to-day are in the habit of accepting or enduring as inseparably associated with what we are pleased to felicitate ourselves upon as our progressiveness, and which it is exceedingly difficult to criticise without incurring the charge of attacking one or other of the liberties of the subject.

One of these things is the liberty of the Press, and though I am by no means an advocate of any avoidable curtailment of any of our liberties, I certainly think that a very strong case could be made out to-day for some sort of censorship.

If it is true, as I have said, that our imperfect system of elementary education is largely responsible for the extinction of the hewers of wood and drawers of water, for rural depopulation and urban congestion, and for the problem of the Unemployed—it is, I think, equally true that a most potent co-operating factor in these results is

to be detected in the influence of the modern Press.

Fifty years ago the entire nation was not possessed of the newspaper habit, was not afflicted with the incessant itch to be reading the so many columns of printed matter which it is the business or trade of editors to turn out per day. And I venture to think that fifty years ago we were, on the whole, a rather happier and better people than we are to-day, and that on the whole life was better worth living for the majority, notwithstanding the enormous strides we have since taken in Applied Science and in Journalism.

To-day the newspaper rules—it is accessible to everybody. Even those who cannot afford a half-penny to buy it, nevertheless read it. As your morning train draws up at the platform at Waterloo, or King's Cross, the passengers have no sooner alighted than the carriages are invaded by the guards, porters, cleaners, and hangers-on of the terminus, who clear the compartments of the papers which careless passengers leave behind. Other passengers give their papers to the driver as they pass the engine. Cabby reads the paper his fare has left in the cab.

If you take a walk down the Embankment at noon, every seat is crowded with artisans—all reading papers. Even the starving outcast who rushes to open your cab-door as it pulls up,

and who will sleep on the Embankment at night, not knowing when he will taste food again, has no difficulty in finding a discarded newspaper, and will read, perhaps, the following:—

PEARLS WORTH £70,000

Pearls are popular with Society just now. As a result they fetch prodigious prices. Even a short string of well matched specimens costs thousands. At Dudley's recently a rope realised £22,000, while £16,600 was paid at Christie's for Mrs. Lewis Hill's pearl necklace. Dealers and Society dames will to-morrow vie with each other for possession of a marvellous collection of these ornaments to be sold by Messrs. Debenham and Storr, of King Street, Covent Garden. Valued at £70,000, they comprise all shapes and sizes, etc. etc.

What will be the probable effect upon the mind of this poor starving wretch, or even upon the minds of countless struggling clerks, shop-assistants and factory-workers, who can scarce keep body and soul together by incessant and monotonous drudgery in the most unwholesome and dismal surroundings?

Is it not a case where ignorance would be bliss?

It is the incessant brooding by ill-regulated minds upon the unwise and needless revelations of Society doings and Society luxury that produces that universal discontent which finds expression in the development of the Anarchist,

among other forms of criminality. And no wonder!

During my wanderings of the past ten years, I have often lived in places where I have had to experience a famine of reading; where, if a newspaper six months old came into my possession, I would read it even to the advertisements.

I recently lived for seven months in a small Arab town in a certain part of Africa, where I was often for weeks together the only European in the place, which was 100 miles from the nearest port of call for ocean steamers, and had a population of about 500, Arabs and Swahilis—none too friendly—with about an equal number of cows, camels, donkeys, goats, and sheep.

Here, as may be supposed, I was pretty hard up for reading matter, and my joy may be imagined when I received a parcel of newspapers from a friend down South.

To my intense chagrin and disappointment I found on opening the parcel that the majority of the papers were of that class whose editors seem to think that nothing can interest their readers so much as the records of police-court, Criminal Court, and Divorce Court proceedings, with which column after column was filled, together with sketches, taken in court, of the leading characters in the squalid stories reproduced—a melancholy and monotonous collection of detailed records



of the most sordid aspects of civilised criminal life.

I was so disgusted that, after glancing over one or two of the papers, I threw the whole lot aside, and it came as a distinct shock to me to think that in London, the very centre of Civilisation, a sufficient number of readers could be found to keep these papers going.

The influence of such journalistic garbage as this upon the morbid and criminally imitative mind of the lowest class of readers is obvious, and I do not hesitate to express my opinion that an enormous quantity of matter such as fills these papers ought not to be permitted publication at all. It cannot be pretended by any one that it meets any public want, and the tendency of such matter is distinctly in the direction of promoting the increase of our "educated" criminal classes.

With the enormous extension of the newspaper habit there is, of course, a corresponding increase of editorial responsibility, yet although the editors of certain classes of our daily journals and monthly magazines are fond of talking shop to their readers and figuring about as the "harassed editor" to an extent unknown until recently, there exists great need of educating these gentlemen into a proper understanding of the true nature of their responsibilities, and, in

some instances, of driving the lesson home in a forcible manner.

I allude more particularly to that class of editors who have taken the lead in increasing the circulation of their halfpenny journals by the promotion of "competitions" of a gambling nature, such as, for instance, the notorious "Limerick."

These, cynically appealing especially to young people of the middle classes, and finding entry into every household, are responsible for a vast impetus to popular gambling of a kind that is the more injurious in that it is insidious and unsuspected.

The legal status of these competitions has, I believe, not yet been defined, but everybody knows that in effect they are of a gambling nature, and if only for the mere waste of time and mental energy which could and should be better employed, they call for stern repression.

I have often been vexed and grieved to see young folk spending whole evenings in poring over these stupid inanities, instead of taking some wholesome recreation, or sound reading.

Such editors, hypocritically posing, as some of them do by means best known to themselves, as friends of the poor, are, to my mind, among the worst foes of society, and stand in need of the sternest disciplinary correction to bring them

to a proper recognition of their editorial responsibilities.

So large a proportion of the revenue of the modern newspaper is derived from advertisements, many indeed being entirely supported by this means, that it is not to be expected that an attack upon the abuses of advertising will meet with very warm support from any journalistic quarter.

Thus it is that the abuses of Advertising and of Journalism go hand in hand, and are mutually supporting each other. They have joined forces in an alliance so powerful for mischief that it would require a very strong movement of public feeling to bring about any reform.

As regards a Censorship of the Press, I confess there is little to be hoped for in that direction, for so vast would be the undertaking, if it were to be at all effective, that nothing less than a Government department could deal with it, with a head and subordinates of such high intelligence and impenetrable integrity as in the present state of society we could have little hope of finding. For, of course, the officials of such a department would be assailed with temptation from all points, and nothing is easier than to evade the provisions of the Secret Commissions Act.

No. Our only hope for a real reform of our Free Press lies in the improvement of public morality, and it is a poor one. I am not so

romantic as to suppose or expect any general improvement in the moral sense of Society to immediately follow this exposure of a few of the blemishes of our modern Civilisation. I am too well acquainted with human nature, and have no belief in its essential progressiveness. Human nature to-day is essentially what it always has been, and always will be — certainly no better, perhaps no worse than in former times.

My object in touching upon these few very conspicuous imperfections of our twentieth-century commercial civilisation is just to point out that they are universal and everyday influences which would have to be practically reckoned with in any serious endeavour to improve our social status.

It is these things, my dear, distressed, Reverend Friend (and through you I address your Church), that produce many of the effects you so much deplore—the decay of reverence, the falling-off of attendance at church, the universal desire to get rich quickly and by any means rather than the giving of value for money, the senseless luxury, the cruel oppression of the working classes, both middle and lower, by the self-made millionaire; all these things and the resultant problems of unemployment, rural depopulation, urban congestion, increase of criminality, gambling and pauperism, etc. And it is only by a courageous

deviation from stereotyped methods that the Church can expect successfully to combat those influences.

You are also viewing with concern and alarm the progressive falling off in the birth and marriage rates. How can you be surprised at this? Men naturally hesitate, in view of the constantly increasing penalties of civilised life to-day, to incur the rapidly-growing responsibilities of matrimony. Matrimony is to-day only for the wealthy; at any rate so the people are beginning to regard it, and until some material improvement takes place in our social economy, matters in this respect will most infallibly go from bad to worse.

Looking at the numerous and serious flaws in our present-day civilisation, it seems to me that there is more to blush for than to be proud of in it. A Civilisation that can tolerate these things, that can tolerate the square leagues of squalid misery comprised in the greater part of London, such as Bethnal Green, Haggerston, Hoxton, Homerton, Finsbury, Camden and Kentish Towns, and that can go and enjoy itself (for at least that infinitesimal portion of society that calls itself Society) at Ascot, at Henley, at Hurlingham, at Goodwood—regardless of the wretchedness of the great majority—is no true civilisation, but a veneered savagery, doomed — like many better

civilisations that have gone before—to extinction at no very distant day, unless we can, before it is too late, rekindle the spark of a nobler manliness so nearly dead, and learn to live a little less each one for himself, a little more for the betterment of mankind.

## CHAPTER IV

### RELIGION, SCIENCE, AND ATHEISM

CHARLES LAMB, in one of his Essays, remarks that he often found more entertainment and edification in his own thoughts than in reading.

With me it is Hobson's choice, for down at Vernon Farm, in the midst of my swamps and forests, I so often am debarred the solace of reading, that I am perforce compelled to entertain myself with my own reflections, and a favourite subject of contemplation and of argument with myself is the relation of Science and Religion; between which so many people seem to think there is, if not active antagonism, at least a state of armed neutrality. That this should appear so to any well-regulated mind appears to me inexplicable. To my mind the relations of Religion and Science, so far from being antagonistic, or even neutral, are, as the relations of man and woman have recently been defined in connection with the "Suffragette Question" at home, complementary.

Moreover, I find in the contemplation of scientific research the strongest possible aid and ally in the development of true religious feeling. For what is Science but the discovery of Nature, and what are the works of Nature but the works of God? And this being so, is it conceivable that any knowledge we may possibly acquire by the aid of Science can ever lead us to anything but a deeper reverence and admiration for the Almighty? Assuredly not.

In the pursuit of knowledge we can have nothing to fear. Man possesses the gift of intelligence, and clearly he is fully justified in exercising it to the utmost extent. Such was evidently the intention of his Maker. There can be no possible danger in pressing our inquiries through every branch of Science to the utmost limits of our intelligence, and those limits are very soon reached. For, after all, human intelligence, though so far higher than that of the animals with whom we share identical physical construction and conditions, and whose physical gifts are often so much greater than ours, is but a poor thing, which, when it has exhausted all the channels of scientific research in the acquisition of knowledge, stands in confessed helplessness in the presence of the Unknown and Unknowable.

The vast and fascinating fields of knowledge opened to us by the study of Astronomy, for



instance, are but the millionth part of a drop in the ocean of what, in that direction alone, lies utterly beyond our powers of discovery or conception. We can trace the beginnings of animated life down to the minutest germ or cell, and talk about Evolution; but that is but a word, and we cannot get beyond it, to the origin and nature of Life itself, or of Will or Consciousness.

The limits of our power to learn the physical history of the Earth we inhabit even, are strictly defined. We may pursue the study of Geology, tracing step by step the marvellous and romantic story of the successive stages of development through which Old Earth has passed, backward and ever backward until the rock-written records fail us, and we reach the stage of theory. Beyond this the blank wall of the Unknown and Unknowable stops us, forcing upon us the alternatives of believing either that all things had a blind, accidental, irresponsible beginning, or that a Supreme Intelligence orders and controls Creation.

And which of these alternatives is the more possible and reasonable? Unquestionably the latter. Perhaps the most impressive way of discovering the helpless limitation of our intelligence is to take a thoughtful survey of the sky on a clear starry night, and to attempt to grasp the idea of unlimited or endless space into which we are gazing.

With every improvement and increase of power in the telescope, new worlds, farther and yet farther away, are revealed, and the mind staggers in the attempt to realise the awful immensities perceptible even to our poor senses by scientific aid. We are, in fact, gazing right into eternity, and our minds cannot grasp the idea.

In view of these things, Atheism appears to me to be a disease of the mind, and a man who openly professes that he does not believe in God, merely discloses the fact that he is suffering from a form of insanity—that his mind is imperfect or diseased. It is impossible for a healthy and well-ordered mind—a mind capable of perceiving and correctly interpreting the evidences amidst which we live—to avoid the belief in a God. If a man declares to me that he is an Atheist, I do not at once believe him. It is easier to profess Atheism than to practise it. Watch that man's behaviour during an abnormally terrible thunderstorm, or some other occasion involving imminent danger to life, and you will probably be able to detect his weakness.

There is a saying, "God made the country—Man made the town," to which some wag has added "and the Devil made the suburbs." At home, nowadays, nobody leads a country life, except a few ancient ladies, and a few farmers who have survived the stress of the past fifty years of "progress." Wealthy people have their country-

houses, which they temporarily inhabit when fashion moves them to do so, but the House-Party life is not country life. The modern country-house imports as much as possible of the atmosphere of Town into its economy, and too often House-Party life is vulgar, frivolous, and even childish.

Professional men who can afford to make their homes twenty, thirty, or fifty miles from town, and travel up by rail daily, cannot be said to live in the country. They carry Town with them, in their clothes, in their papers, and in the Town interests from which they cannot separate themselves. The son of the village grocer, Board School "educated," despises and is ashamed of his father's trade, and has one ambition—to go to London and be a clerk.

With the daughter of the small farmer—where such exist to-day—it is the same. She despises the cares of poultry or of dairy, and longs to go to London, to enter one of the great drapery houses which sell everything, or to be a typist. As in the case of the son of the village grocer, her Board School "Education" has given her a "soul" above country life, and to London she will go—most probably to bitterly repent it within a year.

The decay of reverence, the disappearance of rural simplicity, are directly traceable to the metropolitanisation of the country by various agencies constantly at work—by the effects of

Board School "Education," by the needless multiplication of railways, by the modern halfpenny paper, by the motor-car.

Metropolitanism makes for irreligion as infallibly as the atmosphere of towns makes for physical deterioration. The people who live in towns miss the influence of that continual contact with Nature which conduces so vitally to an active apprehension of the Almighty; and as the metropolitanisation of England progresses, so in corresponding degree that influence declines, and thus we are face to face with a gradual but steady movement in the direction of Unbelief, a movement so pronounced, and so far advanced, that one might almost say that already vast numbers, perhaps the great majority of people, have lost all practical belief in God, in that such belief is not of sufficient vitality to be of avail in the regulation of their lives and conduct.

We still loudly profess Christianity, but do we practise it?

Where is the man in London who loves his neighbour as himself? Where is the Millionaire who will obey Christ's injunction — "Go, sell all thou hast, and give to the poor"? Self-made millionaires we have, it is true, who give away yearly vast sums of money—a trifling proportion of what they have amassed by plundering the public—by way of advertising themselves as

philanthropists, and without depleting their bank-balances so far that there is any need of denying themselves the last luxury invented. In this class of charity there is no virtue. The widow's mite is of more avail.

There is infinitely more virtue in those acts of private, secret, unorganised charity which proceed direct from the heart, relieving individual cases of distress, and costing the giver some real deprivation, than in the endless, loudly-advertised giving, which is a favourite form of conscience salve with some of our too successful millionaires; and if these gentlemen really and honestly desire to make atonement for their past misdeeds, they would do well to remember the homely proverb, that "charity begins at home," and by making themselves personally acquainted with cases of distress among their neighbours—especially among their own employees—they could, with far less expenditure, achieve much more good and find a far deeper consolation.

We are warned against "Indiscriminate Charity" to-day, because of the numbers of the Impostor class. But what has created this class? The restraint of true charity, and precisely those influences—peculiar to this Age of progress and enlightenment—which have produced the hustling, Self-made Millionaire, which make it harder every day for honest men to live, and which

result from the decay of reverence and the decay of the fear of God.

The intimate acquaintance with the wonders of Nature, of Creation, so greatly assisted by scientific research, is one of the most powerful antidotes to the decay of reverence and of the fear of God that can be conceived, but in overcrowded and metropolitanised England it is becoming more difficult every year to attain this. That is one of my reasons for living here in the heart of the African wilderness.

The aid of Science in discovering and deciphering the lessons of Creation, while so powerfully contributing to true religious feeling, is of vast service to mankind in the detection and denunciation of Error, Superstition, Bigotry, and those clouds of mystery and obscurity with which Churchmen of all times and all Churches, who have preferred their own particular Church to the welfare of mankind, have loved to invest simple truth, with the object of obtaining converts by appealing to the vulgar craving for the marvellous or miraculous.

Did not Christ Himself say "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after signs and wonders"? To my mind the whole family of man-invented miracles appears stupid and insignificant compared with the growth of my sunflowers—now in their full glory.

The craving for the Supernatural might really be more correctly defined as a craving for the Unnatural. For those who have eyes to see, ears to hear, and souls to appreciate, there are miracles enough surrounding us, every day of our lives, on every page of the Book of Nature.

I have heard the voice of God equally in the howling of wolves at midnight in the vast pine forests of British Columbia, in the incomparably awful thunder of Corisco Bay in Spanish Guinea, in the sweet song of the pied wagtail at sunrise at my hut door here, in the roar of the West Coast tornado approaching through the great Congo bush, and day and night in the countless voices of Nature all round.

I have seen His hand equally in the beauty of an Arab horse at Mombasa, in the marvellous colouring of the Indian Ocean just before sunset from the vast beach of Mombui, in the solemn grandeur of the great mangrove forests that line the rivers of the West Coast, in the superb butterflies that haunt the upper reaches of those rivers, even in the matchless, airy grace of the mosquito, as he alights upon my hand with bloodthirsty intent. And looking into the awful depths of the star-lit night-sky, who can fail to be impressed with that very obvious truth, that to the Almighty all things are possible?

The human race—like all races inhabiting this

Earth—comes under the Common Law of Nature, and is governed by it, inexorably and inflexibly, and I do not find it either necessary or possible—either for the worship of God, or for faith in the unexampled teaching of Christ—to believe in any supernatural, unnatural, miraculous deviations from the eternal laws of Nature, the eternal laws of God ; or that the Almighty would, on any human occasion, for any human purpose, sanction any sort of aberration or deviation from those Laws, thus stultifying Himself.

I do not propose to enter upon that thorny topic—the subject of such far-reaching and bitter controversy—the story of the Immaculate Conception, regarding which I have seen, but confess I have not had the patience to read, miles of controversial print.

Whatever may have been the circumstances surrounding the birth and parentage of Christ, about which such vast webs of obscurity have come to be woven by priestcraft, all this does not affect the excellence of His teaching, which is what we should lay to heart.

I do not advocate the Disestablishment of the Church, any more than the abolition of the House of Lords, but I certainly think the time has come for the Church to put her house in order, if she is to maintain her place in our national economy as the custodian of the nation's conscience in any really effective degree, and that in the house of



the Church there is a great deal which could be advantageously dispensed with or reformed, in order that a return to greater simplicity might be attained, and the altered needs of the present day better provided for.

## CHAPTER V

### HAPPINESS AND SIMPLICITY

**M**ANKIND desires happiness, which is quite right and natural, as we are justified in supposing that when the Almighty created man it was His intention and wish that he, like the rest of created beings, should enjoy life to the utmost extent of his varied capabilities.

Somehow or other, however, we do not seem quite to have succeeded in this laudable aspiration, and whilst we are all struggling hard individually for the realisation of our various ideals, the results in the aggregate are most disappointing; for while the vast majority fail, even those who succeed too often find no satisfaction in the attainment of their object.

This is mainly due to the fact that we do not on the whole realise the conditions under which we live, that man is a gregarious animal, and that the co-operation and welfare of our fellows is essential to each one of us, both for our existence and our enjoyment of life.

We partially realise this on board ship. I have observed that during long voyages, when a certain number of passengers are unavoidably associated, there is generally a disposition on the part of each and all to render that enforced association as agreeable as possible by mutual kindness and forbearance, and such of us as have travelled often and far can recall many voyages as among the happiest episodes of life, for that reason.

The world is only a larger ship, upon which mankind is unavoidably associated during the voyage of life, and could we only succeed in recognising it universally, the application of the same principle would produce similar results. It is a curious thing that a truth so obvious as that the simplification of our tastes and habits of life is one of the shortest cuts to contentment and happiness, should need so much insisting upon, but so it is. It stands to reason that the simpler our tastes and habits are, the better chance we have of satisfying them.

I am not preaching what I have not practised, for it has been a fancy with me all my life to cultivate the simplest possible habits of life, and to find my pleasures amongst the best and least costly—those of Nature. When, some years ago, I was making a good income in London I lived very easily upon one-third of it, thus providing for a “rainy day,” and at the same time being enabled—

as was my privilege at times—to help a friend in need.

Since I have become a world wanderer I have found my early habit of spare living of the greatest help to me, as in the course of my travels I have had abundant opportunities of finding out practically how very few and simple are the real needs of man.

Personally, I have no longing whatever for the great majority of the luxuries of civilisation, which I look upon as expensive rubbish, and when I read in a newspaper of a pearl necklace being purchased for £16,600, I confess I really cannot avoid a slight feeling of anger at what appears to me to be a waste of money, seeing how useful even a tenth part of that sum would be to me, or many another struggling victim of twentieth-century "Civilisation."

I covet no man his riches, and I fully recognise that while human nature remains what it is there must always be rich and poor. Generally speaking a man reaps as he sows, in this world, and the man who deliberately devotes his life and soul to piling up money quite commonly succeeds. But he does not get happiness.

How many examples the history of society during the past fifty years affords of millionaires who have been the most miserable of men! We need not name them. They are notorious.

Yet, oddly enough, we do not learn the lesson, and to-day the first idea of happiness with most people is to get rich quickly.

So far as I can judge from my occasional newspapers, Society is rather disposed to smile at those who are advocating the "Simple Life" at home, but I regard their crusade as a step in the right direction—a hopeful sign—and they have my cordial sympathy.

Another small indication of a tendency to return to common sense in our pleasures is the newly-arisen popularity of the caravan as a means of quietly enjoying (so far as may be possible in these days of motor-car tyranny) the charms of rural England.

But to the caravan-tourist I would say—"Let your motive power be good horse-flesh. Do not desecrate the sweet English lanes with any motor-driven drawing-room on wheels. Let your out-fit be as plain and simple as you can. It is an insult to the beauty of Nature to whirl through the country in an imported section of superfluous metropolitan luxury."

And this brings me to the Motor-car—the millionaire's plaything, which I believe a good many right-minded people at home will agree with me in regarding with utter detestation; and the pastime of motoring as the most extravagant, selfish, and childish pursuit ever

yet devised by the thoughtless devotees of pleasure.

I have never been one of those who say that in England there is one law for the rich and another for the poor; but in connection with motoring, and the extraordinary toleration it has met with, I am almost tempted to agree with that opinion. Twenty-five years ago I was a rider of the bicycle, and I well recollect the police prohibiting me from riding in the outer circle of Regent's Park at six miles an hour. But the cyclists are a feeble folk, and poor.

Now the motorist, protected by his "scouts," and undeterred by fear of fines which his bloated purse robs of all meaning, has destroyed for ever the old-time charm of rural peace and quiet. He destroys our roads, turns our streets and lanes into shambles, stifles us with dust and stinking petrol, insults us with his hooter, ruins all roadside property, and plays a hundred devilish and exasperating pranks upon us both by day and by night, with absolute impunity, the little opposition he meets with being but partial, sporadic, and half-hearted. Everybody is afraid to tackle him, because he is rich—he represents Smart Society.

It reflects the greatest credit on the law-abiding instinct of the British public that it has not long ere this taken the law into its own hands, and

by universal reprisals put an end to what is nothing less than a perfect curse to the country. The case of the motorist nuisance is essentially one in which our statecraft fails. For what does a Government exist if not to protect the people?

And whence arises the extraordinary diffidence, or apathy, with which all our present-day Governments regard this increasingly terrible nuisance? Is it from a morbid and mistaken fear of attacking the liberty of the subject?

What is the proportion of the motorist class to the total population of England whom they slaughter, torture, terrorise, damage, and annoy so freely?

And lastly, supposing a poorer class of people were to invent, for their own exclusive amusement, some pastime inflicting on all the rest of society only a half of the suffering inflicted by the motorist, would it be permitted for a single day?

Three years ago, whilst I was in England on a visit, there occurred amongst the daily tale of motor-car disasters one of a peculiarly grievous and tragic nature, with reference to which the following letter appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

SIR,—The shocking and lamentable fatality on Esher Hill on Saturday evening brings before us irresistibly and in a most lurid light the whole question of motor traffic on our roads. In this case, as in many recent cases of motor

accidents (fatal or otherwise), it appears to be clear that there was no excessive speed or reckless driving, and that the driver of the motor-car was not in any way to blame.

Surely, Sir, the moral of these cases must be obvious to any sane mind, viz., the utter unfitness of motor traffic, under any restrictions as to speed, for our highways.

The panacea put forward by the Hon. John Scott-Montagu, the Hon. Arthur Stanley, and others, which consists of the elimination of the inconsiderate driver (or "road-hog"), is surely completely refuted when we read, day after day, of distressing accidents (often fatal) in which the drivers of the cars concerned are exonerated from all blame.

Surely, Sir, by now it must be abundantly apparent, even to the densest mind, that the only and very obvious remedy for the awful state of our public roads lies in the total prohibition of motoring. Some years ago, when I was a bicyclist, I remember the authorities prohibiting us from riding around the outer circle of Regent's Park, and it is difficult indeed to reconcile this prohibition with the extraordinary indulgence shown by the same authorities to the really dangerous and senseless craze of "motoring" on the public roads. One really cannot help wondering that, in presence of the sickening succession of ghastly accidents constantly occurring, anybody has the stomach for pursuing such a stupid, dangerous, and expensive fad.

Fines for reckless driving are admittedly useless as a deterrent, and the substitution of terms of imprisonment will be equally useless to prevent the constant recurrence of fatal accidents, so long as the use on the public highways is tolerated of death-dealing machines which no amount of care and skill can deprive of their deadliness.—I am, Sir,  
your obedient servant, C.

*June 26, 1905.*

This letter seems to me to put the case against the motorist pretty clearly, and shortly afterwards a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into



the whole question of motor traffic, and to report, etc.

Practically nothing has been done, however. The question has been quietly shelved, because our elected legislators, of whom the majority are rightly accused by Mr. John Burns of possessing very little sincerity, dominated by the fear of losing votes, cannot face an unpleasant duty, but prefer to waste the time of Parliament and the nation's money in the promotion of such useless and mischievous measures as, for instance, the Old Age Pensions Bill, a piece of legislation condemned by all the common sense of the country before its third reading, but which is carried by sheer Party mechanism because it is a sop to the Socialist and Labour classes, and calculated to buy votes.

If the outraged electors of Great Britain would demand pledges from Candidates at the next General Election to support legislation for the suppression, or effectual regulation of motoring, means could soon be found for controlling those who, in the pursuit of their own pleasure, and the waste of their own money, have proved their unfitness to control themselves. The use of the Motor-car for pleasure should be limited to a prerogative of Royalty, while motor traction, under proper regulations, could still be utilised for the public services.

Thus it is in these days, that between the despairing apathy of the more sensible electors, who are so disgusted with modern parliamentary methods that they will not walk across the street to vote at election times, the malevolent activity of faddists, and the cynical insincerity of the bulk of our Members of Parliament, who, once elected, think more of Tea on the Terrace than of their duty to their constituents, our parliamentary machine fails utterly to serve the nation in any true sense, and is degenerating into a mere Party instrument for making legislative records.

The patience of the British public in the matter of the Motor-car nuisance may be commendable and admirable, but I think it is carried too far to be consistent with our proper national self-respect, as the following letter—reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 20, 1905—attempts to show:—

#### THE PATIENT PUBLIC

*To the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette*

SIR,—Patience, no doubt, is a virtue, but in these days it seems to me to be in some danger of degenerating into deplorable and culpable apathy, or criminal and contemptible toleration.

On my return to this country, after a lengthened residence in Equatorial Africa, nothing has struck me so forcibly as the incomprehensible patience (or shall we call it culpable toleration?) with which the vast majority of the people—the middle classes—submit to the various and constantly increasing burdens and disadvantages of life—burdens and

disadvantages which intelligent activity and a proper comprehension of the duties of citizenship, combined with a fearless understanding of what constitutes the greatest good of the greatest number, should be quite susceptible of removal or mitigation. In so many directions does this fatal apathy and mistaken tolerance strike one after prolonged residence abroad, that it is really difficult to select instances, and quite impossible here even to touch upon a tithe of the pitiable abuses peculiar to this age of progress and enlightenment, and remediable by the application of a sturdier and more courageous public intelligence.

One of the things that most amazes me on my return to England is the astounding stolidity with which we are submitting to the intolerable plague of the motor-car—a nuisance growing in horror every day. It does not seem to strike the public mind—notwithstanding the daily butchery, murder, suicide, and manslaughter achieved by the votaries of this utterly selfish and very childish sport—that this is a case wherein public opinion should step in and force the hand of authority in the interests of the greatest good of the greatest number. To-day society is shocked and horrified by the cruel slaughter of an unfortunate little boy on the high road, in the once quiet little village of Markyate Street, in Bedfordshire, and the flight of the perpetrator without stopping to inquire as to the fate of the poor little victim. To-morrow we shall have forgotten all about it.

Formerly we all had a right to the road, its use and enjoyment. Now the use of the road is so full of danger and inconvenience that no one who can avoid it will travel on the highway, while the enjoyment of the road, whether by horsemen, drivers, cyclists, or pedestrians, is utterly gone. The peacefulness of the country—once the great charm of old England—is absolutely banished for ever, just because a handful of wealthy, selfish idiots choose to indulge in the childish pastime of playing at engine-driving on the high road. It does not seem to strike the mind of the public that this handful of selfish and childish people possesses no moral right to inflict its unspeakable nuisance on the great majority, or that that majority does certainly

possess the undoubted moral right to insist that that nuisance shall be absolutely and at once ended; yet so it is, and if only our intelligence could revert to the old-fashioned, elemental appreciation of what is right and best, the greatest good of the greatest number—instead of continually losing itself in a maze of legal quibbles, which nowadays replaces our natural discrimination between right and wrong—a remedy could very soon be found for this and many other abuses, which go so far to hamper and destroy the enjoyment and comfort of daily life in England to-day.

The piling up of the rates, the wicked squandering of public money in pulling down miles of streets in old London in order to make artistic vistas to please the eye of the foreign critic, the absurdities perpetrated in the name of education, the plague of advertising, whereby we see the once picturesque countryside turned into a vast hoarding, blatant with pills and soaps, for the sake of a few miserable shillings' rent in the pockets of a few grasping landowners or farmers,—all these things are real and very striking nuisances which a healthy and vigorous public opinion should find means of checking or ending, and the toleration of which unquestionably indicates a fatal apathy or lethargy on the part of the ratepayers, who prefer, apparently, to leave the management of their affairs, and even the spending of their hard-earned money, in the hands of any shop-keeping Jacks-in-office who for their own private ends interest themselves in municipal life.

These things strike one very forcibly on returning to England after an absence of years, and unavoidably create a feeling of wonder at the inexplicable patience which can endure what should and could be cured; but when, venturing on a quiet walk in Surrey, I find myself hounded off the road every few minutes by the now familiar sound resembling the "honking" of a colossal goose, followed immediately by the passage at thirty or forty miles an hour of a huge ugly car enveloped in a dense cloud of dust and stinking petrol, in the midst of which sits a party of idiots with their heads absurdly swaddled to protect them from their own self-made tempest of wind and dirt,

scattering in terror and disgust the more reasonable passers-by, and missing themselves, by their insensate speed, any enjoyment of the beauty of the scenery they are so irreverently rushing through—then my mind is divided between rage and pity for poor human nature which can so forget itself; and these, I believe, are the feelings of most people. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

C.

*April 20, 1905.*

In the craze for excessive speed which nowadays is dominating us both in our work and in our play, we lose some of the best things in life. We give ourselves no time to think, and we have almost lost all capacity for the enjoyment of peace and quiet, of philosophic contemplation.

As Limited Liability has scared all sobriety out of our business methods, and motoring has driven the charm of rural England away for ever, civilised man is now hard at work endeavouring to develop the latest insanity of misapplied science—the Flying Machine, or Airship.

While all the civilised nations are groaning under the increasing burdens of naval and military armaments (simultaneously with the holding of Peace Conferences), and each and all are straining every nerve to perfect the art of aerial navigation, does any one ever stop to think what it will mean when the invention is an accomplished fact?

Life on this earth will be impossible except in bomb-proof cellars. Surely if mankind is ultimately to be so unfortunate as to achieve success

in this colossal madness, he will deserve to suffer the tremendous penalty it will prove. Nothing, however, will stop us, if the thing is possible. It is part of the fatality of that blind, unreasoning Progress of material expedients which we conceit ourselves is "progress." We shall continue to waste vast sums of money in experiments, until either we are convinced of the impossibility of perfecting aerial navigation, or until we unhappily succeed in hitting upon some workable device for flying literally in the face of Providence, and turning this fair world into a veritable Hell.

Motoring—bad as it is—at all events is confined to the surface of the earth, but what will it be when all our millionaires are darkening the sky at noon with their flying cars?

Life to-day is hardly worth living in most centres of civilisation. Even in mid-ocean now we no longer are able to escape the intrusion of "News," thanks to wireless telegraphy, and to get any peace or quiet one must get into the heart of Africa. But what will it be when these distant deserts are invaded by the aerial counterpart of the motor-car? What portion of the Earth will the millionaires allow for the use of those who are not millionaires?

If the Almighty intended man to fly He would have given him wings, and my firm opinion is that if any generally workable flying machine is

ultimately invented, and comes into anything like general use, it will prove a curse to mankind, and nothing else. Anything so flagrantly in violation of the laws of Nature is bound to prove so.

And if all the civilised nations to-day find the upkeep of huge naval and military armaments an insufferable burden, how will it be when every country will have to add to these the maintenance of huge navies of air-ships in competition with all other countries?

The idea carried to its logical conclusion seems to suggest that mankind is doomed to early extinction after the manner of the Kilkenny cats. We shall all eat each other up, and then who will possess the Earth? "The great and sane and simple race of brutes," as Tennyson has it, and then at last there will be Peace on Earth indeed.

Who was it who spoke once of "the sweet security of streets"? The motorist has changed all that. I feel far safer now among savages and wild beasts in Central Africa than in London. But where shall we turn to for safety when the navigation of the air is an accomplished fact? Of course we shall have the aerial counterpart of the Road-Hog—the Air-Hog (*Pigs will fly*), and we shall be compelled to organise and equip a special flying force of police between whom and their prey there will be constant speed competition. Will there be a speed limit? It is not likely that if the

police can achieve, say, 500 miles per minute, that the Air-Hog will rest content with a crawler incapable of beating that speed by at least a paltry 50 miles per minute!

There are people who seem to think that the annihilation of time and distance represents the height of human felicity. If they are right the millennium certainly appears to be at hand. It is not to be supposed that when we have perfected our Flying Machine it will be exempt from the general law of human fallibility. We shall have accidents—and plenty of them—compared with which the worst railway and motor-car accidents will be child's play. We shall have to sow an entirely new crop of remedial legislation.

And what will be the effect on the building trade? Our best brick and stone buildings will be unable to resist the shocks to which they will be subjected, whilst jerry-built Suburbia will go down like a house of cards.

However, it is quite needless to go further into the details of what we may expect. Any one capable of thinking can see for himself. Pity 'tis we cannot think collectively for five minutes, and stop this madness before it begins!

What is the motive of this latest craze? Can it be pretended for a moment by any sane man that humanity will be benefited? Will it really contribute to our happiness? Human intelligence



must be a poor thing indeed if it cannot avail to save us in time from this threatened unspeakable new horror about to be added to the many recent devices of man for rendering the life of his species a burden!

However, the money required will surely be forthcoming, while man's intelligence and humanity remain unequal to the task of devising either a wiser distribution of wealth or a more humane use of it. While millions of our fellow-Englishmen are struggling in continual want, there will always be plenty of self-made millionaires ready to wickedly waste the millions they have accumulated in developing this latest invention of the Devil for turning God's fair Earth into Hell.

No, our ideas of happiness are all wrong. There is really no reason why this world should not be a veritable paradise, if only that restless, reckless animal, Man, would come to his senses, and make the right and best use of the endless blessings the Almighty has surrounded us with.

Here in Uganda, the land of sunshine, the truth of the saying "that every prospect pleases, and man alone is vile" comes home with peculiar force. It would be hard to find a more beautiful prospect than that which meets the eye as you leave Entebbe and descend the hill northward. A vast panorama of high table-topped hills is disclosed. East and west lie the blue waters of

the two arms of the Lake which flank the peninsula, in the middle distance is the bold forest-covered cone of Katadi Hill, and all around in the intervening space appear the dark belts of forest, the rich green of endless banana shambas, great stretches of flat swamp, and the picturesque grass houses of natives here and there.

One ugly blot only mars the scene in one direction, and that is the Indian Township, a collection of hideous, galvanized-iron stores and petty shops a mile from Entebbe proper, lying at the foot of Katadi Hill.

Man—especially civilised man—is the only inhabitant of the earth who effectually mars the beauty of creation. Native towns do not interfere at all with natural beauty. The conical, grass huts of the Bagandas harmonise with the landscape perfectly, and I have seen in the rivers and creeks on the South-west coast, in Spanish Guinea and French Congo, native towns that were not only extremely picturesque, but in point of cleanliness and neatness would put to the blush many, or most, of our towns and villages at home.

Why should civilisation always produce ugliness in our surroundings? That it does so is beginning to be partially realised at home now, as is evidenced by the "Garden City" movement, which I am much interested to observe, and which is a step

in the right direction, for assuredly our surroundings have a great deal to do with our happiness, or should have, in all rightly constituted minds.

This movement, however, commendable as it is, is but an attempt to revive by artificial means the lost charm of picturesque old English village life—a charm which belonged to the bygone days of rural simplicity, before the sons and daughters of the village began to find out, through the media of Board School Education, the cheap Press, and the cheap railway-fare, that they had a soul above country life, and that London called them.

We shall never regain that lost charm of rural simplicity unless and until we can, by the improvement of our general moral sense and intelligence, purge our civilisation of its numerous crudities, and learn to appreciate more correctly what constitutes true happiness, learn that it does not lie in the direction of the mere getting of money by any means short of the directly illegal—that better uses are to be made of this beautiful world than discovering what percentage it can be made to yield.

## CHAPTER VI

### MONEY

THAT "rich" and "poor" are but relative and comparative expressions is a truth not appreciated even now by a good many people, especially by those who, calling themselves Socialists, advocate as one of the first tenets of their creed the equalisation of wealth; which is one of the very weakest of all the weak nostrums propounded by those people.

Were it possible to effect to-day a complete and absolutely equal distribution of the world's wealth among all people, to-morrow the old inequality would be restored automatically, human nature being what it is.

A man may be poor on £5000 a year, and his next-door neighbour rich on £500.

Further, the same man who at one period of his life could easily dispose of £5000 a year, may well deem himself wealthy at a later period on a tenth of that amount, if, in the interval, he has, by the vicissitudes of fortune, experienced real

destitution. He has had the opportunity of testing the bed-rock minimum of his real needs, and by comparison he is indeed rich if only he has the good sense to take the lesson to heart, and to simplify his mode of life, in which case he may discover that he can be far happier on £500 a year than he formerly was on £5000. It is not the amount of money we possess that makes us rich or poor, but the means we employ in accumulating it, and our method of employing it.

It is thus impossible to draw a hard-and-fast line, on the basis of figures, between rich and poor, but it is the imperative duty of society to see what can be done towards correcting the extreme discrepancy between excessive wealth and excessive poverty, or destitution.

At present our laws place no restriction on the wealth which any one man by his own exertions may amass, provided always that he does not technically infringe the law, and as our laws, though excellent, and comparing favourably in the main with those of any other country, are necessarily, being but human, imperfect, there are endless ways in which a man who is determined to attain unreasonable and excessive wealth may do so by adopting methods in violation of his conscience, but without infringing the law. This is where the excellence of the God-made Court

of Conscience implanted in every man's mind is seen over the man-made Court of Law.

But when a man deliberately sets out to become unreasonably and excessively rich, he deliberately stifles Conscience—stifles, but cannot kill it, as is evidenced by the uneasiness of some of our too successful, self-made millionaires.

However a man may elect to dispose of a portion of the surplus of his excessive wealth, it is perfectly certain that he never could have attained that wealth without in some way violating his conscience, though he may have infringed no law.

For instance, there is no law against the payment of wages at the market rate, or the freedom of contract, but when an employer strains the market conditions, already so strongly in his favour, and trades on the necessity of those he employs to screw them down to starvation rates; when he imposes a code of fines, ostensibly for the maintenance of discipline, but in reality for the reduction of his wages bill, and as an additional source of revenue, he breaks no man-made law, but he acts inhumanly, and in violation of his conscience. And these are among the commonest practices of our commercial magnates.

Again, there is no law against profiting by the fluctuation of prices on the Stock Exchange, but there are innumerable practices in constant

use for influencing those fluctuations, as in the manufacture of fictitious premium quotations at the flotation of new companies, by means of which those who have "inside knowledge" can turn an apparently accidental movement of the market into a practical and very profitable certainty for their own advantage.

In this dilemma legislation cannot help us. Were we to impose an arbitrary limit on the wealth of individuals, it would be very easily evaded. What is easier than to make a false Income Tax return? As Gilbert says in *Ruddigore*, "Everybody does it—it is expected of you."

There is nothing for it but to cultivate Conscience—to quicken and improve the moral sense of society. Could we but teach society to look upon excessive wealth askance as "bad form," it would be a step gained.

At present, however, we are so far from attaining this desirable state of moral sensibility that excessive wealth is the universal "open sesame" in Society, and we not only accept the self-made millionaire with open arms, but we deliberately shut our eyes to his past, even when in some cases he has actually been convicted of infractions of the law in connection with his business. It is astonishing how charitable Society can be when Great Wealth is concerned.

In this we are no better than savages, and it

is one of the most significant indications of our essential unprogressiveness, as the ultimate reliance of all the civilised nations of the earth on force—naval and military—for supremacy or existence, is another.

Man in the twentieth century is just as much a predatory animal as he was when he walked about in skins, and dashed his neighbour's brains out with a club before plundering his cave. To-day, instead of skins, he wears a frock-coat and silk hat, and his cave is the Board Room, the Editorial Sanctum, or the palatially furnished Managing Director's Office. And in proportion to the improvement of his cave is the increase in the vastness of his depredations on society.

The case of inherited wealth is totally different from that of the self-made millionaire. The man who is born to such great wealth that his every wish can be gratified as soon as it is formed, so far from incurring odium therefor, is entitled to our sincere commiseration, and considering the awful position of such a man, and the boundless temptations he has to contend with in order to preserve his very sanity, it is surprising and highly creditable to our hereditary aristocracy that the percentage of rank excess among them is so small.

When the Socialist mob cry, "Down with the Aristocracy, Down with the House of Lords,"



they are putting the saddle on the wrong horse entirely, and could they have their wish they would find their lot in no way improved, but most probably very much worse.

The real tyrants of society to-day are not the aristocrats, but those "Captains of Industry" afflicted with pachydermatous consciences, who have risen from the people to plunder the people; who have made money their God, and who in their pursuit of it care not whom they trample on or what means they adopt so long as they can elude the grasp of the law.

Money is not the root of all evil. It is a perfectly legitimate ingredient in our happiness, and the temperate and humane pursuit of it is commendable. It is the intemperate and inhuman pursuit of money which is dominating society just now that is the root of a vast proportion of the problems and sorrows of humanity.

Seventeen years ago I was on a tricycle-tour in the West of England, and pulled up one evening at the door of the inn in a little village called Buckland Newton, in Dorset.

At first the landlord said his house was full, but I was tired, darkness was falling, the weather was stormy, and I absolutely declined to go any farther, so, apologising for the accommodation he could offer me, he agreed to make me as comfortable as he could, in which I may add he succeeded well.

After a plain but capital dinner, I was introduced into the bar-parlour, where seated, some on benches, some on a huge, old-fashioned, semi-circular, high-backed settle which curled comfortably around the fire, I found the leading lights of the village, consisting of mine host, who combined the occupation of farming with that of innkeeping, the constable, the postmaster, and about a dozen more, and in their company, among whom I found some whose conversation was both intelligent and entertaining, I passed a very pleasant evening.

The landlord was a considerable employer of labour, and he narrated how, a short time before, there had arrived in the village from London a Socialist Labour agitator, who busied himself with stirring up discontent among the rustics. If he did not exactly tell them that they could pick up alluvial gold in Fleet Street, at all events he succeeded so well in persuading them that they could certainly get more money in London than in Dorsetshire, that very shortly after nearly all our host's labourers left him in a body, and went up to London.

The exchange from the healthy life down in Dorsetshire to the grimy surroundings of the East End, from the comfortable cottages which each had inhabited with plot of land attached, to squalid and expensive lodgings in Whitechapel, and the discovery on arrival in London that work was not to

be had, let alone gold, produced such an effect on their minds that in a very short time the whole gang quitted London, and returning in a penitent frame of mind to their old employer, begged to be reinstated, a request which he was able in most instances to grant.

This story is typical of the general tendency nowadays to look only at the money aspect of every question. Had these men succeeded in obtaining work in London, even at a higher rate of pay than they received in Dorsetshire, still they would have made an extremely bad bargain in exchanging their rural mode of life for that of London.

It is this ignorant single-sightedness for money which in the main prompts the continuous migration of the Board School Educated bumpkin from his native place to London, or some other great city, where he very soon finds out that he has to compete with the greatest abundance of the best ability of all kinds, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he gets left, and becomes a member of the Unemployed or the educated criminal classes, that astonishing outcome of twentieth-century Progress!

I have heard that some of our millionaires would be genuinely grateful for suggestions as to the best method of employing their wealth for the public good, and it has often struck me as strange that no one seems to have thought of the following,

which I put forward with all deference and humility.

Briefly, Mr. Millionaire, my plan is that you should, as far as your spare means will allow, buy up all the open land around London, at present being offered to the jerry-builder, and dedicate it to the public use for ever. This would include those old manor-houses which abound in the suburbs, the owners of which—scared by the continual encroachment of the flood of bricks and mortar all around—are every day yielding up to the inevitable, and selling as building estates.

I remember when Haringay—now a vast heaving sea of ugly streets—was a lovely green hill, known locally as the Hog's Back, or One Tree Hill, on account of a single tree at its summit.

When last in London I paid a visit to Muswell Hill, and was horrified to find where formerly stood in its own beautiful and extensive grounds "The Limes,"—once the home of the late Mr. Charles Edward Mudie, founder of the famous library in Oxford Street, and a personal friend of my father's,—a town as hideous as Clapham Junction covered the hill-top, while all along Muswell Hill Road, which formerly was a lane winding through thick woods, only broken by a few cottages and strawberry gardens, were brick villas, built with that diabolical uniformity of design peculiar to Suburbia.

I remember when Tufnell Park was all green fields, and when I was living in lodgings at Acton I saw from my windows the demolition of a beautiful old mansion called Friar's Place, and the conversion of its park into building land.

When I first knew them, Wood Green and Hornsey were truly delightful rural villages, while at Tottenham you were quite in the country. Finsbury Park was Hornsey Wood, and there were open fields around Camden Square. Brecknock Road was Maiden Lane—a charming lane winding through wide pastures and shady copses, which extended unbroken to Hampstead Heath.

Twickenham and Teddington have lost entirely their old-world charm—hideous rows of shops, noisy electric trams, and new streets, having quite revolutionised these neighbourhoods.

It is the same tale at Church End and East End, Finchley, at Hendon, at Southgate and Colney Hatch, at Putney, Kew, Wimbledon, Barnes and Mortlake; in short, the environs of London, once beautiful, are rapidly being annexed by the jerry-builder, who can only be fought with one weapon—Money.

Now, Mr. Millionaire, now is your chance to achieve undying fame, to earn the blessing of multitudes, and in conferring a really colossal boon on the public to justify yourself in the eyes of all men, for all time. If the undertaking

is beyond your means single-handed, perhaps you can induce one or two of your wealthy friends to undertake sections of the enterprise. We do not want you to incur the expense of band-stands, ugly, straight, gritty paths, formal flower-beds, Park benches, or uniformed beadles, but just to secure the land from the attacks of the jerry-builder for ever. Interesting old mansions could be let to any tenants in the usual way, and grazing also could be let for horses, cattle, and sheep.

Think it over, Mr. Millionaire. I feel confident the scheme will recommend itself to you on due consideration.

Another useful channel for the employment of your surplus millions would be to establish a Bureau for the investigation and relief of deserving and distressing cases among the unemployed. This could be classified in departments, for the labourers, clerks, shop assistants, etc., and a most valuable purpose would be served if only in the compilation of reliable statistics, of which at present we stand in great need.

An enormous amount of solid good might be done in this direction, for it is well known that while a certain unascertained proportion of the unemployed are merely clamorous "ne'er-do-weels," there are a great number of cases of genuine misfortune and hardship, in which the victims have too much delicacy, self-respect, or sensitiveness, to seek

to avail themselves of relief through the ordinary channels. Such cases are especially numerous among the clerks.

Great wealth assuredly has its very real penalties, even as poverty is not without its compensations, and it seems somewhat strange, when we reflect on the numerous examples of wealthy wretchedness afforded by a study of modern social history, that these do not avail, with the vast majority of people, as a deterrent from the whole-souled pursuit of great wealth as the first condition of happiness.

Perhaps we should put it down to human curiosity, for while most people are only too familiar with the experiences of impecuniosity and its compensations, but very few have been in a position to test the trials of millionairessdom, and most men prefer, especially in this matter, their own experience to that of others.

For my own part, I do not envy the millionaire, as the care of millions always involves the most onerous responsibility, besides an enormous amount of drudgery, and the proverbial temptations against which human nature can hardly prevail.

I have found, and I record it with the most grateful pleasure, that if a man conducts himself aright to his fellows he never lacks a friend at a pinch. Within the past two years I have been three times at the point of destitution, yet at this moment I owe not a penny, and my credit is

unquestioned, while I have the consolation that although I lack a good many things which to even my moderate aspirations are desirable, I can recall a long past unspotted by any wrong done to others, and, further, that in my more affluent days it was my privilege to help those who were less fortunate.

These are some of the real compensations of impecuniosity, which enable a man to keep a light heart through financial crises that would utterly crush those whose one idea of happiness is a bank-balance of a certain magnitude.



## CHAPTER VII

### RECOLLECTIONS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

**A**MONG the very few roads leading to sudden wealth without reproach, is that of the prospector for gold or other valuable mineral; and there is this to be said for it, that the life of a prospector is generally a hardy, healthy, outdoor one, tending inevitably to cultivate the qualities of manliness, bravery, resourcefulness, abstemiousness, perseverance, and self-reliance.

We need not grudge the successful prospector his good fortune when he "strikes it rich." He deserves every penny he can get. Unfortunately, however, it is very often the case that it is not the actual finder of a gold mine who reaps the rich reward of his toil, but the financial intermediaries who stand between him and those who have the means to develop the property.

Too often the prospector is a very poor man, who by the time his discovery is made is so reduced in circumstances that he is forced to accept

a mere trifle for his rights in a mine potentially worth millions of money.

Ten years ago, when in British Columbia, I outfitted a small prospecting expedition in the coast region, taking into partnership, on "grubstake," an old roustabout who knew all the ropes, and who was as much at home in the mountains as any bear or wolf, my object being not so much to discover any mine worth millions, but to find alluvial gold which would pay reasonably well to wash myself, so affording an outdoor life, with the prospect of independence.

I did not, however, "strike it rich." In fact, like most people in similar case, I "went to get wool and came back shorn," but though I sailed so near the wind in the matter of finance that when I arrived back in London at six o'clock on a cold November morning I had only enough money to pay for my breakfast, I have never regretted either the time or the money I spent in practically testing the hard, but happy and healthy, life of a prospector in the glorious mountains and stormy inlets of British Columbia, and I lived more in those six months of rough camping than I had done in the previous twenty years of my life in the uninteresting and artificial routine of London.

We outfitted in Victoria, where I bought a good sealing boat, and putting our effects on board the s.s. *Tees*, one of the steamers that run up and

down that coast on the "inside channel" between Victoria and Klondyke, we travelled about five hundred miles north, landing at a lonely cannery in Namu harbour, where the owner, a J.P. of British Columbia, carried on a large business in the catching and canning of salmon and other fish.

We found Mr. D—— a very hospitable gentleman, who kindly placed at our disposal a comfortable log-hut on the hillside, commanding superb views across the Sound, and up and down channel. Here we spent a week in overhauling and packing our stores, painting our boat, making a mast and sail for her, and catching and salting salmon, etc. The abundance of fish here was really amazing. One's sleep at night was sometimes quite effectually disturbed by the incessant splashing and slapping of the great salmon leaping out of the water.

Three or four varieties of salmon, halibut, black-cod, rock-cod, and others, simply swarmed in these waters, and we lived upon fish principally all the time.

I shall not soon forget our first night's camp after leaving Namu Cannery in our own boat. We sailed about three o'clock in the afternoon, a stiff breeze blowing and a rough sea running, but our little craft behaved excellently, and, with the exception of a short stop we made on a rocky islet in mid-channel at five o'clock to drink coffee, we

sailed until the breeze dropped a little after sunset, when we took to our oars.

By the light of a brilliant moon we could see all around the snow-capped mountain-peaks looming weirdly, while the nearest shore (the channel here being from one mile to one and a half miles wide) was a slope so steep and so densely overgrown with bush that landing was impossible.

John said he knew of a deserted Siwash shack somewhere about here, where he proposed we should camp, but although we pulled on steadily until near midnight no sign of it appeared. At last, however, the moonlight showed us an object far away across a vast pool on the farther shore, somewhat resembling a house, and so we headed for it, only to discover on a nearer approach that it was nothing but a huge granite rock.

Eventually we landed on very rough rocks in a pitch-dark hole in the mountain-side, John remarking, as we groped about, that he smelt bear. We unloaded the boat, hauled her up to high-water mark, and managed to make a fire to cook supper, after which John lay down and was soon fast asleep, but for me—fresh from city life—the novelty of my surroundings forbade sleep, and I sat up on a rock smoking numerous pipes for a long time, watching the shifting of the moonlight, and listening to the lapping of the water about the rocks, wondering if the bear was likely to pay

us a call, and if so in what sort of humour he might be.

At last, however, drowsiness came upon me, and wrapping my rain-coat around me, I lay down on a very uncomfortable rock and soon slept.

Nothing can exceed the romantic beauty of these channels in the early morning, before the day wind starts to blow. The water, like a sheet of polished steel, reflects the pine forests, the granite cliffs, and the snow-capped peaks as sharply as the originals, and the stillness—broken only by the occasional cry of some aquatic fowl, or the splash of leaping fish—is profound.

Very soon after sunrise, however, the surface of the water is ruffled by the breeze, and before noon a complete transformation takes place, a roaring, hissing, curling sea, covered with white-caps, takes the place of the placid surface of the early morning, and sailing a small boat becomes a somewhat exciting, and often rather alarming, experience. For these salt-water channels—generally from one mile to three miles in width—which penetrate the whole coast of British Columbia and run many miles inland, are flanked by mountains many thousands of feet high, and rising so precipitously from the water's edge that you may sail or pull for miles without finding a spot where it is possible to land. The granite

cliffs hundreds of feet high, and presenting not enough footing for a mouse, tower above you.

In these circumstances it will be seen that it does not take long for a formidable sea to get up when the breeze blows strongly, and we often had some rather anxious times in our little boat, until experience taught us to travel at night, when the sea was generally dead calm. Working with the tides, we could thus make good distances at night, and by skilfully availing ourselves of the innumerable eddies inshore, we could even creep up channel occasionally against the tide for a while.

Our second night's camp was in a deep cove, walled in on three sides by granite cliffs rising vertically from the water's edge. It was pitch dark inside, but we managed to make out at one end a sort of low grassy slope, and steering for this, we soon found ourselves aground, the boat being in grass, with stones below. Here we landed, and making a good fire, after supper we lay down, with our loaded guns beside us. Shortly afterwards, the water quietly rising extinguished the fire, and we then perceived numerous shining eyes all around in the bush, watching us, but whether they were the eyes of deer or wolves we could not be certain.

Nothing attacked us, however, and next morning we found excellent camping ground a little higher

up, a natural forest parlour, carpeted with pine needles, sheltered by rocks, and a wonderful forest of gigantic pines, cedars, hemlock, and spruce trees, all on the steep slope of the mountain-side, while huge piles of rocks and boulders in terrific confusion made endless caverns and black holes for lodgment of wolf and bear. The tide was out, and finding a nice beach of white sand I was able to enjoy a good bath. This spot pleased us so much that we rested here two days.

Thus, by easy stages, in a few days we made Bella Coola, at the head of Berke's Channel, and here we made camp at the foot of a mountain 6000 feet high, which rose almost as steep as the side of a house behind our tent. There were many panthers in these mountains, and every night we could hear them crying in the forest on the upper slopes above our camp.

There was a short jetty here, built by the Government, where the fortnightly tug from Namu Cannery landed the mails, and a small log-house which was utilised as a traveller's rest-house, and as the post office on mail days, the postmaster who lived at the Norwegian settlement about ten miles up the valley bringing his impedimenta in a small hand-bag on those interesting occasions, when the half-dozen prospectors in camp, and a handful of the Norwegians, would forgather at the jetty and exchange news.

About three miles up the valley of the Bella Coola River was a Siwash Indian village, called a rancherie, and a ranch and store, owned by an American, named Clayton, who also was the owner of numerous mineral claims in the mountains around, besides which he farmed land in the valley, and possessed some good cattle and horses. I have seen in his orchard trees and bushes so loaded with fruit that the branches bent down to the ground.

Our intention had been to procure pack-horses here, and proceed up the valley to an alleged proved mineral belt some distance away, but no horses being available, we had to change our plans. And while in camp here we heard rumours of a copper-ledge of vast richness in a range of mountains up Dean's Channel, the existence of which was undoubted, though no one as yet had succeeded in locating it. We had previously heard of this great copper-ledge at various points during our voyage up the coast, and after holding one or two midnight conferences in the tent, we decided to make this our objective, and to start as soon as possible, as we expected to find other prospectors engaged in the same quest. Before starting, however, John stipulated that we should add to our party, as the district we proposed to visit was very wild, and the work was heavy.

The following morning, therefore, we invited a



young Canadian who had recently returned from a trip, to confer with us on the subject, and he, falling in readily with our plans, agreed to come with us on a "grubstake" and 10 per cent. interest.

We found Jack Morrison a valuable addition to our party, for he was an all-round good man, a capital cook, a good shot, and well versed in all prospecting and bush craft, besides being of a most cheerful and obliging disposition, an excellent camp-fire comrade, and ready for any kind of work at all times. He was, moreover, a skilled amateur photographer, and possessed a good camera.

Our arrangements were quickly made, and, secrecy being a prospector's watchword, at midnight the following night we got into the boat, and quietly dropped down channel with the ebb, the swift current soon placing a good distance between us and the small world of Bella Coola.

The night was dark and cloudy, no moon helping us, and I found it somewhat difficult to keep the course for the various points which loomed vaguely ahead, the current setting strongly now to one side, now to the other; but when dawn broke we were satisfied with our progress, and landing on a pebbly beach surrounded by vast walls of sun-bleached granite, we enjoyed our breakfast of fried salmon and slap-

jacks with such an appetite as only this kind of travel can give, and then took a good rest.

Berke's Channel and Dean's Channel run parallel, and are connected about midway by Labouchere Channel, all together forming roughly a gigantic letter "H" on the map of British Columbia, and, as may be supposed, the waters of Labouchere Channel, the middle bar of the letter "H," present some curious problems to the sailor, being full of eccentric currents—tide-rips and so forth.

Continuing our voyage in the afternoon, we successfully navigated the tricky waters of Labouchere Channel during the night, dawn breaking as we approached the mighty cliff of granite which flanks the entrance into Dean's Channel, where, as the breeze began to blow early, we soon found a big sea getting up, this channel being much wider and intersecting mountains much higher than either of the others.

Having undertaken in Victoria to call upon a sick gentleman who was said to be camping at some hot-springs in a certain branch inlet here, and to deliver him some papers, we crossed the main channel, and after some hours found, as nearly as our directions could guide us, the branch inlet referred to.

It was a wonderfully weird place. Leaving the main channel at right angles in a northerly direction, this inlet, about a quarter of a mile wide,

penetrated for a distance of perhaps four miles through mountains so lofty and precipitous that the pine forest on the slopes seemed unable to get secure footing, and in fact there were hundreds of trees partially uprooted in some big storm, which the next would bring down.

Daylight seemed half-hearted here, and although in the main channel a big sea was now running, in this deep inlet the water was dead calm. Arrived at the end, we landed on a small grassy space closely hemmed in all round by the virgin forest and vast mountains, where we decided to camp, first making a thorough scrutiny of the locality to discover any indications of the presence of a white man, meanwhile waking all the echoes with shouts, which, however, received no reply but the echoes.

It soon became very evident that not only was there no white man anywhere around, but that none had been here; and we ceased to disturb the solemn stillness with our shouts, devoting ourselves to preparing a much-needed breakfast, after which we spent the day in rest and exploration.

We experienced here, the night following, a phenomenon said to be rare in British Columbia, namely, a thunderstorm. We had not pitched our tent, but lay, wrapped in our blankets and waterproof sheets, around the massive trunk of a great hemlock tree, and the effect of the lightning

playing in the forest, revealing every now and then the silvery waters of the creek tumbling down the steep slopes, among the great trees, was fantastic and weird in the extreme.

We did not get any serious wetting, for the brunt of the storm was expended on the mountains far above us, but a good part of our outfit needed drying in the morning, so we spent another day in that camp, pitching our tent and drying our property in the sun. The next day, as we were proceeding up channel, we had a bear hunt, a young black bear having been discovered by John gambolling near the water's edge, at the foot of a land-slide.

Steering in under cover of the rocks, we got within range, and Jack Morrison bowled Mr. Bruin over with two shots from the boat.

We took him on board, and later on, on reaching a sheltered shingle-beach, we made camp, and skinned him, his meat proving a very welcome addition to our larder, his fat furnishing a supply of gun-oil, when clarified in a bottle placed in the hot sun, while his skin we pegged down on top of a rock to be called for on our return.

After several days we arrived at the mouth of the Dean River, a little way up which is a Siwash village called Kemsquit. This was to be our base camp, so we landed, the Indians crowding round and welcoming us noisily. The people here are

in rather bad odour, as a few years before they had murdered two white men, in consequence of which the Government had sent up a gunboat and destroyed the town, an incident which had made a lasting impression on them, and was the subject of endless narratives by some of the older men.

We were conducted to a shack on the outskirts of the village, and here we held a reception of all the chiefs, King George, his daughter, Harry and all the rest, immediately after landing, and it was an hour before we could bring the conference to an end, when we intimated our desire to eat and rest, upon which the people withdrew.

The dogs in a Siwash village largely outnumber the human beings, and they are only tolerated as scavengers, and to fight the wolves which come down from the mountains at nightfall to the villages to pick up what they can. The dogs are not treated by their masters as friends, and are in fact little better than the wolves, attacking any stranger on the slightest pretext. We had to hang up our boots that night in the rafters, or they would have been eaten, while we ourselves were advised by the chief to make our beds on planks laid on some old canoes which were in the house.

We spent several days in camp here, and had numerous conferences with the chiefs respecting the great copper ledge, which they agreed in describing as about three days' canoe up the river. They also

said it was visible from the river, about 50 feet wide, and running up to the snow-line.

John had a leather satchel full of samples of ore, among them being several pieces of peacock copper (bornite) of a beautiful deep blue. These the various chiefs at different times, and independently, picked out as being identical with the copper of the big ledge.

In short, we arranged for the hire of two big canoes and crews sufficient to take our whole outfit up to the prospect. The river at the head of Dean's Channel being a "Skookumchuck" (rapid water), navigation is only possible by the Indian canoes "lining up," *i.e.* proceeding by towlines on each bank passed around the trunks of trees—a very slow and laborious process.

Our stores needing replenishment, we had to make a trip down to Bella Coola, which we safely reached in due course, and after making purchases at Clayton's store of flour, sugar, "sow-belly" (fat pork), and other things, we returned to Kemsquit, having been absent about ten days.

During our trip down channel, John and I one evening went fully into figures regarding the big copper ledge. Taking half of what the Indians told us to be true, and estimating all the expenses of mining, milling, transport, etc., of which John had expert knowledge, we found that if we succeeded in locating the ledge a nett fortune of about £26,000,000 sterling would be at our disposal!

I cannot say, however, that I ever had much belief in the story, though John did his best to excite some enthusiasm in my mind about it, and succeeded so far at last, that I concluded that if he, who was an undoubted authority in such matters, could really believe there was something in it, there probably might be, and at times I indulged in pleasant forecasts as to what might be done in the direction of relieving the difficulties of my numerous poor relations, but never once did I feel any aspirations to a house in Park Lane, nor to any other expensive rubbish for myself. Probably had I actually come into possession of that huge fortune, I should have lost no time in divesting myself of the bulk of it, retaining only sufficient to enable me to retire to a small farm somewhere in Surrey or Sussex, there to follow my favourite art, Sculpture, surrounded by dogs, horses, cattle, and pigs.

On our return to Kemsquit, we took up our quarters in a disused mission-hut a short distance from the village, for we had found the Siwashes and their dogs anything but pleasant neighbours during our former visit, and preferred, if only for sanitary reasons, to give them a wider berth. We quickly found, however, that a curious and complete change had taken place during our absence in the temper of the people. Whether some other prospectors had been bribing them to

conceal the whereabouts of the great copper ledge, or whether their naturally strong jealousy of the white man had prevailed with them, we could not discover. At all events they one and all professed entire ignorance of the matter, refused to find us the canoes, guides, and crews promised, and held sulkily aloof.

We remained in camp several days, making sundry attempts to bring the chief to reason, but being quite unsuccessful in this, we ultimately resolved to see what we could do without their help. Accordingly we one fine morning broke camp, and getting into our boat, dropped down river with the rapid current, and soon found ourselves once more on the broad waters of the channel. We headed due north, making for the head of the channel, which was six or seven miles above Dean River. We had some hard pulling here, for the current was strong, and it was only by availing ourselves of the eddies inshore that we crept slowly on.

Wild indeed was the scenery up here. Very high mountains, many of them capped with perpetual snow, great glaciers and snow-fields, bounded the view in all directions; while as we approached the head of the inlet dense, gloomy forests seemed to effectually bar our farther progress, stretching from shore to shore, and filling the entire space in the valley.



We landed about noon, in a dense bush, on a spot which was evidently a favourite fishing-ground of the bears, for the remains of big dog-salmon, in every stage of decomposition, lay thickly around, while in all directions bear-trails radiated. This place, we afterwards found, was an island, or delta, between two channels of the river. The stench of decaying fish was awful, so, making the boat secure, we moved a little farther from the shore, and camped in the dark forest.

Eagles were very abundant here. I counted a flock of fourteen, which flew out of the forest as we touched ground. Sand-flies, likewise, as in all the bush of British Columbia in the summer, were a terrible pest, and we could do nothing until we had made a smudge—a big fire, on which you heap all the green stuff you can lay hands on to produce a dense smoke—after which we made our midday meal, and took a rest.

The afternoon and evening we devoted to a thorough survey of the locality, and a little before sunset, finding a well-defined ford where bears were evidently in the habit of crossing a creek, we took up a position behind a natural rampart, formed of the roots of a big tree, and watched until nearly dark in the hope of getting a shot, but apparently the bears were well aware of our presence and design, for none turned up. Returning to camp, we built up our fire to a great

size, until the blaze illuminated all the moss-draped branches of the forest giants around, making a weird and extremely picturesque effect in the dense darkness of the night.

We spent a few days in this camp, until we were satisfied there was no mineral prospect around, and the sandflies and decaying salmon being a considerable annoyance, we decided to cross to the other side of the valley, where we could perceive a sort of sandy beach. In doing this we came very near to capsizing in mid-stream, for the current was very strong. As it was we ran foul of a small islet midway across, and had to jump into the water, which fortunately was not deep, to get the boat free.

Eventually we landed in safety on the southern bank, and made camp at the top of the beach, in a small spruce copse. We remained in camp here for some time, making numerous excursions up the valley and the adjacent mountains, each taking it in turn to remain in camp on guard, for we had not too much faith in the honesty of the Siwashes of Kemsquit, who frequently visited us here, and who we had reason to believe were animated by no very friendly feeling for us.

This was the hardest kind of country to travel in I ever saw. It took us a whole day to blaze a trail of about five miles along the river-bank, all on the steep slope of the mountains. Some-

times we came out on to open sunburnt patches of rocky ground where partridges were abundant. At other times we followed bear trails like small tunnels, where we had to walk in a stooping position. Again we scrambled up chimney-like crevices among huge rocks, or broke out on the muddy shore of the creek, where the fresh trails of grizzlies, panthers, and huge timber-wolves were plentiful. On reaching the farthest limit of that day's march it was near sunset, and we had eaten nothing since breakfast at daybreak.

John said it would be impossible to get back to camp that night, as you cannot stir a foot in that bush in the dark, and he was for camping right there; but I opposed, and voted for a return to camp at all hazards. We therefore started to return on our trail, making a forced march, at as rapid a pace as possible, and succeeded after missing the trail several times, and getting half a dozen falls in awkward places, in reaching camp just as darkness fell.

We found no signs of the copper ledge during our stay in this place; and ultimately, as the fall was advancing, the nights becoming very cold and the water of the glacier-fed river being often much lower in the morning than it had been over-night through the freezing going on above, we were confronted by the alternatives of going into winter-quarters here, or of abandoning the

quest for the present; and as the former course would have involved building a log-house and laying in large supplies, and my means were nearly exhausted, we decided on the latter.

Regretfully, therefore, but with the resignation which the prospector's life fosters, we broke camp, and once more took to our boat. We soon arrived at Kemsquit, where we had the pleasure of finding a gentleman in camp who was engaged in bear-hunting, and who proved a most congenial companion during this our last stay on Dean River. We spent a few days here pleasantly enough, in shooting and exploring up the valley of the Dean River. One trip in particular I recall, when we went up to view a reported prospect several miles up the valley.

Shortly after leaving the village, the trail follows the river-bank, and the bed of the river narrowing rapidly, the stream becomes a raging, seething torrent, between high rocky cliffs, and the trail at last ends in air, about 200 feet above the water.

It is, however, continued by means of a single plank, slung by ropes from above, and in this precarious fashion we passed round several corners, until at length we came to a place where the sheer wall of rock had to be negotiated by a pathway no wider than one's hand, and here John absolutely declined to venture, and sat

down, while Jack Morrison and I, steadying our nerves, set out to creep along this cat's walk.

Keeping our faces to the rock, and with our hands spread out on it, shifting one foot before the other, and carefully avoiding looking down, we passed in safety round the corner, and came on a good trail beyond, but I confess I did not at all relish the idea of going back the same way.

We found the location of the prospect, but found also that it had been exploited for all it was worth, and shortly afterwards returned to John by the way we had come.

One of the most remarkable features of an Indian village is the cemetery, for these Siwashes, when they bury their dead, place all the effects of the deceased, whether man or woman, on the grave. Thus the cemetery at Kemsquit was a veritable museum of curios. Most of the graves were surrounded by neat fences of various designs, and hanging on this fence, or placed inside, were guns, axes, fishing tackle, cooking utensils, pipes, blankets, knives, amulets of divers kinds, and even canoes, dragged up from the river; while a good many graves were decorated with well-carved images of imaginary birds, beasts, or fishes.

One grave, of a woman, had a sort of small temple built over it, and this was filled with her property, consisting almost entirely of articles of clothing.

There is a tribe of Siwashes on the west coast of Vancouver Island who bury their dead in trees, packed in rough boxes, which, decaying in course of time, allow the bones to fall and strew the ground below—a gruesome sight indeed!

Up all the rivers and creeks here the dog-salmon go in the fall, in incredible numbers, to spawn. It is the last act of their lives, and that accomplished, they drift anyhow, get stranded on sand-bars and muddy banks, and die like flies. The bears and wolves, eagles, and other creatures, are well aware of the habits of the fish, and all take their share of the spoils.

One afternoon John and Jack Morrison went up the river-bank, while I took my gun and explored the bush a little way up. Coming suddenly to a sharp bend of the river, I saw my two companions knee-deep in the water, while in front of them the salmon were packed solid from bank to bank, up against a sand-bar, which they struggled to surmount. It is no exaggeration to say that you might have crossed the river on the backs of the fish could they have supported your weight.

We tried to eat dog-salmon one day, but found it did not answer. Jack Morrison brought all his culinary skill to bear on the subject, but the result was tough, sapless, and tasted like soil. John and I both praised it, however, but the experiment was not repeated, and the subject was allowed to drop

by mutual consent. Porcupines, which abounded in the forest, made excellent eating, and we have shot specimens almost as big as a small bear. There are also deer, grouse, and partridges in the higher and more open parts of the forest, but hunting in the dense bush is extremely difficult on account of the abundance of a vile shrub known as Devil's Club, which grows everywhere, about eight feet high, and is covered with sharp thorns and spines.

The night of our departure from Kemsquit we all sat in the mission-hut, which, by the way, had been disused for over two years, no missionary having cared to penetrate these wilds during that period. John, Jack Morrison, our hunter friend, and myself, sat smoking the pipe of peace and good comradeship, and spinning various yarns, mostly relating to hunting and the habits of wild beasts.

Our boat was loaded, and we awaited the midnight tide to proceed down channel. The door stood wide, the light of a glorious full moon clearly showing the precipitous mountains which crowd around this spot, their steep sides scored with numerous snow-slides. No sound broke the stillness without, except the ripple of the river, and the occasional cry of some night-bird, the Indian village being long since wrapped in sleep.

Suddenly our pleasant discourse was interrupted

by a terrific howl, then another, and in a moment it was as if all Hell had broken loose, for every dog in the village, and there must have been at least two hundred, had rushed to offer battle to the big wolves which had come down to the village out of their mountain fastnesses on plunder bent. The uproar was simply blood-curdling, the combatants being not more than 50 yards from our hut, and it was easy to distinguish the long, wild howls of the wolves high above the vociferous yelping of the dogs.

Our yarning was suspended for awhile as we listened, with our guns ready, and our eyes skinned, to this weird midnight concert, but the conflict appeared to be confined to the other side of the rancherie, and we did not catch sight of any of the combatants.

The hour of high water arriving, we took leave of our friend, and making our way down to the beach, were soon afloat, drifting rapidly down with the swift current of the river, and out into the wide, moonlit expanse of the channel; but for a long time we could hear those terrible howls, which rent the still night air, until they were at last lost behind the intervening spurs of the mountains.

Towards morning a bitterly cold wind blew down channel, and we got some sailing which enabled us by daybreak to make the mouth of a river which we intended to prospect; and as the grey light



came we sighted the huge granite cliff mounting guard opposite the river's mouth.

A shoal of porpoises were gracefully performing their peculiar revolving antics in the centre of the channel as we headed up the river, drowsy, chilled, and tired.

We landed at the first available spot, and after unloading and hauling up the boat, and eating a morsel of bread, we very gladly rolled ourselves in our blankets at the foot of a big hemlock tree, sleep coming upon us without any wooing.

Bright sunshine illumined the mossy depths of the forest when I woke, about eleven o'clock, with a fine hunger, and visions of breakfast intruding themselves on that inward eye, which, according to the poet, is the bliss of solitude. For I was alone. However, John and Jack Morrison, who had risen a little earlier, soon appeared, and broke the sad news to me gently that our sack of pork had disappeared!

Here was a blow indeed! The camp cook in British Columbia is lost without his pork-fat, for everything is done with the frying-pan. You cannot make "slapjacks," nor fry your salmon, potatoes, beans, or rice, without it. Whether in our night departure from Kemsquit the pork had been "short-shipped," or whether, as is more probable, some hungry bear or wolf had come along and looted it while we slept in the grey dawn, it is impossible to

decide. Anyhow we had to do without it as best we could, so we grinned and bore our sorrow as bravely as possible. When we returned to Bella Coola we were very hospitably entertained by the Clayton family, and regaled with, among other delicacies, plenty of prime roast beef, at which we expressed some surprise. It transpired, however, that there had occurred a tragedy on the ranch during our absence in Dean's Channel. On our former visit there had been attached to the service of the Claytons a poor, old, hump-backed Siwash whom they called "Skookum Charley." He helped on the farm, looked after the cattle, and made himself generally useful, being looked upon as a tolerably faithful old servant.

Going out to the meadows one evening to bring in the cows, he was attacked suddenly by the bull—a savage brute which had once or twice made angry demonstrations when I had been crossing the meadows. The bull chased poor Charley to a fence, where, being somewhat stout, he stuck half-way, the bull goring him badly. The services of a broken-down Yankee doctor, who, as a prospector, happened to be in camp, were requisitioned, and he treated the sufferer, stitching his wounds, etc., and for about a week it was thought that he would recover.

Blood poisoning set in, however, and poor old Skookum Charley "sent in his checks," dying, they

told me, with all the fortitude and ancient stoicism of the Indians, without a murmur.

Mr. Clayton thereupon shot the bull—hence the abundance of prime beef. This incident was a windfall for the "Doc," who had been in a chronic state of destitution most of the time (all of us in camp helping to feed him), for he pocketed a fee of fifty dollars.

We stayed at Bella Coola some time, waiting for the arrival of the Namu tug with our overdue mails, and when at last she did appear, we put our outfit on board of her, and our boat in tow to return down channel.

The last week of our sojourn here we were privileged to witness one of those remarkable phenomena peculiar to this region after a very dry summer, *i.e.* a great forest fire.

A certain prospector went up a mountain about 6000 feet high, across the inlet which here was about a mile wide. He camped for the night half-way up, and neglected to extinguish his fire. He cooked his food again on his return downward, leaving the fire still alive. The fire started to spread in three tiers, one downward, one along the side, and the third up the ridge at the top, and a truly sublime spectacle it made, as night after night we could see the flames seizing upon the giant trees, and licking them up in a moment.

There being no breeze, the valley at length

became so full of smoke that we could see the fire no longer, but we could hear the crash of the hundreds of tons of dislodged rocks and big trees falling in the still night air, until, during the last two nights we were in camp here, these sounds were drowned effectually by the weird howls and screams, barking and yelping of a vast herd of hair seals, which had arrived at the head of the inlet for breeding purposes in the fresh water, which is their custom in the fall.

After taking leave of Jack Morrison, who elected to remain at Bella Coola, and who during our trip had taken a number of very interesting photographs, all unfortunately afterwards lost in a fire on the West Coast of Africa, we boarded the tug, and made a very speedy and comfortable run down channel, arriving safely at Namu Cannery in due course, and taking up our old quarters in the log-hut on the hillside, by the kind hospitality of Mr. D——.

Here we met a settler, an American, who had a ranch on a river called the Koaye, the mouth of which was about ten miles lower down the channel, and he stating he had found certain indications of copper and gold on a mountain near his place, invited us to visit him there. Accordingly, a few days later, we were once more navigating our little boat on the now rough waters of the Inside Channel, for the season was now advanced, and

the mighty swell of the Pacific Ocean broke in between the numerous islands that sheltered us from its full force, presenting a grand spectacle as it thundered at the foot of the iron cliffs and rolled back to perpetually renew the onset.

Keeping well in the centre of the channel, we made the mouth of the Koaye River about noon, and as we approached we were followed by a shoal of huge blackfish, a formidable monster, armed with several great sword-like spines along its back, with which it attacks and kills the largest whales, by getting underneath them and striking upward.

They seemed to be watching us with curiosity, but John, who was better acquainted with their ways than I, did not conceal his anxiety, and it was with a sense of relief that, after we had successfully shot the bar of the river—a performance requiring no little skill and nerve, for a bad sea runs on it—we saw our uninvited escort leave us.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at the ranch of our friend Steve, which lay behind a small island, overlooking a very retired back-water, and consisted of his own house with sundry out-buildings, and a spare hut of rough logs, which was allotted to me.

The surrounding hills and mountains were of a singularly rough and fantastic nature, black forest closely hemming in the small clearing he had

made, and our host's two dogs were sole survivors of his original pack of fourteen, all the rest having been accounted for by wolves, which swarmed here.

The fall being now well advanced, and the weather cold and rainy, and I, moreover, not feeling in the very best form for the exertions required to reach the prospect, which lay some distance away in the roughest mountains, it was arranged that John should go up with our host Steve, and see if anything worth following was to be found, while I remained in charge of the ranch. Our host's wife and four children occupied the house, while I made myself as comfortable as possible in the log-hut, which was furnished with a stove.

John and Steve were away for about ten days, and during that time I occupied myself with sundry excursions in the forests and islands around, duck-shooting, fishing, etc., being always accompanied by the two dogs, who made great friends with me.

I also sawed and split logs for the rancher's wife and my own use, did my own cooking, and, in short, found plenty of healthy, rough occupation, which passed the time quickly enough until the return of the prospectors, who reported that a land-slide had passed over the prospect, almost completely obliterating it, so that it was very difficult

to relocate the spot where Steve had made his finds. However, they brought some extremely poor-looking samples of rock, which, however, to my no small astonishment, on assay in Victoria, later on, showed 50 cents of gold to the ton.

We devoted one day to a grand wild-duck shoot on a big lagoon near the ranch, and then took our leave, returning, after a somewhat perilous voyage, to Namu Cannery, where, our former quarters being now occupied, we made our beds on the floor of the factory.

There were many cats in the Cannery, their duty being to wage war on the rats which otherwise would have overrun the place, and soon after we lay down at night there was considerable fun, for these cats started sparring matches all over the place in the dark, with accompaniments of such spitting, yowling, and other unholy noises, always conducted as close to our heads as possible, that sleep was out of the question.

Striking a match, we collected a large supply of fishing floats which lay plentifully about, and thereafter bombarded our tormentors with them whenever they drew near.

About midnight we came in for another diversion, being aroused by a peculiar heavy tramping sound going round the building, which we could not account for, until I discovered it was a lone cow, who feeling restless, and perhaps

curious as to the strangers under her master's roof, had come in by a back-door.

After showing her out by the front entrance and shutting the doors, we resumed our interrupted slumbers.

This cow was quite a character at Namu. She was the sole representative of her species in the place, and no hill or rock was too steep for her to climb. Indeed, I am not quite sure that she did not occasionally climb trees. There was no level walking to be had except on the wharf, which was of planks, and hither she invariably came to meet every steamer calling, as if expecting a friend to arrive. We caught her one morning making use of John's bed on the floor of the Cannery in a manner that hurt John's feelings considerably, and resulted in her expulsion from the building with more haste than dignity. I parted from John here, and proceeded by the steamer *Cutch* to Victoria, having sold my boat at the Cannery.

The *Cutch* was a long, but very narrow boat, and she rolled abominably, so that what with that, and the unaccustomed confinement of my stateroom after months of sleeping in the open, I could not sleep, so strolled about on deck, and finally found a comfortable chair in the smoke-room, where I dozed until morning.

Our passengers were all prospectors returning from Klondyke, and on the whole a fine manly



crowd they were. All of them had samples of gold, from the finest dust to small nuggets like the pieces of a walnut broken out of the shell, and most had thrilling stories to tell of life at Dawson City. I stayed some time in Victoria, meeting there my friend C——, who had been a fellow-passenger with me on the outward voyage from England, and was in trouble about a mine of which he was principal owner, and which affords a strong illustration of the mischievous effects of the American system of No Liability issues.

C—— was the holder of 600,000 shares out of 800,000 issued at 80 per cent. discount "unassessable," the authorised capital of the Company, which was registered in Victoria, being 1,000,000 shares of 100 dollars each (nominally).

These shares being issued at 20 cents only, and the remaining 80 cents being uncallable, insufficient working capital was provided, and no sensational find being made within a short time, the holders could neither sell their shares nor induce the public to take up the remaining 200,000 of the authorised issue, neither was it possible to raise further capital in any shape.

Consequently the mine, which is in the best part of the Rossland mineral belt, and has been proved to be a really very valuable property, had to be shut down, and at the time I write of was lying idle in charge of a caretaker, as many

another good mine similarly handicapped by bad finance has had to be.

Finding nothing to keep me in Victoria, I undertook to endeavour to raise capital in London to re-start this mine, and accordingly, after C—— had provided me with all information, reports, maps, and an introduction to the caretaker at Rossland, I took my passage for Liverpool, arranging with the C.P.R. Co. to break my trans-continental railway journey at Revelstoke, in order to visit Rossland and inspect the mine.

In a few days, therefore, I found myself one fine morning on the platform at Revelstoke, a mining town on the C.P.R., west of the Rockies, and here I shortly entered a train which took me to the head of Arrow Lake, the navigation of which, by well appointed little stern-wheel steamers, is a very enjoyable experience.

The lake, which is very narrow, seeming like a quiet river, winds for hundreds of miles through the most beautiful mountain scenery, at this season of the year being enhanced by the gorgeous colours of autumnal-tinted foliage.

At night a powerful searchlight is carried which shows the channel, often exceedingly narrow, and the numerous picturesque "landings" where the inhabitants of these secluded little settlements are seen busy with their produce, awaiting the steamer.

We passed the towns of Robson, Nelson, and Trail, from which latter a railway line climbs the mountains to Rossland, the grades being so steep that instead of curves the train switchbacks upward, with engines fore and aft, each alternately pulling and pushing.

I arrived at Rossland at about ten o'clock at night, being met at the station by Tom Gambling, who was in charge of the mine, and who gave me a most friendly reception, introducing me at the Club, where I spent two nights, and escorting me all over the mine, which was situated on Monte Cristo Mountain.

I made an exhaustive examination of the mine, putting on "gum-boots" and wading into the flooded tunnels, breaking out my own samples of ore, etc., and afterwards devoting one day to visiting the show mines of the district, the Le Roi, War Eagle, Iron Horse, etc., all of which were contiguous.

We lunched in Tom's commodious log-house on the mountain, and here I was surprised to observe by a thermometer that the temperature was only two degrees above freezing, though I felt no sensation of cold, the atmosphere being so dry.

My short but pleasant visit to Rossland being ended, I rejoined the C.P.R. mainline, and duly arrived in Montreal in time to catch the

s.s. *Vancouver* for Liverpool, where, after an exceedingly rough passage, I safely arrived, proceeding thence by the midnight train to London, which was reached at six o'clock on a cold frosty morning early in November 1898.

I will not inflict upon you, dear reader, a recital of the weary and persistent, but unavailing efforts, extending over many months, I made to finance the G— Mine.

Suffice it to say that I found the London market decidedly prejudiced against all things from British Columbia at that time, and I had ultimately, to my sincere regret, to abandon the attempt.

In the course of my endeavours I made, through some of the introductions I had, the acquaintance of a curious race of needy financiers, the class who rent part of a very dusty, unfurnished office on about the fifth floor of some ancient house in Copthall Avenue, and who, when you call, are generally represented by a slip of paper pinned to the door, and inscribed, "Out. Back in half an hour."

If you walk down Walbrook, half the men you meet have got from one to half a dozen gold mines in their pockets; yet they are glad to borrow half a crown of you, and taking you into the "China Shop" in order to talk business over in private, will let you pay for the drinks, but when their turn

comes, suddenly remember an appointment they have with a man who is finding £50,000 cash, and excuse themselves.

The private bar of this same "China Shop" is sacred to these gentlemen, and is, in fact, a sort of mining exchange, where a large amount of talking and drinking and a small amount of business is done, in preference to the fifth floor in Copthall Avenue. These poor fellows are the wrecks of finance. All have a past, mostly a sad one. Stock-brokers who have been hammered and unable to rise again. Broken-down professional men of all kinds, who cannot tackle routine employment, even if they could get it, but prefer to hang about the purlieus of the Stock Exchange for what they can pick up. It is one of the most melancholy aspects of London life.

And now, my dear reader, I will make my bow. Assuming that you have had the patience to follow me, should anything in these "Growls" give you food for thought, or anything in my reminiscences amuse you, I shall be sufficiently rewarded.

But I ask you to believe me when I say that those "Growls" are not the outcome of hatred, but of an affection for my fellow-men, which renders me impatient of our imperfections.

It is possible for the candid friend to be a sincere friend, and those who know me well, know that my bark and growl is worse than my bite, and that my whole intent is for the amelioration of mankind.

Dr. Sams S. Kironde-Kigozi, Th-D  
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