

## TOLSTOY IN THE TWILIGHT.

By HENRY GEORGE, JR.

From the WORLD'S WORK for February.

For me the visit to Tolstoy was like a pilgrimage, yet it was more than a visit to a holy man. It was to meet for the first time the man of greatest moral influence in Russia, and perhaps in all North Europe, despite his excommunication by the Russian State Church.

I had wired from Taiga, Siberia, on my way from Japan asking if he would receive me; for the newspapers had reported him in feeble health. At Samara, three days later along the line, I received the answer: "I shall meet you with joy."

Tolstoy lives on his ancestral estate, a few miles out of Toula, in the prefecture of the same name. Toula is a night's ride east of Moscow. The Trans-Siberian Express put me down there in the morning.

I confess to some feelings of consternation when I found that English would not pass current. Nothing so disconcerts your Anglo-Saxon as to find himself in a place where his language is disregarded. Thus far I had gone round the world with no further equipment than English. It had served all ordinary purposes. Where an interpreter had been needed, some one or other had turned up. But in Russia it was different. Not only did English not meet the common exigencies, but of the outside languages it had less vogue than German and French. However, a young newspaper man, who had heard of my coming and was on the look-out, took me in hand; and although we were separated by tongue—for he could speak only Slavonic—I resigned myself to him and soon was being driven at a mad pace in a three-horse droshky for Tolstoy's home.

Of all the drivers of the world, perhaps the Russian droshky driver is the most brilliantly reckless. One of our horses was hitched between a pair of shafts; the other two swung clear on either side; and, whether over cobbled streets or macadamized roads, they sped with a fiery impetuosity that vividly pictured in the mind the chariot races in the Roman days.

We went out of brick-built, cobble-paved Toula, of perhaps fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants, and struck into a fine, smooth State road that is said to lead down from St. Petersburg and Moscow to Kieff. The road led through a hilly, open country, patched with waving grain and fields lying fallow. Here and there on the way were a few tall chimneys of manufacturing plants which for the most part were inactive; yet active or inactive, they were obvious by their infrequency, for Russia is almost altogether an agricultural country.

Once during our drive of ten miles or less, we came to a formidable toll-gate with a halted line of farm waggons being subjected to what the Chinese aptly call "squeeze." But in many respects China is a land of freedom compared with Russia. With its tolls, taxes, passports, prisons, banishments, exilings, and summary executions, the Russian Government seems to be the most ingenious yet devised for the embarrassment of industry and the brutalisation of the minds of men.

Leaving the open country, our road all at once cut through wooded tracts; and suddenly, without the slightest preparation,

I was impressed with the feeling that we were on enchanted ground—the home of fairies and elves, once perhaps the scene of knightly valour. Great firs—the finest and oldest I had ever seen—mixed with ancient cedars and pines, threw their points defiantly to the sky. Deeply buried in the darkened heart of the woods I pictured in imagination the ruins of a castle that once had rung with the shouts of merrymakers passing the wassail, with the songs of women at their spinning, or the death-cries of besiegers and besieged. So strongly did this feeling attach itself to this place that I was moved subsequently to make inquiry. I found that the woods had a history. There the old Russian chivalry had made a stand against the inroads of the terrible Tartars, and at last had driven them back.

## Tolstoy's Beautiful Estate.

It seemed a fitting preparation for the approach to the Tolstoy estate, of which we caught first sight from a hill-top on leaving the woods. To the north-east a single line of trees marked its nearest border.

The estate goes by the old name of "Yasnaya Polyana," which means, if I am correctly informed, "Clearing in the woods." It is more than 2,000 acres in extent, and comprises agricultural lands, woods, and a small park set off for the household. The park is on the south side, and there the house stands, two or three hundred yards back from stately brick and stucco posterns that mark the main entrance. A huddle of straw-thatched farmers' huts you pass to the left as you enter.

The perfume of flowers came with a spray of raindrops from overhanging boughs as we passed up a winding driveway. The gray mirror of a small lake shone on one hand, and on the other a picturesque brook. Rounding between two huge clusters of white and purple lilacs, we came upon the house—white, ample, two-storied, solid, with a curious border of doll-babies and Noah's Ark animals outlined with a saw in a porch balustrade.

A couple of stone steps and a small platform were in front of the doorway where we drew

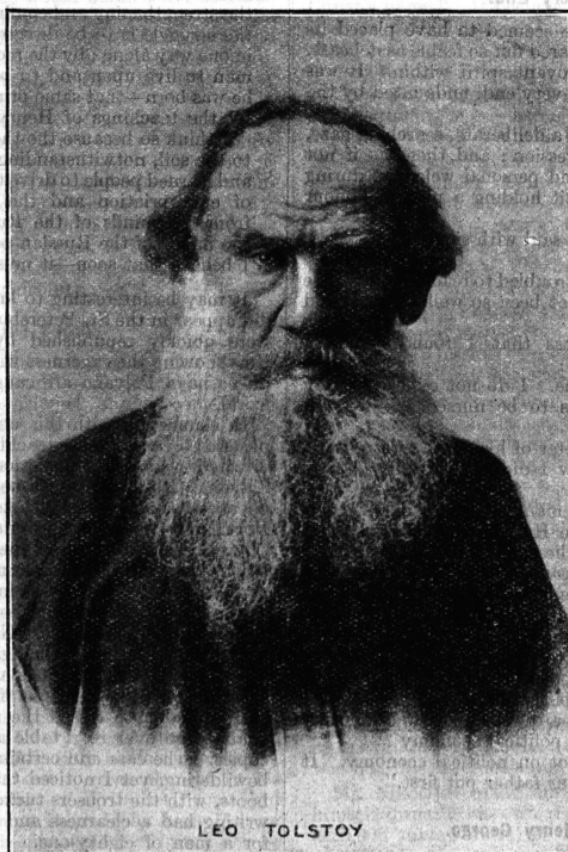
up. At the sound of our horse's bells several men came forth, two in blouses of some blue stuff. Word of our leaving Toula had been sent, so that we were expected.

Presently Count Leo Tolstoy, the namesake and third son, appeared in a business suit of mixed cloth. He is something past forty and has a striking head and personality, with fine large, brown, luminous eyes. He wears a reddish beard, and his hair is thinning on top.

He gave me a cordial welcome in English. I presently found that all the members of the family spoke English—easy, ready, fluent English—although at times, from a delicate politeness, affecting to apologise for it to soften a compliment.

Young Count Tolstoy said that his father was waiting, so after laying aside our outer things we proceeded upstairs.

The stairs and the floors generally were of unvarnished and unpolished wood, but spotless. There were few rugs. The walls were mostly white; in places, they carried a soft, unobtrusive colour. Everywhere you caught the feeling of simplicity, utility, and strength. Everywhere you also caught the feeling



LEO TOLSTOY

of art and literature, although many of the pictures were only photographs and portraits, at that. But there were books, anywhere, everywhere; not for show, but obviously for use.

At the top of a winding stairway was a turn, and going through an ante-room, we entered Tolstoy's workroom, and the presence of the seer himself.

He was seated in a wheel-chair, which he had begun to use at the Crimea some six or eight years ago, when seriously ill at that time. His feet were on a level with his hips, and covered with a rug. He wore the long peasant's blouse of light yellow coarse stuff, such as appears in some of his latter-day pictures, and on his head was what does not so often appear—a skull-cap of the same material. The face was the one familiar the world over—grey eyes sparkling through shaggy, overhanging brows; seamed forehead; thin, floating grey hair; thin, flowing moustache and beard around a restless mouth; and a nose that at times seemed sharp and at times flat.

#### Working to the very End.

As he sat there in the chair, age seemed to have placed its hand heavily upon him; yet he appeared not so feeble as delicate. But the eyes revealed the keen, buoyant spirit within. It was a life joyously spending itself to the very end, undaunted by the approach of death.

Before he spoke, Tolstoy gave me a deliberate, searching gaze, mixed with a peculiarly kind expression; and then, as if not displeased, offered a very cordial and personal welcome, during which I noticed my father's portrait holding a post of honour on the wall.

"Your father was my friend," he said with singular sweetness and simplicity.

I asked after his health. "I was troubled to read in a Japanese newspaper a report that you had not been so well," I ventured to say.

He answered with the frankness that I found to be a characteristic of the whole family:

"I am now quite old—eighty-one. I do not expect to stay much longer. One of my feet has to be nursed. But I am keeping at work."

He gave me a smile as if the matter of his death was nothing at all; as if he said: "To-morrow I die. Meanwhile, I have another book to write."

What could death be to such a man? What could excommunication be, or that edict of the Holy Synod to refuse him burial in consecrated ground when he should die? What cares he for Synods, consecrated ground, and all the rest of it? His business is to work while life is in his body. As to what happens when the breath has fled—well, "that is the business of Jupiter."

And as for the common view of the Synod's decree—a decree now some years old—it is likened to the Russian saying that, "while the iron is hot, one dare not approach too closely; but when time has cooled it, you may spit on it."

As to the work, I said I had heard that there was another book under way. Did it deal with political economy?

"No," he answered; "this is not on political economy. It treats of moral questions, which your father put first."

#### Tolstoy endorsing Henry George.

This led him to refer to an article on my father's teachings, for which my visit had served as a text and which he had just sent off to a Petersburg newspaper. "Perhaps the paper will fear to print it, for we have little freedom here, and there is little discussion. But if that paper will not print it, then I hope to get it into another."

He handed me a copy of the article. It was in the Slavonic language. When translated, I found the following passages, which throw a strong light upon social, governmental, and revolutionary conditions in Russia to-day, as well as showing the vigour and hope of this wonderful old man's mind:

The land question is, indeed, the question of the deliverance of mankind from slavery produced by the private ownership of land, which, to my mind, is now in the same situation in which the questions of serfdom in Russia and slavery in America were in the days of my youth.

The difference is only that, while the injustice of the private ownership of land is quite as crying as that of slave ownership, it is much more widely and deeply connected with all human relations; it extends to all parts of the world (slavery existed only in America and Russia) and is much more tormenting to the land slave than personal slavery.

How strange—one might say how ridiculous, were they not so cruel, and did they not involve the suffering of the majority of the toiling masses—are those attempts at the reconstruction of society proposed and undertaken by the two inimical camps—governmental and revolutionary—through all kinds of measures, with the exception of that one which alone can destroy that crying injustice from which the overwhelming majority of the people are suffering, and which at once would extinguish the revolutionary mood of the people, which when driven inward is still more dangerous than when it outwardly appears.

I rejoice at the thought that, no matter how far may be the governmental and revolutionary workers from the reasonable solution of the land question, it nevertheless will be—and very soon—solved, especially in Russia; and by no means by those strange, groundless, arbitrary, unfeasible and, above all, unjust theories of expropriation, and the still more foolish governmental measures for the destruction of village communes and the establishment of small land-ownerships, i.e., the strengthening and confirming of that system against which the struggle is to be directed; but it will and must be solved in one way alone; by the recognition of the equal right of every man to live upon and to be nourished by the land on which he was born—that same principle which is so invincibly proved by the teachings of Henry George.

I think so because the thought of the equal right of all men to the soil, notwithstanding all the efforts of the "educated" and learned people to drive that thought by all kinds of schemes of expropriation and the destruction of village communes from the minds of the Russian people, nevertheless lives in the minds of the Russian people to-day, and sooner or later—I believe that soon—it must be fully realised.

It may be interesting to know that these vigorous utterances did appear in the St. Petersburg newspaper, and from that paper were quickly republished by many journals in many lands, thus showing the eagerness with which the utterances of the Sage of Yasnaya Polyana are caught up and spread throughout the world.

In connection with this unqualified espousal of what he was pleased to call "the teachings of Henry George," my host directed that the translations of the George books into the Slavonic (Russian) tongue be brought to him. They proved to be all of the principal books except *THE OPEN LETTER TO THE POPE* (obviously inappropriate for Russia where the Greek Church holds sway), and the unfinished *SCIENCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY*. He also showed me a large number of the translated pamphlets and lectures—all in cheap form for popular circulation. The translator and populariser of the works is his intimate friend and neighbour, Sergej Dm. Nikolajev, who, he said, would come to the house in the evening.

Tolstoy talked with the utmost fervour and enthusiasm of the truth of these books as if the matter was impersonal to me, and he suddenly tossed the rug off his feet and got out of his chair to go over to a table and write his name in some of the copies. The ease and certainty with which he moved was quite bewildering, yet I noticed that he wore a pair of old-style high boots, with the trousers tucked inside the boot-legs. The handwriting had a clearness and firmness that was truly wonderful for a man of eighty-one.

And, even as he wrote, his mind indicated its variety and range. For instance, he touched upon Japan, whence I had just come. "I want to know many things about that progressive country," he said. "I believe the Japanese are a great people. I have had most instructive talks with Mr. Kenjiro Tokutomi, a Japanese writer. Do you know him?"

I said that I had met his brother, Mr. E. Tokutomi, editor of the powerful Tokio daily, *KOKUMIN*, which is popularly regarded as the special mouthpiece of the present Katsura Government.

Leaving the subject of Japan for special consideration later, the philosopher spoke of the volume and wide extent of his correspondence, some letters coming from parts of the world and in languages of which he knew nothing. They put him to some pains to learn what they were about. A large part of his correspondence was made up of inquiries about his writings, and a considerable portion asked about the land question.

He showed with some satisfaction a letter from Mr. William J. Bryan, whose moral nature he holds in high admiration. The letter accompanied a published reply to ex-President Roosevelt's attack in *THE OUTLOOK* on Tolstoy's views on passive resistance as applicable to present-day individual and national affairs. Tolstoy made no direct comment on what Mr. Roosevelt



had said, as if not worth the while. But as to politics, he remarked: "I take no interest in them, and I cannot understand why your father risked his life in them."

"To bring his ideas into practical discussion," I answered. That brought up England's hysterics about national defence. The Sage's observation was characteristic:

"Navies are not necessary to people who desire to be at peace," said he, "but only to people who wish to rob and murder. For robbery logically ends in murder. All this building of warships is a sign that some people who have the power are preparing to go off on new expeditions to rob and murder."

In this touch-and-go way Tolstoy ran over many subjects until I asked permission for a friend to take some photographs. Confident of consent, I had invited this friend, who was an expert photographer, to accompany me to Yasnaya Polyana. The Count readily acceded to my wish, and the pictures thus specially taken are presented with this article.

Even here the philosopher's mind revealed its alertness. For when the photographer said that he would make a five seconds' exposure, owing to the poor light that came into the room from the grey day without, our host evidently counted, and announced that the pose had been longer than five seconds—to the photographer's surprise and embarrassment. But the test of the pudding is in the eating, and the pictures turned out well.

It now being the time of afternoon for the daily nap, which is part of Tolstoy's present necessary routine—for the family watch his health with loving care—we withdrew. There is now no labouring in the fields, or cobbling of shoes or strenuous physical toil, as of yore. While not ailing in any alarming way, except for the swelling of the feet, Count Tolstoy, with his crowded life of more than four-score years, is in very delicate health; and for a man of his high-strung temperament he yields to medical advice with surprising docility.

#### Tolstoy's Interesting Family.

While our host was sleeping, I strolled through the gardens with the son, Leo junior, whom I found to be delightfully companionable—full of reading, wide-visioned, and arriving at his conclusions by independent thought; proving that he is not a mere follower in the footprints of his famous father. He has an artistic bent, and without any instruction whatever has taken to sculpture as a pastime, having a fine bust of his father in process when I visited Yasnaya Polyana. He was pleased to allow my photographer friend to take for me a picture of him standing beside the unfinished bust of his father.

But young Tolstoy's serious business in life is as a playwright; and, like his father, he strives to make his writings teach things. One of his plays deals with Russian politics. He knew full well that if he placed the scene in Russia the play would never pass the censor. So he laid it in America, and used American names. Its application to Russia was obvious, but it passed the censor and had a very successful run in St. Petersburg.

As we walked in the garden on the south side of the house, under boughs filled with raindrops from a recent shower, young Tolstoy said that the family studied to keep his father in happy surroundings; and that this had been a great element in his father's career—happiness in his work. "My father," remarked my companion, "says that the man is made by himself from within; but I say that my father is unconscious of how much he himself owes to things from without. One thing—he has had my mother." And love rang in the young man's voice.

When I met this mother presently, I appreciated this love and admiration. Countess Tolstoy, at sixty-four, is a commanding woman. She married the Count when she was seventeen and he was thirty-four. She believed in him, moulded herself to him, helped him in every turn, taught herself to be his confidant and counsellor, without losing her own independence of character and will to assert her diverging views, where such occasionally occurred. She gave to him the strength of her body, mind, and spirit; and he leaned on her—leaned a great part of his weight—drew from her, depended on her in a thousand ways. Suppose she had been another kind of woman—one who thought chiefly of herself, with other kind of ambition for him, and had tried to bend him to it: What then? The world would have had a different Tolstoy—perhaps one who would not have spoken so to the hearts and spirits of scores of millions of men.

Another great element in Tolstoy's life has been the possession of the estate Yasnaya Polyana, which meant freedom from the harrying cares of finding a subsistence. Suppose he had been born poor?

And then that south garden in which I walked under the

Count's workroom windows—that garden with its perfumes and nightingales, its ancient trees and beauties of water, lawns and shrubs; that garden that changes its aspect with changing seasons—it must have powerfully influenced his mind, as when, for instance, he drew out the life-story of ANNA KARENINA, or set down the self-interrogatories of MY RELIGION, or wrote with lava heat WAR AND PEACE, or poured out his heart's sympathies in OUR SLAVERY OF TO-DAY. That south garden must have had a part, and a large part, in all this.

It was with something of these reflections, between the chattings, that I was viewing this garden, when three tattered men came up the main drive, and, at a motion from my companion, passed to the rear of the house. "Beggars," it was explained. "It is a rule here that any one asking alms shall not go away empty-handed." And I found that each beggar received five kopecks (about three cents).

It flashed on me that here was a fruit of the great moralist's witnessing a beggar in Moscow arrested "for begging alms in Christ's name." It occurred twenty-eight years ago—in 1881—the first time Tolstoy got a real conception of the poverty of a modern city. It is vividly described in the opening of WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

These three beggars whom I saw at the Tolstoy house were of the cringing type—bereft of hope and pride, and transformed into dogs that lick the feet.

It was pleasant to turn from them to a primitive game of tennis which, under the trees at some distance, the youngest daughter of the house—the Countess Alexandria, a splendid type of physical woman of twenty-five—was playing with some friends. She is her father's secretary, but, as she said, "one can't keep writing all the time; so I come out here in all possible weathers and engage in this not over-clean exercise."

She held up her hands, which truly were "of the earth earthy"; but roses were in her cheeks and vigour in her form, and she hurled a club instead of a ball a distance of twenty-five or thirty feet in a way that made the blocks, instead of pins, fly.

The hour for the evening meal had come. We repaired to the great room of the house. It was flanked by large windows. On the other two walls hung oils of the Count and his line. The floor was of polished hardwood. A long table, set for a dozen or more, ran down the centre, with piano, chairs, and various other furniture distributed about.

The Countess took one end of the table, a great samovar in front of her. Her daughter occupied the other end. On the Countess's right sat the Count; on her left, her son. I sat beside the Count, with Sergej Dm. Nikolajev, the translator of the George books, on my other hand.

When questioned about my recent journey across Russia, I remarked that I had observed that the land was everywhere cultivated, but that the houses of the farmers were the poorest of huts.

The Count's comment was that the working farmer got little of his produce in Russia; that the great part of the best land was held by the nobles and other favoured individuals.

Mr. Nikolajev made the astounding statement that the Czar himself owns in his own right more than 500,000 square versts (220,000 square miles) of the finest land of the Altai district, near Barnaul; and that he owns much land elsewhere besides.

Just then I perceived that a manservant was presenting a platter of chicken croquettes.

"You are not a vegetarian?" asked the Countess. "I feel myself getting in that direction," I answered, but nevertheless I helped myself.

"You should become wholly so," exclaimed the Count. Glancing at the plate of his son across the table, and observing a croquette, I said: "I observe that your son is not so."

The Countess, who had also taken a croquette, spoke up: "No, the Count did not come to vegetarianism until after his son was born."

I relate this incident to indicate the personal independence of the members of the family.

Another side of this wonderful man was exhibited when he was asked what the thought of his own novels, now that he looked back through the years at them.

"I believe I've forgotten what they are about," he answered.

"I can promise you a great treat if you will read them," I said.

"No," was his reply, "I have more important work to do.

The times remind me of the conditions that existed when I was a young man and chattel slavery was being destroyed in America

and serfdom in this country. Now we face industrial slavery, and that will be destroyed too."

#### Closing the Day with Melody.

After much more, and the meal had been finished, and the dishes cleared away, the feast of the evening—music—came; something that the Count had looked forward to, as he had early in the afternoon promised me a treat. A youth of eighteen, from the Petersburg conservatory, played a pianoforte accompaniment, with remarkable precision and delicacy, for an older man, Boris Trojanovsky, perhaps twenty-five, who proved to be a marvel on the "ballalajka," the Russian national instrument, a kind of triangular, three-stringed guitar. He played for the best part of two hours from Tchaikovsky and other masters. He held his audience entranced. He is pronounced the finest player in Russia and undoubtedly will, before many years, be heard on this side of the Atlantic.

Tolstoy was chief listener, but what struck me most was when he arose, took me by the arm, and led me off to his work-room, leaving the intervening doors open. "They are going to play 'The Nightingale,'" he said. "I want you to say if at times from here it does not sound like a woman's voice?"

I listened to the subdued notes as they floated into our retired place, and some of them did sound like a woman's voice—a voice filled with a heart-longing. It revealed in the old man of eighty-one the active spirit of poetry and romance that had created ANNA KARENINA.

While we stood there in his workroom I asked him for a portrait of himself, with his autograph. He immediately produced a picture from a cupboard, and sat down at a table to write on it.

"Would it be good English to say, 'With best love'?" he asked.

"It would be the English that honours most," I replied.

"I loved your father," he rejoined simply. And then, after a pause, during which he wrote his name on the picture, he said: "They arrest men here in Russia for circulating my books. I have written them asking why they arrest such men, who are blameless. Why not arrest the man who wrote the books? But they did not reply, and they do not arrest me."

Then he said, rising: "if you will not stay and sleep with us, I must urge you to go at once to catch your train."

And at the head of the stairway he stopped and took my hand, saying simply: "This is the last time I shall meet you. I shall see your father soon. Is there any commission you would have me take to him?"

For a moment I was lost in wonder at his meaning. But his eyes were quietly waiting for an answer.

"Tell him the work is going on," I replied.

He nodded, and I departed, feeling that I had been privileged to talk with the greatest man on earth.

#### HERE AND THERE.

"The mind of the country elector is an unknown quantity."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Labourer: "Maister Jarge, be you a-goin' to take them stairs away?"—Maister Jarge: "Noa, Willum."

Labourer (after weighing the matter carefully): "Then be you a-goin' to lave 'em oop?"—Maister Jarge: "Ay."—PUNCH.

"The recent General Election does not represent Scotland as it is, much less Scotland as it will be." This was Mr. Balfour's telegram to a Conservative meeting in Glasgow, on February 9th. We cannot understand why Mr. Balfour took the trouble to express this opinion. We thought everyone knew Mr. Balfour's opinion to be that the House of Lords represents Scotland as it was, is and shall be.

Mr. Rhys, the defeated Unionist candidate for East Denbigh, said after the declaration of the poll, that "he had been fighting in that contest, not Mr. Hemmerde—against whom he had nothing to urge—but a greater man than he, Mr. Lloyd George, and it was because of him and his Budget that they stood beaten that day."

Sir Reginald McLeod stood as Tory candidate for Inverness-shire. He was rejected by a heavy majority and immediately rushed to the TIMES to tell the Englishman what a dour, ignorant and prejudiced crowd of people the Highlanders are. The Highlanders still remember the tyranny of Sir Reginald McLeod's ancestors and other landowners who evicted them from their homes.

"It is doubtless the case that, if Tariff Reform had been submitted to the people as the single issue, it would have swept the field. But the Government, well knowing the deep unpopularity of Free Trade, were careful to confuse the issue. They complicated it with the Budget."—DAILY MAIL.

Yet there are dear old gentlemen of the Early Edwardian era, with memories stretching back to November, 1909, who can still recall the legend, current at that time, that the Lords "referred the Budget to the people"! Yes, the Budget, dear DAILY MAIL.—PUNCH.

Sir A. Conan Doyle, in a letter to a Selkirk gentleman, writes: "I have seen a good bit of this world during my 50 years, but if I were asked what was the queerest thing I have ever seen I should certainly say it was to see the British workmen voting hard to get manufactured articles free into this country. Think of the Hawick Burghs voting for free imports of woollen goods. However, in the South and Midlands sanity has begun to prevail, and we hope it will get North through time."

The village of Donington, Lincolnshire, with a population of under 1,500, has an abundance of charities, no less than £1,600 per annum being distributed from charitable funds by the parish council and various trustees. The largest trust is that held by Cowley's trustees, who have an income of about £1,100 to administer, and devote it entirely to educational purposes. The whole of the elementary education rate is paid from this source, and the balance allocated to the grammar school. Millson's trustees disburse about £350 a year. They provide a dozen pensioners with 6s. per week, and at Christmas give away a large number of tickets for coal, meat, grocery, &c.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I am rich beyond the need of further avarice, and from time to time I have liberally fed the Party coffers. I should therefore in the ordinary course of things have a claim to be one of the few selected for the rare honour of a Peerage. But if the Upper Chamber, upon which I have been careful to direct only modified ridicule, is going to be swamped by the creation of five hundred outsiders from the Lord alone knows where, what becomes of my well-earned nobility? Every new Peer will become a laughing-stock, without distinction of persons. Yet I dare not vote in the Commons against the removal of the veto, lest I should get into trouble, and not be included even in the five hundred. It is a rotten dilemma, isn't it? Yours faithfully, Vox Clamantis.—PUNCH.

Some of the farmers on the Thorney Estate who availed themselves of the Duke of Bedford's offer to acquire their own holdings are reselling at handsome profits though the purchase has not to be completed before Lady Day. Over 20 farms have already changed hands again, in one case a profit of several thousands being made.

Mr. Lester sends us a cutting from the OTTAWA JOURNAL:—"Canadian politics at their best—or worst—cannot touch a certain brand of British. For instance, at Dereham, in Mid-Norfolk, when the Conservative was going from one fainting fit to another, from excitement and overwork, a mob chased the Liberal candidate into the canal, and having got him there, stood on the bank howling for his gore. In the meanwhile for good measure a group of suffragettes was hurling rocks at everything breakable and smashing windows on every side. Even West Elgin in its palmy days would look like a prayer meeting beside that Bedlamic combination, and yet they say the British are a phlegmatic race."

This is a good instance of story-telling, as we believe there is no canal within 50 miles of Dereham.

At Ruthin, in Denbighshire, a movement has been started for the establishment of a factory for the slaughter of pigs and the curing of bacon. A new company has been registered, and a meeting was held on February 1st to discuss business. The