

simplification of dress is, however, obviously a step in the right direction. Time, thought, and money are frittered away on the multiplicity of details which an artificial style of dress involves, and if by more "natural means" the effects aimed at could be attained with less effort and outlay, it would be a boon to the fair sex, and society would have every reason for gratitude to the School of Beauty.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

### THE FANATIC.

He is a man with a conscience, to whom prejudice is principle; and he prides himself on his possession as other men pride themselves on their birth, their preserves, or their roses. To hear him talk one would think him the sole possessor of the commodity, while all others were mere time-servers crossed with sensuality and warped by untruth. If any one sees the other side of a question, and states the case from an opponent's point of view, that man is—not just, not liberal, nor far-sighted, nor many-sided—but Laodicean and half-hearted, destitute of principle and devoid of conscience. The fanatic allows of no such considerations as complicated interests or individual liberties to modify his policy. If such and such a principle is right in the abstract, *fiat justitia*, and let the heavens with all the existing frame-work of society go to wreck on the spot. Where you, poor weak wretch, thinking that steady growth and the gradual education of public opinion are necessary before a radical change is introduced, would halt and linger and attempt the bit-by-bit reform so dear to men of your miserable kidney, he would cut down to the roots and plant strange trees on the old ground all in one day, and without further preparation. He vaunts his want of pity for the wrong side; and understands how Agag should be hewed in pieces before the Lord, and how the sons and daughters of Canaan should be slain, so that not one of the pernicious brood should be left. He sympathizes with the thoroughness which made the Inquisition burn bodies to save souls and stamp out error. Rough as the machinery was, it was better than the crime of tolerance towards evil, and so far was sanctified. He would like to see some vigorous method possible in the present day, by which the enemies of (his) truth might be dealt with, so that they should not be allowed to darken the light for others; and failing conversion by moral suasion, he would willingly try measures of an unanswerable sort. He says that God would surely bless his efforts, and prosper the good work.

The pious fanatic is more objectionable than even the political, for he has a leverage in the superstition of the unreasoning men which the other has not. A republican may talk himself hoarse, but he will make few converts in a country like our own, where men love lords to self-abasement and princes to idolatry. And again, the absolutist finds Magna Charta and the British Constitution the stone walls which oppose him; and the Englishman's birth-right of freedom is too precious to be bartered for any glittering theory with a benevolent despotism at the base. But the Sabbatarian and the Ritualist can trade on the sentimental piety which is part of the national character, and find in superstition and exaggeration a response to their fanaticism, as an echo repeats a shriek. The religious fanatic would put an end to all freedom of thought and liberty of action; to him certain mystical dogmas and certain unproveable doctrines are as sure as the multiplication table; but he makes no account of the fact that they are not therefore sure for all, but only for those who hold them. No one disputes the multiplication table, and an algebraic problem once solved is proved for all time; but systems of religion and interpretations of texts are as many as each man's individual fancy wills to make them; and fanatic arrayed against fanatic helps reason to a better understanding. He cannot see this. He has worked out his own spiritual problem to his own supreme satisfaction, and those who do not endorse his Q.E.D. are predestined to eternal perdition. If he thinks it wrong to walk in the fields on the Sabbath day, to read the paper, or write a letter, to eat hot meat, or to travel even on the most necessary business, those who, not thinking these things iniquitous, do them, are accursed. If he says that confession is good for the soul, and that the priest has God-given powers not accorded to the unconsecrated, those who suspect the frail humanity of handsome, lusty young confessors more than they credit his spiritual gifts, are on their side accused, and held to be the enemies of God and children of the Evil One. If he believes in free grace, your filthy rags of righteousness are snares, not signs; if he asks for proofs in good works, prayer and contemplation are in vain. But as he is only the expression of a large part of the human character, he finds adherents wherever he may be; and the religious fanatic is sure to make converts and breed strife where all others would fail.

The free-thinking fanatic is just as unreasonable. He ignores altogether the religious element in his scheme of society, and laughs at that yearning to know which makes men mad for pain at the silence which answers prayer, the blankness which rewards search. For him there is no mystery, and no yearning. He is a man, alive, active, thinking, feeling; one among others; and with *Ego sum* he is content. Why cannot others be the same? In his zeal for the destruction of what he holds to be error, he would pull down the old grey church which stands as the sacred symbol of life and death, of love and sorrow, of hope and resignation to so many simple souls, or convert it into the parish granary. He would banish the clergy, or make them into soldiers and sailors—men of war and violent action in derision of their former peaceful calling. He would bury everyone with civil rites in unconsecrated ground, and he would have no nonsense of prayers or exhortations over the lump of senseless clay consigned to its congenial dust and ashes; also he would marry everyone with civil rites, and forbid all priestly benediction; and he would make the baptism of infants an offence, and the administration of extreme unction a misdemeanour. And all this to gratify his private fanaticism of negation, and in spite of the passionate love of believers for their faith, and the comfort which they derive from the offices of their religion.

The humanitarian would abolish not only capital punishment and bearing-reins, but everything which gives physical uneasiness to human beings and animals alike. Of these, however, he generally prefers the latter, and would not have a dog pricked with a pin in the way of experimentalising on morbid action—no, not to save the human race for ever from future madness or consumption. He has made himself very noisy and conspicuous of late, and

his fanaticism has been aired to the roots; but always mankind has been subordinated to animals, and the highest aims, like the most important discoveries of science, have been ignominiously thrust to one side in favour of the undisturbed enjoyment of cats and dogs. To the humanitarian fanatic physical suffering is the lot of man, wherewith he must be patient and content; but our four-footed fellow-creatures must be exempt from the tax which we have to pay. Rather let great men and noble women perish by scores, as now, of disease that could be prevented, if only we knew its course in the living body; let young children, the wealth of the state and the joy of the home, go down into darkness and the night before they have known the meaning of life or done the work that lay in them to do; let the progress of the race be delayed, the empire of disease maintained, the ruin of families and the anguish of loving hearts be continued, rather than that a few individual animals should suffer pain which is neither anticipated nor shared—pain which is not so great as that which we human creatures are suffering by thousands in every country in the world, and which reacts in the unspeakable misery of all around us. This is the creed of the humanitarian fanatic when dealing with the question of the animals *versus* mankind; and he is on the same sentimental side when dealing with criminals *versus* their victims. The poor unfortunate murderer now in prison is to be tried for his life:—but the dead man is dead;—and to what good the gallows?

Twin brother to this kind of fanatic is the vegetarian who regards meat-eating as only a milder form of cannibalism, and would let the race dwindle into rickety pigmies while the sheep multiplied on the hills and the earth was overrun with beasts preying on each other. He looks with horror at that succulent beefsteak which you are so evidently enjoying; and seasons your dinner with vivid descriptions of how the animals are first overdriven and then slaughtered, and the horrible instance of bungling and consequent torture that he knows of or has witnessed. If he sickens you into loathing, he is a proud man that day; and looks forward to the time when you will become a vegetarian like himself, contented with roots and grain and fruits and vegetables free from the taint of blood, and preferring bulk to concentration. The vegetarian fanatic, who sees little or no difference between eating a man or a calf, is almost sure to be also one who sees no difference between drunkenness and temperance—total abstinence with cabbages being his pet theory for the salvation of society. A pint of beer to a thirsty man, hot and weary, is as much against the law of righteousness, as he has framed it, as successive goes of gin till the sodden brute lies rolling in the gutter; a glass of sherry after the soup ranks like brandy before breakfast; and to maintain the medicinal value of stimulants is, according to him, one of those doctrines of the devil which the teachers should be dealt with severely by law. He is a fanatic to whom moderation is the mother of sin, and whom nothing will content but totality. Extirpation, not pruning—not training—not cutting off the hurtful excrescences and leaving the wholesome stem—nothing of all this for him; but only destruction, and the good and the evil thrown hissing into the fire together.

Sometimes the fanatic is a patriot, loving his own country beyond reason, and as inimical for all others as he is impassioned for his own. Nothing offends him more than the assertion that they order these things better in France, unless it be that other, that they order them ill in England. He cherishes still the belief that one Englishman can lick three Frenchmen any day; that they live on frogs; are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes; and he repeats with gusto the famous definition of "half tiger, half monkey," which seems to him the fittest description that can be given of a gallant, industrious and energetic people, to whom liberty and Europe owe so much. Hint at a rent in John Bull's coat of morals, and you are shown the door; affirm the superiority of Mounseer's, and you make acquaintance with the window. The fanatic will not harbour under his roof, he says, the Englishman who despises his own country; and the printed satires on modern manners or characteristics which reach him are consigned to the flames with every mark of ignominy and disgust. He considers England to be the very centre of civilisation, and the "man at the helm" of progress. Not a nation but ourselves has political liberty or family affections; no other men know how to ride or to drive, to hunt or to shoot, save a few savages and Alpine chamois-hunters; no carriages are so well built, no horses so well groomed; no other workmen know how to make a lock that will fasten, a hinge that will hang, a locomotive that will run, or a ship that will sail; and as for religion, the English Protestant Church is the very Delos of Christianity; and without exactly limiting the mercy of God, he has grave doubts if it will extend very far beyond those sacred boundaries. He wonders at nothing so much as the restless insanity of men who travel about Europe instead of staying contentedly in their own parishes. What is there to see that we have not here among ourselves? There is no ancient building to be compared to Westminster Abbey, nor modern to the Houses of Parliament. Scotland and Westmoreland supply all the beauty for which Switzerland and the Tyrol are famed; and he is always repeating the flattering assertion once made that no lake was more beautiful than Derwent-water, no mountain more imposing than Ben Nevis. Who that has the Thames need go to see the Rhine? and is not to be an Englishman to be one of the kings of the earth? This, at least, is the creed of the patriotic fanatic, and let those who differ from him look out. All who differ from any fanatic, indeed, had better look out, for he tolerates no second opinion, and least of all that which maintains that the other side has its rights, and that its defenders are not conscienceless scoundrels who would sell their very souls if Satan thought them worth the buying.—*Truth.*

### "TURK" vs. "R. W. DOUGLAS."

Woe is me, how angry is the gods! How does august Jove descend from his Olympian height, and rudely square his arms, and bandy epithets with the coarse denizens of the streets!

Can this agonized "Rejoinder" be from the pen of that lofty critic, who a brief month ago cast a withering glance at my modest "Plea," and contemptuously went on his way? Verily, Allah has been merciful to me, and has endowed me with a faculty of speech, which even proud and scornful enemies cannot lightly regard.