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## THE LOSS OF THE SUB- MARINE A1

**I**T is natural for all men, and right for Englishmen, to be especially moved by the sight or report of disaster when it takes place on the sea. The terror is greater and more inevitable; the hostility of the element never relents; what a human enemy would spare it will engulf without pity or distinction. Sympathy, too, is more strongly touched; it has been common enough for Englishmen to make a good end on land, but the history of our seamen has been a long and almost unbroken record of victory over death and the fear of death, and we had lately no need of further witness to assure us that Lieutenant Mansergh and his men were worthy of all honour and gratitude.

There are, however, public dangers inseparable from strong public feeling: two of the worst are the encouragement of sensationalism and the confusion of thought. The state of the public mind—if we may speak of such a thing—for some time after the loss of the Submarine A1 was a striking example of both of these. Of the sensationalism it is difficult to speak with patience; the disaster happened to be a particularly trying one to bear, owing to the length of time which elapsed before the vessel could be raised for examination; the case was not a very mysterious one, nor could speculation serve any useful purpose. Patience and self-command were imperatively called for. But the class of the mentally unemployed have a coarse

appetite for emotion as strong as their distaste for any kind of intellectual activity, and there were some who found it worth their while to feed this appetite by amplifying and retailing the gossip of dockside loafers. The finding of the coroner's jury finally closed the ground to these garbage-hunters; but a painful rumour of any kind seldom fails to leave behind it, even when conclusively disproved, some injurious and lingering effects, and these are not always so effectually averted by official statements as by trustworthy and independent opinion. We therefore give our own view as a public duty and without fear of contradiction or disproof, for we know it to be in accordance with the facts and with the impression made by the facts upon those best qualified to judge of them.

The submarine was struck while in the act of submersion by a vessel of great tonnage going at considerable speed, filled with water after the shock, and sank. When at last the wreck could be examined, the body of every officer and man on board was found exactly in his station, and without any sign of struggle or effort. These, without suppression or addition, are the facts; and it may be positively asserted that they afford no ground for any conclusion but one—that death came suddenly. It is impossible to believe, if it had been otherwise, that there would have been no sign of any tendency to collect in that part of the vessel where there would be most air up to the last moment. Whether any or all of the crew were stunned by the shock itself becomes, therefore, a question of little importance, and it is probably, in any case, one past solving. It is enough for us to know that they were taken by that swift and not unmerciful death which they and their like have faced every day this thousand years, and that the disaster was caused by no lack of skill or of courage, but solely by an over-rapt attention to the business of attack—an excess which Nelson would probably have classed among the virtues.

The confusion of thought arising from this accident was more widespread and more serious than the sensationalism. Just as bats will venture out during an eclipse of the sun,

while the birds are silent and troubled, so at any sudden crisis, in which the judgment of the public is for the moment obscured, the purblind, the feeble, and the gibbering find their opportunity. "Has not the time come for putting an end to all war? Is it not wrong to risk the lives of our men under the water as well as upon it? Is there not something unnatural about submarines? Are they not unnecessary and impracticable?" These are the same people who, when the *Petropavlosk* goes down, will ask whether mines and torpedoes ought not to be prohibited by international law, or fly to the other extreme and propose that we should abandon the building of battleships altogether and put our whole trust in destroyers and submarines.

It is better to confute than to abuse even such sporadic and aimless outbreaks as these. It is better, for instance, to remind the timid once more that omelettes cannot be made without breaking eggs; and that this being so it is futile to shake at the risk. Necessity demands of us for national existence a navy, for Empire a great navy, for efficiency a navy exercised in danger. It is of the essence of naval work that a very large, an unparalleled proportion of its duties and its risks are the same in peace as in war. It is of the essence of submarine work that the risks in peace are absolutely identical with those in war—perhaps rather greater than those of war, for in peace the opponent may venture on rash approach, or a non-combatant may pass unexpectedly through the area of hostilities. The crew of a submarine may be said, therefore, even more truly than the rest of the navy, to be always at war, and when afloat to be always in presence of the enemy. In the first shock of our recent loss, Sir John Fisher, with the true Admiral's instinct for the right word at the right moment, reminded us that Lieutenant Mansergh and his men died in action. This was no paradox, but the bare and essential truth, and it gave as much immediate comfort as a whole funeral oration of Pericles.

That our misfortune was not unprecedented either in kind

or in degree may be seen from the historical instance of the American submarine *David*, whose fatal disasters and equally fatal success are referred to in Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge's article on "The Tactics of the Submarine," which appeared in this Review in August 1901. The *David* was built at Mobile in 1863 and first tried at Charleston.

The experiments in the harbour were carried out at a terrible cost of life, but, nevertheless, there was no difficulty in finding crew after crew to face the imminent risk of death. On her first trial the whole of the crew of eight were drowned; on her next attempt, which was made flush with the water and with the dome open, she was sunk by the wash of a passing steamer. Only one man escaped, by climbing out of the little hatchway as she went down. He was an officer of the Confederate navy, and nothing daunted, he took her out for a third time, after she had been raised, only to see her sink again. He escaped with two of his men; five others were drowned. Again she was raised, and the officer who had twice so narrowly escaped from death found a fourth crew for her. This time the dome was closed, and an under-water voyage was attempted. But her trim was so defective when under way that instead of sinking horizontally she went down diagonally, bow foremost, and stuck her sharp cigar-point in the muddy bottom. All on board were dead when she was brought to the surface.

After all this she was once more manned, and sent against the *Housatonic*, a Federal vessel lying some four miles out. The submarine successfully blew up her enemy with a fixed torpedo, but sank at the same time, and once more her crew of seven all perished. She had been swamped by leakage through her dome under pressure of the wave caused by the explosion and the sinking of her victim. No one will deny that her five crews all "died in action" and all contributed to the final victory.

The dangers then are undoubtedly great; but there will never be any more difficulty in the English Navy than in the American in finding men ready to face them; and they must be faced, for the submarine is for us of all peoples in the world an indispensable weapon of defence. Owing to the slowness of men's minds and the weakness of their imaginative powers, there are at present two opinions upon this subject. There

are apparently some who think the submarine's chances of attaining efficiency over-rated, and its necessary limitations unduly minimised. It is certainly a rather difficult and in some ways a clumsy weapon to handle. But those who depreciate it forget the special task for which it is specially suited—namely, the deterring or destruction of an invading flotilla. The Russo-Japanese War, in which no submarines have been employed by either side, has nevertheless already afforded us a striking lesson on the difficulties of invasion by sea. Admiral Togo is at least as cool and dashing a commander as any Europe is likely to send against us; and has had a smaller margin of shipping and supplies. Yet his allowance of time and of tonnage for the transport of the armies entrusted to him has been large: so large that one of our best naval experts has calculated the flotilla necessary for invading England with a complete army of 100,000 men at something like 450 vessels, of 800,000 tons, and the time required for landing them with all their equipment, if undisturbed in the operation, at about fifty days. Moreover, and this is the most remarkable point, the Japanese Admiral appears in spite of every inducement to make up for the loss of time caused by the unexpectedly bad weather (a loss calculated at three weeks) to have felt it unsafe to move his transports without at the same moment blocking the exit from Port Arthur temporarily by bombardment or permanently by sinking vessels. His convoys never exceeded seventy-five vessels; his battleships, cruisers, and torpedo-boats, after their first success, held a complete superiority over those of the enemy; but the danger was not to be faced, for a fleet of transports crowded with troops is human impotence in its most vulnerable form.

Now if this was Admiral Togo's view in presence of a few warships confined to a single base and under the closest observation, what would be his feeling in transporting troops to a coast amply provided with submarines, working from a number of bases within moderate distance of one another? To be more "actual," what would be the advice of a European admiral

consulted by the head of his country's forces as to the feasibility of collecting secretly several hundred large steamers of—say one-third of the entire steam tonnage of Germany or two-thirds of that of France—loading them with the *personnel* and equipment of a complete army, and bringing them to anchor off the coast of England, suspected, if not known, to be defended by submarines with trained and experienced crews?

No, the time has gone by; we may be starved out for want of an efficient navy, but the "blow at the heart" grows more impossible every year. Not only must we control our own feeble-minded at home, but we must refuse to listen for a moment to those sentimentalists abroad who took from us the power of using an effective bullet in our last war, and would, if they could, forbid the greatest navy in the world to build the most indispensable of ships and wield the most effective of naval weapons. The analogy of airships is an entirely misleading one. Probably when it becomes possible to steer some form of balloon so as to drop dynamite bombs at will upon the cities of an enemy, it will also be found possible to agree in prohibiting a form of attack which would render national existence so precarious as to be intolerable. But the submarine and the torpedo do not even tend in this direction. They attack not cities—collections, that is, of unarmed men, women, and children—but ships, manned and armed solely for war; and they are of more use for defence than for aggression. Our Continental friends are beginning at the wrong end; if they do not wish their transports to perish by the fate of the *Petropavlosk*, it is the transport rather than the mine or the submarine that should be withdrawn—the aggressive rather than the defensive instrument.

It is particularly absurd that "the question of the submarine" should be raised in any form as a consequence of the loss of the *A1*, because this accident was not in reality a typical one at all. It was a pure case of collision, and might have occurred as easily on the surface of the water as beneath it. We have but to imagine a small vessel without a stern light being



over-run at night by a large overtaking ship. Only last autumn a first-class battleship was rammed and all but sunk by a ship of the same squadron while manœuvring with lights out. On the other hand, the loss of the great Russian battleship with almost the whole of her crew does point a lesson, though not of the kind we have been discussing. It does prove that the danger of sudden and complete destruction is, even for the largest and strongest types of warship, decidedly greater than had been supposed. We knew that such ships might be crippled and sunk, but not that they might be sunk with such instantaneous and inevitable loss of life. The moral is, not that battleships are no longer possible or desirable, still less that mines or submarines are unlawful, but that a new type of ship is needed to meet the new danger. It is idle to talk of dispensing with mobility and concentration of force—and these are the meaning of the battleship—but it may well be that we have exhausted the possibilities of the present type. For many years now our designers have been living on interest—on the earnings of the past. It would not be fair to say that they have put nothing of their own into the business, but what they have done is rather to carry on with energy and ability a going concern than to strike out a new line or lay new foundations. Those of us who can remember, or who have seen represented, the English fleet of the Crimean period, will not deny that even our naval constructors—above the national average of efficiency as they undoubtedly are—have not always shown as much mental agility as they might have done, in abandoning the accidental and developing the essential points of an inherited type. We laugh now—even the landsman laughs—at the pictures of those hybrid monsters of the fifties; but the naval constructor or his masters should have laughed at the design before it ever took the substance upon it. It may well be that in another fifty years time the retention of our present type after the arrival of the torpedo and the submarine will seem as ridiculous as the fond clinging to masts and sails after the final adoption of steam.

It should be a matter of pride with us, as the greatest sea power in history, to be the leaders in every advance of construction, the inventors of every new type. In the present instance it is, in fact, more than a matter of pride; it concerns our Empire. In the long ding-dong contest between the gun and the armour, the attack and the defence, victory rests for the moment with the former; the ship's frame is weaker than the ship's weapon. As we have shown above, this strengthens us in maintaining our own island security, but it weakens what is quite as important—our striking force all over the world. We cannot allow ourselves to be the victims of a dilemma, to be reduced to an alternative of mastery in our own waters *or* on the Seven Seas. For the one we must have a submarine that no invader can face; for the other, a battleship<sup>1</sup> that shall under no circumstances fail her crew. *Videant consules.*

<sup>1</sup> We are glad to see that since the above pages were printed an article has appeared by Captain A. T. Mahan, in which he takes substantially the same view of the battleship question as that here set forth. The loss of the *Hatsuse*, of course, in no way affects the argument; and the protest against the sowing broadcast of contact mines upon the high seas is an entirely different matter from the outcries above deprecated.

## ON THE LINE

**F**ORTUNE, which treated Mr. Geoffrey Drage somewhat harshly as a politician, has now smiled upon him as an author. The conclusion, with its consequences, of a war in South Africa probably lost Mr. Drage the Woolwich election. The breaking out of a war in Manchuria will, in all likelihood, increase the attention very deservedly gained by his newest book, modestly entitled *Russian Affairs* (Murray, 21s.). Books on Japan and Russia are familiar announcements just now. It is a pleasure to light upon one altogether free from the suspicion of being hastily botched up to meet a sudden demand at the libraries. Here is a work obviously the outcome of years of hard study, observant travel, and the patient accumulation of evidence. A quarter of a century has now gone by since Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace surprised us with what to most English readers was a first revelation of how far modern Russia had marched since the Crimean War. In the intervening years authors not a few have trodden in his track, and the name of Mr. Henry Norman will at once occur to many. But no volume at once so handy, so readable, and so packed with just the information wanted by the ordinary English reader, has brought Russian affairs so nearly up to date as Mr. Drage's workmanlike summary. Beginning with a commendably brief historical outline he gives us, in succession, sketches of Slavonic ideals and Russia's governmental ambitions; of her agriculture; her manufactures nascent or

developed ; her commerce and finance ; her oppressed Polish and Finnish provinces ; her vast and varied Asiatic dependencies. In the interesting description of Manchuria we note a now somewhat pathetic eulogy of the mercantile conveniences of Dalny. A conclusion, which is not a summary, reviews the foreign relations of Russia, first with the European nations which bound her on the West, and then—and at greater length—her relations with Great Britain both in Europe and Asia. A full appendix, furnishing documentary evidence, reminds us that Mr. Drage was officially connected with a noted Labour Commission. More attractive to the general reader will be maps, nine in number, very necessary as illustrations of his immense subject-matter, stretching, as it does, from Prussia to Port Arthur. Informing as the book is, it is, nevertheless, pleasantly controversial. Mr. Drage cares too much about his subject to be colourless ; so he hazards opinions on matters political, industrial, and social, upon which the authorities are at loggerheads. As, however, he usually states quite fairly the facts and figures upon which his verdicts are based, those who differ from him—as the writer of this notice occasionally does—cannot complain of concealment or mis-statement. In a word, Mr. Drage is to be cordially congratulated upon a sober and luminous *aperçu*, which would have been valuable even had Fate not made it as timely as it is at this moment.

What is the secret of the weakness of the enormous but unwieldy Power to whose prestige Japan is dealing such rude buffets ? Why have the good intentions of Alexander and Nicholas, and the immense energy of able bureaucrats like de Witte, led to results dubious or saddening ? Why is it that despotism and bureaucracy seem likely to fail even where despotism and bureaucracy are usually expected to succeed, in organising an efficient army and navy ? Mr. Drage enables us to comprehend. No government which is thoroughly afraid of its own people can venture to make them efficient. To begin with, it dare not educate them.

Outside Finland and the Baltic Provinces, where Russification has not yet ruined the schools, at least three Russians out of four are illiterate, and even those who have passed through the schools of the Orthodox Church have often been turned out with but a smattering of the three R's to compensate for precious time wasted over deadening superstition. The schools of the local councils are frowned upon by hierarchy and bureaucracy alike. The universities, instead of being asylums for freedom of thought and teaching, are increasingly spied upon and worried by meddlesome officialism. Since that lamentable blunder and crime, the assassination of the present Czar's grandfather, the policy of the great Ministers who have had the ear of the Emperor has been to combine industrial development and prosperity with steady political repression. But to make an ignorant, enslaved, and, therefore, discontented, people prosperous is one of the hardest of tasks. Russia has to compete in the markets of the world with free, educated, and civilised nations. Her rigorous Protectionism may stimulate manufactures for her vast home markets, but even this is sometimes achieved at the cost of making her consumers pay double prices. Her one gigantic industry remains agriculture, and her agriculture is still too often carried on by drunken and semi-barbarous boors almost as rudely as before the days of railways. The local councils and the intelligence of Russia cry out for good technical instruction, but so far with very little result. Yet the peasantry and landowners have to bear the burden of high prices and heavy taxes. Widely corrupt, brutal in its methods, not kept clean and wholesome by proper criticism, the Russian bureaucracy, itself unsound, cannot make the nation efficient. So, despite a patriotism which is a religion and a religion which is a patriotism, despite the unity of purpose in its policy and the goodheartedness of its sovereign, the most enormous Power on earth is at this moment an object of world-wide pity and a source of grave anxiety to those who wish it well.

The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. II: "The Reformation" (Cambridge University Press, 16s. net). It is impossible within the limits of a short article to do more than give a general impression of so capacious a work as this. In a series of monographs, it narrates and discusses the Reformation in every part of Europe, and a reviewer can only indicate conclusions of general agreement arrived at. We will not discuss the well-worn argument of great men *v.* tendencies, whether, as Tolstoy holds, great men are straws to show which way the current is setting, or, as Carlyle, levers which move the world from its orbit; because this is like discussing whether 4 or 2 is more potent in the formula  $4 \times 2 = 8$ . Certainly our belief in the power of genius and personality is not diminished by reading this volume. Luther as a leader and an obstructor, Calvin as an organiser and a limiter, Erasmus who took down the shutters but had not the courage to open the windows, the "grand, gross figure" of Henry VIII., the intellectual superiority and moral weakness of Cranmer, are all there as they were, factors in the sum which would have been different if they had been different, a difference inherent in their several natures, as well as in their circumstances. This volume brings into relief the personal contributions of men of the second or third order of greatness, whose intervention at particular moments became part of the chain of causes; such men as Zwingli (who only wants a little of attaining to the first three), Gardiner, Bucer, Lefèvre, Contarini, Julius III., Knox, Cromwell, Cartwright, and many others whose individuality biased the course of things. It also settles more firmly the position of the greater men, some great by nature, some by circumstance, and does not add to their number. Luther, Calvin, Loyola, Caraffa, Henry VIII., Charles V., Maurice of Saxony, still hold their pre-eminence. The principal spiritual and intellectual movements also are what we have always known; emancipation of intellect by the Renaissance, the open field of antiq. ity stimulating boundless curiosity, licensed and unlicensed; alarm of threatened institutions, rebellion, repres-

sion, armed resistance, acceptance of inevitable division. The "verdicts of history" are seldom given altogether in vain.

A comprehensive view of Europe, such as can be gained from this series of monographs, shows more clearly than before the similarity of the forces acting in different countries. In particular we become aware that the conventional view of the "religious reform" is partial and requires correction. The Reformation was a religious movement, of course; to Luther, Calvin, Loyola, and Caraffa, as well as to the humble Bible-readers and psalm-singers, it was nothing else. But to sovereigns and nations generally it meant a great deal more. The political and national aspects of the Reformation have been too much ignored. It would be possible to write a history of the Reformation entirely from the secular side. In England the course of the Reformation was determined by the tyrannous self-will and enormous greed of Henry VIII., who let loose anarchical forces upon timid churchmen, in the certainty that he could control them with the help of nobles almost as greedy as himself, and an obscure but sincere desire for the Bible and Church reform was fanned by the King's quarrel and the prospect of plunder into a blaze of national zeal heightened by a sense of Protestant unity under Edward VI., and by the hatred of Rome caused by Mary's reign. In Germany the princes play a greater part than the divines, excepting Luther alone; the intricate pattern of the religious settlement is a geographical and dynastical not a theological problem, and the House of Hapsburg is residuary legatee. And if in Germany, where, if anywhere, it was a national movement, religious convictions were subordinate to reasons of State, the jealousy of princes among each other, and reciprocally between ecclesiastical and temporal princes, and among lords, knights, and cities of the empire, the nobility, the *bourgeoisie*, and the peasants; and outside and permeating all, the vague imperial authority and the definite pressure of Austro-Spanish power—if such secular reasons thwarted all designs of establishing a religious union in Germany, how much more in the other

countries of Europe. The French sovereigns checked persecution or let it go on according to their relations with the Emperor and the ascendancy of Guise or Bourbon; in *poco-curante* Italy, fear of Spain was greater than dislike of Rome; in Scandinavia, the Reformation was little more than a quarrel between kings, nobles, and bishops, complicated by national revolutions, in which the bishops went to the wall. Scotland and Switzerland are the only nations in which the change of faith was a genuine religious movement. We observe, also, that the first fervour of religious reform had spent itself when the counter-Reformation began in the Roman Church, and met it on its own ground. In Germany, Lutheranism was at feud with Calvinism; in France, the Huguenots had become a political party; in England, the movement which began with the enthusiasm of liberty had been drilled into obedience and Establishment. Unity was opposed to division, piety to fanaticism; the Council of Trent consolidated the Roman dogma and established the autocracy of the Holy See; the Society of Jesus and the Inquisition worked effectively to the same end, of which we see the modern result in the Vatican decrees and the condemnation by the Syllabus of modern thought and politics.

Another very extensive work to which no review could do complete justice is **English Literature: an Illustrated Record** (Heinemann, 4 vols., £3 net.), compiled by Dr. Garnett and Mr. Edmund Gosse. The book is planned upon a well-known German model; it contains four distinct elements: (1) a biography of each author; (2) a critical appreciation of his work; (3) selected passages from his writings; (4) portraits, pictures of places, facsimiles of documents, caricatures, and other illustrations. In addition to these separate members, there are general chapters, or essays, designed to unite the parts into a real *corpus*. Vol. I. and the first part of Vol. II., taking us down to the end of the Shakespearean age, are by Dr. Garnett, and the remainder,



from the Jacobean poets to Tennyson, by Mr. Gosse. Both writers have given to the work exactly the qualities we should have desired of them; Dr. Garnett<sup>†</sup> shows himself to be, as always, a living and excellent museum or library catalogue, and Mr. Gosse, as always, an enthusiastic believer in literature as the greatest of national possessions and personal inspirations. It is perhaps the warmth of feeling which makes his part of these fascinating volumes rather more living, more irresistible, than the earlier pages; for while both writers suffer from the necessity of getting a quart into a pint pot, the sparkle remains in the one case, while in the other some of the ingredients have to come short altogether. For example, Mr. Gosse can always find space for the word "glory" or "glorious," even in cases where its use is more generous than just—he speaks of the first Lord Lytton's "glorious career"—but the reader is balked of a full inquiry into the problem of Shakespeare's sonnets, and left to doubt whether Dr. Garnett has duly weighed or completely rejected some of the most striking suggestions. He states briefly, but sufficiently, the case against the Southamptonites; and we regret that Mrs. Stopes, in her charming edition of the Sonnets, just published by the De La More Press, has not laid his arguments more to heart; but in the five lines, which contain his summary of the "criticism and speculation" of recent times upon the identity of "Mr. W. H." and kindred questions, he is merely enigmatic. He "cannot subscribe to" Mr. Tyler's view "on the minor detail of Mistress Fitton." Who could guess from this that a theory had been propounded, and to some extent supported by evidence, that the part played by Mistress Fitton in Shakespeare's life was so considerable a "minor detail" as to cause the writing of the latter sonnets, to compel the identification of "Mr. W. H." with Pembroke, and to give the answer to the question of how far with these poems Shakespeare unlocked his heart or merely tickled his patron's ears? Who can say whether, in Dr. Garnett's eyes, it is Mr. Tyler's theory that stands condemned or only Mr. Tyler's advocacy of it; why is no mention made of Dr. Brandes' name

or of the remarkable verses discovered not less than three years ago among the State Papers of Elizabeth? "When they ran at the herd" of Maids of Honour

The Reine dear was imbossed (enraged),  
The white Doe shee was lost,  
Pembrooke strooke her downe  
And took her from the clowne.

What "clowne" but him who "made himself a motley to the view?" Other arguments are omitted, which could hardly be urged in a book intended for household use, but we lament that Dr. Garnett, one of the authorities to whom we look for sound information, should have been cut short like a telephone correspondent in the middle of his sentence. We see signs that Mr. Gosse has taken greater pains than his colleague to avoid the abrupt descent of the extinguisher: he has evidently found a pleasure in plotting and planning how to give the most essential where you cannot give all. But this effort, and probably also the shortness of the time at his disposal for correction, have caused one or two slips in English. Of Disraeli, for instance, we are told that he "was silent as an imaginative writer for nearly a quarter of a century, climbing one by one to the pinnacle of political celebrity;" and that when dead "he was offered a public funeral." These and other like results of docking, joining, and retouching do not in themselves detract from the value of the work; but they make us regret that a little more freedom could not be given to the compilers of a record which ought to be in every house in Anglo-Saxondom.

After this trifling cavil it is only fair to add that the book ends with an admirable little essay on literary criticism; the history of which art, as Mr. Gosse truly says, "is a record of conflicting opinion, of blind prejudice, of violent *volte faces*, of discord and misapprehension." There was a time when the learned applied the classic rule, and called out the resulting measurements to a respectful crowd. The classic rule proved too square, too Procrustean; also it tried the younger critics'

half-educated hands too severely : they took to Impressionism, and as long as the prestige of their trade lasted they were at least tolerated. But the end has long been visible, and after a solemn warning from Mr. Courthope and a Cassandrine shriek from Mr. Churton Collins, Sir Edward Clarke applied the *reductio ad absurdum*. The public at last saw that a cheque drawn against a non-existent credit can enrich nobody, however charitable the intention. This discovery left us without any critical method at all. "But it is surely time," says Mr. Gosse, "that we should recognise only two criteria of literary judgment. The first is primitive, and merely clears the ground of rubbish ; it is, Does the work before us, or the author, perform what he sets out to perform with a distinguished skill in the direction in which his powers are exercised ? If not, he interests the higher criticism not at all ; but if yes, then follows the second test : Where, in the vast and ever-shifting scheme of literary evolution, does he take his place, and in what relation does he stand, not to those who are least like him, but to those who are of his own kith and kin ?" In short, it is this critic's conviction that "the only way to approach the subject with instruction is to regard it as part of the history of a vast living organism, directed in its manifestations by a definite, though obscure and even inscrutable, law of growth."

It is interesting to compare with this the reflections on the same subject which were passing at the same time through the mind of another critic of English literature, now unhappily no longer with us. The late Sir Leslie Stephen began his Ford lectures on **English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century** (Duckworth, 5s. net) with a discussion of the very point. He was inevitably led to it, he explains, by the fact that, having to lecture on history, and being more conversant with literature, he could only deal with the one where it touched the other. His subject must be not simply literature, but the history of literature ; his treatment of it

must be not simply criticism, but the historical method of criticism. The attitude is one, he tells us, which is more and more adopted. "Critics in an earlier day conceived their function to be judicial. They were administering a fixed code of laws applicable in all times and places. . . the duty of the critic was to consider whether the author had infringed or conformed to the established rules, and pass sentence accordingly." The modern critic is not so consciously infallible: he is "like the liberal theologian, who sees in heretical and heathen creeds an approximation to the truth," and makes allowances, perhaps a little inconsistently. The Impressionist critic is beneath Sir Leslie's notice. The truth is that criticism must become thoroughly inductive. "We must start from experience. We must begin by asking impartially what pleased men, and then inquire why it pleased them. . . . We can then become catholic enough to appreciate varying forms; and recognise that each has its own rules." Again, when we apply the historical method we shall see that in a philosophical survey of human life, dealing with the causes of events and exhibiting the evolution of human society, "the history of literature would be a subordinate element of the whole structure." A writer may help to make his age; he is certainly made by it, in part. "Fully to appreciate any great writer, therefore, it is necessary to distinguish between the characteristics due to the individual with certain idiosyncrasies, and the characteristics due to his special modification by the existing stage of social and intellectual development." Our two critics here supplement one another: Sir Leslie claims a kind of intellectual free will for the great writer, an element of his own, added to Mr. Gosse's resultant of evolutionary forces; while Mr. Gosse claims a preponderant place for literary descent and literary society among Sir Leslie's modifying influences; but between the two views there is, of course, no inconsistency whatever. We may follow both, and be satisfied that our feet are in a fair way.

"A man's book!" said a wise woman, as she turned the pages, and therein she summed up the qualities and the defects of *Dwala* (George Calderon. Smith Elder, 6s.). It is a brilliant piece of work. Only a man could have carried out a fancy with such a matter-of-fact air. The word *unnatural* never so much as occurs to the reader. Given the possibility of the Missing Link, of the monkey that can be taught to speak—almost (not quite) to think—like *Dwala* would he live and move, his name, like *Dwala's*, would be a form of *Dual*, like *Dwala* would he affect the people round him :

First man clapped on him the attribute of monkey, and purposed putting him in a cage and offering him for an entertainment. Then man clapped God, King, Prisoner, and Millionaire on him in quick succession ; now they were preparing Statesman for him to wear. Empty garments all of them, by the very essence of things. Nature makes no Gods, kings, prisoners, millionaires, or statesmen. . . . A wise Providence has ordained that Man's eyes should be blind to the vision of real naked Nature-given personality.

It was a happy thought to contrast this strange beast with the best and latest specimen of the New Woman, the finished result of centuries of cultivation—to show in her the attraction of savagery for the over-civilised. Evolution lies at the root of *Dwala*. Out of Caliban in all the ages there will never come Prospero ; but out of *Dwala* there will come such men as Lord Glendover, Huxtable, Baron Blumenstraus. They are all monkeys that have forgotten the forest, the inferior and degenerate descendants of ages. The apishness of modern life makes it not one whit less absurd than the farce that is here enacted—a farce that is the *lever de rideau* of tragedy.

Ruins of lies fell upon England, crushing those that dwelt there as they fell. England had revered forms and insulted realities. With antiquarian fervour run riotously mad, we had thrust full-blooded, growing realities into the shrunken and tattered livery of old forms, stifling the life out of them ; realities of Pure Ethic and Awe of the Insoluble Secret into old liveries of Christian dogma ; realities of Anglo-Saxon gospel of universal Freedom into liveries of insolent insular Imperialism ; realities of Democracy into old liveries of Feudalism, raising Tailors to high places due to sages and centaurs—summoning Lords of the Shears and Thread to put patches over the rents burst in

the garments by the swelling life within, when we should have torn the old fripperies away and let the Titan loose from his bondage.

There speaks the preacher hidden in the clown. There is revealed the logical, didactic earnestness that makes this book "a man's book." A woman might have caught the fancy, but she would have played with her monkey as she dressed him up, pitied him, fallen in love with the pet, thrown over him a veil of sentiment. The author of "The Jungle Book" might have caught the fancy, but through his nature there runs a strong vein of poetry, of the feminine quality of seeing symbols, not only signs; he would have made of Dwala not so much a study as a type. In either case there might have been about him some touch of picturesqueness or of sympathy, by virtue of which he would have appealed more than this creature of Mr. Calderon's will, to poets and to women. Poets do not love preaching, nor women laughter that crackles. There are many people notwithstanding who love both, and for their delight this book was written.

The mirth of Dwala when he first sees London is magnificent.

It was a joke of a magnitude fitted to his monstrous mind. "Man is the laughing animal": he had proved himself human. Behold he had worshipped Man and his inventions; he had come forth to see the sublimest invention of all; he had travelled over half the world for it; everywhere they spoke of it with awe. And now he had seen it. It was London.

The hill shook with his laughter. All the birds and beasts in the big city heard it and made answer—cheeping, squeaking, mewling, barking, whinnying, and braying together; forgetful, for the moment, of their long debates on the habits of mankind, their tedious tales of human sagacity, their fruitless altercations as to whether men had instinct or were guided only by reason.

Man is the only animal who knows that he will die, and the only animal who laughs. The animal men among whom Dwala is thrust have forgotten that they will die, they have lost all recollection of primeval merriment.

One thing he lacked, they said—the sense of humour. The tiny shock that makes a human joke was too slight for his large senses. But humour, after all, is a rather bourgeois quality.

The desire to quote where every line sparkles and gleams with wit is almost irresistible, but considerations of space lead us to satisfy ourselves, because we must, with one more passage, a vivid flash of that perception which comes to every one at certain times, of one true thing in a world of dreams!

As he stood on the platform at Paddington, looking at the crowd of pleasure-seekers—men and women in boating-costumes—he had seen them, not as creatures of flesh and clothes, but as translucent wraiths, grinning and gibbering in one another's faces; the only real live being there, the Guard—Odysseus playing Charon in Hades—watchful, responsible, long-glancing down the train, touching his hat, receiving obols from the shades.

“A man's book!” says the wise woman with a sigh, and she takes down “The Tempest” from the shelf, and reads it again.

That queer chameleon of a country, Ireland, changes its colour marvellously according to the substance of the mind on which, for the moment, it rests. Sometimes it appears to be a dim green fairyland, full of quaint, unhuman creatures, apples of gold, silver fishes—sometimes it is the Isle of Saints—sometimes the happy hunting-ground of such figures of pure comedy as Flurry Knox and his Grandmother; sometimes the hag-ridden domain of a peasantry so excitable and superstitious that the miracles in which they believe are hardly less credible than the deeds to which their belief leads them. *Maureen* (by Edward McNulty. Arnold, 6s.) is a most powerful story, in which Ireland exists for the priests alone—a counterblast to such works as “My New Curate.”<sup>1</sup> The author knows every inch of the soil that he describes, the peasants are never for an instant untrue to life. *Maureen*, when she is thunderstruck, doubles her hand against her side; she does not lay it on her heart after the approved operatic fashion. She is as perfect a farmer's daughter as Hardy ever drew, but she is much more charming than her

<sup>1</sup> It should be compared with “Lucifer,” with Gustave Droz's fine study of the supposed miracle of Lourdes, and of course with “Lourdes” itself.

sisters of England and Scotland. She has no stolidity; she is brightly, gaily innocent, beautiful as a child is beautiful, with flashes of high spirit and indignation; her truth to those she loves flourishes side by side with an utter incapacity to understand the value of truth in the abstract. The horror of her fate, immured among the dumb nuns of Tranquilla, strikes on a chord of helpless rage, as might the injury done to a bird. The silence of it is one of the strongest things in the book—the manner of her disappearance without a word or sign. The fat red priest, Father John, wins all along the line. Her mother, by nature sweet and good, is enslaved by him; her father dies of grief; her lover is murdered by a fanatic, because he will not say that he has seen a statue wink. Upon this winking of the “stayta” the whole book turns. It is necessary for the benefit of the parish of Carrickmachree that it should have winked. Father John saw it himself; Jackeen, Maureen’s little brother, saw it easily enough; her mother, after considerable assistance from Father John, saw it, and became “the Saint of Carrickmachree” in consequence; Mrs. Delahunt, the wife of the publican, saw it, but could never get over the fact that Mrs. Malone had seen it first; poor “Misther Harrington,” the schoolmaster, said he saw it to please Maureen’s mother, then, Cranmer-like, he recanted, and the recantation cost him his life. The broad humour, the infinite pathos of the whole scheme, is admirable. Whiskey, as whiskey should in the Land of Heart’s Desire, plays a fine part, and causes more than one man in his time to play many parts also. The book is far more solid in construction than “My New Curate,” nor does it ever lapse into shallow sentiment and false philosophy. It lacks the undefinable happiness of touch that makes “My New Curate” sympathetic, but it has none of the irresponsible amateurishness that distresses those who admire him most. As that is a tenderly affectionate appeal in favour of the priesthood, so this is a vigorous, logical indictment of it, undisfigured by any coarseness or caricature. The priesthood is tried, found guilty, and condemned to be hung at every point.



The style is distinguished by a straightforward sincerity that carries the plot through without fear or favour or wandering by the way. The minor actors in the drama are worthy of high praise. Not one is unfinished or incomplete. The chivalrous behaviour to each other of Sergeant Mulcahy and Desmond Malone, two brave fellows whom the circumstances of life have ranged on opposite sides, carries conviction with it, and sets off, like a foil, the low enmity of Father John and the half-hearted, unheroic Harrington. It is a living, moving tale, that should be read everywhere by those who love and by those who hate Ireland.

There is a real and very important difference between imitation and discipleship, or we should not feel inclined to review here either Mr. Vincent Brown's story, *A Magdalen's Husband* (Duckworth, 6s.), or Mr. Howard Pease's *Magnus Sinclair* (Constable, 6s.). Both are "school pictures," the first by a follower of Mr. Hardy, the second by a writer who is probably the only, and certainly the most conscientious and intelligent, pupil of Scott now among us. Mr. Brown is the more masterly in conception; his plot is a genuine tragedy, and it is as boldly and broadly drawn as it is simply conceived. The rustic hero is tortured by the daily sight of the suffering of the woman he loves at the hands of her brutal husband, a man incapable of understanding that her "fall" in girlhood has in the end brought her not to moral leprosy, but to a humble saintliness. To her lover, strong and self-restrained as he is, the mills of God seem to grind slowly beyond reason, at last even beyond endurance.

Zeekel looked up to the sky: "I donno what's to be the end. I donno if Your stars are eyes, like my mother said, watchin'. But You've been that terrible slow! . . ."

A man may be essentially noble, but when his mind is maddened, his whole nature perverted by a sense of wrong and of long-deferred retribution, he recks little of the laws of God or man. He may not crave to be a law to himself; the common round may be all his crude intelligence asks; he may have a shrinking dread of being flung out before his fellows in honour or

dishonour. But with that volcanic sorrow in his heart he will act, not according to civilised rules, which are mere bubbles in comparison with the flaming reality of his concentrated purpose, but from the very centre and innermost shrine of his being, from the raw creative core of nature, the irrational impulse that produces chaos because it cannot bear its torment and cannot interpret the august symbolism of suffering; and his deeds will at once proclaim and shatter the loftiest ideals of humanity. He may be called murderer, but that will not tell all. Nor is it exhaustive to call him fanatic. He may be named madman, but again that is not the whole truth.

Zeekel does act: when the crisis comes he executes, rather than murders, the torturer; and suspicion falls upon another, who is all but convicted on circumstantial evidence. For a time it looks as if Zeekel, with his strong sense of having done nothing but justice, his love for the woman he had delivered, and his contempt for the innocent scapegoat, would go through with it; but Joan divines his secret, and he knows that she has divined it. He gives himself up, and the tragedy is worked out to the end: the end of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." When all deductions have been made for the lack of originality thus suggested, the story remains one of exceptional power; it is well proportioned and well written, full of pain from which there is no escape but full also of refined and humorous observation; the life of the village is excellently done—a kindly, narrow, talkative, respectable, unintelligent, dangerous life; and the upper classes are skilfully shown as something half seen, half real, like Plato's shadows in the cave. In one of them—Mrs. Mewett, the rector's wife—the author has satirised an unamiable type almost beyond what is legitimate among mortal men. Mr. Vincent Brown will certainly be heard of again.

Mr. Pease has none of the qualities we have been trying to describe, and he has most wisely chosen a form of art in which they are unnecessary. He is a romantic, an antiquary, skilled in dialect and racial characteristics. His story is not of the logical inevitable heart-seizing kind, but moves evenly and pleasantly from the London of the Commonwealth to Northumberland, over the "Borderer's Duel Land," the moors, the

Farne Islands, and the Roman Wall, to Edinburgh and Perth, where Cavaliers are plotting the return of Charles II. to enjoy his own again. Towards the end there is some racing and chasing for the heroine, and a couple of fights, in which the percentage of casualties reaches a very high figure. A duel with Cromwell himself, in the presence of his staff, is a still more improbable adventure. The characters, too, the amateur hero (an English cousin of the Frank Osbaldistone type), the villain Odonel Heron (say Rashleigh), the Newcastle Quaker, even the great fighting-man from the Swedish wars, Magnus Sinclair himself (a modest Dalgetty)—they are all a little shadowy. But to Mr. Pease, as to his master, the background is at least as important as the actors in the play, and the lesser characters, who are part of the background, are at least as interesting as the protagonists. The real hero is the Border, and the real plot is a piece of its history. The qualifications for this kind of work are a genuine enthusiasm, an eye for local rather than individual character, and a conscientious study of records. Mr. Pease is strong in all three. The amount of minute research which must have gone to the writing of certain pages of the story would be almost appalling, if it were not evident that such devoted labour is its own reward. Slips there must be here and there: we suspect that "nobles" were not common coins in Charles II.'s days, nor "leech" a common word for physician or surgeon: and certainly to Scott Perth is always bonnie "St. Johnston" (the town of the famous Church of St. John), never "St. Johnston's." We do not believe in a saint named Johnston. We feel sure that the famous slogan quoted by Sir Walter "St. Johnston's hunt is up!" meant "the city of Perth's hunt," not a saint's. But these flaws are not much for the *advocatus diaboli* to throw into the balance against the learning displayed in no less than sixty-two notes. If Mr. Pease had made his style as faithfully as he has made his notes he would have come near to the author of *Kidnapped*—that "sedulous ape," as he described himself. But he shows no

resemblance to Stevenson, who called Scott's English slipshod and the Wizard himself "an idle child." He would have accused Mr. Pease of "tushery," and not without some justification, for we detect a "hath" even in the preface—or rather the "Foreword"—and no one in the book may do anything unless he may e'en do it. But this is all absolutely in keeping: the story, style and all, is deliberately and consistently out of date, like a collection of Empire furniture or early Victorian prints; it is of the Waverley period, surmounts the difficulties of the historical novel in the Waverley manner, and is evidently the outcome of a temperament not unlike that of Waverley's beloved author.

Mr. Nevinson has not yet written his great book, but that he will do so none of his friends can doubt. Our own hope is that when the time comes he will be frankly egotistic. In his last book, *Between the Acts* (Murray, 9s. net), the autobiographical parts outweigh the rest as gold outweighs the sand it lies among. The first three chapters are all evidently reminiscences, and we can remember few books of the kind which begin so well. "A London Merchant" is a sketch—or rather a steel engraving—of the interior of an early Victorian household. How quaintly perfect; but how slight! It is as if George Eliot had outlined a Middlemarch home in a letter to a friend, and left the subject for ever. Where is the plot of the story, the development, the play of all these characters? We go one step further in "Sabrina Fair," a chapter which begins: "In my old school upon the Severn, I can see now that we were not educated at all," and ends: "On my word, . . . I would not change places with the most scientifically educated man in England who had never known a river such as that." Chapter III, "A Don's Day," is much longer and more ambitious: the character-drawing dominates the setting, and incisive satire tops both. Why should not Mr. Nevinson begin again with the materials of these three chapters and give us the romance of his own spiritual adventures? Into it, too,

will come, we hope, something of that later sketch, called, "Of Your Charity"—the return to the haunted valley of Ladysmith, where the shades of haunted soldiers still wander looking for "the Regiment." Among them, the voice of a friend, whose name we do not need to be told, calls to him from the pit in the river-bank where they had nursed him in his fever.

"We clutched at your life," said Michael, "but it was gone."

"Yes," he answered, "it was a sideways ending, as I told you at the time. Is it well with the Empire?"

And like the Shunammite woman when her child was dead, Michael answered, "It is well."

The other smiled, as his old way was, and said, "You, at least, have not changed, you passionate lover and hater of our country."

"She is a nightmare," said Michael, "of unintentional crimes and uninteresting successes."

Then follows the rebuke: a proud and beautiful description of England, her seas, her mountains, her moorlands, her villages, full every one of ancient story, and across fen and common her grey cathedrals rising like ships in full sail. It is in vain that the critic turns the argument:

"And in the midst of those scenes," said Michael, "there dwells a race singularly unprepossessing, a people incapable either of sanctity or gaiety, hard-featured, unimpassioned, stunted and begrimed by poverty and smoke, stupefied by their work, and stupid in their pleasure."

"I know all that," said he, laughing sadly. "But when I think of our country do you suppose I see an uninspired crowd, stumbling rough-shod and drunken over the world? Oh, no; I see a lady, lovable and majestic, bounteous in charity as in strength. At her girdle hang the keys of the oceans and the narrow seas. Into her hands are gathered the reins of the world, and her voice directs the course that mankind will take. Wherever danger is, her sons are found. War to them is a sport, and they think less of death than of the loss of a goal. Saying little about liberty, they possess freedom; and under the excuse of money-making they fling their lives away indifferently on the government of continents or the capture of a little pig."

"The poetic mind always sees itself," said Michael; "it is like the lover's mind, full of a vision as unreal as sweet."

"Those were the things I painted in her portrait, being her lover, and caring only to paint what is so difficult to see; and my reward would have

been to see her grow more and more like the picture I had drawn. . . . But in the midst of my greatest opportunity I was cut off, in the midst of the finest and most difficult portrait, full of strange contrasts and of unexpected lights, glimmering through masses of shadow."

We do not know here whether the voice is the voice of Nevinson or the voice of Steevens: but it speaks through living lips and with the breath of life. We would gladly hear more of it; and it is for this reason that we regret what seems to us the intrusion into a volume that should have been wholly delightful, of people and voices which are not part of their author in at all the same way. We do not doubt that "Izwa" is a good piece of local colour (Zulu), and "Corpus Christi" another (Spanish), but they are as irrelevant as things seen from the train window on an express journey. We wish to talk not with the clever and versatile journalist, but with the man who met his own ghost and spoke of Empire with those who paid the price for it.

## HOME RULE FOR THE VOLUNTEERS

**I**T is impossible to conceal from ourselves any longer that behind the brilliant achievement of Lord Esher's Committee a heavy shadow is gathering. It must be faced and it must be cleared, or our last re-organisation is in danger of being, like so many of its predecessors, a piece of splendid patchwork after all. The shadow is the question of the Volunteers. That it was not dealt with as a whole by Lord Esher's Committee is not their fault. For it was not referred to them as a whole. So far as the question lay within the four corners of their commission they did deal with it—that is to say, they dealt with the relations of the Volunteer force to the reconstituted War Office. Further they could not go, for the remainder of the issues at stake had been referred to another Commission, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk. Until this Committee reported it was impossible for Lord Esher's Committee to do more than they did. On the other hand, it is an arguable point whether it was politic to do so much. The fine example which the Duke of Norfolk has always set to the county gentry in the matter must at any rate ensure that the Report of his Commission will meet with a sympathetic reception from the great body of the Volunteers, a reception that would probably have been extended to any changes in the War Office that were based upon his Report. But when, before it was issued, Lord Esher's Committee touched the question, and touched it

with that firmness of grip and clearness of outlook which has characterised all their work, it was almost inevitable that they would raise a storm of opposition. It may be that the opposition is prejudiced, blind and uninstructed. Efforts have been made to show that this is so, that the new system will ensure to the Volunteers a much higher consideration than they ever had before. Yet it cannot be denied that the recommendations of Lord Esher's Committee do fix the War Office to a very definite view of what the status of the Volunteers should be, and it is a view that is disputable, unpopular with a large section of the Volunteers themselves, and entirely contrary to the original conception of the force.

That the view to which the new War Office is apparently committed is not the right and logical one I do not wish for a moment to contend. To discuss the point before the Duke of Norfolk's Committee has reported is at least premature, and must infallibly bring us halting and blindfold on the dangerous ground which Lord Esher's Committee has trodden with its usual fearlessness and certainty of step. At the same time, pending the issue of the Report, it may not be unprofitable to prepare for its consideration by endeavouring to get at the main factors of the problem, to fathom the sentiment that underlies it, and to determine the limits within which it rests.

The first fact that will strike us in our search for the origin of the great divergence of opinion and heartburning that complicates the problem is that in some way or other the Volunteer force has grown into something entirely different from what it was originally intended to be. In its first inception it was intended by the statesman who gave it birth to be a purely irregular force, of which part was to be trained for garrison duty and part for guerilla warfare. Its organisation was to have no resemblance to that of the regular army, it was to be a body of trained and armed citizens, not even regimented, and with no higher unit than a company, and others smaller still. On this point the circular which Lord Derby's Government issued on May 25, 1859, leaves no room for doubt, and its lucid



## HOME RULE FOR THE VOLUNTEERS 31

and definite phrases serve so well as a starting-point, that, seeing how little it is known, it seems worth while to set out its material parts in full. It was addressed by Colonel Peel, the Secretary for War, to the Lords-Lieutenants of Counties, and runs as follows :

With reference to the circular of May 12, sanctioning under certain conditions the enrolment of Volunteers, it seems essential . . . that they should not be left in ignorance of the nature and character of the service to which they are thus binding themselves, but that the object which such bodies of Volunteers should have in view should be clearly explained to them, as well as the peculiar duties expected from them, together with the best means of qualifying themselves for their effectual discharge.

Premising that these Volunteers may be of two classes, one comprising those who may be instructed to act as riflemen or sharpshooters in the field ; and the other those whose services may be rendered most valuable in our seaports and other coast towns in manning the batteries constructed for their defence, it must be borne in mind that :

1. The first essential, without which no body of Volunteers, however composed or organised, can hope to render available or really useful service is that it should be amenable, when called upon to act either in garrison or in the field, to military discipline. . . .

2. In the second place the condition of service should be such as, while securing and enforcing the above necessary discipline, to induce those classes to come forward for service as Volunteers who do not under our present system enter either into the regular army or the militia.

3. In the above view the system of drill and instruction for bodies of Volunteers should not be such as to render the service unnecessarily irksome, or as to make demands upon the time of the members that would interfere injuriously with their ordinary avocations. . . .

4. It should not be attempted, therefore, as regards Rifle Volunteers, to drill or organise them as soldiers expected to take their place in the *line*, . . . but it should be rather sought to give each individual Volunteer a thorough knowledge of the use of his weapon, and so to qualify the force to act efficiently as an auxiliary to the regular army and the militia, the only character to which it should aspire.

5. It is evident that this object will be best attained by the enrolment of Volunteers in small bodies, in companies consisting of an establishment of one captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, and 100 men of all ranks as a *maximum* ; or in sub-divisions, or even sections of companies with the due proportion of officers, and composed of individuals having a knowledge of and thorough dependence upon each other personally, and it should rarely, if ever, be sought

to form them into larger corps, entailing the necessity of a lengthened training and complicated system of drill instruction.

6. The nature of our country, with its numerous enclosures and other impediments to the operation of troops in line, gives peculiar importance to the services of volunteer riflemen, in which bodies each man, deriving confidence from his own skill in the use of his arm, and from his reliance on the support of his comrades, . . . intimately acquainted with the country in which he would be called on to act, would hang with telling effect upon the flanks and communications of a hostile enemy (*sic*).

7. The instruction, therefore, that is most requisite is practice in the use and handling of the rifle, . . . how to extend and avail themselves of cover, to fire advancing or retiring, to protect themselves from cavalry, or other simple movements which, while leaving every man his independent action, would enable them to act together with more effect. . . .

Clearly, we have here a conception born in the last afterglow of the Peninsular War. It is a conception of an irregular force, locally organised under the Lords-Lieutenants, and entirely distinct from the army, which, so far as it was not intended for garrison duty, was to do for the regular troops what the Spanish guerilleros had done for Wellington.

It was to be a system of free companies, in which cohesion was to be obtained from comradeship instead of drill, mobility not from manœuvring but by freedom of intelligent individual action, and battle energy not from fire discipline but from the skill and woodcraft behind each rifle. How far have we travelled from such a conception now! We have "made demands upon the time of the members which interfere injuriously with their ordinary avocations"; we "drill and organise them to take their place in the line," and for nothing else; far from keeping companies at the maximum unit, the last of the provisional battalions have gone, and we have regimented them all, and, disregarding "the nature of our country," we have trained them as our regular army is trained in the school which had its birth in the open plains of the Continent. It is not too much to say that we have reached in almost every essential laid down by the circular the extremity of contradiction. And yet at no point upon the road does there seem to have been a moment when it was recognised either by the

War Office or by the Volunteers themselves that a new line of march was being taken. No halt was called to settle what new object was being aimed at, or even to determine whither the route was likely to lead. It is just our English way, which, in spite of blunders and troubles innumerable, has served us well enough, and it is useless to spill temper because once more we have failed to stop and think, and once more find ourselves ankle deep in the brink of the usual bog.

Who is to blame for it all? Undoubtedly the Volunteers themselves in the beginning, but only from the most admirable motives. Approaching the new enterprise in the spirit of the soundest sport, they were quickly dissatisfied with the amateur part that had been set them. They wished to take the thing in all seriousness, to devote themselves to attaining the highest degree of professional skill, stoutly refusing to entertain the idea that for them it was unattainable, and shutting their ears to the far-sighted warnings of Colonel Peel's circular. At a very early period regiments were formed as the rule rather than the exception, regular light infantry training was adopted, and, with the substitution of the King's commission for that of the Lords-Lieutenants, the idea of local levies independent of the army was uprooted. The wars which Prussia kindled in the next decade or so hastened the process of transformation. They were all wars of regular highly trained troops, and they established a new era of military thought in England. The last memories of the Peninsular faded away, and instead of a small expert, regular army, assisted by guerilleros, we could think of nothing but marshalled hordes of the cut-and-dried German pattern. It was only natural that the War Office, dominated no less than the Volunteers by the new ideas, should encourage them to advance along the dangerous path against which they had been so clearly warned at the outset. The pace hastened to the inevitable end. In high enthusiasm the Volunteers imprisoned themselves in the Territorial Regiments, and rejoiced to wear their uniforms. In the form of capitation grants they

accepted pay for the higher training they could no longer afford to undergo gratuitously, and very honourably exulted as the distance between them and their regular comrades seemed to diminish. Few could see that every step was taking them nearer to the absorption to which they have now awakened. Instead of rising, as it seemed, they were steadily sinking into the position of a mere Landsturm, and the only known way of dealing with a Landsturm is to absorb it as a third rank of the regular army.

It is this fact that Lord Esher's Committee has recognised with the inexorable logic that has marked the whole of their proposals. True, it is argued against the sudden alarms which the Volunteers have sounded, that placing them under one of the new "Directors" will ensure them greater attention than they ever enjoyed before. This is probably true enough, but none the less their position under a "Director," and the distribution of their various needs amongst the ordinary Departments of the War Office, will, in fact, absorb them into the regular army, must in fact reduce them to the level of a Landsturm. If the Volunteers refuse to accept such a position, few can blame them, and yet it is difficult to see how the road they have been treading with so much high intention could possibly lead to any other goal. So much we must remember in justice to Lord Esher's proposals. Equally logical, equally inevitable, and equally the subject of Colonel Peel's solemn warning is the other necessity with which the Volunteers find themselves confronted. They hear with alarm that their numbers are to be reduced. The report is not confirmed, but the necessity is not to be denied. The country cannot afford to train a quarter of a million extra men for the line, when the utility of such a force is so very questionable; when at least its necessity has never been clearly laid down by the responsible advisers of the Crown, or by any of the high authorities charged with the regulation of national defence. On the other hand, the Volunteers cannot all, or nearly all, afford the time to train themselves gratuitously for the position they have reached, nor

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above all can officers of the requisite skill and leisure be found to lead so great a mass. Here again we cannot expect the Volunteers to submit quietly to what must seem to them an unpardonable slight after all they have sacrificed. And yet if they are still determined "to take their place in the line," if they will not turn back to the old ideal, what course can any clear-headed expert in military organisation conscientiously recommend except a wholesale reduction?

Here then we have the limits between which the problem apparently lies. On the one hand, a large irregular force locally organised, and intended to be used locally as auxiliaries of the regular forces; and, on the other, a smaller quasi-regular force which will be a third line behind the militia. In the one case logically we should have the command as of old in the hands of the Lords-Lieutenants and their Deputy-Lieutenants, and matters of equipment, supply, ranges and the like under the control of County Councils, and the whole connected with the Army Council or the Committee of Defence by a well-staffed Inspector-General. In the other, we should have—so long as the War Office remains what it is—exactly what Lord Esher's Committee have recommended. The two ideas are as wide as the poles asunder, and yet in the half-century that the Volunteers have existed we have been passing, with the fitful gait of one who walks in his sleep, from the one limit close up to the other, and in spite of a pause here and there and a score of uneasy deviations, we have never found a resting-place between them. It may be that the Duke of Norfolk's Committee will discover some spot where equilibrium may be attained halfway; but unless this can be done, there will be no rest until the country has chosen between the two extremes, has decided, that is, whether the Volunteers are to be irregular or regular.

How then does the average citizen regard the question? Of its technical merits he can have no comprehension. He only knows that there is a force in the Volunteer movement which he believes to be of the highest value, and which he regards as peculiarly British. He sees it as the highest mani-

festation of a feature in our national character which is almost peculiar to ourselves—a feature which renders us uneasy in our sports unless they are stiffened with a sense of serious purpose, and which conversely renders us half ashamed of performing patriotic service unless we can hide our earnestness behind a mask of sport. Sport and public duty—these are the ruling enthusiasms of the bulk of our countrymen, and no one can deny that when they are so intimately combined as they are in the ranks of the Volunteers a very potent force is produced. For it is the most strenuous of sports—the sport of war—which is combined with the most stirring public duty—the defence of hearth and home. With this preoccupation then the citizen will approach the question, and with little else, except a pardonable impatience that the soldiers and statesmen, to whom he commits such matters, have not yet found out the way to use the weapon which he is so proud to possess. How his old instinct would bid him choose is clear enough. Already in his impatience it has begun to show itself, and he is trying to solve the problem for himself. With that kind of patient and almost stupid persistence in his root ideas he has begun again exactly where he did fifty years ago, and with free Rifle Clubs he is trying once more to form an irregular defence force for himself on the old lines. It was exactly so that the Volunteer movement began, and exactly so we began to tread the devious path which, step by step, has led us insensibly to the present morass. Still, his instinct may be right. There is much to be said for the irregular force. Colonel Peel's remarks about the peculiar nature of our country, though they contemplated a bygone system of tactics, still hold good. There are serious experts on the Continent who hold that for a continentally trained army warfare in the British Isles is impossible. Compared with the warfare they know, it would be mere bush fighting, and both officers and men would find themselves as much at a loss as did General Braddock and his pipe-clayed troops in the backwoods of Virginia. Above all, the experiences of the Boer War, even when stripped of all

exaggerated deductions, go to show that the possibilities of such warfare are much greater than our experts believe—at least, since the lessons of the Peninsular War were forgotten.

But such a policy, however, it may be further recommended on the ground of economy and its bracing moral effect on our people, has a serious defect. Even if the Volunteers could be persuaded to return to their starting-point, and frankly accept the position of irregulars, we should still only gain a system of passive defence. Now, modern military science teaches us that of all systems of defence passive defence is the worst, and the remarkable war now in progress deeply underlines the doctrine. Among the more earnest of Volunteer officers, there are many who have studied the art of war too well not to give here an attentive ear to what the regulars have to urge. If the soldiers are called upon for a frank opinion, they cannot but say that a defence force which is not available for a preventive movement beyond our frontiers is one for which they have little or no use. It will not fit in with modern ideas of strategy. It may be armour, but it is not a weapon, and if they are to be responsible for the military defence of the country it is weapons not armour that they want. If Volunteers are prepared to accept such a liability, if they are ready to serve on the understanding that in times of acute national danger they may be called on to act offensively in preventive expeditions beyond the sea, then modern strategy has a place for them, and our experts will know what to do. The contention is sober science, and any Volunteer who has seriously studied his subject will know that it is not an objection actuated by a mere dislike of the Volunteers, as some of his more ardent and less instructed comrades are too ready to suggest. Such a man will also see that the scientific view of the Volunteer force equally entails its absorption into the army and the reduction of its strength. For if it is to be used for offence, when the true defensive strategy demands active defence, it must be trained and organised in a way that must necessarily curtail the numbers willing or able to serve.

Between these two solutions, of an irregular force for passive defence and a quasi-regular force for active defence, lies the possibility of dividing the whole into the two categories, a solution which should content both sides, but which would probably please neither. Then there is the proposal, which would seem to commend itself to the majority of Volunteers, that they and the other auxiliary forces should take over the whole defence of the British Islands—meaning the passive defence—not as an irregular force, but remaining as they are, quasi-regular. Of all solutions this compromise seems to be most hazardous, the most costly, and the least scientific. But let it not be too hastily rejected on that account. Compromises that are hazardous, costly, and unscientific seem to have a peculiar affinity for the British genius. Our history is full of them, and full of glory and success. The present juncture is perhaps only to be met by such a compromise, and it should at least be considered calmly. If Volunteers are reminded that what the soldier extremists are aiming at in their desire to absorb and reduce them is the scientific solution of a strategical problem, let the soldiers also remember that what they have to deal with, after all argument is exhausted, is the incalculable, irrepressible eccentricity of the British genius for war.

The solution of a problem so complex and so deeply coloured by admirable sentiment will require all the thought and forbearance, all the give and take, and all the imagination and intelligence we can come by. But solved it must be, and the first essentials to that end would seem to be these. We must have a clear determination of what we can afford to spend both in men and money on the Volunteers without crippling the power or efficiency of the standing army, the militia and the navy. We must make up our minds whether they are to be a regular or an irregular force. And we must settle whether they are to be confined to passive defence or available also for active defence. If they are to be irregular and passive it should not be difficult to grant them, as they seem to desire, home rule, and liberty, with such professional assistance as they need, to



work out their own perfection. If, however, they are to remain quasi-regular and active, then the practical difficulties in separating their organisation from that of the rest of the army are undoubtedly great, perhaps insuperable, if justice is to be done to their high desire to achieve the utmost in their power for the safety of the country.

Such then are roughly the main lines of the question as between the Volunteers and the Regular army, but there still remain other difficulties as thorny and perplexing which concern the relations between the Volunteers and the Militia. It is too large a problem to deal with now. Suffice it to say, that it arises mainly out of the neglect of another of Colonel Peel's warnings. His circular laid down that the Volunteers were to be recruited from the classes which did not enter the Militia. This caution has been forgotten, and owing to the ill-considered transformation of the Volunteers, they have been driven for many years past to thrust themselves into competition with the Militia, unconsciously usurping its functions and seeking to fill their ranks from the Militia recruiting-grounds. Whether or not this has been good for the Volunteers, it has been demonstrably evil for the Militia. We are not supporting adequately either force; we are wasting money in spoiling both. The time has come when the country must decide between them, and regulate their relative functions, composition, and value. Where both forces have deserved so well, it will be a delicate and invidious task, the more so as behind it seems to loom—for reasons too long to set out here—the same hard necessity of either reconstituting the Volunteers as local irregulars, or of drastically reducing their numbers.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

## FREE TRADE THE FOUNDATION OF EMPIRE<sup>1</sup>

### I

THE subject of the following article can be summed up in a single sentence. Free Trade is the only secure foundation for the British Empire. I contend not only that Free Trade is a better foundation for empire than Protection, but that no lasting empire can be built upon a policy of commercial exclusiveness. That is, I meet Mr. Chamberlain's assertion, "No Preference no Empire," with "No Free Trade no Empire."

To make good my assertion I shall show, or at any rate endeavour to show, three things. First, I shall show that while we possessed a system of Protection and Preference in the British Empire, and tried to keep the benefit of trade between our Colonies and the Mother Country to ourselves the Empire flourished neither commercially nor politically. Trade was not helped but hindered, and at the same time the political relations between the various parts of the Empire and the United Kingdom were far from satisfactory. Next I shall show that not till we abandoned the attempt to establish special trade privileges within the Empire, but instead allowed trade to follow its own flags, did the Colonies become a source of

<sup>1</sup> In this article I have made use of a letter on Colonial Preference contributed to the *Spectator* last February. I have also resumed portions of an article by me in the *Spectator* of January 28, 1899.—J. St. L. S.

pride and strength to the Mother Country. Finally, I shall seek to show that the States of former days, which tried to maintain over-sea empires based on exclusive trading, perished, largely owing to such exclusiveness. They withered away because they insisted on acting on the belief that an empire cannot be kept together on sentiment, but must have the commercial bond of preferential trading.

I will take first the evil effects of a system of preferential trading as seen in the case of the British Empire. I shall show how that system led not only to bad trading, but to political relations which were full of friction and of danger. As a nation we are apt to forget our failures, whether in battle, in diplomacy, or in business. Hence it happened that very few people were aware till the fiscal controversy overtook us that only sixty years ago we had a complete system of Colonial Preference. We greatly favoured colonial products in our markets, while they gave us a position of privilege in theirs. The results were as deplorable from the commercial as from the political standpoint. So completely forgotten, however, was this fact that a distinguished statesman, specially interested in these matters, is said, but whether on good authority I cannot say, to have heard last June with entire incredulity, that the Chamberlain policy was not a completely new and original departure. We can hardly wonder, however, that the nation chose to forget its original Imperial fiscal policy. An incident so eminently unsatisfactory and so full of friction and confusion was naturally ignored. In endeavouring to trace the evil effects of the preferential system which once ruled the trade relations of the Empire I shall not go so far back as the period when the Navigation Laws were in full force, and when we enjoyed "The monopoly of colonial buying and selling," and maintained the principle of "The prohibition and discouragement of colonial manufactures." Mr. Chamberlain has no doubt hinted to the Colonies that it would be a friendly act if they would be content with such manufactures as they have already created, and would leave what remains to the Mother Country

in exchange for a preference from her. Still I do not suppose that any one would wish to go back to the old plan—the plan under which the Colonies were veritable “tied houses” in all particulars. Our tariff reformers only wish to make them “tied houses” in certain trades. I shall therefore not examine the Navigation Acts and other Acts in restraint of colonial trade at the time of their full severity. I shall deal rather with the later period in which the Navigation Laws were gradually relaxed, and something very like Mr. Chamberlain’s system of preference was established throughout the Empire. In place of the absolute prohibition of many articles *ad valorem* duties were imposed, but at the same time Colonial Preference in the English market remained intact. Let us look at the actual working of the system of preference.

## II

I will take first the timber trade. Till the beginning of the nineteenth century we drew all our supplies of timber from the North of Europe. After our quarrel with the Northern Powers, and our seizure of the Danish Fleet in 1807, our policy was altered. Mr. Vansittart, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, devised a plan worthy of Mr. Chamberlain. Foreseeing a possible shortage of supply, he made it practically impossible to obtain Baltic timber at all. He almost entirely repealed the duties on timber coming from our American possessions and placed an enormous duty on North European timbers. By this topsy-turvy economic policy, which has its counterpart in the proposals of our present fiscal reformers, he strove to prevent our suffering from foreign enmity, and to encourage Imperial interdependence. We were to be made independent of the foreigner, and to become a self-sufficing Empire in the matter of timber. The immediate result of the policy was that we were flooded for years with inferior timber from Canada, the good cheap timber from the North of Europe was shut out, and we were compelled to use for building

purposes wood particularly subject to dry-rot. But there was still a demand for Baltic timber, and thus there followed one of those absurdities which always track the course of Protection. It actually paid to ship wood from Northern Europe to Canada in order that it might come in here as colonial timber. In consequence of this artificial stimulus, large vested interests grew up in Canada in connection with the trade. When, then, preference was withdrawn, first partially and then entirely, as was absolutely necessary in the interests of British trade, these interests not unnaturally raised piercing cries. They were, they declared, certain to be ruined. The sufferers threatened secession and an agitation in favour of annexation to the United States. But though the timber merchants suffered, the small farmers rejoiced, for they had resented the preference. Agriculture had been neglected in the colony for the benefit of a few great capitalists. Canadian millers also suffered when we ceased to give a preference to Canadian flour. The discriminating duty on colonial flour had allowed Americans to import their wheat into Canada, where it was ground up, and then exported to England as Canadian flour.

The results of preferential treatment in the case of sugar were even more preposterous than those in that of timber. The duties on sugar in 1836 were 36*s.* a hundredweight on colonial, and 63*s.* on foreign sugar. They were regulated anew in 1842 owing to the depression produced in the West India Islands by the abolition of slavery, and stood then at 14*s.* for colonial brown sugar, 63*s.* for foreign sugar produced by slave labour, and 23*s.* 4*d.* when produced by non-slave labour. This distinction was really an absurdity, for we allowed other slave-made commodities to enter without any differential duty. In consequence the average loss to the British public was enormous, and the revenue lost also. The talk, too, about slave-grown sugar was absurd, for we did not hesitate to trade largely in it with the Continent. On the other hand, we had prevented the legitimate development of our West India Colonies by forbidding them to set up sugar

refineries to compete with our own refining trade—that trade for which Mr. Chamberlain is now so anxious. Thus we managed, by our double system of preference, to confer a double injury on the nation and on the West Indies in the hope of benefiting two selected industries.

But bad as were the results of attempting to make the Empire self-sufficing in the matter of timber and sugar, by preferring colonial products, they pale before those achieved in the case of coffee. The argument for preference looked at first sight as good, and proved in the long run even more fallacious. We consume a great deal of coffee. Coffee can be grown in the Empire, and coffee is a very profitable crop. Therefore, let us encourage coffee-growing in the Empire by giving it a preference in our markets. In this way we can secure the profits of a very lucrative trade for ourselves. So ran the very plausible argument in favour of preference. Look at the facts. Before 1842 the duty on foreign coffee was as much as 1*s.* 3*d.* per pound. On coffee imported from any British possessions within the East India Company's charter the duty was only 9*d.* The result of this was that the coffee-producing foreigner shipped his coffee to the Cape (which was within the charter), and it came in here at a 9*d.* duty. The importation of coffee from the Cape rose therefore from 189 lbs. in 1830 to 6,149,489 lbs. in 1842, when this round-about smuggling was suppressed. At that date the duty on foreign coffee was placed at 6*d.* per lb., and on colonial at 4*d.* per lb., and ultimately the difference disappeared altogether. We had done very little good to the colonial grower, though we had placed a heavy tax on our own consumers without raising any large amount of revenue. The only persons who really benefited were the fraudulent importers of foreign coffee.

Another striking example of the absurdity of preference is to be found in the preferential treatment accorded to Cape wines. Here is a lesson which I hope will be borne in mind by those who are inclined to lend a favourable hearing to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for giving Australian wines a

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preference over foreign wines. During and after the Napoleonic War we thought it better to make the Empire "self-sustaining" in wine as in other things. By an Act passed in 1813, Cape wine was admitted here at one-third the duty on Spanish and Portuguese wines. The result was of course a great stimulus to the Cape wine trade; and even in 1846, when the duty on Cape wines was only half that on foreign wines, the importation of Cape wines almost equalled that of wines from France. But the trade was a purely artificial one. When differential duties were abolished and the importation of Cape wine fell to its natural level, the trade almost disappeared. This was in fact the most ridiculous preference of all. It chiefly benefited the fraudulent wine merchant in Britain, for it supplied him with cheap and inferior grape juice wherewith to adulterate good foreign wine. It did not really benefit the Cape wine-grower. It did not encourage him to improve his methods of manufacture. It only gave him a safe market for a bad product.

Before leaving this part of the subject it may be worth while to give the actual figures of the Colonial Preference as they stood in the year 1840. Here is the list given in the Blue Book of 1841 :

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Sugar—Colonial duty :				Wines, Colonial . . .	0	2	9
On muscovado . . .	1	4	0	Foreign . . . . .	0	5	6
On foreign . . . . .	3	3	0	Timber, Colonial :			
On molasses . . . . .	0	9	0	Hard wood . per load	0	5	0
On foreign . . . . .	1	13	9	Pine and Fir of all			
Coffee—British Posses-				kinds . . . . .	0	10	0
sions . . . per lb.	0	0	6	Foreign . . . . .	2	15	0
Foreign growth, ex-							
cept from British				Being a differential protection of			
ports, within limits				450 % , taking the various rates of			
of East India Com-				duty on colonial and on foreign deals,			
pany's possessions,				staves, spars, masts, battens, hoops,			
where it pays 9d. . .	0	1	3	and all kinds of timber, there is much			
Distilled spirits, Colonial .	0	9	0	about the same differential duties to			
Foreign . . . . .	1	2	6	protect the colonial.			

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Cotton wool . . . per cwt.	0	0	4	Tallow . . . per cwt.	0	1	0
Foreign . . . . .	0	2	11	Foreign . . . . .	0	3	2
Wool, sheep's, Colonial . . . free				Rice Colonial . . . per cwt.	0	1	0
Foreign . . . . .	0	9	4	Foreign . . . . .	0	15	0
Fish, free; foreign nearly all prohibited.				Rough rice . . . per qr.	0	1	0
				Foreign . . . . .	1	0	0

Spices and all tropical colonial productions have high differential duties.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Fish oil, Colonial . per tun	0	1	0	Honey . . . per cwt.	0	5	0
Of foreign taking . . .	26	12	0	Foreign . . . . .	0	15	0
Hides and skins about 100 per cent. pro- tective duty. On some the duties are equal; furs are protected if from North America, chiefly from Hud- son's Bay.				Soap . . . per cwt.	0	1	8
				Foreign . . . . .	0	4	10
				Wax . . . per cwt.	0	10	0
				Foreign . . . . .	1	10	0
				All seed oils . . per tun	0	1	0
				£39 18s.			
				Ashes . . . per cwt.	free		
				Foreign . . . . .	0	6	0
Bark from British posses- sions . . . per cwt.	0	0	1	Copper and metals of all kinds, high pro- tective duties.			
Foreign . . . . .	0	0	8	Bark . . . per cwt.	0	0	1
				Foreign . . . . .	0	3	0

The astonishing position produced by Colonial Preference in the case of coffee is so well summed up in the evidence given before the Select Committee in 1840 that I cannot resist quoting a portion of it. The witness under examination was Mr. McGregor, one of the joint-secretaries of the Board of Trade. The chairman was Mr. Hume.

887. *Chairman.* Will you state what has been the effect of the high differential duty on coffee?—The effect of the high differential duty on coffee has been the legal evasion of the law, in principle, as to the way of bringing coffee to this country.

888. Is there any coffee produced at the Cape of Good Hope?—No, I believe not; 57 out of every 100 lbs. which were imported to England by way of the Cape of Good Hope was carried in the first instance to that colony from Brazil; eight from Cuba; 12, I think, were sent from England of foreign coffee to the Cape, to be reimported to England; six, I think, from Java, and six or



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eight sent from Holland to the Cape of Good Hope, and the remainder from other countries.

889. *Mr. Thornely.* From your evidence, it appears that cargoes of coffee have been sent from the United Kingdom, and from ports on the continent of Europe, to be landed on the Cape of Good Hope, and to be brought back to the United Kingdom for the purpose of supplying the necessary consumption here?—Yes; from the 26th of April 1838 to the 24th of March 1840, it appears by the returns that 81 cargoes, importing more than 21,000,000 lbs. of foreign coffee, had arrived in the United Kingdom from the Cape of Good Hope, the duty being on that mode of carrying coffee 9*d.* a pound; that is 6*d.* less than if imported direct from foreign countries; the duty, if imported from the country of the growth of the principal part of the coffee, would amount to £1,750,000; the duty saved by the indirect importation would be £750,000, supposing all to be entered for consumption.

890. *Chairman.* Then is it to be understood that merchants, in order to evade the discriminating duty, have been to the expense of sending coffee from those different ports, and even from England, in order to obtain admission at the reduced rate?—Yes, and also upon other articles which pay differential duties, such as spices and nutmegs.

891. In fact, does the Cape of Good Hope reduce the duty upon all those prohibitive articles?—Yes, from its being retained as within the limits of the East India Company's charter.

892. *Mr. Thornely.* Has it not been absolutely necessary, for the supply of the consumption of coffee to this country, that we should resort to this mode of indirect importation?—There is no doubt of the fact of it being imported to England in that way to supply consumption; the consumption is evidence of the fact.

893. *Chairman.* Do not those greatly increased expenses keep up the price of coffee in this country?—They have two effects; the expense of sending coffee to the Cape of Good Hope is about one penny, and consequently it arrives in this country at about 5*d.* less duty than if it came direct from the countries of its growth; but if the duties were reduced to an equitable fiscal principle, the article would be cheaper and the consumption of coffee in this country would no doubt increase enormously.

### III

No doubt the colonists throughout the Empire were at first annoyed by the abolition of Preference, but soon they began to suit themselves to the new and healthier conditions, and it is not too much to say that they owe their commercial prosperity to the abolition of Preference. The effects are so

well summed up by Professor Davidson in his admirable little book, "Commercial Federation and Trade Policy," that I cannot do better than quote his words :

The repeal was probably what the Colonies needed most. It threw them on their own resources, and made them realise the duties as well as the privileges of responsible government. The ruin that was imminent did not come, because they set to work to avert it ; and the threat of ruin was ultimately the industrial salvation of the Colonies. When they (the colonists) found that their appeals and protests were disregarded, and that the English market was no longer to be their preserve, they began to set their house in order and to accommodate their business methods to the new conditions. The possession of Preference had encouraged unbusinesslike ways and a spirit of dependence on Government. Henceforth they talked less politics and devoted themselves to trade.

All this is still true. The readoption of Preference would bring back unbusinesslike ways, and recall a spirit of dependence on Governments. Indeed, as Professor Davidson says, "the whole history of the preferential duties is one long warning against an attempt to give an artificial direction to industry."

But bad as were the commercial results of Preference, the political results were even worse. The Colonists, instead of trying to develop their industries by improving them, were always trying to get better preferential treatment, and when they could not get it naturally grumbled, and thought they were not sufficiently considered. Also, strange as it may seem, though they benefited by having Britain as a kind of tied house, the Colonies were not nearly so loyal under Preference as they are to-day. The best men did not, as now, look forward to an Imperial union in which the British communities over-sea would some day claim an equal share with the Mother Country, but to complete independence like that of the United States.

Still greater political harm was done in the Mother Country by the system of Colonial Preference. All true Imperialists must have deplored the harsh and pessimistic things said about the Empire by our public men in the past—by Conservatives as much as Radicals. During the period of Colonial Preference

there was no public sympathy with the Colonies, and though the bulk of the people may have been, and I believe were, determined to maintain the Empire, almost all the audible voices were raised against its continuance. The Colonies, that is, were profoundly unpopular. Sir Spencer Walpole, in his last two volumes, has brought together a number of expressions of opinion hostile to the Empire which I will quote to show how deep was the feeling. For example, Lord Beaconsfield, writing in 1852, told Lord Malmesbury: "These wretched Colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a mill-stone round our necks." The Duke of Newcastle declared that he should see a dissolution of the bond between the Mother Country and Canada with the greatest pleasure. Sir Henry Taylor wrote: "As to the American Provinces, I have long held and have often expressed the opinion that they are a sort of *damnosa hereditas*." Even Lord Salisbury, when Lord Robert Cecil, said in the House of Commons that "it might be fairly questioned whether it had been wise originally to colonise the Cape and New Zealand, and whether, looking back on all the results, we have been repaid for the great cost and anxiety which they had entailed." Sir George Cornewall Lewis was even more pessimistic:

If a country possesses a dependency from which it derives no public revenue, no military or naval strength, no commercial advantages or facilities for emigration, which it would not equally enjoy though the dependency were independent; and if, moreover, the dependency suffers the evils which (as we shall show hereafter) are the almost inevitable consequences of its political conditions, such a possession cannot justly be called glorious.

This view lingered on even into the sixties, and in 1867, when it was proposed to guarantee the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. Cave, the member for Barnstaple, remarked that "instead of giving £3,000,000 sterling with a view to separating Canada and the United States, we ought to give £10,000,000 to unite them." As Sir Spencer Walpole comments, such a remark would now be regarded as treachery. When said, it did not elicit a single protest. Such was the

feeling in regard to the Colonies that possessed statesmen who had been reared in the period of Preference. To them the Colonies were an incubus.

Contrast this feeling with that which prevails to-day. Not only would no statesman who wished to remain in public life dare to express such sentiments, but the great majority, whether Tory or Radical, would never dream of entertaining them. They have been banished from the mind of the nation by the epoch of Free Trade. That, and not Protection, has proved the soil in which the Imperial sentiment can best grow.

A very little reflection will show whence arose this unfavourable feeling towards the Colonies, which remember was specially strong in the commercial class, and was reflected from it into the minds of our statesmen. I believe it came from the system of Preference which oppressed our trading and commercial classes at every turn. The merchant who was forced by it to buy bad, dear, and unsuitable colonial timber or sugar, coffee or wine, naturally resented the necessity, and vented his resentment on the Colonies. They were a stumbling-block in his path, and people never love stumbling-blocks. The Colonies were unpopular, and with those persons who declared that they would soon be independent, the wish was father to the thought. They wanted to get rid of the burden of preferential trade, and believed that it would only disappear with independence. Hence the men who belonged to, or who were brought up in the preferential period tended to become Little Englanders. As soon, however, as Colonial Preference was abolished, and instead of relying on the dangerous bonds of so-called commercial interests, we relied on the nobler *nexus* of a common race, a common language, common institutions, and a common loyalty to the Empire, our relations with the Colonies at once began to improve. The statesman who grew up under these conditions, and who did not find the supposed interests of the Colonies impeding commerce at every turn, became Imperialist in the true sense.

Perhaps the most striking example is that offered by Lord

Beaconsfield himself. With his usual quickness and agility of mind, he was able to throw off the effects of the epoch in which he grew up. While England and he were Protectionists, he believed, as I have shown, that the Colonies were nothing but a burden. After the nation had adopted Free Trade and he had acquiesced in the change, he became an Imperialist who did not wish that the "wretched Colonies" would become independent.

## IV

I cannot, I regret to say, find time to deal except very slightly with my contention that the empires of Holland, Spain, and Portugal perished because they persisted in treating their Colonies as tied houses, and could not realise that the only true foundation of empire was liberty, commercial and political. I must be content to record the opinion that the attempt to establish a system of commercial exclusiveness within their empires helped to produce the decay from which they suffered. Other causes, no doubt, contributed, but this was among the most effective in the work of destruction. Another very important point in regard to the influence of the policy of Free Trade on empire deserves to be noticed. That is the attitude of the rest of the world towards the British Empire. No doubt Continental statesmen are jealous of our success, but the British Empire as a whole does not anywhere excite that sense of widespread jealousy and hatred which is so dangerous to the State which inspires it. Recall for a moment the intense feeling of hatred which existed in regard to Holland and to Spain during the time of their greatest wealth and prosperity as Imperial Powers. This hatred was due to the policy of exclusion and of privilege enforced by either Power. Every individual trader not a Spaniard or a Dutchman was bound to be the enemy of Spain or Holland, for every trade-door was closed against him. It was indeed a double hatred. The colonists, whose very blood was sucked by the Imperial Power, felt almost as aggrieved as

the excluded foreigner. Their colonies were the tied houses of those empires. How different is the case with the British Empire. The foreigner may hate us in the abstract, but when it comes to business he cannot feel very angry with a nation which not only allows him to come freely and sell what he has got to sell here, but does not claim the slightest extra privileges over him in the colonial markets. Thus our Free Trade policy has given us a world-wide Empire that excites the minimum of popular hatred and jealousy. Each Power might like to get our Indian or our African possessions for itself, but if that is not possible it would prefer the *status quo*. No other Power would be so good to trade with as England. It was very different in the case of Spain and Holland. Any change seemed then a change for the better.

The policy of unrestricted Free Trade has helped us even more inside our Colonies and dependencies. Turgot's saying that colonies always dropped off the parent tree like fruit when it was ripe, was true under a system of extorting special privileges for the Mother Country. By allowing the Colonies to manage their own fiscal affairs without restriction, and by giving them just as good treatment in the home market when they tax our products as when they do not, we have given the colonists a confidence in the Mother Country that no other scheme of action would have been able to give. Every colonist instinctively fears being exploited by the Mother Country. How is it possible for Australia to say we are making use of her when she taxes our goods and we do not tax hers? The Free Trade policy of a free market—*i.e.*, the policy of allowing all men to come here and sell freely whatever they have to sell without question asked or hindrance given—has alone, I believe, enabled the Empire to develop without any sense of injury or injustice growing up among the Colonies. Think for a moment what would almost certainly have been the result if we had tried to develop our Empire on protectionist lines—had tried, that is, to make every colony and dependency give us a "privileged position."

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In that case every fresh acquisition of territory would have been met with a cry of alarm from the rest of the world. "Here," the nations would have said, "is another piece of territory passing under British exclusiveness. How long is this to be borne?"

Next, is it possible that a protective policy applied to the Colonies, even though intended to do them no harm, would not have ended in constant squabbles and disputes? Some Colonies would have wanted more Protection and some less, and none would have been really satisfied. Lastly, our own trade, debilitated by close markets, would never have taken the place it now has. As it is, our vast, free, and expanding trade helps to maintain the Empire, for all people like to be connected with a flourishing firm. Can it be contended that this feeling would be as strong with a narrower and more jealously conducted business? Depend upon it, the British Empire as we know it could not have been built up and could not now be kept together under any system but a system of Free Trade.

v

I shall be told, no doubt, that the old Free Traders certainly never thought that Empire and Free Trade had any connection. Instead, it will be argued, they admitted that they were antagonistic. I readily grant the truth of this assertion. The old Free Traders were not in the least aware that Free Trade would prove the best possible foundation-stone for the Empire. They builded, that is, better than they knew. And herein we see an example of the good results that may incidentally arise from laying hold of and following out a really sound principle. Probably Mr. Cobden would have rejoiced in an Empire such as we have to-day, but, if not, and if it could be proved that he would have been annoyed at its persistence, it troubles me very little. Free Trade is far too big a matter to be pinned to any one man's coat-tails. We should always refuse to allow the policy of Free Trade to be

tested by what Mr. Cobden or Mr. Bright would have thought of its most recent developments. They did not discover the doctrine of Free Trade, and it is not subject to any limitations that may be found in their writings. Hence I feel perfectly entitled to proclaim myself both an Imperialist and a Free Trader, or, indeed, an Imperialist because I am a Free Trader.

## VI

There is not only no antagonism, but an essential connection, between a sound and reasonable Imperial policy and the policy of Free Trade. The one thing that can and would ruin the Empire would be the abandonment of Free Trade in any shape or form. Once give up the principle that, subject only to the needs of the revenue, all men may resort to our markets and sell what they have to sell, and substitute the principle of restriction and exclusion, of trade jealousy and special privilege, and the ruin of the Empire will have begun. The policy of the open market is a policy from which we cannot afford to budge a single hair's-breadth. I hold, then, that it is the duty of every true Imperialist to combat with all his heart and all his strength the proposal to revolutionise our policy of Free Trade and to adopt the policy of Preference and Protection. He must insist on falsifying the prophecy of Robert Lowe, who, in 1867, said: "In the time of the American Revolution the Colonies separated from England because she insisted on taxing them. What I apprehend as likely to happen now is that England will separate from her Colonies because they insist on taxing her." God forbid! We will neither tax our Colonies for our benefit nor tax ourselves in the vain hope of benefiting them thereby. What we will do is to insist that the tie which unites us in one mighty State shall be the tie of freedom—freedom, political and commercial. That is the motto which we must blazon on the banner of Empire. In that sign we shall conquer.

J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.



## REVOLUTION AT THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

IT is almost as difficult for an institution to effect its own reform as for the proverbial physician to heal himself. The late War Office was a striking instance of the hopelessness of such attempts at internal betterment. All the greater then must be our wonder, not to say admiration, at the recent change in the attitude of the Board of Education towards the subject it professes to administer, for the alteration in this case is not merely a reform, it is a revolution.

One must not forget that the present Board of Education is not a brand-new structure planned on entirely modern lines, but has been formed out of a congeries of different offices. Like many another reconstruction, it has hitherto retained many of the original defects peculiar to the departments out of which it was framed. Hence many of the bad old traditions that distinguished or disfigured the old Education Department continued to flourish under the new Board of Education. From the time of Mr. Lowe the authorities at Whitehall had regarded themselves as little else than the business managers of national education. "Payment by results" was their motto; and in process of time an elaborate price-list of subjects was drawn up, that should prove the wonder and amusement of future generations. As recently as 1896 infants were worth 7*s.* to 9*s.* per child, plus a variable grant of 2*s.* to 6*s.*; needl work with or without drawing fetched 1*s.*; singing,

6*d.* to 1*s.* In schools for older scholars, pupils earned 12*s.* 6*d.* to 14*s.*; discipline brought in 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*; needlework, 1*s.*; class subjects produced 1*s.* to 2*s.*; and there were special bonuses in the way of grants for cookery, laundry, and dairy work and cottage gardening. Science in evening schools was remunerated at the magnificent rate of 2*d.* to 6*d.* an hour; the advance stage was paid at the rate of 4*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.*; art, its handmaiden, received lower wages, from  $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* up to 6*d.* an hour. There were further complications in the reckoning through some lessons being over an hour in length; while, again, only a certain number could be taken. The whole system was a triumph of unintelligent, one might almost say, unintelligible, book-keeping. Its effect on the school authorities and managers was deplorable. Their chief pride seemed to centre in the grant-earning power of the pupils. To superintend the work the Office appointed a certain number of inspectors. It not infrequently selected high wranglers—apparently acting on the principle that if it set razors to cut blocks, the razors would soon be reduced to such a state of bluntness as to offer no odious comparison to the generally obtuse spirit which pervaded the Department. Those who displayed distinct pedagogical tendencies were treated with official neglect, or even reproved for their *trop de zèle*. From time to time the office had for its chiefs real educationists like Mr. Arthur Acland or Sir John Gorst, who managed to effect wonders in spite of the inherent defects of a vicious system. A certain improvement was effected when the manifold grants mentioned above were reduced to a single subsidy, and the element of trying to earn the largest amount of money by taking up a maximum of subjects, irrespective of the real requirements of the pupil, was to a certain extent eliminated. But the office was still dominated by the belief that its duties began and ended with checking the work to which the nation contributed, and with seeing that its pay-sheet satisfied the Auditor-General. Overwhelmed by a mass of administrative and financial details, it does not appear to have had the time to thrash out proper

principles or formulate definite aims. It steered by a sort of dead reckoning; and even within the office itself there seems to have been little or no unanimity among the steersmen. Witness the unhappy entanglement it fell into over the question of the Higher-grade schools. At the time of the Cockerton judgment there actually existed diametrically opposite rulings on identically similar proposals by different local authorities for leave to open Higher-grade schools. On the other hand, the Board had, with the effluxion of time, accumulated a certain stock-in-trade of precedents, built up quite a respectably intricate educational jurisprudence, and evolved a sufficiently abstruse terminology to render its decisions absolutely non-conductive of interest to the average man. Nothing shows more clearly the limitations of the Board and its treatment of education by rote and rule of thumb than that most indigestible of digests, the Old Code of regulations for public elementary schools. Take up any foreign regulations of State education, whether French or Prussian, you will find at the outset a lucid statement of the aim of the school, and of the extent and nature of the work to be covered. Such a systematic treatment was apparently abhorrent to the dunder-headed canonists who laboriously compiled the English Code. They plunged head over heels into their subject with some recondite definition of the elementary school, followed closely up with the inevitable specifications as regards conditions for obtaining the Government grant, couched in the most approved jargon. Nor did their passion for figures end here. The different categories of teachers they created were variously known as Article 50, Article 68, &c. Though not so numerous as the Thirty-nine Articles, they were quite as hopelessly confusing to the ordinary person. In one passage alone they appear to have had some faint inkling that the *Volkshule* was something more than a huge mill for turning out masses of children more or less acquainted with the three R's. Sandwiched in the middle of the Code, as a sub-section of an article dealing with the conditions under which the higher grant could be obtained, ran a

short paragraph on the duty of the inspector to have special regard to the moral training and conduct of the children. It was laid down that :

To meet the requirements respecting discipline, the Inspector must be satisfied that all reasonable care is taken in the ordinary management of the school to bring up the children in habits of punctuality, of good manners and language, of cleanliness and neatness, and also to impress upon the children the importance of cheerful obedience to duty, of consideration and respect for others, and of honour and truthfulness in word and act.

It is obvious that little could be expected from this miniature homily, known irreverently as "Sandon's sermon," dragged in as it is by the heels at the end of a clause which assumed that everything should have its price, from suitable cloakrooms and clean pinafores to the absence of bad language and the presence of honesty and truthfulness, which moral qualities the inspector was apparently to measure up like so much bricks and mortar. As the difference between the higher and lower amounts in the block grant was but a shilling, it is difficult to understand why this solitary bit of sentiment was left in at all. It could not be seriously contended that in its actual position it added a moral leavening to the *indigesta moles* of the Code. Its retention was probably due to the *omnium gatherum* principle on which everything that had once been put in the Code was, if possible, carefully preserved in it.

The recent Education Acts have necessarily introduced a considerable amount of order into the organisation of the Board. But this is not their only service. By devolving on the new local authorities a large amount of administrative detail in which the chief energies of Whitehall have been immersed, they have given the Office an opportunity of looking at education from a broader and more scientific point of view than that of mere audit and examination. The Board has been surprisingly quick to take advantage of its partial deliverance of red tape and routine, and in its recent edition of the Code has shook itself once for all free from the numbing shackles of the old tradition of payment by results, the *ci-*

*devant* be-all and end-all of its previous existence. It has thrown overboard the unintelligible jargon with which the Gothamite compilers of its Code have so long delighted to ballast its edicts, and has made considerable jettison of a large number of otiose clauses with which it was deck-loaded.

But the present Code is not merely a newer and simpler recapitulation, a Deuteronomy, of the former rules and regulations. It rather represents a new Covenant, a new dispensation. The preface it contains recognises for the first time in the history of Whitehall that education does not begin and end with grants and examinations, but deals with the aims and aspirations of the school itself, under its wider and deeper aspect as an integral part of the nation's life. This present departure is no mere shifting and shuffling of the educational machinery, the results of the annual spring cleaning-out of the office, but a veritable inward reform, a definite conversion to higher and less sordid ideals. The Board has not only found salvation educationally; it has even been able to give reasons for the new-born faith that is within it. For the new preface is nothing less than a fervent profession of belief. One may perhaps experience a mild surprise at seeing Lord Londonderry among the prophets in his new *rôle* of Defensor Fidei, but in any case both he and Sir William Anson, and especially the new permanent head of the office, Mr. Morant, are to be warmly congratulated. The preface is such a remarkable document that it deserves to be quoted entire :

The purpose of the Public Elementary School is to form and strengthen the character and to develop the intelligence of the children entrusted to it, and to make the best use of the school years available, in assisting both girls and boys, according to their different needs, to fit themselves, practically as well as intellectually, for the work of life.

With this purpose in view it will be the aim of the School to train the children carefully in habits of observation and clear reasoning, so that they may gain an intelligent acquaintance with some of the facts and laws of nature; to arouse in them a living interest in the ideals and achievements of mankind, and to bring them to some familiarity with the literature and history of their own country; to give them some power over language as an instrument of thought

and expression, and, while making them conscious of the limitations of their knowledge, to develop in them such a taste for good reading and thoughtful study as will enable them to increase that knowledge in after years by their own efforts.

The School must at the same time encourage to the utmost the children's natural activities of hand and eye by suitable forms of practical work and manual instruction; and afford them every opportunity for the healthy development of their bodies, not only by training them in appropriate physical exercises and encouraging them in organised games, but also by instructing them in the working of some of the simpler laws of health.

It will be an important though subsidiary object of the School to discover individual children who show promise of exceptional capacity, and to develop their special gifts (so far as this can be done without sacrificing the interests of the majority of the children), so that they may be qualified to pass at the proper age into Secondary Schools, and be able to derive the maximum of benefit from the education there offered them.

And, though their opportunities are but brief, the teachers can yet do much to lay the foundations of conduct. They can endeavour, by example and influence, aided by the sense of discipline which should pervade the School, to implant in the children habits of industry, self-control, and courageous perseverance in the face of difficulties; they can teach them to reverence what is noble, to be ready for self-sacrifice, and to strive their utmost after purity and truth; they can foster a strong respect for duty, and that consideration and respect for others which must be the foundation of unselfishness and the true basis of all good manners; while the corporate life of the School, especially in the playground, should develop that instinct for fair-play and for loyalty to one another which is the germ of a wider sense of honour in later life.

In all these endeavours the School should enlist, as far as possible, the interest and co-operation of the parents and the home in an united effort to enable the children not merely to reach their full development as individuals, but also to become upright and useful members of the community in which they live, and worthy sons and daughters of the country to which they belong.

Every true partisan of education will be willing to say "Amen" to this comprehensive *credo*. To those who are acquainted with the "*cineri doloso*" that underlies nearly every sentence it must read as a triumph of pacific diplomacy. "*Humani nihil a me alienum puto*" seems to have been the motto of the many-sided spirit that dictated it. It should rally the sympathies of all and offend the susceptibilities of none.

The absence of any allusion to the religious side of education was naturally inevitable, as it is the local authority which now decides what religious education, if any, should be given in provided schools. But this unavoidable omission should prove no bar to its complete acceptance by those in control of the religious schools. They should gladly welcome it as a valuable supplement to their own conception of the religious function of their schools. While there is much they would wish to add, there is nothing they would desire to eliminate.

When we compare the revised version of the Code with its older form, the first thing that strikes us is the immense reduction produced by the new codification in the number of articles, which have been cut down by more than half—57 against 133. This has been effected by eliminating the superfluous and by freely shunting the more technical portions into the schedules. Moreover, the financial taint which more or less pervaded the entire Code has been shut off into its own close cupboards. The contents have been rearranged in intelligible sections, and a “cow-catcher” preamble prefixed to the whole to remove any possible misconceptions. The road through is clear from end to end. The first great alteration that strikes one’s notice is the substitution, in the place of a long straggling list of obligatory and optional subjects, of a clear statement emphasising the essential character of a curriculum as a discipline or means of education which is by nature a connected and coherent whole. In a word, the distinction insisted on is the difference between a mere higgledy-piggledy stores’ list of food-stuffs and a scientific diet. Without giving an elaborate series of recipes, the Board provides general directions for the proper ordering of the educational *cuisine*, and even offers to supply specimen courses. Coming to the subjects, one is delighted to find that at every stage in English “recitations of pieces of literary merit should be practised.” The elementary school probably teaches literature on more sensible lines than many secondary schools, but even it is inclined to feed the children on notes,

text-books, analyses and introductions, which are but the preserves and extracts of literature, instead of on the thing itself. Again, in arithmetic, oral and written descriptions of the processes are to be insisted on. This means the banning of rule-of-thumb methods and the setting of problems which deal with the facts of everyday life, and not with the fancies of arithmetical bookmakers, where some problem in the cost of tea or coffee comes out with a gigantic fraction of a farthing in the answer. "Knowledge of the common phenomena of the external world" is set down as another subject. Science is a high-flown and misleading title for the nature knowledge imparted to the small boy of nine. It only tempts the teacher to indulge in outlandish terminology and thereby magnify his office. What we want is subject-matter which will aid "the formation of a habit of intelligent and accurate observation," based on experiments on such objects as may be found within the small world of the scholar. Then come geography and history, in which not only a knowledge of the British Isles is demanded, but of the British Dominions beyond the sea. Now for the first time the primary scholar is to be taught to think imperially. The directions as to physical exercises clearly mark an interregnum. The model course has apparently been dethroned—to prepare, let us hope, for the advent of a more rational form of physical training. A foot-note to the list of subjects insists that they should not be taught in water-tight compartments or with no connection with the surroundings of the scholar, while composition is not to be treated as a thing apart, but its descriptive uses, whether oral or written, are to be pressed into the service of every subject.

The New Code makes a clean sweep of the elaborate terminology of "Article this" or "Article that" teacher, and calls them simply head, assistant, or supplementary teachers, &c. Most important still is the abandonment of the classification of teachers according to their qualifications and their division into the two categories of head teachers and staff. It



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has been gradually felt of recent years that, in the interests of responsibility, the principal of a primary school should be more of a "boss" than he is at present. The recent reintroduction of examinations, which is confirmed in the New Code, is evidently meant to aid the head-teacher in seeing that the work of the teachers under him is efficient, which has not always been the case since the total abolition of examinations a few years ago. Examinations under this form can hardly be objected to by the teachers. It merely means the exceptional use of a method of verification which obtains in all countries.

The standard of attainments required of teachers is also to be raised in the near future. Supplementary teachers are served with preparatory notice to quit. These educational *bonnes à tout faire*, whose only qualification is one of age, contain, no doubt, in their ranks many worthy teachers, but obviously, if training and intellectual qualifications are to have due weight in the profession, such persons must either qualify or retire. Similarly the creation of fresh provisional teachers and probationers is to be stopped in the near future. Those who are at present engaged may continue to be recognised, but recruiting in these "specials" is forbidden after July 31, 1904. The office are evidently determined to weed out its non-effectives as soon as possible and place our education army on the same level of efficiency as the *corps enseignant* in France or Switzerland.

Such are some of the principal changes in detail effected by the Code. We will now consider what is likely to be the general outcome of the new departure. Let us take the Board of Education first. From a mere machine for supplying national education, first by the piece and then by the gross, it has transformed itself at one stroke into a living agency, not merely for the propagation but for the propaganda of true educational ideals. It quits thereby its ignoble isolation and takes its place among the most progressive Ministries of Public Instruction elsewhere. It suddenly assumes the lead at one of the most critical

moments in English education, when the local authorities are earnestly looking about them for help and guidance in matters truly educational. Its present promulgation of a national programme should save them from the old inveterate error of looking on education in mere terms of machinery, which, now happily scotched at headquarters, is far from being extinct in certain localities. This intellectual hegemony over the local authorities is likely to grow rather than to diminish as time goes on. Probably the ideal development of our Board of Education is something more or less of a "cross" between the highly centralised ministries abroad and the Bureau of Education at Washington, which exercises merely a spiritual suzerainty over the American schools. It would thus combine the advantages which pertain to both systems by exercising on the one hand a moderate control in essentials of administration and by enjoying on the other the prerogative of tendering sound pedagogical advice to the local authorities, which from its nature could not assume the form of a command. Nor does the Board propose to confine itself to issuing educational bulls and rescripts; it goes out of its way to ask for hints and suggestions, recognising that if it is the main channel of communication, its real strength lies in tapping the experience of the thousands of local officials, administrators and teachers who should serve as its natural tributaries. The translation of the Code into the vulgar tongue should be of the utmost value to the local councillor and school manager in the way of giving them a clear and distinct view of the new functions they have to administer. This is, indeed, essential, as the prefatory memorandum itself points out, in which they are exhorted to go slowly and get a thorough grasp of the educational problems in their own particular area before attempting ill-considered experiments. But the simplified Code deserves to win a far wider *clientèle*. In its present form it should prove accessible to the parents of the children and to the growing number of persons who take an interest in education. National education in England will never obtain the backing it deserves till the aim

and object of each grade of school is as clearly appraised and appreciated as it is by the masses in France or Prussia. Perhaps, when the teaching of civics is rendered compulsory in our schools, the present deplorable ignorance of national institutions which prevails in England will be abolished.

But probably the most important item in the present revolution is that this *pronunciamento* of the Board is really a tardy acknowledgment of the supreme rights of the children. Never more are they to be regarded as grant-earning machines by whose forced labour the local schools are kept running, but as creatures of flesh and blood, potential citizens of the British Empire of to-morrow. The old mechanical theory which seems to have held sway over education even longer than over many other human institutions is at length ousted by the evolutionary theory that a child is not a thing to be squeezed into shape by education, but a plant to be tended, pruned, and developed. In a word, the child is not to be fitted to the teaching, but the teaching to the child. This transvaluation of values between the two factors in the problem marks a new era in English official education. It is no exaggeration to regard the Board's manifesto as the Children's Magna Charta. Nor is the interpretation of their rights under the new rescript either narrow or niggard. Not only the natural capacity of the child, but his surroundings are to be taken into consideration. His chances in life are not to be whittled down by confining his education to the mere utilitarian aims of the station in which he is born. On the other hand, it is not to be so general, so unconnected with his surroundings as to fit him equally for all callings or rather for none. It is recognised that if the country wants good citizens, it none the less requires honest workers, that we want to breed not merely a moral and well-affected, but also a strenuous and energetic race. Hence the duty alike of State and locality so to organise the selection that the number of idle and useless hands may be reduced to a minimum. The recent Education Acts have imposed on the new authorities the task of framing their school curricula with a view to

helping their children to find work in the industries of their own area, while at the same time a carefully graduated scholarship system should everywhere be arranged to enable the cleverer child to mount to a higher plane in education in order that he may ultimately enter on a wider sphere of usefulness than his father before him. Such, if one reads aright, are the provisions of the new *Déclaration des Droits* of the children.

It is, indeed, a matter of the happiest augury that, after the long and often sterile squabbles over administrative and religious questions, the true spirit of education has entered into the Board of Education. It has been long in coming, but now that it has taken up its abode one can scarcely imagine that it will ever be dispossessed; for nothing is harder to evict than what Carlyle has called the "eternal Verities."

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

## UNCONQUERABLE JAPAN

**J**APAN enjoys the distinction of being the only considerable country that has never been conquered by a foreign foe. Six hundred and twenty-five years ago the Mongol Emperor Cublay Khan made the attempt, as Marco Polo has told us; but, so far as I am aware, the story has not yet appeared with full detail.

The very year Cublay came to the throne (1260), there was also a change of Mikado—an indirect appellation signifying “Sublime Porte”; however, in those days not only the Sacred Emperors of Japan, but also the Lay Emperors, or Shōgūns, were puppets in the hands of a third dynastic layer of so-called Regents. The three Japanese political centres seem to have been Kiōtō, Kamakura, and Dazai Fu, the last city in the province of Chikuzen, near Nagasaki. Corea had just been reduced to vassalage, and certain Coreans had suggested to Cublay that the political way to Japan was now logically open. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1266, a Tartar named Heti or Hete—curiously enough, often written in Chinese character exactly like the surname of Sir Robert Hart—was despatched with a letter to the “King of Japan.” In this letter Cublay enlarged in good Confucian style upon the “historical mission” of China, the duties of small States, the fact that Corea had repented and been forgiven, and so on. At the same time he wound up with a delicate threat of war unless the King of Japan should arrive at a proper conclusion. Meanwhile the

obsequious King of Corea was instructed to show the Mongol mission the best way to Japan, and two high Corean officers were duly placed in charge of the party. The Coreans ultimately fetched up—like the London cabman conveying a “country” fare—at Peking of all places in the world, where they endeavoured to explain to the enraged Cublay the immense difficulty of reaching so remote a country as Japan. However, the whole mission, including the guides, was incontinently packed off a second time, with stern instructions to the King of Corea that he *must* succeed. The wily King sent his brother to Cublay to explain that “the person of an Imperial envoy really ought not to be exposed to such discomfort, and that a Corean envoy had been sent on to Japan with the Mongol letter.” The only result was that the Corean was detained six months in Japan.

In the autumn of 1268 Hete was despatched a third time, and meanwhile a naval force was sent to explore the Quelpaert route. This third mission duly reached Tsushima, but the local authorities declined either to tolerate their presence or accept the letter, which, in their opinion, was couched in highly objectionable terms. Once more the travellers returned, *re infectâ*, to Peking, taking with them two Japanese “prisoners,” who were probably spies; for there is plenty of evidence that the Japanese were then as artful as they are now in their “intelligence department.” Under the tender-hearted pretext of returning these “poor prisoners” to the bosoms of their families, Cublay, acting on the advice of his Cabinet Council, sent them back to Japan with a conciliatory letter. But even this epistle was refused, and the Mongols or Chinese who accompanied the “prisoners” were detained at Dazai Fu.

Early in 1270 a Nüchên Tartar—or Manchu, as we should now say—named Ljaoka, who had already served the Mongols in Corea, volunteered to undertake a mission to Japan. The Manchu name of this man sounds in Chinese as though it meant “Mr. Chao,” and consequently his family officially adopted that surname, and the envoy appears in both Japanese

and Chinese history as Chao Liang-pih, or "Chao the Good Aid." A Corean of ancient Chinese descent named Hung Ts'a-k'iu, who afterwards received the rank of *tsiang-kün*, or "general"—the same word as the Japanese *shō-gūn*—was ordered to support the mission by demonstrating with his fleet. Marco Polo's Von-Sanichin, or Vonsanchiu, is probably this man, and the word *sanchiu* or *sanchin* may do duty for either "general" or Ts'a-k'iu, according to which way it really was originally written. The mission landed at a place called the Golden Ford, the Chinese sounds of which *ought* to be "Kananari" in corresponding Japanese: and here the envoy met with a very rough reception. He showed considerable pluck, and declined to be brow-beaten. He said: "You have the power to take my head to your King, but you shall certainly not take my letters, which must be delivered to him in person by myself." During the pourparlers which followed, the Tartar envoy and the Japanese had an opportunity to compare notes. It appeared very plain that the "honest broker," Corea, had been playing false to both sides, and had been persuading the Japanese that the Mongols were going to declare war. The dignified demeanour of the Tartar had its due effect. Whilst pleading that the royal capital was really too far, the Japanese gently insisted upon his going to Tsushima to wait events, and at the same time they sent with him a number of students or minor officials to have an audience of Cublay. Djaoka, on his part, wrote to the Emperor to lay before his Majesty a protest of the Japanese against the Mongol occupation of "Kin Chou in Corea," which I take to mean practically Port Arthur. He also sent on the Japanese "scientific mission" to take its chances at Peking. Cublay and his Ministers had a shrewd suspicion that these men were spies, so they declined to yield them official audience; as to Kin Chou, they replied in good "nineteenth century and after" style, that it was "only temporary occupation, in view of the operations against Quelpaert." In the meantime some Japanese interpreters—by which I presume Chinese accom-

panying the spies are meant—took the opportunity of explaining that it was quite unnecessary to approach Japan through Corea, and that a short cut straight across the sea “took no time,” when the wind was fair. Cublay said: “So, so! Then I must think again about this.”

Later in the year 1273 Djaoka went on his second mission—it is not stated by what route—and actually got as far as Dazai Fu. It seems that in this year (or in 1274) a purely Chinese force under General Liu Tung made a piratical descent upon the islands of Tsushima and Iki, massacring all the men, and carrying off all the women they could lay hands on. This must have been an unauthorised provincial expedition—probably made up of Canton and Ningpo pirates—for no accurate particulars are to be gained from standard history. What is clearly stated is that the celebrated General Bayen, of whom Marco Polo tells us so much, was originally destined for the Japan campaign, and that the prisoners of war taken during the first attacks upon Siang-yang Fu (Marco Polo's Sa-yan Fu) were actually handed over to him in 1273 for service against the Japanese. But, meanwhile, it was resolved to proceed to the conquest of “Manzi,” or South China, and there were many protests in the cabinet council against the folly of attacking Japan at the same time. The letter carried by Djaoka was very much in the style of that of 1266, but just a shade more threatening. He seems to have been sanguine of success, for, before starting, he requested definite instructions as to the forms he was to observe in his audience with the King of Japan. The cabinet replied: “Being ignorant of the etiquette between ranks observed in Japan, we are unable to specify.” We are left in the dark as to the result of Djaoka's conferences at Dazai Fu, and as to whether the raid upon Iki, &c., in any way affected its success.

In the year 1275 two more envoys, this time pure China-men, were despatched to Japan; but again “they obtained no reply.” The Japanese History Handbook makes out that they came to “discuss terms of peace,” a fact which suggests that



the raid of 1274 must have been rather a shameful affair. The leading envoy, Tu Shih-chung, was finally executed by the Japanese Regent in 1280, and both Japanese and Chinese are at one on this point. But apparently for some years China, the southern part of which was then in process of Mongol deglutition, remained in ignorance of transoceanic events. In 1277 a number of Japanese merchants appeared with a quantity of gold which they wished to exchange for copper cash. As Hangchow and Kan P'u (Marco Polo's Kinsai and Canfu) were now in the hands of the Mongols, it is highly probable that the Japanese trade with Ningpo and Wênchow had received an impetus. When at Wênchow in 1883-84, I was struck with the enormous numbers of purely Japanese "cash," some of "Manzi" dates, still used there as recognised currency. One of the bravest of the conquered Manzi generals, Fan Wên-hu, had now been taken into Mongol employ, and he strongly advised that "war with Japan should be postponed until the result of our mission accompanied by a Japanese bonze carrying our letters can be known." This enigmatical sentence is matched by another, equally puzzling, from Japanese History: "The Chinese generals, Hia Kwei and Fan Wên-hu came, and sent subordinates to the Dazai Fu to discuss terms of peace, but the Regent had them decapitated at Hakata in Chikuzen." Possibly these subordinates were the priestly party. Certainly Fan Wên-hu was not executed, and Hia Kwei, another brave Manzi general, is not understood to have ever gone to Japan.

Be that as it may, war was now definitely decided upon. Criminals, prisoners of war, and miscellaneous volunteers were hurried to the front. The King of Corea raised 10,000 soldiers, 15,000 seamen, 900 warships and 110,000 cwt. of grain for the expedition, and General Hung Ts'a-k'iu was provided by him with weapons, Korean coats-of-mail (wadded), armour, &c. The army was strictly enjoined not to molest the Corean population on its way. In 1281 General Hung Ts'a-k'iu and his second in command Hintu, a Ouigour Turk, led a total force of 40,000 men "*viâ* Kin Chou in Corea"; and they appear to

have found their way safely to the island of Iki. Fan Wên-hu and a Mongol named A-lou-han, or Alahan (Marco Polo's Abacan), were to sail from Ningpo and Tinghai. As a matter of fact, Alahan fell sick, never started, and died at Ningpo after Fan Wên-hu had left; but this expedition of 100,000 men after one week's sail also safely arrived at the Kü-tsi; or Kö-che islands (Masanpho), and at Tsushima. Some shipwrecked Japanese fishermen were there caught and forced to draw charts of the country around. It was then found that the island of Hirado lay a little to the west of Dazai Fu, and that it afforded the best anchorage. Cublay at parting with his generals had impressed upon them (perhaps in view of the foolish raid of 1273-74) the uselessness of massacring the population of a conquered country; "but," he added, "what makes me most uneasy is the fear of distracted counsels. Whatever you do, hold together in face of the enemy's designs." When consulted about the Hirado anchorage, he replied: "I cannot judge here of the situation over there. Alahan surely ought to be able to decide what is best." Thus it is plain that Cublay, and therefore *à fortiori*, Marco Polo, did not know, for some time after the event, of Alahan's sickness; and then it was that another Tartar named Atahai was ordered to replace him; but Atahai never actually went to Japan.

Cublay's first disillusionment took place when his miserable generals, with their tails between their legs, came whimpering back to China. It appeared that the Korean force whose headquarters had been (like those of General Kuropatkin now) at Liao-yang, and which had coasted safely down to Iki, was summoned to join Fan Wên-hu's grand army at Hirado. Here the "divided counsels" which Cublay so much dreaded unfortunately took place. Instead of boldly marching together upon Dazai Fu, the rival generals began bickering and squabbling, until, on the first day of the eighth month (September), a fearful typhoon suddenly arose, and broke up most of the fleet lying there at anchor. The only ships not smashed to pieces were those of a Chinese captain named

Chang Hi, who alone had had the good sense to moor his ships a cable's length apart. Chang Hi ordered all his horses to be jettisoned, in order to make room for several thousand soldiers left high and dry on the island of Hirado, and did his very best to try and persuade his cowardly fellow officers to rally the men, live on the country, and fight their way inland. But all to no purpose; the dastardly generals selected for their own use the best of Chang Hi's unbroken ships, and at once ignominiously fled back to China, leaving over 100,000 men absolutely to the mercy of the Japanese. These poor fellows—or such of them as had escaped the storm—lost no time in electing a popular leader of their own. They set to work cutting down timber at once, with a view of building boats for their escape. But in less than a week the Japanese were upon them in force, and after being taken from place to place, the 20,000 or 30,000 who escaped death in the first sanguinary battle, were massacred almost to a man on Takashima Island, just outside of Nagasaki Bay. Only the Southerners were spared—for slavery. All the Mongols, Coreans, and Northern Chinese were ruthlessly butchered. Exactly three men of Fan Wên-hu's 100,000 ever reached China to tell the tale; but Hung Ts'a-k'iu and Chang Hi seem to have brought safely back, *via* Corea, a good part of the 40,000 men who had been at Iki and Masanpho. Of all the generals, Chang Hi was the only one who escaped punishment at Cublay's hands.

As I have been to Takashima, Tsushima, Masanpho, &c., myself, and passed in view of Quelpaert and other places mentioned, discussing these events with the Corean Admiral of Torai, I can personally vouch for the reasonableness of the above account.

E. H. PARKER.

## THE INNOVATIONS OF TIME ON THE AMERICAN CON- STITUTION

“**T**IME,” says Bacon, “is the greatest innovator; and if time of course alter all things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?” Has this aphorism held true in the case of the American Constitution, which, saving the anti-slavery amendments, has gone without material alteration for a century during which “the greatest innovator” has been pretty actively at work?

Gladstone deemed the American Constitution the greatest of all original productions in its line. This was high praise from a high quarter. It was remarked at the time that the production in great part was not original. The authors had before them, besides their own convention as a basis, the model of Parliamentary government in England, of which they unquestionably availed themselves largely, though as authors of a revolution they naturally did not care to refer to it. Their credit, however, if their work was good, was not the less because they made the best use of the materials with which experience had supplied them.

Nor is it to be imputed as a fault to the framers of the Constitution that they embraced the view of humanity current in their day and embodied in the Declaration of Independence

without limitations and safeguards which we now know to have been required. With the great social and political thinkers of their age, they assumed the natural equality of man and regarded human form as a presumptive title not only to freedom, but to the possession of political power. What they had before them as the basis of their polity was the educated, law-abiding, civilised, and substantial population of the Northern States. The slave-owning South, in their eyes, was a transient anomaly. The Red Indian was an utter alien. They could not foresee the vast inflow of foreign immigration. They could not foresee the growth of factory life. They could not foresee the slums of New York and Chicago. They could not foresee the Trust or the multi-millionaire.

Not that the Fathers recommended universal suffrage, or that there is any reason for assuming that the wisest of them looked forward to it. It is morally certain that some of them would have been opposed to it. They were themselves members of a sort of aristocracy of property, culture, and even family, combined with a powerful clergy, and there was nothing to warn them that in the womb of the future was mob-rule incarnate in Andrew Jackson.

All due allowance, however, having been made for the shortness of mortal sight, there were faults, and as the result has shown, disastrous faults in the work of the Fathers, who, though men of great sense and experience, were men.

The seat of the sovereign power was left unsettled. This may have been a necessity of the case. The States, some of them at all events, would have refused to come into the Union if they had known that their sovereignty was being resigned. Mr. Lodge goes so far as to hold that the Constitution was universally regarded as an experiment from which each and every State had a right peaceably to withdraw. This may be rather an extreme view. But any one who has studied the tendency and temper of those times will be inclined to think that it is at least nearer the truth than its direct opposite. In the North the national idea gained ascendancy over that of

State sovereignty as time went on. New States were added practically on a national footing. To some of them secession would have been physically impossible, as they were without a seaboard and were locked in by adjoining States. Nor in the North was there any separate and threatened interest to be guarded by State right. In the South there was such an interest and one the importance of which tremendously increased as time went on; besides the local and traditional conservatism of the people, and the geographical position of the old States, each of which had a seaboard and was thus physically capable of secession. The result, as we know, was that the question indefinitely postponed by the framers of the Constitution had to be settled at last by a tremendous war, a war which has left profound traces on the character of the nation. Even since that war the seat of the sovereign power has not been thoroughly settled. So good an authority as the Honourable Daniel K. Chamberlain holds that it is divided between the nation and the States, though how a sovereign power can be divided it is difficult to see; delegated, of course, it may be. When a labour agitator is depriving the continent of fuel, and the Governor of the State shrinks from acting, the head of the nation can do nothing but enter into negotiation with the agitator. The character of the whole nation is being lowered in the eyes of the world by the lynchings, and the lawlessness which they breed is becoming generally infectious; yet the national government, after the enormous sacrifices made to assert its ascendancy, looks on without power to interfere. The Fifteenth Amendment is cynically nullified by the South, and the national legislature does not venture to interpose.

The Fathers evidently allowed themselves to be led astray by Montesquieu. Montesquieu's style is superb. His air is highly philosophic. Perhaps he was really advanced as a pioneer of political science for his day, though his analysis is not superior to that of Aristotle. But he misread the British Constitution, under which, though the legislative, administrative,

and judicial functions are separate, as in advanced civilisation they must always be, the power which controls them is one, and has passed in the course of history from the Crown, its original seat, to Parliament, and finally to the elective House. The consequence of following Montesquieu we see. Whereas under the British system the executive and the legislature work together, the legislature being led by the members of the executive, under the American system they are severed from each other and not seldom at variance, while the two Houses of the legislature are severally left without constitutional leadership; the Senate being under caucus leadership, the House of Representatives being saved from anarchy by the departure of the Speaker from his proper office as impartial chairman to act as the leader of a party.

Again, there were inserted into the Constitution two compacts, which, however inevitable in themselves, had surely no business in that document. One was the compact with slavery. It seems vain to contend that there was not a compact with slavery, or that the compact was not morally broken when the North countenanced Abolitionism, practically nullified the fugitive slave law, and elected an anti-slavery President. The breach may have been glorious. It certainly was happy for humanity. But we can hardly deny that there was a breach, or maintain that the right of secession from the Union did not thereupon apparently accrue to the Slave States.

The other compact was that with the minor States, assuring them of equal representation with the great States in the Senate. This also has had consequences unforeseen and disastrous. By the multiplication of States with small populations, the anomalies of representation in the Senate have become in their way hardly less striking than were the anomalies of representation in the English House of Commons before the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832. This Mr. McCall's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* has shown. Taking Nevada, with its population of 42,000 and

its two Senators, as the scale, we find that the Senate represents the merest fraction of the American people. The case, in fact, is in one aspect worse than that of the unreformed Parliament of England, since the owners of nomination boroughs often exercised their patronage by sending to Parliament young men of promise, and the nation drew some of its greatest statesmen from that source. No such opening is afforded in the case of the Senate. The character of that body as shown by the early debates on the question of the commercial relations with Cuba is that of a representation of commercial interests combined for their mutual protection. Of breadth of view, of anything worthy of the name of statesmanship in the Senate, not much is seen. Its great object of interest seems to be the tariff. Comparing its intelligence with the general intelligence of the American people, one is almost inclined to say that American traders are statesmen and American statesmen are traders. Elections to the Senate being vested in conclaves seem to be carried in an increasing degree by the influence of wealth, if not by its actual application, and the ambition of Mr. Addicks appears to be not chimerical though it may be unblushing. His foot is on the threshold; nor perhaps, should he effect an entrance, would he find himself utterly without mates. Meanwhile the Senate has been gradually drawing power to itself. The framers of the Constitution probably expected that the chief seat of authority would be in the popular House. But the members of that House are elected for too short a term to learn statesmanship or even to find their legislative feet. Re-elections appear to be not very common, the feeling being that the honour and pleasure of sitting in the House and residing at Washington should go round. The hubbub which prevails in the Chamber and which has been compared to the sound of the waves chopping on the beach, is an index to its chaotic state; while in the Senate comparative order reigns. Several cases have of late been reported of members of the House who have resolved to retire because there was nothing worth



doing to be done and they were wasting time which might be spent more profitably on their own affairs. Plutocratic oligarchy riding on the shoulders of democracy is the singular result to which the course of things at present seems to tend.

It is with regard to the form provided for the election of the President, however, that the work of the Fathers has most signally and perhaps most unhappily failed. Their intention was that the President should be elected by chosen bodies of select and responsible citizens. For a time the nominations were kept, if not in the hands which the legislators had intended, at least in select hands. But since the Jacksonian era, nomination and election have been completely in the hands of the democracy at large, and the election has been performed by a process of national agitation and conflict which sets at work all the forces of political intrigue and corruption on the most enormous scale, besides filling the country with passions almost as violent and anti-social as those of civil war. The qualification for the nomination is no longer eminence but availability. It is not a question which man is most worthy of public confidence, but which man can carry New York or Ohio. Anything like military or naval success, however unaccompanied by any presumption of statesmanship, dazzles, as the line of Presidents and nominees shows, and is preferred to political qualifications. Admiral Dewey was near being nominated for President. The nominating conventions are vast orgies of intrigue and uproar, the issue of which is not likely to be the choice of the worthiest. If Lincoln was nominated, his success was due not so much to his merits as to local clamour. One nomination was gained, it appeared, by flashy metaphor and a big voice. The power of the big voice, though unaccompanied by the big brain, in a reign of the convention wigwam and the stump is very great. To one who made that remark it was replied that clearness of voice was more effective than loudness. Whether it was drum or fife that prevailed, it was still sound and not sense.

We must go back to the Guelphs and Ghibelins of the

Italian Republics to find a legal recognition of faction as the ruling power of a State. Under the soft name of "party," faction is now in the United States fully recognised by law; legal enactments are made for its operation, and a distribution of offices, such as those of the Civil Service Commissioners, is by law directed to be made on party lines. A nation which deliberately gives itself up to government by faction signs its own doom. The end may be delayed, but it is sure. The party organisations have overlaid the American Constitution. For this the framers of the Constitution are not to blame. Their sagacity must have been supernatural to foresee the Machine and the Boss. Washington abhorred party, and regarded it as a disease which he hoped to avert by putting Federalists and anti-Federalists in his Cabinet together. Our present system of party government is the offspring of the struggle in England between constitutionalism, represented by the Hanoverians, and despotism, represented by the Stuarts. That struggle gave it for the time a reasonable warrant. A reasonable warrant was given it again by the division of opinion on the French Revolution, and once more by the division on the subject of Parliamentary reform. So, in the United States, while the struggle with slavery lasted, party was a natural and inevitable, though baneful and anti-social, bond. But in ordinary times there is nothing to divide a nation into two halves perpetually waging political war against each other, and striving, each of them, to make government miscarry in its rival's hands. To justify party government, Mr. Olney says, there must be a strong and honest Opposition. But supposing there is no vital issue on which an Opposition can be rationally formed—is it to be formed by conscription? As a matter of fact, the masses follow a shibboleth, often hereditary, almost always devoid of sense. The Republican and Democratic parties in the United States are now two standing machines, waging everlasting war for the Presidency and an immense patronage. Platforms are made up when a Presidential election impends simply with a view to carrying that

election. The parties have no fixed creed or abiding character. The Democratic party lost its vital force when slavery fell. It was an alliance of the Southern slave-owner with the commercial plutocracy of the North, drawing in their train the Irish populace of the Northern cities. One who had formed his idea of the Republican party half a century ago would hardly know the party again now. Lincoln, with his pure patriotism and his humanitarianism, would find himself strangely out of place. The grand aim of each party is to prevent the country from being successfully governed by its rival. Each will do anything to catch votes, and anything rather than lose them. Government, consequently, is at the mercy of any organisation which has votes on a large scale to sell. The Grand Army of the Republic is thus enabled to levy upon the nation tribute to the amount of a hundred and forty millions thirty-six years after the war, while both parties in their platforms promise their countenance to the exaction. The history of the most corrupt monarchies could hardly furnish a more monstrous case of financial abuse, to say nothing of the effect upon national character. The late J. M. Forbes, of Boston, was a strong Republican as well as the best of citizens. He said, as we learn from his Memoir, that the war with Spain was no philanthropic war, but was made to keep a party in power. Each party machine has a standing army of wire-pullers with an apparatus of intrigue and corruption, to the support of which holders of offices under Government are assessed. The Boss is a recognised authority, and mastery of unscrupulous intrigue is his avowed qualification for his place. The pest of partyism invades municipal administration, and makes New York the plunder of thieves of one party, and Philadelphia of thieves of the other. It is surely impossible that any nation should endure such a system for ever.

Another growth, less noxious than the above-named, but still noxious, seems to be that of localism in elections. This the people have voluntarily imposed upon themselves. It

cannot fail to deprive the commonwealth of good servants. George W. Curtis was excluded from public life because he happened to reside in a Democratic district and no constituency would elect a non-resident.

“If time of course alter all things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?” But in this case how are wisdom and counsel to be brought into play? If either party attempted to amend the Constitution, the other party would try at once to raise a storm. The modes of constitutional amendment are excessively cumbersome and difficult; so that to carry an amendment of any importance it took the momentum of civil war; a defect perhaps partly due to the vicious entanglement of compact in the cases of slavery and of representation in the Senate with the proper functions of legislation.

There are two matters, both most momentous, both fraught with peril, which were as far as possible from the thoughts of the framers of the Constitution, but with which its revisers, if ever it is revised, will be called upon to deal. One of these is the constitutional treatment of the emancipated negro; the other is that of the application of the Constitution to oversea conquests and possessions.

The status of the emancipated negro is the subject of the only important amendments passed since the era of the Constitution. Unfortunately those amendments were framed not by cool-headed statesmen, but by ardent friends of the negro, fired with victory in a long and desperate war over that object of their hatred, the Southern white, while a leading man among them had a personal injury to avenge. Nor is it necessary to dilate on the difficulties of the problem. They press on all American minds. The Roman commons were right in deeming political equality incomplete till they had extorted from the patricians the right of intermarriage. Of two races, one of which spurns intermarriage with the other, no political architect apparently can construct a Democratic Republic. Nor does the negro appear as yet, in St. Domingo

or elsewhere, to have developed real aptitude for self-government. The highest statesmanship with a perfectly free hand might devise and establish a harmonious settlement. But the highest statesmanship is not forthcoming; nor, if it were, would party allow it a free hand.

The attempt of the Supreme Court to determine the constitutional status of the oversea conquests and possessions, there being absolutely no data, seemed little more hopeful than the schoolman's attempt to measure the possible action of a chimera. Of the existence of conquered and subject territories the framers of the Constitution never dreamed; they would have shrunk from the thought if they had. In annexing Hawaii and in conquering the Philippines the American Republic has departed from its fundamental principles and changed its character. Its possession of the canal, and practically of Panama, seems likely to lead on to the ultimate annexation of Mexico and the whole of Central America. These being added to the Southern States, with their negroes and their unrepudiated sentiment, the result can hardly fail to be either a radical change of polity from the Republican form to something practically Imperial, such as is the necessary concomitant of empire, or to the disruption of the Union. Jingoism is still in full blast. Flag-worship is the religion of the day. Language the most anti-Jeffersonian and anti-humanitarian, to use no stronger term, is rife in the press. Every day produces something betokening an advance upon that line. An eminent journal settles the Panama question by saying, "It was in our line of business; we have got it, and we mean to keep it." There are still, undoubtedly, forces, and powerful forces, on the other side. But the balance wavers. It is a critical hour in the life of the American Republic, and therefore in the life of the world.

That the American people have political wisdom and force to deal with the crisis in their destinies no one who has lived among them will doubt, though the proportion of the self-governing and controlling element in the population is being

dangerously reduced by the vast inflow of foreign elements and the infecundity of the American women. But to such an effort the leadership of a great man is almost indispensable, and under such conditions, with such modes of electing the chief of the State, how and from what quarter is the great man to appear? The forces of political self-preservation and recovery undoubtedly are there, but how are those forces to be brought to bear?

GOLDWIN SMITH.

## MR. HALDANE'S PATHWAY TO REALITY<sup>1</sup>

THE present position of the Hegelian philosophy is one of the most interesting which can be found in the history of thought. For years it dominated the country of its origin. Then came a reaction proportionate to the original movement, and Hegelianism became completely extinct among German thinkers. And then, after a period in which it seemed to have become totally obsolete, it arose again among the English-speaking nations.

It seems curious that a race which is reputed to be pre-eminently practical and empirical should have been fascinated, either directly or at second hand, by a philosopher whose strength lies in his colossal *à priori* constructions, and whose chief weakness lies in his attempts to demonstrate, *à priori*, various facts which, at any rate for our present knowledge, can only be accepted empirically. Yet so it is. Our current thought, on both sides of the Atlantic, on questions of religious and political philosophy, is based very largely on Hegel's "Philosophy of Religion" and "Philosophy of Law." Much of what is said about evolution, even if it is supposed by the speakers to rest on the work of Darwin and Spencer, is really

<sup>1</sup> "The Pathway to Reality." Being the Gifford lectures delivered in the University of St. Andrews in the Sessions 1902-3, 1903-4. By the Rt. Hon. Richard Burdon Haldane, M.P., LL.D., K.C. London: Murray. Pp. 316 + 275.

derived from Hegel's view of the development of the world in time. And when we turn to metaphysics we find that for some years past the dominant influences have been Hegelian. Mr. Bradley, indeed, is to be classed among masters, and not among disciples. But he owes a debt to Hegel which he has always most generously acknowledged. And his differences from Hegel—though certainly very important—have perhaps been exaggerated owing to certain common misconceptions as to Hegel's exact position.

In attempting to give a popular exposition of Hegel's philosophy, Mr. Haldane has undertaken a task of special difficulty. The leading ideas of the Hegelian dialectic are complex and far removed from the rough-and-ready approximations to truth which are employed in every-day life and in physical science. And again, the whole of Hegel's metaphysics—and all the rest of his system is absolutely dependent on his metaphysics—forms one tremendous argument, in which every step depends for its validity on the validity of the stage which precedes it.

It is thus impossible to treat Hegel as other philosophers can be treated, and to give the arguments by which he supports his chief conclusions, or those most interesting to us, while we ignore, for the sake of brevity, other facts of the system. This can be done for Kant or Lotze, but not for Hegel. None of Hegel's conclusions make any claim to validity except that which is derived from their place in the dialectic chain, and that chain must be followed and tested from the beginning before any proposition in the system can be shown to be true.

Hegel's work is already so condensed that further condensation cannot be carried far. Nor would the result be one which could serve as a suitable introduction to the study of the system. All that is possible, then, is to sketch the main outlines of the results of the dialectic, and to defend them against the objections most likely to occur to the student.

Mr. Haldane has done this with conspicuous success. His knowledge of Hegel is very great, while he has a clear per-



ception of the sort of difficulties which perplex the beginner, whose knowledge of Hegel is as yet small. He does not shirk the difficulties of the system—indeed, in several cases he faces difficulties which his master had avoided. His style is admirably clear. Any one who has read the Master of Balliol's hand-book on Hegel will be quite ready to study Mr. Haldane, and when he has studied Mr. Haldane he will have obtained sufficient general insight into Hegel's philosophy to enable him to proceed to the study of Hegel's own writings.

Mr. Haldane's work does not take the form of a direct exposition of Hegel. It is his own views on metaphysics which he lays before us. They serve as a commentary on his master, because Mr. Haldane is a very faithful disciple. "I am content," he tells us, "to say what he himself said to the orthodox of his time, 'I am a Lutheran and wish to remain so.' I am content to say that I am a Hegelian and wish to be called so. There are reservations implicit in both declarations" (ii. 85). Hegel could scarcely be accepted as a trustworthy exponent of Luther, in spite of the grim patronage which he extended to the religion of his neighbours. Mr. Haldane's connection with Hegel is, I think, considerably underestimated by his own comparison.

In his first lecture Mr. Haldane takes a step of great importance by adopting Hegel's definition of God. "By God we mean, and can only mean, that which is most real, the Ultimate Reality into which all else can be resolved, and which cannot itself be resolved into anything beyond; that in terms of which all else can be expressed, and which cannot be itself expressed in terms of anything outside itself" (i. 19). The identification of God with the Ultimate Reality, whatever that Reality may be, makes it perfectly certain, as Hegel points out, that God is, since to deny this would be to deny the existence of all reality, which is, of course, absurd. But, as Hegel also points out, it makes the mere knowledge of God's existence as unimportant as it is certain. For it only tells us that *something* exists—which does not take us very far. The importance is, on this

definition, completely transferred to the question, "What is God's nature?" Till we hear his answer to this question, we must remain uncertain whether a Hegelian is a Theist or an Atheist, in the more ordinary meaning of those terms.

Mr. Haldane now proceeds to consider the nature of the God thus defined. The conceptions of a First Cause, of a Substance, of a Thing, are rejected by him, because they are only applicable to the finite, or to the relative. He suggests that we may have better luck with another category. "There is one conception which, provisionally at least, we may use, because it is the one that does go deeper than any of these—the conception of God not as Substance but as Subject" (i. 21). This, of course, implies that the conception of a Subject does not involve the finitude or the relativity which have proved fatal to the adequacy of the other conceptions.

The remainder of the first book, which is entitled "The Meaning of Reality," consists in a very interesting attempt to develop this notion of the Absolute as Subject. (The Absolute is another name for the Ultimate Reality, whatever that Reality may be, which seems a better name than God, because less ambiguous. Many philosophers and almost all theologians differ from Hegel in their use of the word God, by making personality part of its definition, and many of them would also include goodness in the definition. If the Absolute Reality was proved to be impersonal or evil, they would not say, as Hegel would in similar circumstances, that God was impersonal or evil, but that there was no God.) The most important point here seems to be Mr. Haldane's very depreciatory estimate of the ultimate reality of finite selves. This may be in accordance with Hegel's view, though I think it more than doubtful. It leads up to the views on the relation of God and man which are to be found in the second volume.

The second book is devoted to "Criticism of Categories." It deals with the fundamental notions of mathematics, physics, biology, and psychology. It points out that each of them has validity for the purposes of a particular science, which is

content to dwell on the surface of things, and does not seek for absolute truth. And each of them again is not devoid of worth, even with regard to absolute truth, since each of them expresses an aspect of that truth. But none of them is adequate to express absolute truth. If we take any of them as a sufficient account of the true nature of reality, we shall be entangled in error.

The third book is called "Absolute Mind." Mr. Haldane begins by summing up the results he has attained. "The Ultimate Reality we found to be mind and nothing else, to be subject rather than substance" (ii. 10); adding, however, that we must not allow the use of Subject to mislead us into the subjective idealism of Kant.

Later on there is another statement of the result. "We have to ask, What is the meaning of Reality? And our answer must be that it means being contained in and comprehended by mind, and has, as an essential element in it, being *for* mind, or *before* mind" (ii. 86).

The author is not in a position to absolutely demonstrate the truth of these propositions. That could only be done, according to the view which Mr. Haldane accepts, by the dialectic process. That process would start from the validity of the category of Being—in other words, from the assertion that something *Is*. This assertion is justified by the fact that any attempt to doubt or deny its truth must implicitly involve its truth, since, unless something was, neither doubt nor denial could be. From this starting-point it would be shown that the validity of the category of Being involves the validity of another, and then that the validity of these two involves that of a third. And so the process would continue, until a category would be reached whose validity did not require correction or completion by a further concept. This category we should know to express adequately the nature of Absolute Reality.

To have attempted to paraphrase Hegel's "Logic" would have been impossible within the limits of a course of Gifford

lectures. Mr. Haldane, as we have seen, begins by provisionally assuming that Absolute Reality is to be conceived as Subject. This assumption has been to a certain extent strengthened by the arguments advanced against the adequacy of other conceptions to express Absolute Reality. And it will, of course, be still more strengthened in so far as it proves practicable to construct, on the basis of this assumption, a theory of the universe which shall be both internally coherent and consistent with the facts before us. It is to this task that Mr. Haldane addresses himself in his second volume.

In book three, accordingly, Mr. Haldane discusses the question of the personality of God. Much controversy has taken place as to Hegel's belief on this point. It seems to me, for reasons which I have given elsewhere, and which it would be too lengthy to repeat here, that Hegel did not believe God to be a person, or to be self-conscious, and that this was the inevitable result of the conclusions which he had reached as to the nature of the Absolute Idea. It cannot be doubted that he held that Ultimate Reality was spiritual, and was a unity. Nor can it be doubted that he regarded spirit as essentially self-conscious. But it does not follow that he regarded God as a self-conscious being. It was open to him to consider God as a unity whose parts were self-conscious, but was not self-conscious as a whole. Of such a nature is a state or a college. And it is to be remembered that Hegel, when he reaches the culminating point of the "Philosophy of Religion," expressly speaks of God as a community (*Gemeinde*).

Hegel's opinion on this point is, however, very obscure. Mr. Haldane is much plainer than his master. There is no doubt that he regards God as a self-conscious being. "If God be mind, if His nature is to be mind, He must be in *some sense* self-conscious" (ii. 106).

If self-consciousness is to have any meaning in this phrase, the divine self-consciousness must present a certain analogy to the human self-consciousness. Now self-consciousness for human beings is only found in the closest connection with

consciousness of a not-self. Not only is each of us who is self-conscious also conscious of something not himself. It is only in and by the consciousness of the not-self that the consciousness of the self is possible at all. If I subtract in imagination from my own consciousness the consciousness of all that is not myself, I find that all consciousness vanishes with it.

This is not a difficulty in the way of attributing self-consciousness to God, as he is ordinarily conceived. For although God is commonly spoken of as infinite, he is not commonly conceived as identical with all reality. Finite beings are created by him and governed by him, but are not part of him. They can therefore be conceived as forming the necessary not-self for his consciousness. But Mr. Haldane takes the infinity of God in the strictest sense. There is no reality outside him, and he cannot have any not-self in the way in which finite beings like ourselves have a not-self.

Mr. Haldane recognises the necessity of a not-self for self-consciousness. This is how he meets the difficulty: "Absolute Mind can only think itself, and can only find the necessary distinction from itself in the Other which is just itself. That Other is *for* it, and the only finitude that comes in is not, and cannot be, finitude as belonging to the Absolute Mind as such, but to the Absolute Mind as Other to itself. It must recognise in its object itself, and itself as having assumed as object the form of finitude which for the Absolute Mind is thus an aspect in its own self-comprehension. Just because the other, the object of which the Absolute Mind is conscious, is mind itself, the other must appear as a mind which knows, but knows having assumed the form of finitude. The Absolute Mind, of course, does not as such comprehend under the form of finitude, but its object, which is just itself as subject known as such in knowledge, appears as mind which has imposed upon itself the form of dependence on another to which it stands in contrast, and therefore known under finite categories" (ii. 156).

God's not-self consists therefore in the various finite selves

which are in him. We now come to the other difficulty involved in a self-conscious Whole of Reality. We men are unquestionably self-conscious beings. We are also unquestionably within the Whole of Reality. If that is a self-conscious being, then one self-conscious being can be within another self-conscious being—one person within another person.

Is this possible? A self-conscious being can no doubt have various differentiations within it. Indeed, it must have them, for all its knowledge of its not-self will consist of such differentiations, and without knowledge of a not-self it could not be self-conscious. But could those differentiations themselves be persons? I doubt it. Personality is a jealous unity. It is so close a centre that it allows the parts of a person very little self-centredness or self-dependence, while it claims very great self-centredness and self-dependence for the person as a whole. And it seems to me impossible to combine so much self-centredness as is required to be a person with so great a lack of self-centredness as is required to be part of a person.

It is, perhaps, with a view to this difficulty that Mr. Haldane takes man, not only as smaller than God—the part is of course smaller than the whole—but as less real than God. “I have shown you,” he says, “what is the relation of man to God, that it is the relation of mind comprehending itself at a lower level to mind comprehending itself at the highest level. Now, if that be true, man must be at once in union with and in separation from God. If man’s mind be just the infinite mind comprehended at a lower plane, then it is evident that you must have all the indications of unity in combination with difference” (ii. 127). This is a statement of great importance. If man’s mind is “just the infinite mind comprehended at a lower plane,” then it is, to a certain extent, a miscomprehension of the true nature of reality. The finite selves are not the ultimately real differentiations of the ultimately real unity. When we regard reality as expressed in them, we are committing an error similar in kind to that which we should

commit in regarding reality as expressed in matter, though the error is less in degree.

Whether this view is or is not true, I cannot believe that Mr. Haldane is here in agreement with Hegel. It is true that Hegel taught that the finite was imperfect and unreal. But the finite, in his use of the word, did not mean that which is less than the whole, but that which is limited otherwise than by its own nature. It is not certain then that he would have regarded man's mind as finite.

The evidence seems rather to be in favour of the view that he would have regarded it, in its highest development, as infinite. In the applications of his metaphysics to politics and history he showed a tendency to regard the individual as subordinate to the state and the race. It is perhaps this which has led to the view that his metaphysics subordinate the individual to the unity of the Absolute. But if we look at the metaphysics for ourselves, it seems to be clear that the importance of the differentiations to the nature of the whole increases throughout the later categories of the dialectic and culminates in the Absolute Idea, and that these differentiations which are so completely essential to the whole cannot be considered anything but self-conscious persons.

Mr. Haldane's view certainly diminishes the cogency of the second objection to the personality of the Absolute mentioned above. If the personality of human beings is only true on a lower plane, and so not absolutely true, then the Absolute, when adequately expressed, would be seen not to have any lesser personalities within itself.

But in saying this Mr. Haldane gets very near Mr. Bradley's position about the lesser selves, and by doing so gets into several difficulties. Does not the imperfect reality of the self affect the self's knowledge? And after all, this very theory of the imperfect reality of the self would be reached by us as a piece of our knowledge, so that doubt on this point would be suicidal. This is a question which would want very careful handling. And again, if God, in his truest nature, is

not differentiated into the lesser selves, how is he differentiated at all? Mr. Haldane is too good a Hegelian to believe that a unity could exist without differentiation.

And besides, Mr. Haldane has expressly assigned the lesser selves as God's differentiations in the passage quoted above from ii. 156. God can only be conscious, he tells us, in so far as he knows "a mind which knows, but knows having assumed the form of finitude." God's self-consciousness is a completely adequate expression for the nature of reality. And this surely requires that whatever is an essential condition of that self-consciousness shall be also completely true. How can this be so if mind which has assumed the form of finitude is only mind comprehending itself on a lower level? For surely God does not comprehend reality on a lower level. He will be above the belief in these other selves. In that case will he not, by Mr. Haldane's own statement, be above the self-consciousness of which the recognition of the other selves is a condition?

The degree of reality which is to be attributed to the human self is, of course, closely connected with the question of immortality. Hegel's attitude about immortality is singularly perplexing. He says that he accepts it. But he says so in a very slight and casual way, and when he comes to apply his metaphysics to problems of history and morality he entirely ignores even the possibility that the individual should survive the death of his body. It seems difficult to come to any conclusion except that Hegel, while he really believed in immortality, was not much interested in it.

In reference to immortality, we may ask two questions. In the first place, did I exist in the time previous to the formation of my body, and shall I exist in the time subsequent to the dissolution of my body? Should this be answered in the negative, we may yet raise the further question, Have I, nevertheless, an eternal timeless existence?

The first of these questions Mr. Haldane answers in the negative (compare, for instance, ii. 226). Indeed, such an



answer is the only one consistent with his view of the relation of soul and body. In the first volume he tells us (i. 155) that "it is ridiculous to suppose that the soul is a thing existing apart from the body." The context indicates, I think, that what is ridiculous is not merely to call the soul a thing, but to suppose that it can exist apart from the body. On the same page he tells us that "soul and body are related as higher and lower." Now it is quite clear that my body was only formed a few months before my birth, and that it will be dispersed again a few months after my death. If my soul is only my body looked at from a higher point of view, it is clear that its temporal existence cannot be prolonged beyond that of my body.

I cannot agree with Mr. Haldane in thinking that an endless life in time, or a life which should endure in time as long as the universe endures in time, would be "unnatural and miserable" (ii. 227). But it may be admitted that life in time need not be the only, nor the best, form of reality. May we hope that we possess an eternal and timeless life?

This question Mr. Haldane answers in the affirmative. I will quote two passages from his deeply interesting discussion—passages which are of essential importance for the thought, but which give no idea of the width and depth of the sympathy with which he applies his conclusion to the facts of life. "So long as people think of life at its highest as a spectacle in time and, as in this aspect, a final fact of reality, so long will they be driven to long for its continuance beyond the grave in just that form, and to think that they are shut up to the alternatives of its either ending here or continuing beyond the grave. They take, do these people, two mutually exclusive views, and alternate necessarily from one to the other. And yet, so often as they try to picture this continuance, just so often will they be driven to fall into self-contradiction and inexplicable difficulties. The antinomy is a real one, and it must be solved by a deeper and more thinking consideration" (ii. 233). "Space and time relations are necessary; they represent reality when we regard things under certain conceptions adapted for limited purposes;

but if we wish to get at the truth about such a matter as eternal life, we have to resort to conceptions of a higher kind, and only when we resort to conceptions of a higher kind are we delivered from the dilemma that this life either ends with the grave or continues beyond the grave. The grave and this temporal present, taken as events, turn out, from a higher standpoint, to be appearance merely, and not to be representative of reality. The antinomy has adopted a form that seems at first sight insoluble, simply because of the limited basis we have adopted, and what we have to do is by analysis to break down what appears as hard and fast, and not to set up and insist upon a counter abstraction" (ii. 238).

An eternal existence for each individual would doubtless make us immortal in the sense in which immortality would be best worth having. But it may perhaps be doubted whether such a life, if it manifested itself in time at all, would not necessarily manifest itself in all time. In that case a continuous life in time, before the composition and after the decomposition of our present bodies, would present itself, not indeed as constituting true immortality, but as the inevitable consequence of that immortality. Still, we may agree with Mr. Haldane that the value of immortality must be found in its possessing an eternity which is much more than unending existence in time, whether it includes that unending existence or not.

But has Mr. Haldane any right to attribute eternity to human beings? For they are, according to him, "mind comprehending itself at a lower level." When we look at reality as made up of these minds, or even as containing these minds, we are looking at reality from a lower level. Now, so far as I can see, the way in which it is looked at from a lower level and the way in which it is looked at from a higher level cannot be exactly the same, and cannot therefore—since it is the same reality—both be perfectly true. In that case, of course, it is the lower view which will not be perfectly true.

Now if it is not absolutely true that we exist at all—if it is only a convenient approximation to truth, like the laws

of the physical sciences, how can our existence be eternal? Time is certainly the last enemy that shall be destroyed in the attainment of true reality. And it seems impossible that anything can rise above time, and have eternal existence, unless it is absolutely—not merely comparatively—real. Everything short of absolute reality is hopelessly entangled in time—the most persistent of errors, even if it be not, as perhaps it may turn out to be, the sole error.

Thus it seems to me that there is no hope of immortality unless man is as real as God. That involves, for a Hegelian, the belief that the differentiations of the Absolute are as real as the Absolute itself, and that each of them is as essential to it as it is to them. "Without the world God would not be God," said Hegel. We must go further—as I believe that Hegel did—and say that God would not be God if the lowest of the innumerable selves within that supreme unity were absent or different.

Mr. Haldane might perhaps say that my criticisms attach too much importance to time. It seems to me that Mr. Haldane has followed Hegel in Hegel's greatest mistake—the failure to perceive the unique importance and the unique difficulty of time for the dialectic system. To discuss this point here—even if I were competent to do it—would render this review too long and too technical. It only remains for me to say that this abstract criticism of Mr. Haldane's arguments does not profess to do justice to the clearness of his exposition, to the warmth of his enthusiasm, or to the extent of his knowledge of Hegel.

J. ELLIS McTAGGART.

## ANCESTOR-WORSHIP IN JAPAN

**T**H**ERE** are many conditions in Eastern countries almost impossible of comprehension by Western minds. Chief among such must be classed ancestor-worship, or the veneration of the dead ascendants of a family by its living members. That this has always been obscure is made apparent in the work of such able men as Sir Henry Maine, M. Fustel de Coulanges, Lord Avebury, and Dr. Hearn. Even they have been necessarily forced to look at the question from the outside. Until recently there was no means for foreigners to obtain a view from the inside of this worship, which is so largely the foundation of things in Japan, and responsible for many of the remarkable characteristics admired in the Japanese. In a little book written by the well-known Japanese jurist, Mr. Nobushige Hozumi, there is a discussion of the subject from the point of view of an ancestor-worshipper himself. A member of the Middle Temple, Mr. Hozumi has lost none of his devotion to ancestor-worship during his visits to peoples who know nothing of it, and has gained much in being able to look at the question with a broader view than would otherwise have been possible. In his introduction Mr. Hozumi says :

In Europe and America, ancestor-worship has long ceased to exist, even if it was ever practised on these continents. In Japan, where at the present time a constitutional government is established, where codes of laws modelled upon those of Western countries are in operation, where, in short, almost every art of civilisation has taken firm root, the worshipping of deceased

ancestors still obtains and still exercises a powerful influence over the laws and customs of the people. The practice dates back to the earliest days and has survived through hundreds of generations in spite of the many political and social revolutions which have taken place since the foundation of the Empire. The introduction of Chinese civilisation into the country was favourable to the growth of this custom, by reason of the fact that the morality, laws and institutions of China are also based upon the doctrine of ancestor-worship. Buddhism, which is not based upon this doctrine, but is, on the contrary, antagonistic to it, was compelled to yield to the deep-rooted belief of the people and adapt itself to the national practice; while the introduction of Western civilisation, which has wrought so many social and political changes during the last thirty years, has had no influence whatever in the direction of modifying it. Thus it will be seen that the three foreign elements, Confucianism, Buddhism and Western civilisation, all of which have had immense influence upon our laws, manners and customs, and two of which were diametrically opposed to ancestor-worship, could not make way against, or put an end to, the widespread and persistent faith of the people. The people, whether Shintoists or Buddhists, are all ancestor-worshippers.

Unlike Bushido, which originally at least was confined to certain classes of the population, ancestor-worship has always been universal. Feudal customs did not interfere with its practice by the lowest classes, for though not every one can grasp a high ethical code, every one has ancestors and can venerate their memory. It is this universal nature of the practice that renders it so potent an influence in the nation, an influence even more far-reaching in its effects than the ethical code of Bushido. There are many misconceptions as to the nature of ancestor-worship, chief among them being the idea that it had its origin in the fear of the ghosts of the ancestors and the necessity of propitiating them. It seems much more probable, and Mr. Hozumi agrees in this view, that the custom originated rather in the love felt by the people for their parents. Love and respect may lead to awe, they do not produce fear. Why should men and women, who have loved their parents and enjoyed their love during their lifetime, fear them after their death? There are several passages in old books which lend weight to this view, that it was for love and not for fear of the dead that offerings were made. But it was also recog-

nised that there were two classes of ghosts, those of enemies and those of friends. The former class was to be feared and was sometimes propitiated, the latter, amongst which were ancestors, were to be offered gifts as tokens of love and respect. The Chinese philosopher, Shin-ki, writing on ancestor-worship, says that "the object of worship is nothing else than performing all that is dictated by a feeling of true love and respect." There is something beautiful in the explanation which one Japanese writer gives of this custom in his book on "The Rituals of Worship."

Who [he says], endowed with life in this world, has not a mind to honour his parents? Who, knowing his parents, does not reverence his ancestors? Who, honouring parents and reverencing ancestors, is not prompted to follow the dictates of affectionate sentiment by offering sacrifices to their spirits? Those who are left behind in this world by their parents feel pangs of grief in their hearts as months and years pass away. When the flowers begin to blossom in the spring, when trees and grasses put forth their luxuriance in the summer, when insects murmur and sing in the autumn evenings, and when the winter brings its dews and frosts, everything they see and hear stirs up a feeling of sorrow and reminds them of days when their parents walked the earth; and to their inability to forget their parents is due the practice of offering them food and drink. Thus the custom of making sacrifices to spirits finds its origin in human nature.

The Japanese people celebrate the anniversaries of their ancestors, pay visits to their graves, offer flowers, food, and drink, burn incense, and bow before their tombs entirely from a feeling of love and respect for their memory. It is the same feeling which, in Western countries, prompts the placing of flowers upon the graves of recently-deceased relatives. But in the West, in the majority of cases, these outward signs of affection do not continue more than a year or two, and are seldom continued by a second generation. In Japan, however, the feeling is more cultivated, and everything is done to carry out the idea expressed by Confucius when he said that "it is the highest filial piety to serve the dead as they would serve the living, and to serve the departed as they would serve the present."

Eminent authorities have shown that ancestor-worship prevailed at one time in Greece and in Rome, while the Aryans were known to be an ancestor-worshipping race. Many evidences seem to prove that "all races practised it in the infancy of their development." To the outer world the great ancestor-worshipping country has ever been China, but that is principally because the attempts of the Western races to intrude in that country have brought them into contact with its prejudices. Thus foreign railway engineers have met with much opposition in China when their lines have interfered with the graveyards of the country side. It is owing to the practice of ancestor-worship by the Chinese and their Manchu rulers that the possession of Moukden, with the tombs of the Manchu ancestors, is one of the most important factors in the present Russo-Japanese War. The Japanese recognise this because as ancestor-worshippers they can understand the feeling of the Chinese, but the Russians do not. This was shown by the fact that the latter allowed all the sacred documents relative to the tombs to be removed to a Russian university to be deciphered. It would seem not improbable that ancestor-worship was the initial bond of union among many primitive men, the unconscious force arising naturally out of the ties of consanguinity. The sphere of such ties was limited, but that of ancestor-worship was unlimited.

The worship of common ancestors and the ceremonies connected therewith maintained the semblance of a common descent amongst large numbers of widely scattered kinsmen who were so far removed from one another that they would, without this link, have fallen away from family intercourse.

The tendency of the human race is always to unite together for some common end. Nowadays men feel the benefit of co-operation and consciously work towards that end, but in olden times such conscious aims were unknown, although unconsciously the same forces influenced the peoples.

The Restoration in Japan has brought about no change in the practice of ancestor-worship. Religion is no bar to it,

and it is probable that all the Christian converts in Japan are also ancestor-worshippers. It is interesting in this connection to recall the fact that in China the early Jesuit missionaries made the most headway when they had declared that ancestor-worship was not to be considered as a religion, and that therefore there was no necessity for converts to relinquish this, the most prized of their beliefs. The coming of Western civilisation only brought conveniences for the gathering together of the members of a family, it did not reduce the occasion of such gatherings. To quote Mr. Hozumi :

To Western eyes the sight would appear strange of a Japanese family inviting their relatives, through the medium of a telephone, to take part in a ceremony of this nature; while equally incongruous would seem the spectacle of the members of the family, some of them attired in European and others in native costume, assembled in a room lighted by electricity, making offerings and obeisances before the memorial tablet of their ancestor. The curious blending of past and present is one of the most striking phenomena of Japan.

It is not saying too much to call ancestor-worship the primæval religion of Japan; it has existed from the earliest days, some 2500 years, and is universally practised to-day. There are three kinds of ancestor-worship in vogue at the present time. The worship of the First Imperial Ancestor, which is carried on by all the people and may be regarded as the national religion; the worship of the patron-god of the locality, which is a survival of the worship of clan-ancestors by clansmen; and the worship of the family ancestors by the members of that household. Of these three kinds of worship and their practice by all Japanese Mr. Hozumi writes :

There are two sacred places in every Japanese house; the Kamidana or "god-shelf" and the Butsudan or "Buddhist altar." The first named is the Shinto altar, which is a plain wooden shelf. In the centre of this sacred shelf is placed a Taima or O-nusa (great offering), which is a part of the offerings made to the Daijingu of Isé or the temple dedicated to Amater-asu Omi-Kami, the First Imperial Ancestor. The Taima is distributed from the Temple of Isé to every house in the Empire at the end of each year and worshipped by every loyal Japanese as the representation of the First Imperial Ancestor.



On this altar the offering of rice, saké (liquor brewed from rice) and branches of sakaki-tree (*chrysa Japanica*) are usually placed, and every morning the members of the household make reverential obeisance before it by clapping hands and bowing; while in the evening lights are also placed on the shelf. On this shelf is placed in addition the charm of Ujigama or the local tutelary god of the family, and, in many houses, the charms of the other Shinto deities also. In a Shinto household there is a second god-shelf or Kamidana, which is dedicated exclusively to the worship of the ancestors of the house. On this second shelf are placed cenotaphs bearing the names of the ancestors, their ages and the dates of their death. These memorial tablets are called "Mitama-shieo," meaning "representatives of souls," and they are usually placed in small boxes shaped like Shinto shrines. Offerings of rice, saké, fish, sakaki-tree and lamps are made on this second shelf as on the first. In the Buddhist household there is, in addition to the Kamidana, a Butsudana, on which are placed cenotaphs bearing on the front posthumous Buddhist names, and on the back the names used by the ancestors during their lifetime. The cenotaph is usually lacquered, and is sometimes placed in a box called "Zushi"; while family crests are very often painted both on the tablet and on the box. Offerings of flowers, branches of shikimi-tree (*Illicium religiosum*), tea, rice and other vegetable foods are usually placed before the cenotaphs, while incense is continually burned and in the evening small lamps are lighted. The Butsudana takes the place of the second god-shelf of the Shinto household both being dedicated to the worship of family ancestors.

The above extract shows what an immense national force the practice of ancestor-worship is, and the effect it must have in producing loyalty to the Emperor. The Emperor is the living representative of the First Imperial Ancestor, and contains in himself all the virtues and all the powers of his ancestors. It is difficult to imagine people more loyal, loyalty consisted only in the outward form of loyal actions, for the people of Japan do reverence every day to the representatives of the First Imperial Ancestor. The very fact of this continuous reverence cannot fail to set a seal upon the loyalty of its subjects, and mark it out from that of other peoples. And the same worship [which gives to them this feeling of loyalty causes them to love their country to an almost abnormal degree. Recall the pride which old county families have in England, with a line of ancestors stretching back perhaps a thousand years. These ancestors are not

regularly venerated, nor is there any veneration to the head of the State; indeed, this would be impossible owing to the constant breaks of dynastic change. Contrast this with the Japanese 2500 years of actual veneration for ancestors and Imperial Ancestors, and it is easy to understand the difference. It is no uncommon thing for an Englishman, bereft of all his relations, to say to himself, "What is the good of remaining on among the old scenes? I will go away to a new country." No Japanese would, or could, ever feel that. He might go away before he was the sole representative of a family, but it is very improbable that he would ever wish to do so when the whole duty of family and national worship rested upon his own shoulders.

In connection with the worship of the First Imperial Ancestor there are three places set apart. These are: The Temple of Daijingu at Isé; the Kashiko Dokoro in the Sanctuary of the Imperial Palace; and the Kamidana, which is to be found in every house. In the first two places the Imperial Ancestor is represented by a Divine Mirror. This mirror was given to the First Imperial Ancestor, so tradition says, "accompanied by the injunction that her descendants should look upon that mirror as representing her soul, and should worship it as herself." It may be remarked here that the First Imperial Ancestor was a woman, a fact possibly not without significance. It is, at all events, remarkable in a country against which one of the commonest accusations has been that there was no respect paid to women. Originally the Divine Mirror was worshipped at the Imperial Palace, but it was later removed to the Temple at Isé, its place being taken by a duplicate. Although all the people worship the First Imperial Ancestor at home, they look upon it as a necessity to visit the Temple at Isé at least once during a lifetime. It is no unusual event for schoolboys and young men to secretly desert their work in order to walk to Isé on a pilgrimage, and do worship. It is to the Japanese people very much what Mecca is to the Mohammedans, with this difference, that it is

in the power of every man or woman who can walk to visit this holy place. In the Imperial Palace Sanctuary there are three temples. The central one, "Kashiko Dokoro," contains the mirror, and is dedicated to the worship of the First Imperial Ancestor. The second temple, "Kworei Den," standing to the west, is dedicated to the worship of "all the Imperial Ancestors since Jimmu Jenno, the first Emperor and founder of the Empire." The third temple, to the east, is known as Shinden, and serves for the worship of all the other deities.

It is interesting to note here how close is the connection between every action of the Imperial family and ancestor-worship. When Jimmu Jenno founded the Empire, the ceremony of coronation consisted in the worship of the Imperial Ancestors on the hill of Torimi Yama. At the accession of every emperor there is a ceremony called "Daijo-Sai," usually the first festival day of Shuisho-Sai (October 17 or November 23), in which the newly ordained Emperor offers the first-fruits of the year to his ancestors. An article in the Imperial House Law, drawn up at the time of the Constitution, says: "The ceremonies of coronation shall be performed, and Daijo-Sai shall be held at Kyoto." Another article of the same law provides that "upon the demise of the Emperor, the Imperial heir shall ascend the throne, and shall acquire the Divine Treasures of the Imperial Ancestors." These consist of the mirror, a sword and a precious stone bequeathed by the First Imperial Ancestor. One of the articles of the ordinance relating to the marriages in the Imperial household, published in 1900, states that:

When the agreement of the Imperial marriage is made it should be reported to Kashiko Dokoro, Kworei Den and Shinden (the three temples in the Imperial Palace), and the Imperial Messenger for offering sacrifices shall be sent to Jingu (the temple at Isé) and to the graves of Jimmu Tenno (the first emperor, the late Imperial father and the late Imperial mother respectively).

The Imperial Ancestors have an effect upon the people

generally, as well as being worshipped every day. Of the eleven "great festival days" observed as national holidays in Japan, all but two relate to the worship of Imperial Ancestors. Of these two, one is the birthday of the Emperor, and the other the banquet of the New Year. On these festival days everybody is gay and makes holiday—the children assemble at their schools, and, standing before the portraits of the Emperor and Empress, have the Emperor's speech on education read and explained to them.

Ancestor-worship has a very close relation to Japanese law, as may be seen from the word used to express government. This is "Matsurigoto," or "affairs of worship." The Constitution of Japan, promulgated on February 11, 1899, the anniversary of the foundation of the Empire, contains many signs of the vitality of ancestor-worship. The first article states: "The Empire of Japan shall be reigned over and governed by a line of emperors unbroken for ages eternal." That the very foundation of the Constitution is the worship of the Imperial Ancestors is definitely set forth in the preamble:

Having, by virtue of the glories of Our ancestors, ascended the throne of a lineal succession unbroken for ages eternal: remembering that Our beloved subjects are the very same that have been favoured with the benevolent care and affectionate vigilance of Our ancestors, and desiring to promote their welfare and give development to their moral and intellectual faculties and hoping to maintain the prosperity and progress of the State, in concert with Our people and with their support, We hereby promulgate . . . a fundamental law of State, to exhibit the principles by which We are to be guided in Our conduct and to point out to what Our descendants, Our subjects and their descendants are for ever to conform. The rights of sovereignty of the State We have inherited from Our ancestors and We shall bequeath them to our descendants. Neither We nor they shall in future fail to wield them in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution hereby granted.

In his speech at the promulgation, the Emperor said that: "The Imperial Founder of Our House and Our other Imperial Ancestors, by the help and support of Our subjects, laid the foundation of Our Empire upon a basis which is to last for ever." The Emperor took an oath to the Imperial

Ancestors to observe the law, stating that the Constitution was "the exposition of grand precepts for the conduct of the Government bequeathed by the Imperial Founder of Our House and by Our Other Imperial Ancestors." As Mr. Hozumi says, these facts relating to the Constitution "will be sufficient to show that the sovereignty of Japan is the heritage of Imperial Ancestors and that the foundation of the Constitution is ancestor-worship."

Of the second kind of ancestor-worship, the veneration of the local tutelary deity, Mr. Hozumi considers that it is the natural evolution of the old worship of a clan-god by the clansmen.

The change in the meaning of the word used from clan-god to local tutelary god possibly arose [he thinks] from the fact that in early days clansmen usually lived together in the same locality and erected a temple for the worship of their ancestral eponyms, with the result that the clan-god and the local patron-god meant one and the same deity.

The occasions for the worship of family ancestors by the members of a household are of three kinds. These are the sacrifice days, which are the days in each month corresponding to the day of the ancestor's death; the sacrifice months, which are the days of the month corresponding to the day and month of an ancestor's death; and the sacrifice years, which are the certain years in which on a day of the month corresponding to the death of an ancestor celebrations are held. The sacrifice years vary among Shintoists and Buddhists. In the majority of celebrations only the members of the house and near relatives take part, but on some occasions there are feasts, and relatives and descendants of ancestors are invited to take part. For both, Shintoist and Buddhist priests officiate, but among the former the services are held in their private house, while among the latter they sometimes also take place in the temples. The respective rituals differ somewhat in the two religions. Mr. Hozumi thus describes them:

Shinto offerings consist of saké, rice, fish, game, vegetables and fruits for food and drink, and pieces of silk and hemp for clothing, while branches of

sakaki tree and flowers are also frequently offered. The priests who conduct the ceremony clap their hands before the altar, and the chief priest pronounces the prayer or "norito," the words of which vary on different occasions . . . The prayer usually ends with the supplication that the spirit may protect and watch over the family, and accept the offerings dutifully submitted. After this, each of the assembled party, commencing with the head of the house, takes a small branch of sakaki tree, to which is attached a piece of paper representing fine cloth, places it on the altar and then claps hands and makes obeisance.

In the ceremonies of the Buddhists the offerings usually consist of tea, rice, fruits, cakes and flowers, either artificial or natural, the most usual being lotus. Fish and meat form no part of the sacrifice, because of the doctrine of abstinence from flesh embodied in Buddha's commandment not to kill any animate being. Whether the ceremony takes place in the temple or in the house, priests officiate, and recite sacred books. . . . The assembly in turn burn incense and prostrate themselves before the altar, the order of procedure being the same as in the case of Shinto worship.

Besides these regular ceremonies, there are "three appointed times" in the year when the people offer sacrifices to the spirits of ancestors, both at home and at the grave. Mr. Hozumi says:

The worship of ancestors is not limited only to the festival times. When a young student goes to Europe to pursue his studies, when a soldier sets out on a campaign, when an official is sent abroad on some Government service, or when a merchant undertakes a long journey on business, he invariably visits the graves of his ancestors in order to take leave of them. . . . In many Shintoist houses the offerings of saké and sakaki tree are continually made; and in Buddhist houses flowers are offered every day and incense is continually burned in Butsudan. In fact, the worship of the spirits of ancestors forms a part of everyday life of the people.

When this is all considered it is easy to understand how the laws and customs of marriage are affected by ancestor-worship—why it is made easy to adopt male heirs to perpetuate the worship of the household ancestors. Undoubtedly also, it is ancestor-worship which is to blame for the preference shown to male children—the female children will leave their family at marriage and venerate the ancestors of the husband. Thus they are not valuable in the sense that a son is valuable. This feeling is universal, and any day it may be

seen amongst the common people of Japan. Ask a woman how many children she has, and she will tell you the number of her sons.

Besides this effect upon daughters, ancestor-worship has an enormous effect upon the whole character of the people. They have all to bear the responsibility of being good future ancestors, and knowing that their every act is watched over by the spirits of their own ancestors.

A Japanese writer describes the ceremony of ancestor-worship feasts which take place after the ceremony thus: "The relatives assembled partake of the sacred cake, which has been offered to the ancestor, and talk about his meritorious deeds, while each person present gives voice to a resolve not to degrade in any way the good name of the ancestor."

Western people are accustomed to think that death ends for them their responsibilities to their family, but in Japan death only commences them. This is emphasised by the custom, on the part of the Emperor, of ennobling a subject who has died or who has only a few hours to live. This is often done. The moral effect upon the conduct of their everyday life, of knowing that their descendants will meet so many times every year to talk over their meritorious deeds, must be enormously potent, more so than anything known of here.

As a concrete example of the effect of ancestor-worship may be taken the feelings of the Japanese soldiers and sailors who are now on the field of battle. By nature they are the least fitted to be soldiers; mentally, they are the worst. They are largely drawn from the agricultural classes, who, as practical vegetarians, have been unaccustomed to shed blood or to see blood shed. Thus their instincts should be much less brutalised than those of flesh-fed soldiers. A certain lack of dash, a timidity, and a possibility of fear might be naturally looked for. But it is just here that the effect of ancestor-worship comes in, "Never to degrade in any way the good

name of the ancestor"; this is always present in the mind of the soldier. Any act of heroism or of devotion to Japan will lift the doer to a pre-eminent position in the eyes of those who will venerate him. Even taking it at the lowest, it is much harder to do a cowardly or dishonest action, when not alone the eyes of comrades are upon you, but also there is the prospect of sinning against countless generations of ancestors. Taken together with the teachings of Bushido, which held up shame as the greatest punishment possible, the effect of ancestor-worship may be imagined upon the Japanese troops. Knowing possibly what fear is, they are not able to be afraid, but are impelled to deeds of heroism both by the desire of being good ancestors and the necessity of avoiding shame. Thus they have both a positive and a negative force behind them. Death is not to be avoided save in so far as the prolongation of life enables the soldier to do glorious deeds—a glorious death is always preferable to a surrender. To die doing something for one's country, that is indeed glory! Take the case of the report that several Japanese officers had been captured and hung by the Russians near a bridge which they were attempting to blow up. This may or may not be true, but the report that they announced their names and ranks before the execution lends colour to its being true. Those officers knew that theirs would be the undying veneration of the generations to come, and they were proud, not afraid or ashamed, of meeting such an ignominious death. What a power there is in such a religion, or such a practice, if such a description is preferred, which will make of the common people heroes—men, women, and children, all filled with one common desire. The soldiers possess all the advantages of the absolute faith of fanatics together with all those of men who have thought deeply of fear and danger and overcome their fear. Port Arthur was blocked by men who faced almost certain death. Their margin of numbers was only sufficient to ensure success: all would have died with equal willingness.



Western civilisation may be all that it boasts to be, but it would surely be difficult to formulate a better simple formula for life than that possessed by every Japanese. To do nothing that is shameful. To prepare oneself to be a good ancestor, and never to degrade in any way the good name of one's ancestors. And in Japan this is not a formula possessed only by the thinkers, the "educated classes," it is the universal desire of the nation.

ALFRED STEAD.

## TRAINING AND NATIONAL DEGENERATION

A WELL-KNOWN builder, who for the greater part of his business life employed many hands, has recently, on his retirement, amused himself by collating notes, taken during his busy period, of the antecedents and calibre of the workmen who came more prominently under his notice. He had started life with the belief that the townsmen could not in many departments compete with the countrymen, and perhaps his theory helped him unconsciously to look with greater favour on his country recruits. But the verdict of his business career, which extended over thirty years, must be taken in connection with the results of inquiries into many businesses as remarkable proof of the completeness of his theory. His evidence revealed the fact that all the men, without a single exception, who had become foremen in his works had been born and bred in the country. In investigating the several instances it came out that the cause of this one-sided success was in itself, though perhaps indicative of greater influences, as small as the causes of success usually are. But such motive agents, often negligible quantities by themselves, are continuously cumulative, and at the end of a few years may compose an arithmetical progression, obviously sufficient to explain the wide interval that separates success from failure. The countrymen, for example, often owed their advancement to nothing more intrinsic than a native disinclination to travel in trams and 'buses ; and an unwillingness,

the result solely of "unuse," to spend unnecessary pennies towards the achievement of muscular atrophy. They walked to the office, and were always punctual; and this morning walk, if the links in the chain of causation are consecutively examined, will be found to induce by far the preponderating sum of conditions from which success, as judged by promotion, emerges. It is perhaps the tendency of machinery to make trustworthiness, at least in the lower levels of employment, more valuable than intelligence; and in all cases character, in which word energy is included, exceeds, as completely as any proverb would suggest, any intellectual quality as an agent in advancement. Rightly or wrongly, punctuality is viewed by many employers as the first test of "fitness," a word which would be as adequate to describe the condition of the efficient workman as of the well-trained athlete. The efficiency, which Lord Rosebery has inflicted on us as the cry of the moment, is the necessary development of a basal quality of which fitness, in the athletic sense, is perhaps the nearest, though still a rough description. The man who walks to the office is not liable to the accidental delays connected with artificial means of transit. His journeying is not affected by blocks in the street; he does not just miss his train. Nor, again, does he destroy his digestion and temper by bustling to catch one. He arrives at his work with lungs better aerated, with firmer pulsation of the heart, with body more naturally warmed. His mind and body are more even and level than the rest: his vigour more constant, and in a short time this fitness, which is first physical, helps him to moral and mental qualities which more than compensate for any deficiency in education or quickness, in which the town bred are supposed to excel. It is a curious study to watch the faces of those crowds who are deposited each morning at the stations. You can almost infer from the general appearance of the passengers the distance they have travelled: the further the train has come the brisker its freight. You may almost pick out those who have walked to the station. The employer of labour, from whom the statistics of foremen

come, used so to watch his workmen; and in some cases the antecedents of the least punctual were investigated. So far as his experience went, and in this particular line of investigation it was not very extensive, the deficiency of energy, as marked by attendance at the works, was especially great in those whose descent from townsmen was longest. Cognate with this deduction is the common experience of the falling off in the quality of apprentices. In the past the best workmen have come principally from local workshops, in which men had learnt their business better than others, largely because they had been thrown on their own responsibility. They had found things out for themselves, had discovered the value of initiative. In recent years the small trades—both a result and a cause of rural depopulation—have steadily decayed. The village carpenter has now no apprentice. Local saddlers, local wheelwrights, local builders, even hurdle-makers and thatchers, are disappearing. The wealth of landowner, farmer, and tenant has so shrunk that they can no longer support the small man against the cheaper product of the centralised factory. What this may mean in the sum of national prosperity may be shown by the actual history of a modern “industrious apprentice,” which may be here given, for the sake of its moral rather than its romance, in bare outline. A young apprentice in a small Cornish shop-of-all-trades, hearing that his master was advertising for a second apprentice, and thinking there was not room for two, found an opening in a London shop. In a short time, by punctuality, observance of small details, such as carefulness to turn down the gas, to avoid waste of string and paper, to do everything he had to do at the moment, he found himself—in the technical phrase of the establishment—“at the top of the counter.” Being full of physical energy, he offered, when any hand was short, to do extra time; kept in touch with the office when on his holiday, and came back if wanted. Before long his energy told, and he was offered, as some reward, a share, small enough to be hardly worth considering, in the business. Not many years later the head of the firm retired. In the

business, at the time, were four "industrious apprentices" who had been given the small share. They met and agreed to offer to take over the business, paying off in a reasonable time the estimated value of the stock and a fair interest. The offer was accepted. A few years later each of the four was worth many thousand pounds a year and owner of a progressing business. The four were all countrymen. But the moral is not yet complete. A country apprentice of these four met with even more rapid success, and recently turned his business into a limited company. He now finds the business languishing, and it is agreed among the members of the company that the only thing wanting is good "foremen" or "leaders." These they cannot get, wholly it is believed because the stock of country apprentices has run out. Builders and contractors feel the loss perhaps more than others, because of the additional evils of specialisation in big workshops. The country apprentice had to do a whole house. He was joiner, and mason, and glazier. The London apprentice learns to be admirable at fixing a panel in a frame put together in another department. He may do this bit of work better, but he is of no use as a foreman, or "leader."

He makes no addition to the enterprise of the nation. Instances are to be found in every trade. Ten years ago in Luton half the population were small manufacturers, who plaited their straws in the morning and in the afternoon themselves hawked the finished product in the streets. Now more than half the population are employés of big firms; and a preponderant proportion of the young people of the villages go straight from school to the earning of immediate wages in the bigger works. The loss in individual skill, parallel with the loss in physique due to emigration to towns, is a serious fact in the nation's development. A man working "on his own," in the favourite term of pride, puts into his work interest of an incomparable quality. His work is vertebrate, stiffened with individuality, but always flexible and unmechanical. Nevertheless, we may hope that some day, on the American system, as scientific

education grows, the skill in workmanship may be recovered, and again, as in America, may be even improved under the stimulus of rewards for intelligent suggestions. Artificiality properly developed may compensate for loss of what seems more "natural," if that ill-used word can be said any longer to mean anything. But in the kindred subject of energy and health people refuse to believe that it is possible to ensure compensation for the loss of a natural state by use of artificial or scientific means. Is it? Cannot town workmen rival the countrymen at least in punctuality?

The larger side of the question, which the doctors discussed with alarm at Cardiff, and with which the Commission on National Physique is chiefly busy, has the advantage of the interest of many specialists. It needs no special argument to deduce from the presence of unclean population in the slums of big towns, that those who become parents while they are losing health themselves are likely to produce a degenerate offspring, *progeniem vitiosiore*; and one may hope that there is no danger of this social retrogression escaping notice. But there is one aspect of the case, better described as deterioration than degeneration, which has been slighted, and may be slighted by the specialists, not less than the other has been exaggerated. "We are degenerate children" has always been a popular cry, prompted less by penetrative humility than by morbid introspection. Even Homer could not pass a big stone without lamenting the degeneracy of the young race. An exaggeration of our ancestors' strength is one tribute to that universal sentiment which makes the religion of the Chinese. We see it in many parts of life. Never a summer term ended at school but it was agreed among boys and masters that the games of the school would in the next term be left in the charge of the least capable eleven ever known in the school. The present access of complaint issues from the statistics of the physique of recent recruits; and no doubt these are suggestive of alarm, though they may only mean that a lower stratum of society has been tapped. But was Waterloo won

by giants? And are the newest recruits less fine figures of men than the sailors of whom Lord St. Vincent complained, and with whom he won? The answer may be postponed till the Commission has collected its evidence; but there are several aspects of the case which may be lost in the larger question.

Of course, the best vital cure for the malady is a return to the country; but if an invalid cannot go to the Riviera he may still take precautions for his health at home. Pending agricultural prosperity, may not the town dweller take means to arrest his body's deterioration? and if he may not, degeneration of the nation may be accepted as inevitable. Every one who has been used to active life in the country has, on coming to a big town, personal experience of physical deterioration. Physiologically, what happens to the athlete is that the powerful lungs and heart which his exercise has developed, shrink from want of air and exercise, just as the muscles of his limbs; but in the case of a muscular organ like the heart the shrinkage is accompanied with danger and a considerable sense of lost vigour. He begins to think that life in town is impossible for him, until he discovers how many men live and flourish in the same circumstances; and then perhaps he comes to the knowledge that, since this new life is an artificial thing, it may need artificial adaptation, as the privet caterpillar, where no privet is, must change its colour and diet. How much less he must eat, how far he must compel himself to take exercise, is a question for every man's discovery. And it is an important and necessary question for every London citizen who has a volition of his own. Unhappily, a large number of London citizens, especially London children, have, for all practical purposes, no freedom of action; and may it not be that those who look after the youth born and bred in our big towns—parents, schoolmasters, social reformers, the State—have made deterioration inevitable by failing to discover for those urban citizens who have few opportunities of individual effort any common and sensible means of adaptation to their surroundings?

As things now are it is not only the frame of children's bodies that is suffering. The senses, which are of greatly more importance than the trunk, show most deterioration. Children see badly—General Buller thought the Boers had the advantage of us by two miles; and doctors tell us that half the common maladies are aggravated and brought on by forms of astigmatism and uneven sight. Half the supposed stupidity of children is certainly due to defective sight and hearing. Owing to the halfpenny newspapers sight is altering all over the civilised world. M. Hovelaque, the Inspector-General of Education in Paris, made some interesting experiments in France—I think at the suggestion of M. Rodin. He found that an extraordinarily large percentage of children remembered things by the printed symbol, and were wholly unable to project a picture of any object in its three dimensions. This increase in symbolic memory represents a depreciation in the artist's and observer's eye, and is sign of a real loss of intensity of vision. Investigations made in German schools with a more material object disclosed a universal decrease in the excellence of the nation's sight. In the United States the state of children's teeth—and in England a vast number of recruits have been recently rejected for bad teeth—is causing inquiry. English children are suffering in some degree from all these and similar deficiencies, and the tendency to deteriorate must increase, as towns grow and reading becomes universal and exercise difficult, unless scientific remedial action is taken to counteract it. We want a formula of *daily training*. Compulsion must be put on the school child to take the right sort of exercise, the right sort of food, to attend to the seeing of his eyes, and the hearing of his ears, and the cleanliness of his teeth. Not long since much amusement was caused among the masters at one of the big London schools by an American new boy, who professed entire ignorance of all the subjects in the lower school curriculum. Finally he was asked if there was any subject which he had studied. He was pretty good at hygiene, he said. It would



be well if every elementary school teacher in the country were pretty good at hygiene. In the country, where the air is clean, where even the stones on the road stimulate exercise, hygiene is natural. In the town, where spaces are as cribbed as the air is thick, it is necessary to teach children not only to play, but to breathe and walk. They must be taught, though it sounds paradoxical, to be natural. They must learn in school to get health by the means which country children use unconsciously. Unhappily the Topsy system, that magnificent principle of *laissez faire*, does not work in towns.

The housing question may here be put aside, because the present intention is to suggest how in the environment of a town—taking any given density of population, average of present physique or level of poverty—the active members, especially the younger members of the population, may best adapt themselves to the artificial condition, may find τὸ μέσον, the Aristotelian phrase of which after all, “adaptation to environment,” is only a clumsy paraphrase. We are concerned in short with “daily training.” By an unfortunate unanimity of judgment, training is regarded as a state of pressure, an enforced preparation for an occasional and special event. It is of course the duty of every man who has any claim to consider himself an efficient citizen *so to live that he shall at any moment find himself most fit for citizen work of mind or body*. That is the new form of “categorical imperative.” In the country this state of fitness is acquired naturally by all those who avoid grosser excesses and start life with an average constitution. In towns fitness is only achieved gradually and artificially, and the greater the poverty the more acute the artificiality must be. It is an absolute necessity, precedent to the maintenance of national health, that while the towns grow, the bulk of the population—and the bulk is poor—should be compulsorily taught how to train. As any text-book of training will show, the subject has two principal divisions, food and exercise. But there is a third division,

which has been too often neglected; neither food nor exercise can make fit unless the athlete has a sufficiency of the right sort of interest. Even persistent dumb-bell exercise on the best approved Sandow principles will fail greatly to strengthen the muscles of the arm if the daily repetition is felt to be a nuisance; and—to take a by-point—it is because they excel in interest, that games are a better training than the gymnasium.

Somebody once went so far as to say that the whole secret of health was interest, and accounted for the age of politicians, handicapped by the atmosphere of the House, on this score. Mr. Chamberlain would seem to have proved that in some cases interest may take the place of exercise; and generally no one will be disposed to doubt the effect of a keen brain on the health of the body. The "industrious apprentice," whose career I have quoted, owed much of his success to his lack of interest in the evening amusements of his fellows. Are we as ready to acknowledge, falling from the general to the particular, that this alleged physical deterioration of Englishmen, happily it is not even alleged of the British, may be due to a deterioration in the national interests? For the interest that helps the body must be the interest of an actor, not of a spectator; and must be of a healthy kind. Interest in African mines does not materially aid longevity, nor does the man who spends his leisure in reading of League matches benefit his lungs and liver.

On several occasions the late Dr. Almond, quite the most successful of trainers, emphasised and illustrated the deterioration in the interest of large classes of the community as regards games. He feared we might become a nation of game watchers rather than game players. The point was made with some freshness of illustration by a recent writer in the "Quarterly." The old sporting interest becomes vicarious, and the cheapening of papers has added enormously to the sum of vicarious athletes. What the social reformer has to do is, through the mechanism of education, to substitute

in children some equivalent for the "football edition." He can only plant such an interest by teaching children to play games—and in games is included all *unessential exercise*—which they shall desire to continue and in which they shall find present intensity. No method has been found so effective as some form or other of military organisation. Whatever the cause, there is nothing which so stimulates that desire for smartness, which is the first form of self-respect, as participation in a brigade; and in this way more effectively than in any other we should gradually approach the ideal—suggested some time ago by the Master of Dulwich. He spoke, so far as I remember, of the need of a "universal, not compulsory, service." The boys' brigades, greatly successful as they are, do not exhaust the benefits of which military training sensibly organised may confer. The brigade should be made a centre of a wider education, the excuse or occasion for lessons in hygiene, for testing the adequacy of the senses and muscles, for providing units for competition, it may be, for taking holidays in the country, or even, on the analogy of the Naval College at Greenwich, for teaching that handiness which is at the root of success in many trades. From the brigade may issue instruction, more effective than that of the class-room, for teaching children regularity in the smaller concerns of the physiology of daily life, from the neglect of which deterioration most directly springs. It may teach every form of neatness, even to the mending of clothes. If well organised by teachers possessed of the gift of stimulus it may teach the corporate spirit, the loyalty of fidelity to some unit, a quality from which half the virtues grow, and may inspire lasting interest which shall successfully combat the desire to support horses or teams that have no more real or individual interest than is carried by a paper name and a bogus locality.

The military attribute in such a model of education is not in itself of any intrinsic worth. But organisation on military—or may one say naval?—lines appears to give the only practical

instrument. The desideratum is some extra-mural force which shall by co-operation with the force of the class-room supply to the curriculum those attributes whose present omission prevents the faculties of body and mind in town children from finding their full growth. This daily training is as necessary for the coming women as the men. There is equal need for some organisation which shall give women, when they are children, interest in the making of a home—the necessity of exercise, of regularity, of conservation of the senses, and especially of clean cooking. No man can train on bad or badly cooked food; and the poor who, by reason of what poverty entails, most need training, are in respect of food wasteful and ignorant to the point of despair. They think the eating of brown bread a calamity. Thanks to the disgraceful backwardness of the principle of co-operation, they buy on the dearest principles. In the poorest streets you may see children buying handfuls of potatoes at the price of something like six shillings a bushel or half a hundredweight. The pulses, which especially need good cooking, are nearly neglected, though they are the cheapest and best substitute for meat. Through ignorance of the elements of the art and of its value, the expense of existence is at the maximum, and even among the very poor the lack of savour is made good by lavish use of the very worst pickles. There may be some remedy for these things in class-room instruction; but if some woman on behalf of the national health could devise for girls what I have called an extra-mural organisation—corresponding to the brigade—which shall make possible instruction in those details of daily training, many of which can scarcely be specified in a syllabus, the race would at last have a chance of showing that it still possesses the recuperative power of youth. Perhaps soon, as the prophets prophesy, we may live in garden cities or be taken at revolutionary speeds from the manufacturing centres; but till those fair promises are fulfilled it is a clear and simple national duty to make easy for the town populations the achievement of what degree of health the conditions permit. It may be

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we are at present neither degenerating nor deteriorating; but it is quite certain that we may develop more quickly towards good health and happiness if personal training, including many details which are commonplaces of physiology to richer classes, can be made an integral and interesting part of daily education.

W. BEACH THOMAS.

## A NOTE ON SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

THE work of the great thinker who was laid to rest so soon after Herbert Spencer presents unusual difficulty to the lover of literary pigeon-holes. John Ruskin has told us that the question, "What does the public think?" is of immense importance in estimating any new book. But, he adds, we must always ask further, "Which is its 'public'?" The latter question, in Sir Leslie Stephen's case, is not easily answered. "The Playground of Europe," "The Science of Ethics," "Hours in a Library," and "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," all appeal to different classes of readers. Sir Leslie was philosopher, literary critic, temperamental egotist, modern moralist, and many other things rolled into one. He did not even keep these different departments distinct. His notion of division of labour in the intellectual sphere was notoriously defective; and some of his best work is rather interesting suggestion about the suburbs of his subject than formal dealing with recognised issues.

"English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" is the book that reflects most faithfully this confusing miscellany of gifts. It has always been a standing puzzle to me that so few readers seem to be acquainted with that unique book. Its mere unconventionality alone is a perpetual delight. There is a rigid, though unspoken, tradition that philosophical books costing more than ten shillings shall address the reader with sermonic

propriety. Sir Leslie flung this coat of buckram to the winds. It only needs to compare him with Mr. John Morley, or with Mr. Lecky, to appreciate the strength of the tradition. "It was not precisely under the roof of Heaven that Bolingbroke consoled himself for the sorrows of exile. The fact that he might be everywhere under the roof of a gambling-house supplied him with more tangible consolations." We cannot imagine Mr. John Morley dropping the slight moral starchiness which pervades his serious works to write a sentence like this. Sir Leslie's humour twinkles through every page. Who that has ever read it can forget the tremendous indictment of poor Young?

How hollow are the enjoyments of this world, and how deep the surrounding mystery! is the ostensible sentiment. What a clever fellow I am, and what a pity it is I was not made a bishop! is the sentiment plainly indicated in every line. Can I not say as many smart things about death and eternity as any man that ever wrote? Am I not a good orthodox reasoner, instead of a semi-deist, like that sinner Pope?

Or this on Blair?

And yet it is hard to say anything of Blair, except what Johnson said of Dodd's sermons, when some one asked whether they were not "addressed to the passions." "They were nothing, sir, be they addressed to what they may." They were not so much sermons as essays, composed by a professor of rhetoric to illustrate the principles of his art. . . . Is it worth while to dip into the pages of this solemn trifling? to quote prosings about prosperity and adversity, and the happiness of a middle station, or eulogies upon that most excellent of virtues, moderation? . . . Yet, at due intervals, Blair invites us to a higher strain. He knows that a preacher ought to have his rhetorical flights as well as his calm levels of moral advice. And here is a specimen: "To thee, oh Devotion, we owe the highest improvement of our nature, and the merit of the enjoyment of our life. Thou art the support of our virtue and the rest of our souls in this turbulent world. Thou composest the thoughts, thou calmest the passions; and, in short, givest me an excellent opportunity for finishing a paragaph with an admirable prosopopœia, according to approved rules of art."

The charm of the book depends first and foremost upon its gift of sympathetic imagination. The Thackerayan note of moral and emotional unpretentiousness pervading all Sir Leslie

Stephen's work conceals from careless readers his strange imaginative vividness. How his portraits live! Toland is to the general reader a name in a manual of English literature. Read a few paragraphs of "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" and the shiftless Irish deist becomes unforgettable. Butler, Swift, Sterne, Fielding, Tucker, Wakefield, Chubb, and Warburton become things of flesh and blood as we read his pages. We come, of course, upon sharp limitations; there are types of character which all the author's insight cannot fathom; but Sir Leslie's narrownesses were usually a qualification rather than an unfitness for dealing with the eighteenth century. His failures were with more mystic types.

Close behind this gift of vivid imagination comes his fine logical dexterity. You may dissent if you will (the present writer dissents with all his heart) from Sir Leslie's fundamental positions; but his first assumptions once granted, there is no tangling, no bemuddlement lower down. It was said of Goldsmith that he touched nothing which he did not adorn. It might be said of Leslie Stephen that he touched nothing which he did not elucidate. Every kind of matter yields to the magic of his lucid analysis. In the mere art of stating a case he is unrivalled. You may agree, or you may disagree, but you always find certain preliminary confusions swept away.

Last and most important of all, every reader is caught by the magnetic attraction of a lovable personality. Personality, it may be admitted, declines to be analysed. But one or two factors stand out clearly enough. A certain moral unpretentiousness, a shy horror of appearing as high-minded as he was, is apparent everywhere. We love his half-slovenly Thackerayan dislike to full emotional articulateness, his disgust at cant and humbug, his rooted unwillingness to preach down to his brother sinner. The "History of English Thought" violates a good many canons of respectability usually expected in a work of the kind. The wit who called Macaulay's history a Whig pamphlet in four volumes would probably call this a



rationalist tract in two volumes. It bristles with small Voltairisms, of a kind against which modern taste seems to have finally decided. Even these were born of the nonconformist conscience of the man, and rarely strike anything morally defensible.

What niche does the author of "Hours in a Library" hold in the great succession of authoritative critics of English literature? It goes without saying that he was not an originative force in criticism like Arnold. He had nothing of Lamb's or Hazlitt's perfect palate for the matchless things in literature. It may even be questioned if he ever wrote a piece of criticism to touch R. H. Hutton's essays on Goethe and on George Eliot. Perhaps Walter Bagehot, whom he admired so much, is the closest parallel. Like Bagehot, he was not so much a literary critic as a very able man writing criticism. In recent years we have seen signs of a revolt against individualism and a perhaps excessive return towards the technical spirit in criticism. An eminent layman who expressed some unwelcome ideas as regards contemporary authors was attacked as a rank "outsider." One critic seemed to hold the view that an ordinary man had no business to criticise (nor, I suppose, to read) the sacred works of his brother authors. A stableman ought not to take a painter's job. Sir Leslie Stephen was infinitely far away from this habit of mind. He could never forget that he was a sensible man writing to sensible men.

One result of this is written large over "Hours in a Library" and "Studies of a Biographer." There is a distinct tendency to leave the essential thing out. Coleridge to Leslie Stephen was a runaway lecturer, bad husband and meteoric good-for-nothing. "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" are dismissed in a worthless paragraph. "Godwin and Shelley" says practically nothing about Shelley's poetry. "Shakespeare the Man" appears, not Shakespeare the dramatist. Sir Leslie clings very tightly to the dogma that literature is criticism (and very solid criticism) of life. The essays on Defoe and Richardson, Fielding and Horace

Walpole, represent the high-water mark of Leslie Stephen's literary criticisms. "Kingsley" and "Thomas de Quincy" are the weakest; but for really inferior work we have to go to "Studies of a Biographer." It is difficult to understand how a man of first-rate critical ability could reprint the essay on Emerson. Of course he warns us beforehand that he is hopelessly inappreciative; which witness is true. But Lowell, Mr. John Morley, and R. H. Hutton have all criticised Emerson from a standpoint as radically unsympathetic, and none of them has failed so utterly. He is infinitely better on Jowett, on Trollope, and, above all, on Froude. His account of Froude's treatment of Carlyle is simply perfect. But, speaking generally, "Studies of a Biographer" is not quite worthy of its author. Its back-and-forward indecision, its aggressive modesty, its determined clinging to prosaic aspects, make it contrast too sharply with the criticism of "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century."

A few words will serve to dismiss Leslie Stephen the biographer. The life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen is disappointing. Sir Leslie's fraternal feelings act as an awkward fetter all through, and we never catch any wholesome outside idea of Fitzjames the schoolboy at all. Endless queer details of psychological peculiarities are heaped together, and we are never sure whether the note of morbidity is a revelation or a matter of badly grouped material. One rough-and-ready portrait from an Eton schoolfellow would tell us more than pages of detail concerning Fitzjames' analysis of his own mental states and comic ways of making up his mind. The smaller monographs on Swift and Johnson are perfect models of proportion and graceful lightness of handling, but they are not much more. The more recent work on George Eliot is always interesting, but presents a blind eye to the many challenges and questionings of George Eliot's standing which have sprung up since she passed away. It is not really an up-to-date verdict. "Middlemarch," for instance, is not the spiritual *cul-de-sac* the critic imagines; we can now see clearly

its prophetic connection with "The Story of an African Farm" and "The Heavenly Twins." Sir Leslie knows nothing of all this, and his account of George Eliot's greatest book is consequently a vague fumbling in the dark.

No one who reads Leslie Stephen's many studies can have much doubt as to the age and the man with whom he found himself most completely in sympathy. He loved the eighteenth century, and he loved Samuel Johnson. Indeed, there was a great deal in common between the two great lexicographers. Both were men of rigid truthfulness, of violent prejudices, of perfect logical dexterity within a short range, honest journeymen in letters rather than artists. But the resemblance lies deeper. Both owed a certain outstanding dignity to the fact that they were representative moralists—that they are a perfect mirror of the moral standards of a very serious man of the world.

Sir Leslie recognised this aspect of Johnson's influence, and criticised in his incisive way.

He (Johnson) was as good a moralist as a man can be who regards the ultimate foundation of morality as placed beyond the reach of speculation. "We know that we are free, and there's an end on't," is his answer to the great metaphysical difficulty. He refutes Berkeley by kicking a stone. He thinks that Hume is a mere trifler, who has taken to "milking the bull" by way of variety. He laughs effectually at Soame Jenyns's explanation of the origin of evil; but leaves the question as practically insoluble, without troubling himself as to why it is insoluble, or what consequences follow from its insolubility. Speculation, in short, though he passed for a philosopher, was simply abhorrent to him. He passes by on the other side, and leaves such puzzles for triflers. He has made up his mind once for all that religion is wanted, and that the best plan is to accept the established creed. And thus we have the apparent paradox that, whilst no man sets a higher value upon truthfulness in all the ordinary affairs of life than Johnson, no man could care less for the foundations of speculative truth. His gaze was not directed to that side. Judging in all cases rather by intuition than by logical processes, he takes for granted the religious theories which fall in sufficiently with his moral convictions. To all speculation which may tend to loosen the fixity of the social order he is deaf or contemptuously averse. The old insidious deism seems to him to be mere trash; and he would cure the openly aggressive deism of

Rousseau by sending its author to the plantations. Indifference to speculation generates a hearty contempt for all theories.

The whirligig of time brings round its revenges, and the sharpest hits in this criticism of Johnson rebound on Sir Leslie himself. "The Science of Ethics" is in appearance an analysis of the ultimate foundations of morality. When we examine it under the microscope, it turns out to be one long evasion, and its author stops short just where Johnson stopped. In answer to the question, Why are you good and not bad? Leslie Stephen could only answer, Because I prefer the welfare of society to my own welfare. In answer to the question, Why should I keep the Commandments if I don't feel inclined? he could only answer, The pressure of society will generally make it convenient for you. That is the net and naked result of his book, when the irrelevant metaphysics are swept away. Whatever the value of these answers, they are not one jot more "philosophical" than Johnson's. Sir Leslie's practical moral judgments are as inconsistent with his professed ethical theory as those of any eighteenth-century theologian whose inconsistencies he pilloried. He was never tired of girding at the immorality of certain Old Testament episodes; he could not let Chronicles and the Book of Judges alone. And yet the obvious inference from his ethical theory is that murder and treachery, vices in our present complex social order, were the virtues of primitive societies, and that immorality is nothing but out-of-date morality. Condemnation of David or of Samuel would be a sociological anachronism on the theory developed in "The Science of Ethics." Exactly the same criticism of logical inconsistency applies to the virtue of intellectual honesty which Sir Leslie so energetically preached and practised. The natural conclusion to be drawn from "The Science of Ethics" would be that intellectual honesty is a virtue only in such limited quantities as the environment demands—a doctrine the exact polar opposite to Sir Leslie's real convictions.

This curious inconsistency between theory and practice

admits of a very simple explanation. The Thackerayan note of moral unpretentiousness of which I have spoken concealed from him the extent of his own moral assumptions. Every reader of Thomas Hardy knows the great novelist's irritating trick of calling his implicit theology and ethics "impressions." They are not "impressions" at all; hanging would be too good for Mr. Hardy if they were. A certain taste for the implicit prevents Mr. Hardy from printing on the fly-leaf: *I believe in the Diabolus ex machinâ*. For very much the same reason, Sir Leslie Stephen is given to "Transcendentalism in brackets." It was the irony of Fate that he should write a large book to prove that respectability is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end.

RICHARD E. CROOK.

## A DIALOGUE

ONE Sunday night, towards the end of August, about two years ago, the air over the Straits of Dover and the adjoining regions was marvellously still, as still as on a night before the rains in the great plain through which the Ganges flows. This seldom happens in the Northern seas ; perhaps there had not been a night quite so still as this for two or three hundred years. The deep tranquillity made Canterbury Cathedral, where she lay in the Valley of the Stour, meditate upon times past and compare them with the present. Suddenly she heard, in the manner in which cathedral churches hear, faint and far away, low and deep, a voice which she recognised, that of Our Lady of Amiens, and the following conversation took place :

CANTERBURY. Is that your voice, my sister of Amiens ?  
It is, if I am not much mistaken.

AMIENS. Yes, it is I.

CANTERBURY. I think that I have not heard your voice for four hundred years. We used to talk together sometimes in earlier days.

AMIENS. Yes, we did, and I am sorry that our conversation has been so long interrupted. But, either the air is less frequently still than it used to be, or there is more noise intervening between us. I think the last cause is the true one. It seems to me that the world has grown continually more noisy. Men have introduced rattling and whirling things ; what they

are I know not. I see many on the old roads now, which used for a while to be quiet enough, besides all those on the new roads.

CANTERBURY. I see them also, in every direction. But how are you ?

AMIENS. Pretty well. I still look out over these old fields of Picardy, where the corn harvest is now going on, as usual. Men seem to be as industrious as ever, the little creatures, and less pugnacious, I never now see burning villages, as I used to.

CANTERBURY. I never did see that. I used often to see hosts of men, armed, setting out in your direction. Was it not they who burnt your villages ?

AMIENS. Very likely; they mostly came from your direction, up the river valley. I remember how the coffin of an English king was once laid for a night or two in me, and that it went on towards you. Do you remember his name ?

CANTERBURY. Yes, it was Harry the Fifth. Soon afterwards his coffin was laid in me, and then went on. I should have liked to keep him for good, by the side of the tombs of his father and of the Black Prince. But he was given to our sister of Westminster.

AMIENS. Yes, Harry the Fifth and the Black Prince. I have often heard the names of both of them, in old days, but not for a long while now. Do you often hear from our sister of Westminster ?

CANTERBURY. Very rarely; she is not far away, but for some time she has been living in the midst of a fearful hubbub. We can hardly ever hear each other speak, and it becomes continually more difficult. She complains of the number of dead bodies which they have crammed into her, and says that it is more than she can stand. And then they have hacked her about a good deal in order to put in monuments of a kind which she considers to be unsuitable to her complexion. I have not suffered so much in that way.

AMIENS. And I not at all; and how is our brother of London ?

CANTERBURY. Paul? Oh, he is entirely changed these many years. I don't recognise either the voice or the tone of our old friend. And it keeps on changing, too, in the most puzzling way. Do you hear from our sister of Paris?

AMIENS. Yes; she goes on much as usual; there is a terrific noise round her also, and I can hardly hear a word that she says. I hear our friends at Rouen and Beauvais much more distinctly. Abbeville is still only half-grown. I always told her that she was too ambitious to try to rival me, living as she does in a petty town of that class. Few cathedrals can boast of perfect beauty. But, how it is I know not, we all of us have felt depressed. A kind of blight has come over this country, ever since a time not so long ago, when for a few years we were closed up altogether, and there were no chants, no incense, no processions, no kneeling crowds of men. Now we have the music and incense and processions, but the worshippers are few. The city is larger than it used to be, but I am emptier by far.

CANTERBURY. Then you have incense still. How delightful! Do you have the same old music and chanting?

AMIENS. I can see no difference in it. But, as I say, I feel empty. To-day, for instance, there were at the early Masses just a few people; at High Mass, when I used to be so gloriously crowded, there were not many more. In the evening just a few children and old women. I see all the citizens sitting in their gardens down along the river, drinking wine, or fishing. They seem to care little for me nowadays.

CANTERBURY. Are you well repaired?

AMIENS. Yes, too much. They are always patching me up, and spoiling my looks.

CANTERBURY. Are you well warmed?

AMIENS. No. I am very cold when there is no sun.

CANTERBURY. Are you well lighted?

AMIENS. No; not so well as when hundreds of candles, instead of a few as now, used to be burned by worshippers at



my shrines. I miss other things. The governors and great men of the city never enter me now in solemn public array, as they used to do. I am never visited in state by the Kings and Court of France as I sometimes was. There may be none now, for all I know. Some change, which I cannot understand, has come over the land. Has the same thing happened with you, my sister of Canterbury?

CANTERBURY. No, not the same change, yet there is a change here also since we last spoke together. It may be the prejudice of old age in favour of one's youthful associations, but I dislike the changes here also.

AMIENS. You excite my curiosity. Explain, I pray you.

CANTERBURY. The change here is the reverse of the change with you. I am excellently warmed in cold weather, even too much for my taste. I am dazzlingly lighted when the mortals come here after dark, or when mists from the sea and river lie dense around my towers; the crowds in me often surpass those of old days. This very evening, when you say that you received only a few old women and children, I was filled by an overflowing multitude of each sex and all ages. In my choir, where some sixty monks used to sit and chant, the throng is now thickest on Sunday evenings. The chanting now is louder, more varied, and perhaps more beautiful. Then the governors and great men of the city enter me sometimes in red robes as of old, and in solemn public procession. I do not so often see a King and Court as in old days, but I have seen them. It is true that they no longer look so splendid as they did.

AMIENS. What, then, have you to complain of? You have kept all that I have lost.

CANTERBURY. Yes; but I have lost that which you have kept. You said that you still had incense.

AMIENS. Yes.

CANTERBURY. And that the music and chants and ceremonies were much as they always were.

AMIENS. Yes.

CANTERBURY. And that candles still burned before your shrines, though not so many.

AMIENS. Yes, a few.

CANTERBURY. And do solitary worshippers come in and out and kneel at your altars at all hours?

AMIENS. They do.

CANTERBURY. And they seem to find consolation and relief?

AMIENS. I think so.

CANTERBURY. It is all this that I miss, the things which charmed my childhood and my youth: the incense, the ceremonies, the old chants, the lights burning before my shrines or images, the solitary worshippers. My images and shrines were destroyed long ago. I cannot appreciate the new ceremonies; I was too old, when they began, to learn to like them. Lately they have become a little more like those of my youth, but it is not the same thing to me, and it never will be. Is it in the power of mortals to bring back an old atmosphere when they have banished it for so long? I think not. To me it would never seem to be the same, how close soever the imitation. Something is dead in me; my youth and my first illusions. Ah! but I remember my shrine of Becket in the good old days, how it blazed with gold and jewels in the light of innumerable candles, and pilgrims came from all lands to behold it and to leave their offerings. Folly, perhaps, but I cannot forget these things. Life now seems chill and dull.

AMIENS. Yes, I used to hear of it, and envy you for possessing it. What happened to that glorious shrine?

CANTERBURY. Men came one day and broke it down, and carried away all the gold and jewels in chests. Then the new ceremonies came in, and, later, other of these incomprehensible mortals entered me and broke the images and my most beautiful windows, and threw down the one altar which was left, and then for a few years even the new ceremonies ceased, and I was all empty and dusty and silent, even as you say you

once were for a space. Then the new ceremonies and words and music began again, and have gone on till now.

AMIENS. But you are well warmed and lighted, and the ruling citizens come to you still, and the large crowds.

CANTERBURY. It is so; but sometimes I am tired of the crowds, and of their songs, and of all the sermons preached to them from my pulpit. I was not built for this kind of thing. At the end of Sunday I feel quite exhausted. Perhaps I am too old for modern ways. Often I wish to hear again the monks chanting their old Latin words and stern music in my choir, and to inhale the faint perfume of the incense. Once, not long ago, a sweet woman voice sang "Salve Regina" in the darkness of my crypt. It cost me a pang of memory. And these excessive rows of monotonous and meaningless and mechanical lights, how readily would I part with them if I might have in exchange the soft symbolic darkness, lit here and there by a few starry candles, dimly revealing solitary worshippers. I dislike these formal congregations. I do not care for hearty and popular services. I feel most like my old self on a winter afternoon, when they chant their even-song, and I am but little illuminated, and very few mortals are in me. In the summer afternoons I am tired to death by multitudes who traverse me, it seems, merely in order to gaze with dull satisfaction at my monuments. They do not understand me as the old pilgrims did, nor I them. They move along in never-ending troops, each led by one of my servants. Do you have this custom?

AMIENS. No.

CANTERBURY. Then you are happier in this respect also.

AMIENS. It seems to me that neither of us is contented with her lot. I have the old rites, but have lost the people; you have the people, but have lost the old rites.

CANTERBURY. Perhaps it was impossible to keep both the rites and the people. But I think that mortals might have done more wisely to build new cathedrals to hold new rites. I know that I ought to be happy because I am prosperous, frequented

and admired, and, I suppose, doing good work; but at the bottom of my heart I am vexed by an unappeasable regret.

AMIENS. And so am I, for my children whom I have lost. I am a mother whose children have left the home, all but one. I go on doing the same household actions, but each action reminds me too vividly of the days when they were all around around me, young, glad, and, in a way, innocent.

CANTERBURY. Do you think that your children will ever come home again?

AMIENS. How can I tell? Perhaps they will if they fall into misfortunes. Some years ago there were other hostile armies abroad in the land; they came up to my doors, though they did not burn the villages as in old days. Then, and for some time afterwards, I was more frequented than I now am. I think that now my children again have become too prosperous. They have their consolations, and do not need that which their mother can give to them.

CANTERBURY. I am not sure that my children do not come to me all the more when they are most prosperous. Lately they came in great crowds to celebrate, as I understand, victories and conquests far away; and again, to be joyful over the long life and great glory of a Queen; and again, to celebrate the crowning of a mighty King and Lord.

AMIENS. Can it be that there are two religions, one of consolation in adversity, and the other of thanksgiving in prosperity? My rites, I think, were born in days of sorrow, when an old world was breaking up, and a new world was in the throes and anguish of birth. They symbolise light in darkness.

CANTERBURY. And the new rites were born in a time of great hope and joy and excitement among mortals. Perhaps, if the light of this world once more fades, men will turn again to the old religion. Joy and hope at times expand and at times contract, but it is not easy, it seems, for mortals to rearrange their rites; and, therefore, those in existence seldom suit exactly the feelings of living men. Yours now are too much adapted

for evil times to please the secure and prospering citizens of Amiens ; that is why they had rather sit in the sun in their gardens by the river, and drink wine, and listen to the birds. In spite of my prejudice against my new rites, I must admit that they are better compounded of melancholy and cheerfulness to suit the average feelings of mortal men. There is a grave gaiety in these chants which I hear every morning and evening, and it is, I confess, not unpleasing. The new rites might have been worse from the beginning, and they are less dull now than they once were.

AMIENS. Well, I see that you are not so discontented after all. You English like to criticise yourselves, but you always end by making out that you are better off than any one else. It is an old habit of yours. You are cheerful and optimistic at bottom, though rather sad at top.

CANTERBURY. And you French are cheerful on the surface but deeply melancholy below. So perhaps if you hold straight on the old course you will have your children back some day after all.

AMIENS. It may be so ; in any case I am now too old to change. Adieu, my dear—I hear far off down Channel the coming of a wind. In a minute or two we shall not be able to hear each other. Perhaps four hundred years hence there may be another night as still, and then we will again compare our experiences. Farewell, my sister !

CANTERBURY. Farewell ! God be with you.

BERNARD HOLLAND.

## JOHN DYER

THE Temple of the Muses is full to overflowing. Every corner has its honoured name, every niche its statue; so that one is forced sometimes to ask where place is to be found for the poets of the future? Time, indeed, the great and beneficent destroyer, is for ever at his work, and, if we will but let him be, he will see to it that the old crumbles and leaves its place and honour to the new. But we do not let him be. Much that is best in us, old sacred loyalties and pieties, forbid it, and, in the greatest cases of all, things even more universal than they, our human instinct of self-preservation, and the spiritual hunger that will not part with the spiritual food in which it has found life and strength. Yet the obstructions we put in Time's way are not all matters of boasting. Johnson once said that an antiquarian was a rugged being: and how much of sheer barbarous uncouthness, of mere dull inelasticity of mind, goes to make up the conservatism that will not let old dead things die, and is for ever preferring embalmed mummies to living bodies? The little niche once occupied by some William Warner or Thomas Stanley is being, perhaps has long been, quietly emptied by the wise and kindly touch of Time; and much needed space is thus gained for those whom we must honour to-day, if literature is to be a live thing, and not a mere memory; but too often some foolish pedant in his officious vanity must needs put himself forward to refill the niche and restore the statue. Human memory is a very finite thing, and

so is the space on human bookshelves; and if we are to find room for all, or a tenth part of all, such writers as the late learned and excellent Mr. Grosart thought worthy of enthusiastic reprint, we shall assuredly have no room for those who utter our own needs and speak our own language. There is no sadder sight in the way of a book than a five- or six-volume edition of some interminable poem by a minor Elizabethan or seventeenth-century writer. No human being will read it, one feels, but the editor and the printer's devil. Would it not have been kinder to let the poor bones be? Very few men find time to explore the rich garden of the "Fairy Queen": what can be more futile than to ask them to give a week or a month to the dreary thicket of some "Albion's England," or "Gondibert," or the quagmires of dulness offered by such a French poet, lately reprinted in many volumes, as Saint Gelais?

This disinterring, then, of the literary dead is, I cannot but think, not merely a folly, but a crime. And some people will think that to write about John Dyer at this time of day is something not very unlike it. To this I will not simply reply that Dyer was loved and praised by Wordsworth; though to be sure a poet who drew a grateful sonnet from Wordsworth is the possessor of a kind of glory which no living voice can either diminish or enhance. Few passports to the respect of posterity are more certain to remain legible than the written word of Wordsworth. But, after all, respect and nothing more is the whole of what a passport by itself can secure for the traveller who bears it. If he desires acquaintance, still more if he desires intimacy, he must win it by his own qualities. Can Dyer do that? Well, no one will pretend that the group that stands about him and listens to his voice on the ultimate hill of the Muses, if he ever gets there, will be one of the largest groups, or one of the most exalted. But no writer of verse who said a thing that was his own, and not what he heard from another man, that was true, having at least some real, if partial, relation to the universe of truth, and that was a thing

it was the business of poetry to say, can possibly fail, however humble, to find his place and audience, however small and few, on that sacred hill. And such a man, in his simple way, was John Dyer.

Poets have too often been labelled as the authors of their most pretentious work. But to chain Dyer to "The Fleece" would be nearly as unfair as to chain Ronsard to the "Franciade." It contains, indeed, many very pleasant passages, and has a special interest at the present moment, as it shows a very clear and definite understanding, much to be envied by followers of Mr. Chamberlain, of the fact that foreign trade is an exchange of goods with goods, and that the more things, and the finer, we can get for our woollen goods the better it will be for us. But political economy, though an excellent thing, is, after all, not poetry, and as professors are for some reason treated with a fine scorn just now, it is hardly likely that poets will fare better. And outside this extrinsic merit, "The Fleece" is, in the main, merely one of the innumerable false great poems which the eighteenth century produced so freely, and, what is much more remarkable, read so willingly. There are very dull places in the "Georgics" of Virgil; and Dyer is not Virgil, nor can shepherds and the woollen manufacture give him a tithe of the opportunities the whole rural world gave Virgil. Yet of such chances as he has he often makes excellent use: as, for instance, in the address to the shepherd in the first book:

Ah, gentle Shepherd! thine the lot to tend  
Of all that feel distress, the most assailed,  
Feeble, defenceless: lenient be thy care;  
But spread around thy tend'rest diligence  
In flow'ry spring-time, when the new-dropt lamb  
Tott'ring with weakness by his mother's side,  
Feels the fresh world about him, and each thorn,  
Hillock or furrow, trips his feeble feet:  
O guard his meek sweet innocence from all  
Th' innumerable ills that rush around his life:  
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,



Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain ;  
 Observe the lurking crows ; beware the brake :  
 There the sly fox the careless minute waits.  
 Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky ;  
 Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.  
 Eurus oft slings his hail : the tardy fields  
 Pay not their promised food : and oft the dam  
 O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,  
 Or fails to guard when the bold bird of prey  
 Alights, and hops in many turns around,  
 And tires her, also turning ; to her aid  
 Be nimble, and the weakest in thine arms  
 Geny convey to the warm cot : and oft,  
 Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,  
 His hungry bleating still with tepid milk ;  
 In this soft office may thy children join,  
 And charitable habits learn in sport.  
 Nor yield him to himself ere vernal airs  
 Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers  
 Nor yet forget him ; life has rising ills :  
 Various as ether is the pastoral care ;  
 Through slow experience, by a patient breast,  
 The whole long lesson gradual is attained  
 By precept after precept, oft received  
 With deep attention : such as Nuceus sings  
 To the full vale near Soar's enamoured brook,  
 While all is silence : sweet Hinclean swain !  
 Whom rude obscurity severely clasps.  
 The Muse howe'er will deck thy simple cell  
 With purple violets and primrose flowers,  
 Well pleased thy faithful lessons to repay.

It is all rather heavy in gait, if you will, afflicted with  
 endless semicolons and dulled by half lines of muddy  
 padding where the Muse's step is lost to hearing altogether.  
 But in its quiet observation of good detail, and in its entire  
 sincerity, it is not far behind the sort of work which was to be  
 so popular when it came from Cowper two generations later.  
 Nor does it want more than one perfect touch of Cowper's  
 great gift of tenderness. What could be better than that  
 charming picture of the lamb, which

Tott'ring with weakness by his mother's side,  
Feels the fresh world about him ?

Of that last delicious touch in particular no greatest poet that has ever lived would have been disdainful. Indeed, to feel the fresh world about one, and be able to put the feeling into words, is just what it is to be a poet. And so, weighted as he may be by his unlucky choice of subject, Dyer is never very long without lightening up his path by bits of genuine poetry. Now it is a pleasing episode like "Anson's Voyage," or "The Trader's Journey from Petersburg to Pekin." Now it is a line or two of description, which he will sometimes do excellently, as of the

Calms that oft lie on those smooth seas  
While every zephyr sleeps : then the shrouds drop ;  
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,  
Moves not ; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,  
Fused in the fire ; or like the marble floor  
Of some old temple wide.

Or it is two or three lines, where the delight he feels in Nature compels him to a delightfulness of verse which is above his common measure: as of the desolate tracks of Asia in whose

Rough bewildered vales  
The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,  
And silver fountains fall, and nightingales  
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.

For the rest, "The Fleece" has its antiquarian interest. The poet, unlike some of his greatest successors, calls for "Houses of Labour" for the idle poor; one wonders how Wordsworth forgave him that. And he is more enthusiastic than Wordsworth would have been over the prospects of a Trent and Severn Canal, and even looks forward to that of Panama. Again, he is all in favour of enclosures! Evidently it is not for nothing that one is a poet of political economy. Few, at any rate, will be able in our day to share his distant prospect of Leeds, whose "ruddy roofs and chimney tops" appear to

his poetic vision to be "upwafting to the clouds, The incense of thanksgiving!" It is curious, too, in our day to read of Norwich and Frome as sharing the woollen trade with Leeds, and to find the whole business carried on by pack-horses.

But if Dyer had written nothing but "The Fleece," he would perhaps have been altogether forgotten, and there would have been no reprint of him, as there has just been, in the year 1903. It is a harmless little book, one of a series called the Welsh Library, handy for the pocket, as poets should be, and agreeable enough to look at. But its introduction is perfunctory, and its editing indifferent. The least critical and laziest of readers cannot fail to be annoyed by its careless misprints. Still, he who has nothing must take what he can get, and do his best to be thankful. If Mr. Thomas is not an ideal editor, at least he has put it in our power to possess Dyer's work, if we choose, a thing by no means necessarily in our power before. And that is a real service done, because there are two poems in the book which ought to have readers as long as there are people who love country sights and sounds, and whose pulses beat a little faster and happier on a hill-top than they commonly can in a drawing-room, or on an omnibus. They are, of course, "Grongar Hill" and "The Country Walk," two little pieces with not much more than three hundred lines between them. But they are enough, it seems to me, to justify us, and more than justify us, in thinking that Dyer's little niche in Fame's Temple is one of those that ought not to be left empty just yet. It was they that gained him the praise of one who, if not so great a poet as Wordsworth, was certainly a finer critic. "The Fleece" was not printed till 1757, and it was some years before that that Gray wrote to Horace Walpole: "Mr. Dyer (here you will despise me highly) has more of poetry in his imagination than almost any of our number; but rough and injudicious." That is precisely the point. Dyer has much more "poetry in his imagination," or, if we prefer it, imagination in his poetry, than the generality of poets had when "Grongar Hill" appeared. That was in

the year 1726, when Pope was busy with the "Dunciad," and the brilliant verse of which "the town" was the centre and inspiration had still a long ascendancy before it. Gray, one of the first men who felt the awe and wonder of the mountains, must have been one of the first to recognise that Dyer had felt it too, though more, perhaps, of the delight than of the awe. And no one knew better than he that to feel that is the way to produce poetry of a different order to the "Dunciad." And so he must have been aware of a very kindred spirit at once when he read the opening lines of "Grongar Hill."

Silent Nymph ! with curious eye  
 Who, the purple evening, lie  
 On the mountain's lonely van,  
 Beyond the noise of busy man,  
 Painting fair the form of things,  
 While the yellow linnet sings,  
 Or the tuneful nightingale  
 Charms the forest with her tale ;  
 Come with all thy various hues,  
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse ;  
 Now while Phœbus, riding high,  
 Gives lustre to the land and sky.  
 Grongar Hill invites my song ;  
 Draw the landscape bright and strong ;  
 Grongar in whose mossy cells,  
 Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;  
 Grongar in whose silent shade  
 For the modest Muses made,  
 So oft I have, the evening still,  
 At the fountain of a rill  
 Sat upon a flowery bed  
 With my hand beneath my head,  
 While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
 Over mead and over wood,  
 From house to house, from hill to hill,  
 Till Contemplation had her fill.

It is the mood, though no doubt not the poet, of "Il Penseroso"; the mood in which Gray passed his life. And the moral when it comes is just Gray's moral ; almost the oldest

of all, yet never so old as not to be able to be also new, when a poet pleases. We pass from the

Long and level lawn  
On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye,

a true poet's line if there ever was one, to the ancient towers which crown it with their ruins :

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode  
'Tis now the apartment of the toad ;

Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,  
And level lays the lofty brow,  
Has seen this broken pile compleat,  
Big with the vanity of state.  
But transient is the smile of Fate !  
A little rule, a little sway,  
A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave.

Who but John Dyer felt, thought, or wrote like this in the year 1726? Gray might well pick him out among the poetic company. The writer of these lines is a priest of the true faith, and there is no doubt whatever about the validity of his orders.

But Dyer has one mood at least which Gray never knew—and it is one every poet ought to know—the mood of exultation. He is pensive enough at times, but on the right day, which is a spring day, and in the right place, which for him is the top of a Welsh hill, he will scarce contain himself for the joy of being alive.

Now ev'n now, my joys run high,  
As on the mountain turf I lie ;  
While the wanton Zephyr sings,  
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;  
While the waters murmur deep ;  
While the shepherd charms his sheep :  
While the birds unbounded fly ;  
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high !

Be full, ye Courts! be great who will;  
 Search for Peace with all your skill;  
 Open wide the lofty door,  
 Seek her on the marble floor.  
 In vain ye search, she is not there,  
 In vain ye search the domes of Care!  
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
 On the meads and mountain-heads,  
 Along with Pleasure close allied,  
 Ever by each other's side,  
 And often, by the murm'ring rill,  
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,  
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

If there is anybody left who likes walking, he may be told that Grongar is a very pleasant place of pilgrimage. It is a few miles away from Carmarthen, where there is an excellent inn of the old sort—the "Ivy Bush"—with a garden overlooking the Towy. The climb is very easy, through lanes and fields, and the view from the top is a glorious one, though no one must expect to see from it all that Dyer saw, unless like Dyer he has been a landscape painter and is a poet. I, at least, saw no very naked rocks, no fountains, no "domes," except perhaps Golden Grove where Jeremy Taylor lived with Lord Carbery, and only one ruined castle. But one is high enough up to get that exhilarating sense of being in a heaven above the works and ways of men, and yet the eye sees enough of earth for the imagination to call up for herself the vision of the whole. And when a poet has been there before us, one is soon in the mood in which it is a delight to notice

How close and small the hedges lie!  
 What streaks of meadow cross the eye!

and to watch

the rivers how they run  
 Thro' woods and meads in shade and sun!  
 Sometimes swift, and sometimes slow,  
 Wave succeeding wave, they go  
 A various journey to the deep,  
 Like human life to endless sleep.

The other little poem, "The Country Walk," is in much the same vein and belongs to Grongar too. Who does not delight in finding his own sensations on some early autumn morning put into such pretty verse as this :

And now into the fields I go  
Where thousand flaming flowers glow,  
And every neighb'ring hedge I greet  
With honeysuckles smelling sweet.  
Now o'er the daisy meads I stray  
And meet with, as I pace my way,  
Sweetly shining on the eye,  
A riv'let gliding smoothly by,  
Which shows with what an easy tide  
The moments of the happy glide.

Dyer makes no pretence to being a very profound person ; but every poet must needs be a philosopher of some sort, conscious or unconscious ; and even if he enters into the kingdom of philosophy as a little child, still, by the bare fact of being a poet, and perceiving, as poets must, the hidden affinities of things, he cannot but bring us some word or whisper of the deepest truth of all philosophy. For surely the answering joy with which he, more than the rest of us and on behalf of all, goes out to meet the beauty of the world about him, is not the least persuasive witness to the secret unity of all creation. There is no true poet but has taken some part somewhere in that witness and no true lover of poetry who has not sometimes felt its power. Poets are, in one sense, only lookers-on at life ; but as, some thinkers tell us, the universe could have no existence if there were no Mind to perceive it, so, in a humbler way, life would lose half its significance without the poetic looker-on. His eye, watching the eternal stream of motion and change, has the peculiar power of arresting that on which it fixes its gaze, and crystallising it not for a moment but for ever. *Manet aeternumque manebit* may be said of all that he takes for his own. Not only the great transactions of life, but the very smallest and simplest can receive this transforming touch :

And there behold a bloomy mead,  
A silver stream, a willow shade,  
Beneath the shade a fisher stand,  
Who with the angle in his hand  
Swings the nibbling fry to land.

What human action can be more entirely unimportant than the angler's? So we ask as we see him from the window of a railway carriage. But the poet sees more, and, though he be not the greatest of his company, we have but to read his five simple lines to have a new sympathy with this ancient meditative occupation, and rejoice in it as a kind of symbol of the quintessence of coolness and silence and peace. Facts by themselves are nothing for poetry, however big they may be for history or practice; but the man, who in this way, in greater or less measure, can make us catch some glimpse of what lies behind the facts, he is the man who has invested the insignificant with significance and done the work of poetry. It is because Dyer does quite genuinely, if most modestly, accomplish this, that I think he has a right to ask to escape forgetfulness, even now, when he has been a hundred and fifty years dead.

JOHN C. BAILEY.



## FREDERICK YORK POWELL

**T**HE intimate sorrow which is brought by the sudden final loss of a close friendship needs no public expression and expects no public understanding. But when the friend was one whose influence on others may be measured by the gap his death has left in a great university, in the scholarship of national research, in the wide world's small stock of kindly and courageous optimism, then perhaps some slight record of the beloved dead may be welcome to the many who knew his name, to those, more numerous still, who are the better for his life, though they knew nothing of their benefactor.

Frederick York Powell, born but fifty-four years ago, was one of those men whose strength and youth seemed an eternal attribute of nature's vital store rather than the accident of time and personality. He was admitted, as it were, into the secrets of a larger universe that asked his approbation of her works and her variety. Firm set on the broad shoulders that had won him many a battle in the ring, his well-poised head looked out upon the world without dismay, and saw that it was good. The colouring of his face was ruddy beneath the lightly waving hair that seemed ever stirred by some sea breeze from Northern fiords. His eyes, dark, deep, and brilliant, wondrously kind in their expression, shone not with reflected radiance but as though some strong light were aglow behind them. Thick set with the wide-wrapped, rolling gait of the seafaring man, that cheery figure moved along the High, or made incursions into

London streets, or stamped, alight with plangent happiness, across the sandhills of his favourite seaport. To walk with him through Town was to be at adventure with Haroun al Raschid through enchanted cities, questing for treasure, tracking down strange sights and outland memories. The very shops, that glared in huddled vacancy before, now shone with a warm promise of far-off romance: each held its history of derring-do, its gem of craftsmanship, its hardihood of merchantmen and markets overseas: each might have stored the very bales Elizabethan galleons had brought home from Drake's or Raleigh's voyages to the isles of Faery or the fastnesses of Ind. To the tune of "Reuben Ranzo," rumbled lustily without a note in tune, we would swing from door to door; for he loved a Chantey above all other songs, and never shall the day be forgotten when "The Ballad of Bolivar," just published in an evening paper, was read out by that strong, musical voice in a carriage of the Underground, while the tunnels thundered past us like the seas of the Atlantic that battered on her breaking decks. And so, in good time, the home fireside in Chiswick welcomed us, where the quaint daintinesses of Eastern art, or the stark, forthright swordsmanship of the fierce warriors of old Japan, looked down from every wall that echoed to the hale, deep-chested merriment of a man who loved to laugh. And then to dinner—great bowls of rice, for fish was ever the anathema, vast salads with a twang of garlic, beef and beer, and many a pipe of ship's tobacco afterwards.

All this flavour of the brine was no luxurious yachtsman's affectation. It was the nature of the man, who lived in dusty streets, and brought to them the scent and sound of all the open seas he loved as well as any Viking. His own Brynhilda, too, he had, tall, and with long gold-red chestnut hair, like any maiden's in the Sagas of the North, the daughter who held so much of that deep heart of his, yet left so much for all the friends he welcomed. To see her, some ten years ago, gravely seated at his table in the Christchurch rooms, dis-

pensing wondrous jellies and meringues from Christchurch kitchens, was one of the best sights in Oxford. Himself, hard put to it to find space among the overflowing books for so much company, would be moving great piles of manuscript from table to chair, from chair to window-seat, from window-seat to floor. He had that gracious charm of natural courtesy to every woman which grows so out of fashion in our hurrying times, and which went so well with the frank laughter of his moods to men, the outspoken vehemence of his detestation of a rogue. To stay the night with him in college was a revelation. Your bed itself would probably be full of books, the bath be brimming with Icelandic chronicles and Saxon treatises, the wardrobe choked with weapons, walking-sticks, and maps. His servant, happy in that historic chaos, would hastily appear at every moment, bringing up fresh forms of food and drink, hunting for cap and gown, waiting interminably for a delayed reply, struggling to be decorous in his rough affection. That strange figure, too, has gone, these many years. There was another that comes back to me: a politician-chimneysweep. You heard a halting step upon the stair, and in walked that strange comrade of debate, full of his news of the great reforms to come, and settling hastily his forelock on a brow fevered by too high matters. He is gone too. Upon the mantelpiece was the first Rodin that ever came—with one for Henley—across the Channel—the man with the broken nose. Beside it was Williamson's picture of the young Valkyrie, her long hair glowing in the dappled sunshine beneath a leafy branch. Just round the corner were some mystic fantasies by Blake; beyond them an engraving by Legros. That the central figure of this affectionate and scholarly disorder has himself for ever vanished—this is the incredible to all who shall wander, this month of happiness, past the ancient elms that shaded his corner windows on the great walk that looks down upon the Thames.

But Frederick York Powell was not only the Rugby boy, the boxer, the lover of good swordsmanship, who befriended

the young undergraduate, the struggling journalist, the hard-worked Londoner. He was Student of Christchurch, Fellow of Oriel, and Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford for the past ten years. He held a great part in his university, and he held it worthily. Full of the broadest sympathies for every form of honourable energy, for every phase of honest life, he seemed to hold the wheel of Time at will. To know him was to bow to all the great ones of the centuries he knew. To hear him speak of them was little less than listening to their measured phrases, as they communed, those mighty masters of the past, with the kindred soul they recognised above the dust and squalor of our lesser day. Himself a rock amid the changing tides of circumstance and storm, he held fast to the truths he knew, to the loyalty and generous trust that was his breath of life. Yet he was never conscious of that high endeavour; never asserted that himself was worthy. Though he was ready to speak with any man, there was never one but learnt something from him, never one returned without giving of his best, without a braver hope, a nobler sense of possible achievement. In this especially was Frederick York Powell a light in a dark place. For he was quick to see the good intention; slow to find the fault that sprang so easily to others' eyes. He scorned to cloister his meditations in the narrow darkness of a room, but sent them abroad with his eyes; and his brain travelled with his feet. Never a specialist, even in that domain of letters he had made his own, he seemed better equipped than any special student in whatever subject a chance conversation might evoke. Confining himself to no narrow paths, and ever ready to absorb fresh interests, he touched no subject that he did not enrich from the stores of a great learning widely garnered, a learning so readily at the disposal of all who cared to ask for it that he has left comparatively few personal traces from the hand that gathered harvest for the general. But it is not in books that a man's word may be most fitly sought. In the lives of all those many shortlived generations of undergraduates with whom he came in contact

he has scattered broadcast a seed that shall bring flowers for many a year to come.

He was no lecturer, no fluent public speaker, no pedant, and no Don; for his discourse was substance and not rhetoric, and he uttered more things than words. He never "humbled his meditations to the industry of compliment, nor afflicted his brains in an elaborate leg." But he talked to two or three as few have ever spoken. He was an influence embodied rather than a university official. So we may find many another Regius Professor of Modern History, but never another York Powell will hold the chair that he adorned.

Both in the studies with which his name was officially connected, and in the university life he shared, there are tendencies now obvious which emphasise his loss. His love for France has been indeed mentioned of late. But what it really meant has not been realised. It was the French attitude to research and to the artistry of life that attracted him so deeply. He knew what a few must still deplore: that in no other country but France can a real school of accurate historical research be said to exist at all. The system of the Ecole des Chartes, the course of study it prescribes, even the mechanical details recommended for its students in the gathering and preservation of their notes, are all in their way unique. Those who have visited the provincial libraries of France, or have perused the noble series of volumes in which the archives of Paris are being gradually reproduced in print, will perhaps realise what York Powell knew and felt. It was mainly at his instigation that the first English student who ever benefited by the instruction of the Ecole des Chartes in Paris entered for one of the newly instituted research fellowships at Oxford, and "put in" nothing but the proof-sheets of a historical essay which was subsequently published.

Examinations were not the goal of York Powell's efforts, nor by their results did he judge the real worth of pupils who went in for them. He believed strongly in those old ideals of culture and association which will be sensibly weakened by his

death, and seem likely to grow weaker with every coming year. Oriel can claim Cecil Rhodes as well as York Powell in the long and honourable list upon her books. But it was certainly never the wish of the great South African that the Oxford he knew and loved should be changed by the new ideals of those new students he had determined to send to her; he hoped that they would benefit by a state of things which had begun to disappear even before his memorable bequest had shaped itself within his fertile brain. Many things have conspired together to assist that deterioration. Froude once told York Powell that when he was a young man at Oxford the sporting undergraduate was distinguished by two forms of amusement only: on Sundays he walked down the High in a frock coat and top hat, with a large bunch of gold seals and a long gold chain; on other days he hunted. Even before Froude died the change had come. He complained of the "mere naked boys" who hurried past St. Mary's to what he called "the lunacy of football." Yet in his day, and even in quite recent years, matriculation magically changed the public school boy into a university man. Now, this same youth remains a boy, enjoying the advantages of losing what little innocence a school had left him without incurring the burden either of culture or of responsibility at Oxford. This is not wholly explained by the amazing interpretation apparently given by some modern university authorities to the trust that has been handed down to them for others; by the efforts, which would be ludicrous were they not so tragic, to make Oxford a school for business men, and to fill its quiet pleasaunces with ignorant and ill-assorted herds of discontented triflers. The change is due as much to the misguided undergraduate as to the well-meaning Don. The mere fact of juvenility in time is nothing. The realisation of what manhood means is all. His hobbledehoy attitude towards life has neither the grace of the flower nor the savour of the fruit, and it is reflected in well-nigh every circumstance of his undergraduate career.

The modern Don is no longer the stern, unbending autocrat,

who knew when to shut his eyes and loved his old port as much as he resisted unseemly innovations. Now he is a teetotaler, a bicyclist, an ardent apostle of collegiate reform, whose battle-cry is University Extension, whose ideal is steady incomes, who apparently prefers superior plumbers and high-grade engineers to any scholarship for which "the age has no demand," and evidently desires to turn all Oxford's old influences for cultured good into a noisy encyclopædia on the instalment system for the profit of "the practical middle-classes." More than twenty years ago a warning note was sounded: "So far as you come to Oxford in order to get your living out of her, you are ruining both Oxford and yourselves. Much of the enlargement, though none of the defacement, of old Oxford is owing to the real life and the honest seeking of extended knowledge. But more is owing to the supposed money-value of that knowledge, and exactly so far forth her enlargement is purely injurious to the university and to her scholars." The rhetoric of this appeal has partly obscured the great truth that underlies it. But what do we see now?

His educational system altered, his pastimes either overspecialised in one direction or thoroughly emasculated in another, his authorities wholly uncertain by what road to guide him—the modern undergraduate seems in a parlous state indeed. He is not yet lost. We need never despair of the Republic of Youth even in the Home of Lost Causes. But he would do well to remember the lessons of the life that has just passed away from the university and left the world the poorer; he would do well not to forget the words of that other dead professor, whom I have already quoted: "Your youthful days in this place are to you the dipping of your feet in the brim of the river which is to be manfully stemmed by you all your days; not drifted with nor toyed upon. Fallen leaves enough it is strewn with, of the flowers of the forest; moraine enough it bears of the ruin of the brave. Your task is to cross it . . . on the other side is the Promised Land, the Land of the Leal."

In days when the popular note of criticism is disparage-

ment, when the fashionable attitude to life is that of satiety, when facile condemnation is the mode, and an ungenerous disdain more common than discerning praise, the value of so kind a heart, so bounteous an intellect as York Powell's, was beyond estimate. While grief still clogs the channels of utterance, it is difficult to express all that he meant to those who loved him. In their hearts his place was sure. But in the wider memory of his countrymen that place is no less certain, though its trace be less visible. He lives in every good deed and every good thought that sprang from the influence he wielded so unconsciously, so effectively. He lives in many a man's endeavour, which he first encouraged from its maimed beginnings to a firmer, stronger growth. While charity of heart and honesty of purpose are valued among Englishmen, while scholarship and sympathetic insight are honoured in the various spheres of literary labour, the reputation and the name of Frederick York Powell will never be forgotten; for the world was his university, and the same his book and study; and having seen much, he has but now gone where he shall learn more.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.



## TWO SONNETS

### I

TO THE PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE,  
OXFORD

SINCE LOW from woodland mist and flooded clay  
I am fled beside the steep Devonian shore,  
Nor stand for welcome at your gothic door,  
'Neath the fair tower of Magdalen and May,  
Such tribute, Warren, as fond poets pay  
For generous esteem, I write, not more  
Enhearten'd than my need is, reckoning o'er  
My life-long wanderings on the heavenly way :

But well-befriended we become good friends,  
Well-honour'd honourable ; and all attain  
Somewhat by fathering what fortune sends.  
I bid your presidency a long reign,  
True friend ; and may your praise to greater ends  
Aid better men than I, nor me in vain.

## II

TO JOSEPH JOACHIM<sup>1</sup>

**B**ELOV'D of all to whom that Muse is dear  
Who hid her spirit of rapture from the Greek,  
Whereby our art excelleth the antique,  
Perfecting formal beauty to the ear;

Thou that hast been in England many a year  
The interpreter who left us nought to seek,  
Making Beethoven's inmost passion speak,  
Bringing the soul of great Sebastian near;

Their music liveth ever, and 'tis just  
That thou, good Joachim, so high thy skill,  
Rank (as thou shalt upon the heavenly hill)  
Laurel'd with them, for thy ennobling trust  
Remember'd when thy loving hand is still  
And every ear that heard thee stopt with dust.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

*May 1904.*

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bridges' sonnet was written quite independently of Dr. Joachim's jubilee which was recently celebrated in the Queen's Hall; but having been printed with the programme of the music on that occasion, it has been reproduced in the daily Press since it was set up by our printers. Our readers will pardon us if, in our desire not to be deprived of our share in the compliment to Dr. Joachim, we break a rule and offer them for once what they may have seen elsewhere.—EDITOR.

## THACKERAY'S BOYHOOD

THACKERAY'S great-grandfather was Dr. Thomas Thackeray, head-master of Harrow School. His grandfather, William Makepeace Thackeray, who was the youngest of sixteen children, went to India, and realised an independence in the Civil Service of the East India Company. Richmond, the second son of William Makepeace, and the father of our Thackeray, was also in the same service, and he married Anne Becher, whose father again was one of the company's servants. The Indian element had a large place in Thackeray's nearest ancestry and connections. He himself was born in Calcutta, July 18, 1811, when his mother was only nineteen. His father's married life was brief. He died in 1816, at the age of thirty-five, and left no other child besides our William Makepeace. A "make-bate" was a term in frequent use for a promoter of strife from the early part of the sixteenth century to the early part of the eighteenth. "This sort of outrageous party writers are like a couple of make-bates who inflame small quarrels by a thousand stories," says Swift in the *Examiner*. The corresponding term, "a make-peace," was less common, but Shakespeare puts it into the mouth of John of Gaunt in *Richard II.*, "To be a make-peace shall become my age." We are not told how the honourable distinction originated in the Thackeray family. Whatever may be its history, the elders set some store by the name, or they would not have perpetuated it.

In 1817, at the age of six or thereabouts, William Makepeace was sent to England. Writing from America,<sup>1</sup> Easter Sunday, 1856, on board the *Thomas Small*, a Mississippi steamer, he says :

I have been up the Alabama River three and a half days—say 600 miles—and now up the Mississippi near 1000, and in my life have seen nothing more dreary and funereal than these streams. The nature and the people oppress me, and are repugnant to me. I had the keenest pleasure in the lonely beauty of the Nile, and the generous Rhône charmed me, and my native Gunga I remember quite well, and the *sense* of it as being quite friendly and beautiful ; but I go out forward<sup>2</sup> and the view gives me pain, and I come back. I don't like that great, fierce, strong, impetuous ugliness.

Most grown-up persons have stray memories reaching backwards to six years old and earlier, though they may not always be able to date them. What is noticeable in Thackeray's recollection of his "native Gunga" is his testimony that it was more than an outward appearance to him, and that he had even then a *sense*<sup>3</sup> of its friendliness as a distinctive endowment. Disliking commonplace talk about scenery, he had a quick eye for its endless glories, and every form of it which touched him deeply carried with it impressions that belonged to a world not earthy or material.

A sister of Thackeray's father had a son, Richmond Shakespeare, afterwards Sir Richmond, and distinguished for his military services in India. "We had been little friends and playmates," says Thackeray, "from the time of our birth," and they now went to England in the same vessel. Their mothers remaining in India, the two cousins were domiciled at first with their aunt, Mrs. Ritchie, another sister of Thackeray's father, and at the next move, when he was "a tender little thing, just put into short clothes," his first serious, that is, first protracted, sorrows began :

We Indian children were consigned to a school of which our deluded parents had heard a favourable report, but which was governed by a horrible little

<sup>1</sup> To the writer, Whitwell Elwin.

<sup>2</sup> That is, on the deck of the steamer.

<sup>3</sup> He himself had underscored the word.

tyrant, who made our young lives so miserable that I remember kneeling by my little bed of a night, and saying: "Pray God, I may dream of my mother!"<sup>1</sup>

In another passage he gives a list of the comforts he enjoyed, independent of lessons, at that "dreadful place": "cold, chilblains, bad dinners, not enough victuals, and caning awful!"<sup>2</sup> After four years of this preparatory training, he was transferred, in January 1822, to the Charterhouse, at the age of ten and a half, and remained there till the close of his school-days in 1828.

At the Charterhouse we begin to learn something of his disposition. In a letter written in answer to the inquiries of Anthony Trollope, George Venables says that on his arrival at the school he was gentle, sensitive, and rather timid, and that neither the games nor the studies of the place were congenial to him. He had not much skill in the first and kept aloof from them, and he remained backward to the end in the compulsory tasks of the second. Not mixing with his fellows in the playground, his associates were necessarily few, but he was popular, says Mr. Venables, with the boys who knew him.<sup>3</sup> Of these traits, the timidity, if it means more than shyness, had entirely disappeared in after years. His courage, moral and physical, was complete. At the date of his entering the Charterhouse he might easily have been cowed by the ill-usage he underwent from the savage tyrant of his former school.

His general temperament in manhood would have led to the inference that in youth he must have relished boyish sports, and that he disregarded them may have been owing to his having discovered a more fascinating diversion than play:

As some bells in a church hard by [he wrote in 1862] are making a great holiday clanging in the summer afternoon, I am reminded somehow of a July

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<sup>1</sup> "Roundabout Papers"—"On Letts's Diary."

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*—"On being Found Out."

<sup>3</sup> Trollope's "Life of Thackeray," p. 4.

day, a garden, and a great clanging of bells years and years ago, on the very day when George IV. was crowned. I remember a little boy lying in that garden reading his first novel. It was called "The Scottish Chiefs."<sup>1</sup>

The coronation was on July 19, 1821, the day after Thackeray had completed his tenth year, and six months before he began his Charterhouse career. At the close of his essay we learn the extreme fascination the new holiday employment had for him :

Of these books I have been a diligent student from those early days. Oh, delightful novels, well remembered ! Oh, novels, sweet and delicious as the raspberry open-tarts of budding boyhood ! Do I forget one night after prayers—when we under-boys were sent to bed—lingering at my cupboard to read one little half-page more of my dear Walter Scott—and down came the monitor's dictionary upon my head ?

There is another vision of his school-days in the essay "De Juventute," and the story is the same :

What is that I see ? A boy—a boy in a jacket. He is at a desk ; he has great books before him—Latin and Greek books and dictionaries. Yes, but behind the great books, which he pretends to read, is a little one, with pictures, which he is really reading. It is—yes, I can read now—it is the "Heart of Midlothian," by the author of "Waverley"—or, no, it is "Life in London ; or the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn, and their friend Bob Logie," by Pierce Egan ; and it has pictures—oh, such funny pictures ! As he reads, there comes behind the boy a man, a dervish, in a black gown, like a woman, and a black square cap, and he has a book in each hand, and he seizes the boy who is reading the picture-book, and lays his head upon one of his books, and smacks it with the other. The boy makes faces, and so that picture disappears.

The forbidden fruit which, in his impatience, he devoured by stealth, would not have been less entrancing to him when lessons were over, and he could feast by the hour undisturbed. "Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, I have loved thee faithfully for forty years !" And at the age of twelve, when first he became acquainted with her, we may believe that he loved her better than a game at ball.

To have had no great aptitude for acquiring Greek and

<sup>1</sup> "Roundabout Papers"—"On a Peal of Bells."

Latin is only what happens to the vast majority of boys. Few get far enough to read the books in either with facility, and the many who do not, commonly forget most of the little they knew, and the last examination at school or college over, they rarely open a classical author for the rest of their lives. Greek and Latin remain substantially dead languages to them. There is not any need of witnesses to Thackeray's dislike of Charterhouse studies. He has related his own experience :

When I think [he says] of that Latin grammar, and that infernal *as in presenti*, and of other things which I was made to learn in my youth, upon my conscience, I am surprised that we ever survived it. When we think of the boys who have been caned because they could not master that intolerable jargon ! What a pitiful chorus these poor little creatures send up !<sup>1</sup>

In his "Journey to Cairo," when he comes in sight of the shores of Greece, he pleads his school associations to excuse his want of classical enthusiasm. "I was made so miserable in youth by a classical education that all connected with it is disagreeable in my eyes ; and I have the same recollection of Greek in youth that I have of castor oil." He dwells upon the blows, objurgations, and jeers with which masters assailed pupils who had not a vocation for that particular species of scholarship, and declares that his ten years at his two schools were "years of infernal misery, tyranny, and annoyance."<sup>2</sup> Quick intellects are often more averse than slow to the drudgery which must be endured before the beauties of classical literature can be reached, and every school will bear out Thackeray's experience that the abilities of boys are not to be measured by their progress in Greek and Latin. "I have always," he says, "had a respect for dunces," dunces here including youths, however gifted, who were not expert in the technicalities of grammar.

Those of my own school-days were among the pleasantest of fellows, and have turned out by no means the dullest in life ; whereas many a youth who could turn off Latin hexameters by the yard, and construe Greek quite glibly,

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<sup>1</sup> "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends"—"A Hopeless Case."

<sup>2</sup> "A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," chap. v., "Athens."

is no better than a feeble prig now, and with not a pennyworth more brains than were in his head before his beard grew.<sup>1</sup>

The plodding youths who had no after-growth fed on the husks which enveloped the kernel, a diet as distasteful to Thackeray's mind as the castor oil was to his palate.

Genius can owe but an insignificant portion of its prerogatives to the formal lessons of tutors. Thackeray, like the rest of his order, was self-taught, and his real education was carried on out of school hours, through his diligent study of his favourite authors. It was with him as with Arthur Pendennis. "He had a natural taste for reading every kind of book which did not fall into his school course. It was only when they forced his head into the waters of knowledge that he refused to drink." But in his modest estimate of himself he seems to have underrated his classical acquirements, for he had a serviceable acquaintance with Latin, and retained snatches of his Greek; and he was probably more indebted to his firkome tasks at what he called the "Slaughter House School, near Smithfield" than he imagined when he said, in the ironical strain which was common with him, "It was there that your humble servant had the honour of acquiring, after six years' labour, that immense fund of classical knowledge which in after life has been so exceedingly useful to him."<sup>2</sup> Except that he did not advance beyond the first rudiments of Greek, and "forgot the very letters of the alphabet" in his manhood, the general education of Walter Scott was identical with that of Thackeray. He obtained a rough knowledge of Latin at school, and was indebted for the rest of his early attainments to the avidity with which he read English books for his amusement, "especially works of fiction of every kind, which," says he, "were my supreme delight." His own novels in turn became splendid school-books to hundreds of boys who have left no memorial of their influence. He, and

<sup>1</sup> "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends."

<sup>2</sup> "Men's Wives"—"Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry," chap. i.



not Dr. Russell, was Thackeray's head-master at the Charterhouse.

The gentleness which Mr. Venables ascribes to Thackeray in boyhood stayed with him to the end. It was shown in his placid and easy manner, in a voice sweet and subdued yet manly, in his winning smile, his greeting of mingled quietness and cordiality. But chiefly it was conspicuous in his bearing to women, in his loving-kindness to children, in his benevolence to all who were helpless, forlorn, indigent, and afflicted, in his ceaseless desire to promote happiness and assuage sorrow. Anthony Trollope, writing of him after his death, says :

I had known him only for four years, but had grown into much intimacy with him and his family. I regard him as one of the most tender-hearted human beings I ever knew, who, with an exaggerated contempt for the foibles of the world at large, would entertain an almost equally exaggerated sympathy with the joys and troubles of individuals around him.<sup>1</sup>

Time had not hardened him. The acuteness of his early sensibility, the basis and soul of the gentleness, may be estimated from his scattered reminiscences of his boyhood. "O Scottish chiefs, didn't we weep over you!" "I never read quite to the end. I couldn't. I peeped in an alarmed furtive manner at some of the closing pages. . . . But I repeat, I could not read the end of that dear, delightful book for crying. Good heavens! it was as sad, as sad as going back to school."<sup>2</sup> The novels of his beloved Scott which wound up mournfully begot in him a sorrow that kept him from ever looking into them again. "I have never dared to read 'The Pirate' and 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' or 'Kenilworth,' from that day to this, because the finale is unhappy, and people die, and are murdered at the end."<sup>3</sup> And it was because he was tender-hearted that he was sensitive. A mind so quick to comprehend the griefs of others could not be indifferent to the barbarities from which he smarted :

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<sup>1</sup> "Autobiography," vol. i. p. 246.

<sup>2</sup> "Roundabout Papers"—"De Juventute" and "On a Peal of Bells."

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*—"De Juventute."

As for that first night at school—hard bed, hard words, strange boys bullying, and laughing, and jeering you with their hateful merriment—as for the first night at a strange school, we most of us remember what *that* is. And the first is not the *worst*, my boys; there's the rub.<sup>1</sup>

Without a particle of malice, schoolboys are, or used to be, cruel, and had a special enjoyment in the misery of novices. The shock the rude treatment was to their victims added zest to the sport, and gentle spirits were subjected to the double torture which arose from the keenness of their sensations, and the motive it furnished for tormentors to repeat the provocations. It is sometimes said that the callous are happily preserved from many sufferings, and it is forgotten how many they inflict. Coarse language and coarse usages, not intended to wound, continued when direct brutalities had ceased, and were odious to all who had not lost their reverence for the sanctities and refinements of home. The sensitiveness here was not an infirmity but a virtue.

The gibes of schoolmasters at mistakes committed during lesson-time were as bitter to Thackeray's feelings as the taunts and scurrilities of schoolfellows. The language in which he deprecated the practice tells how acutely he suffered from it:

Do not laugh at him writhing, and cause all the other boys to laugh. Remember your own young days at school, my friend—the tingling cheeks, burning ears, bursting heart, and passion of desperate tears, with which you looked up, after having performed some blunder, whilst the doctor held you up to public scorn before the class, and cracked his great clumsy jokes upon you, helpless and a prisoner! Better the block itself, and the lictors, with their fasces of birch twigs, than the maddening torture of those jokes.<sup>2</sup>

Wit and humour are gifts bestowed upon few. Manufactured jokes are little more than a mechanic art, and may be produced by any one who chooses to serve an apprenticeship to the trade. Sheets of this manufacture are printed weekly. Public assemblies will laugh at any fooling, however feeble, and thus beguile the performer into the belief that he belongs

<sup>1</sup> "Roundabout Papers"—"On Two Children in Black."

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*—"Thorns in the Cushion."

to the order of wits instead of to the infinitely lower order of wags, or it would be difficult to understand the passion of many judges, barristers, members of Parliament, and schoolmasters for appearing in a character which exalts no one. Clergymen have not always been superior to the temptation, and the very pulpit has been profaned by the poor ambition to raise a laugh. Schoolmasters should at least disdain the customary tribute their scholars pay to their jokes and sarcasms, for more often than not it is a "counterfeited glee."<sup>1</sup> To be vexed at uncouth railleries, and the servile laugh which followed, was perhaps the ingredient in Thackeray's sensitiveness which it would have been good for him to stifle if he could have changed his nature at will.

At the age of sixteen Thackeray had obtained some reputation with his schoolfellows by his humorous verses. "I only remember," writes Mr. Venables in his letter to Anthony Trollope, "that they were good of their kind." Of the fragments which have been printed it would be more exact to say that they were good of their kind for a boy. His partiality for the kind was an abiding taste, and so easily did he produce them in later years that in conversation he would sometimes turn suddenly from prose to verse, and improvise his grotesque doggerel with unbroken fluency.

There was a project for starting a Charterhouse magazine, and Thackeray's facetious rhymes were to appear in it. A monthly magazine, the *Etonian*, had been set up at Eton in October 1820, and ended in July 1821. The local credit it gained for its authors, and particularly for Mackworth Praed, who was the principal contributor, may have prompted the Charterhouse scheme, which did not take effect. The *Etonian*,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Chip, the second master at Slaughter House School, meets Biggs with his face cut and bloody from blows received in a fight. "Holloa, Mr. Biggs," said he, "I suppose you have run against a finger-post." That was the regular joke with us at school, and you may be sure we all laughed heartily, as we always did when Mr. Chip made a joke, or anything like a joke.—"Men's Wives"—"Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry."

from its brief existence, was more a warning than an encouragement. So was the *Microcosm*, another Eton magazine, in which George Canning displayed his precocious talents while a boy not yet sixteen. It only lasted from November 1786 to August 1787. Both *Microcosm* and *Etonian* died at ten months old. All periodicals conducted by schoolboys are short-lived. Such unripe fruit is not fit for market. Juvenile attempts at authorship, excellent for practice, should be treated like other school exercises. The interest we have in the scheme for a Charterhouse magazine, with Thackeray for a contributor, is that it shows how early he aspired to be a writer. The desire was never long together out of his mind.

The credit Thackeray got among the boys for his jocular pieces did not reconcile him to the Charterhouse. In the last year of his residence there he wrote to his mother, "There are but 370 in the school. I wish there were only 369."<sup>1</sup> He had been fagging at his lessons, and was disheartened that Dr. Russell did not recognise his efforts. His industry was fitful, and, being transient, the labour would not have shown itself in the results, or in too slight a degree to satisfy the stringent requirements of Dr. Russell, who, according to Mr. Venables, was "vigorous, unsympathetic and stern, though not severe." The mitigating clause, "though not severe," would have been denied by Thackeray. In "Vanity Fair" he calls the Charterhouse "Dr. Swishtail's famous school," and I have heard pupils of his say that the title was not misapplied. He never spoilt a boy by sparing the rod. But his discipline was considered impartial, and in general wholesome. What might be faulty belonged to the prevailing system, and not to the failings of the individual. Johnson said of Hunter, his master at Lichfield Grammar School, "He never taught a boy in his life; he whipped, and they learned," which was the method largely in vogue down to the schooldays of Thackeray, and a little beyond. The pupil had to make out the lesson for himself without assistance, and the

<sup>1</sup> Merivale's "Life of Thackeray," p. 48.

master heard it. Anthony Trollope went to school at the age of seven, in the same year that Thackeray entered the Charterhouse, and spent the greater part of the next twelve years at Harrow and Winchester. "In those twelve years of tuition I do not remember," he says, "that I ever knew a lesson." "I did not learn anything, for I was taught nothing." At the close of the time he had scarce a smattering of Greek and Latin, and there had been no pretence of teaching anything else. On leaving school at nineteen he had never learnt the multiplication table.<sup>1</sup> The certainty of being flogged unless the appointed task was done was a stimulus to many who grew to be distinguished men, and who avowed the benefit they derived from the rod of inexorable taskmasters in much the same language Johnson used when Langton asked him how he had acquired his accurate knowledge of Latin: "My master whipt me very well. Without that I should have done nothing." But with numbers the whipping was of no avail. Trollope believed that he had been oftener flogged than any other youth of his generation, and the stripes had been wasted on him. One chief source of failure was the setting little boys to learn by heart unintelligible grammars, without adequate explanation. A lad who had conquered the initial difficulties could profit at a later stage by the corrections and comments of a scholarly master in hearing the lesson, but the advanced instruction was nearly useless to those who had stumbled at the threshold. Thackeray had been puzzled and tormented by the "intolerable jargon" of what he calls "that wonderful book, the Eton grammar," and not having been properly grounded at the outset, his subsequent lessons, in consequence, were dull and perplexing to him. Gibbon puts the case in expressive language:

By the common methods of discipline, at the expense of many tears and some blood, I purchased the knowledge of the Latin syntax, and not long since I was possessed of the dirty volumes of Phædrus and Cornelius Nepos, which I painfully construed and darkly understood.

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope's "Autobiography," vol. i. pp. 16, 24, 48.

The old defect is common still. Schools have become happier since the days of Dr. Russell, but they are not more learned. In the infinite diversities of taste and understanding, and the vast variety of purposes men are destined to serve, it might be surmised that the same intellectual training would not be the best for everybody, and there is proof of it in the unsuccessful attempt to compel all orders of mind, during ten or twelve years of cumbrous schooling, to force their way into the recesses of Greek and Latin.

Mr. Venables asserts that there was a "change of retrospective feeling in Thackeray about his schooldays," and says it "was very characteristic." "In his earlier books he always spoke of the Charterhouse as the Slaughter House. As he became famous and prosperous his memory softened, and Slaughter House was changed into Grey Friars, where Colonel Newcome ended his life." I suspect that Mr. Venables confounded two things which are distinct. The misery of Thackeray's schooldays is as plainly indicated in his latest productions as in his earliest. Wounds which had ceased to smart disturbed him no longer, but, though his feelings had softened, a natural consequence of the lapsed years, his memory of his troubles had not. There are passages in his works which manifest this twofold state of mind. "Men," he writes towards the close of his life, "revisit the old school, though hateful to them, with ever so much kindness and sentimental affection. There was the tree under which the bully licked you; here the ground where you had to fag out on holidays, and so forth."<sup>1</sup> Cowper says, in his "Tirocinium," that the heart is stone which does not love the play-place of early days, recalling past games and delights. The playground does not recall games to Thackeray. He sees in it the tree under which he was licked, and the spot where he wearily fagged out on holidays. He is attracted to the old school because of the sentiment which gathers round extinct youth, and, in spite of sentiment, he reiterates that the school was "hateful" to him. The very book

<sup>1</sup> "Roundabout Papers"—"On a Joke I heard from the late Thomas Hood."

in which Mr. Venables saw the evidence of an altered memory refutes the view it is adduced to support. In it Thackeray takes us to the school chapel when the boys and the fourscore old men of the hospital are assembled to commemorate the death of their founder, Thomas Sutton, whose tomb and recumbent effigy are before them :

There he lies, *Fundator Noster*, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted, and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked.<sup>1</sup>

This, then, is the recollection the chapel evoked in the mind of Thackeray, who was accustomed to attend the anniversary—the recollection that the rigours he experienced in school and playground did not spare him in the midst of religious rites in the house of prayer and thanksgiving. The name of Grey Friars, which Thackeray gave to the Charterhouse in the "Newcomes," and which is the sole circumstance from which Mr. Venables deduces his conclusion, is, in this instance, nothing to the purpose. The school is introduced on account of its appendage, the poor brothers' hospital, the asylum for men of broken-down fortunes, and Thackeray must have been lost to all sense of fitness before he could have marred his solemn, pathetic, and supremely beautiful narrative by imposing the monstrous title of Slaughter House on the sanctuary of the broken-hearted Colonel, and the scene of his hallowed end.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The Newcomes," chap. xxxvii.

<sup>2</sup> It is in "Pendennis" that Thackeray first calls his old school the Grey Friars. The passage displays the softened feeling, but the memory, as usual, is the remembrance of an infliction, and turns upon that fertile parent of woes, the Latin grammar. Pen and Foker drove down "and renewed acquaintance with some of their old comrades there. The bell for afternoon school rang as they were swaggering about the playground talking to their old cronies. The

"At my years," said Burke, when he was sixty-six, "we live in retrospect alone." This condition of mind arrives sooner to some men than to others. Thackeray was but forty when he said that he belonged to the old-fashioned classes whose thoughts turned backwards. And earlier still, at forty-four, the cause he assigned for loving to revisit the Charterhouse was that "the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood."<sup>1</sup> For an hour or two only, since an imaginary state of existence cannot be kept up for long at a stretch. But why should he find this fleeting solace in scenes which were associated with modes of life that had been galling to him? The answer is within us. The comparison was not between the pains and joys of a distant past, in which the pains preponderated. The contrast was between now and then, between the privileges of boyhood and the disappointments, weariness and lassitude of age. Youth had health and elasticity and boundless hope. It had a future. Nor were its passing hours unbroken wretchedness. Many a memorable joy had its turn. If Thackeray had to "rub away the bitter tears at night after parting as the coach sped on the journey to school and London," from the same coach he "looked out with beating heart as the mile-stones flew by, for the welcome corner where began home and holidays."<sup>2</sup> He was accustomed to carry a pocket-book, the gift of his mother, and he marked "that blessed day" in his little calendar. "In my time it used to be, Wednesday, 13th November, '*five weeks from the holidays*'; Wednesday, 20th November, '*four weeks from the holidays*'; until sluggish time sped on, and we came to WEDNESDAY, 18TH DECEMBER. O rapture!" Sluggish time mends his pace in holidays, and a

awful Doctor passed into school with his grammar in his hand. Foker slunk away uneasily at his presence, but Pen went up blushing, and shook the dignity by the hand. He laughed as he thought that well-remembered Latin grammar had boxed his ears many a time.—"Pendennis," chap. xvii.

<sup>1</sup> "The Newcomes," chap. xxxvii.

<sup>2</sup> "Roundabout Papers"—"De Juventute,"



black Wednesday was not far off. "In that pocket-book you had to write down that sad day, Wednesday, January 24th, eighteen hundred and never mind what—when Dr. Birch's young friends were expected to re-assemble."<sup>1</sup> The rapture of going home for the holidays, and the pang of returning to school, are here exhibited side by side. The memory of neither had softened. Whether it was joy or grief, whatever had power to stir his nature in its depths moved him vehemently and left a lasting impression. Hence his reminiscences are marked by the passionate feeling of a new-born emotion. Many persons misunderstood him from the erroneous influence that his calm exterior was the counterpart of the inner man.

An incident, playfully related by himself for its amusing accompaniments, in his Roundabout Paper on "Tunbridge Toys," belongs to his Charterhouse career, and is a good illustration of his early character. A school is seldom without its curmudgeon who sells on short credit, to boys whose pocket-money is exhausted, tempting articles at a profit of a hundred per cent. and upwards.<sup>2</sup> Thackeray bought a toy pencil-case of fragile mechanism from one of the beardless Jews of the Charterhouse for three-and-sixpence, its intrinsic value being nothing, and its shop value less than half-price. He intended to pay for it out of extraordinary supplies, and none of the expected tips came. His creditor, whose sordid passions were seconded by a burly frame, harassed him as if the poor dupe had been the cheat, with scowls, taunts and curses, from May to August 1823, when holidays began. At parting, Thackeray's tutor gave him his coach fare, with five shillings for incidental expenses, and one pound five due to his parents from a former account that had been overpaid. His coach

<sup>1</sup> "Roundabout Papers"—"On Letts's Diary."

<sup>2</sup> Thackeray has explained the process with no great exaggeration in the February chapter of the "Fatal Boots." Times out of number I have witnessed a regular part of the traffic, the loan of a penny on Saturday, to be repaid by twopence on the Saturday following, to boys who had anticipated their weekly allowance of threepence, and were hungering for a tart.

started at seven from Fleet Street, and in his restless yearning for home he took care to be an hour too early, lest he should be a minute too late, and reached the inn, breakfastless, at six. Three-and-sixpence of his five shillings he had joyfully handed over to the terrible vendor of the pencil-case, and the remaining eighteen-pence went to the cabman and a coach porter. A schoolfellow who accompanied him sat down to a comfortable breakfast in the coffee-room, and Thackeray, accounting the one pound five of his parents a trust that could not be drawn upon merely to satisfy an importunate appetite, remained outside, hungry, penniless, and virtuous, till, catching sight of a placard in a window, "Coffee, twopence; round of buttered toast, twopence," a conflict began between hunger and honesty, in which hunger, over-persuaded by the smallness of the sum, got the day. After a very prolonged fast during the Peninsular War, Sir William Napier came upon a bit of tallow candle in a hut, and said that never before or since had he tasted anything half so luxurious. Thackeray's fast had been short, but he thought the muddy and not-sweet-enough coffee most fragrant, the rancid and not-buttered-enough toast delicious. The pangs of hunger having been thus pleasantly satisfied, the pangs of conscience took their place, and throughout the journey to Tunbridge Wells, which was his goal, the abstracted fourpence would not allow him a moment's rest. In anguish of mind he gasped out an explanation to his parents the instant he saw them. "My dear boy," replied his father, "why didn't you go and breakfast at the hotel"; and his mother said, "He must be starved." The humour of the story as he tells it in his little essay may alone attract our notice at first. On second thoughts we perceive that the original misgivings and subsequent agonies, at which we smile, were the estimable consequences of his sensitive conscientiousness at twelve.

We have seen the enchantment novels had for Thackeray at the Charterhouse. We have to add, among the advantages on the side of youth, that romances and novels, many of them

very bad, had a charm for the simple faith of boyhood beyond what any masterpiece possessed for the nicer discrimination of the man :

Oh, for a half-holiday, and a quiet corner, and one of those books again ! Those books, and perhaps those eyes with which we read them ; and, it may be, the brains behind the eyes ! It may be the tart was good ; but how fresh the appetite was ! If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen of centuries.<sup>1</sup>

The intensity of his enjoyment is seen in this desire of his heart. Before all other kinds of fame he coveted the power of communicating to generations of boys the glow of pleasure he had himself received. In vacations the entrancement was probably without alloy. At the Charterhouse, we may gather from a single word in a sentence appertaining to Dobbin, in "Vanity Fair," a drop of bitterness bubbled up in the sweet waters as, with insatiable thirst, he drank them in. "He was lying under a tree in the playground, spelling over a favourite copy of the 'Arabian Nights' which he had, apart from the rest of the school who were pursuing their various sports, quite lonely, and *almost* happy"—*almost*, but not quite lost in the fascinations of his visionary world, because a lurking consciousness remained that he must soon return to the world of schooldom.

The theatre continued to have attractions for Thackeray long after the illusions of boyhood were over, but between the early impressions and the later there was the difference between sunshine and shadow. "And then came," he says of the little entries in his pocket-book, "that glorious announcement, Wednesday, 27th, Papa took us to the Pantomime." Even the glories of Pantomime faded before the witcheries of Opera and Ballet. "Bless me ! when I was a lad, the stage was covered with angels who sang, acted, and danced." All had altered. "The deterioration of women is lamentable, and the conceit of the young fellows more lamentable still, that

<sup>1</sup> "Roundabout Papers"—"De Jæventute."

they won't see this fact, but persist in thinking their time as good as ours." The dancers at the opera in the reign of George IV. were visions of loveliness, "beautiful as Houris." Their successors were dreary old creatures, "painted, shrivelled, thin-armed, thick-ankled," and he is surprised how anybody can like to look at them. The last time he saw a ballet he fell asleep while five hundred nymphs were cutting capers, and he couldn't understand a man of sense doing otherwise.<sup>1</sup> That the spectacle which the capering nymphs presented to the eyes of the man of sense should remind him of the time when theatres were fairy palaces, peopled with beauties of more than mortal mould, was of itself a trivial matter. The play was only an evening's amusement. But the whole round of these ancient pleasures contributed in the aggregate to shed a lustre over vanished youth, and remembering its occasional transports and animating hopes, many men, in after life, weighted with burdens, torn by griefs, and possibly fretted by cankers of heart and soul, are glad once more for an hour or two to be boys, albeit that boyhood has its well-remembered miseries.

When Thackeray left the Charterhouse, on April 16, 1828, he had outgrown many of his early discomforts. Not only was he too big to be bullied by the worst of tyrants, a boy bigger than himself, but he latterly boarded in a private house outside the jurisdiction of the school authorities, and did not appear in the Carthusian precincts except at lesson time. He had the luxury of indulging in his own amusements without interference, and if he had not attained to the highest distinction in a public school, that of being the chief pugilist or cricketer, his repute for wit would have put him on a level with the foremost scholars, and ensured him consideration among his companions. But nothing compensated for the weary hours he had to spend over Greek and Latin, and he looked forward to leaving with the impatience of a prisoner counting the days till he should be free. He had once more a settled home. His mother had married in India her second husband, Major

<sup>1</sup> "Roundabout Papers"—"De Juventute."

Carmichael Smyth, an officer of Engineers, who had a high character in his profession. He and his wife returned to England in 1821, and he became Governor of the East India Company's Military College, Addiscombe. Five-and-twenty years later Thackeray went to visit a friend who was in office there. He expressed a wish to go over the Governor's house, and, while examining the objects in the bedroom which had been his mother's, he suddenly hurried to the door to conceal his emotions.<sup>1</sup> His mother and Major Smyth survived him. He had not the memories of death to affect him, and he was doubtless melted by his recollections of that maternal tenderness which was a lasting subject of gratitude and admiration with him. "I know," he wrote, in 1861,<sup>2</sup> "the Thackeray that those fellows have imagined to themselves—a very selfish, heartless, artful, morose, and designing man." He was in every particular the reverse; and without reckoning the dislikes which grew out of envy and ruffled vanity, hundreds formed a false conception of him through misreading his novels, and mistaking his exposure of men's vices and meanness for misanthropy.

In 1825 his parents removed into Devonshire, and rented a place not far from Exeter, and a mile and a half from Ottery St. Mary, which Dr. Cornish, the vicar, identified with the Clavering St. Mary of "Pendennis." In this country house Thackeray passed the nine months which intervened between school and college, and here he wrote a little piece of four stanzas, which are the earliest rhymes he is known to have printed. A Protestant meeting was held, October 24, 1828, to petition the House of Commons against Roman Catholic Relief Bills, and Sheil attempted to speak on behalf of the Roman Catholics. The mob refused to hear him, and the unspoken speech appeared in the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*. This circumstance Thackeray put into verse under the form of a parody on Moore's Irish melody, "The Minstrel Boy," and Dr.

<sup>1</sup> *Athenæum*, April 11, 1891.

<sup>2</sup> To Whitwell Elwin, May 24, 1861.

Cornish thought so well of it that he asked permission to send it to a county newspaper, where it appeared. Of all kinds of verse, a parody is the easiest, for the ground-work is furnished by the original; and it is among the lowest, for no parody has secured a durable place in literature. The implied point in Thackeray's ridicule of Sheil is that through the mischance of having sent his speech to the papers beforehand, he had revealed to the world that he wrote his speeches and got them by heart. An orator can no more improvise a speech in which matter and composition are both at their best, than Milton could improvise "Paradise Lost." Brougham, whose power of ready argument, sarcasm, and eloquence was extraordinary, wrote the salient passages in important speeches many times over. Men of his mark do not seek for fame through petty deceptions, and he made no secret of his habit. At the grand banquet which was given by the Cinque Ports in August 1839, to their Warden, the Duke of Wellington, and which was attended by a rare assemblage of distinguished persons, he was requested to give the toast of the evening, as the man in the kingdom who was best qualified to do justice to it. A magnate of the county fancied that his position entitled him to the honour, and to soothe his wounded pride the Duke asked Brougham, on his arrival at Walmer, whether it was possible for him to speak to another toast. "Quite impossible," Brougham replied, "I have sent my speech to the *Times*, and it is already in type." He pleaded the identical act which Thackeray intended to mock in Sheil. The fame of the illustrious man the two thousand guests were assembled to celebrate, the importance in rank and reputation of the guests themselves, the general expectation of a speech which would be worthy of the occasion, and the return he owed for the distinction conferred on him in selecting him for the office, all demanded that the great orator should do justice to his subject and himself, and he would have held it a betrayal of his trust to have relied on off-hand ideas and language. Thackeray was but a big boy when he wrote his parody, and he was led away

by a common prejudice which Dr. Cornish shared with him.<sup>1</sup> He would have scorned to employ the taunt later. I once met him in the street, when he had the look of being absorbed in deep meditation, and he said in explanation, "I was employed in the horrible task of trying to concoct a neat little *extempore* speech for the Literary Fund Dinner." The point in his parody, weak in itself, was feebly put, and the stanzas only show, on a very diminutive scale, a certain command of easy, familiar language in verse. The crude trifles of his youth are only worth criticising for the sake of tracing the development of his future genius. Having a turn for versifying, he was doubtless the author of many small pieces in the months he spent at home before going to Cambridge, and if any others were printed they have shared the oblivion of the newspapers in which they appeared. The specimen preserved by Dr. Cornish will serve to represent them all.

Thackeray, in "Pendennis," speaking in his own name of the interval between school and college, says :

What bright colours the world wore then, and how you enjoyed it! A man has not many years of such time. He does not know them whilst they are with him. It is only when they are passed long away that he remembers how dear and happy they were.<sup>2</sup>

The colour of past years varies in the retrospect with our altered moods, and Thackeray's recollection of the period he glorified in "Pendennis" seems to have been less radiant when, a year and a half earlier, speaking of Mrs. Brookfield, he wrote to her husband, January 1847, "My heart follows her respectfully

<sup>1</sup> It is surprising that many gave in to the idea who might have been expected to be above it. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, made his friend Rogers the theme of many sarcastic jests, and the poet in retaliation wrote the often-repeated distich :

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it,  
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

Rogers lived in the belief that this poor pun, which has nothing else to recommend it, was a killing sarcasm.

<sup>2</sup> "Pendennis," chap. iii.

to Devonshire and the dismal scenes of my youth.<sup>1</sup> But, looking deeper, there would come back to him the memory of parental indulgence, tranquil enjoyments and freedom from cares which would lead him to dwell on the solid blissfulness of the time. For several hours of every day he had one unflinching occupation, the same which relieved the dreariness of the Charterhouse, and he used it after the manner of Arthur Pendennis when he, too, was fresh from school. Books grave and gay, plays, poems, novels, travels, whatever he could lay his hands on, he devoured indiscriminately. He exhausted the home collection and ransacked neighbouring bookcases, the eager curiosity and fervid pleasure with which he read ensuring equal profit. After his fame was established, and his life was too full, or his mind too weary, to permit over-much reading, he lamented the deprivation, and told me it was his intention, when he could afford it, to retire into the country, and ending as he began, to feast upon books. This was an occasional fancy and would not have been executed, but it showed the enjoyment he associated with the early habit. In accordance with his custom of underrating the gifts in which he was pre-eminent, he appeared to me to exaggerate the merits of bookmen, and he sometimes talked as if he ranked the multitude who knew what was in books before a genius who wrote them. At the death of Macaulay, the most felicitous tribute paid to his marvellous reading and memory came from Thackeray's pen. He had seen the grandest domes of Europe. None of them struck him so much as the dome of the British Museum Library, "under which our million volumes are housed," and it represented to him by a fine, expressive image, "the vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning" that, but a fortnight before, was ranged "under the dome which held Macaulay's brain."<sup>2</sup>

With Cambridge in front, Thackeray's school studies went on at home, but not in Charterhouse fashion. His description

<sup>1</sup> Collection of Letters, 1847-1855, p. 1.

<sup>2</sup> "Nil Nisi Bonum," *Cornhill Magazine*, February 1860.



of Arthur Pendennis' mode of proceeding was unquestionably drawn from his own :

Smirke and his pupil read the ancient poets together, and rattled through them at a pleasant rate, very different from that steady grubbing pace with which the Cistercians used to go over the classic ground, scenting out each word as they went, and digging up every root in the way. Pen never liked to halt, but made his tutor construe when he was at fault, and thus galloped through the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," the tragic playwrights, and the charming, wicked Aristophanes, whom he vowed to be the greatest poet of all. But he went so fast that, though he certainly galloped through a considerable extent of the ancient country, he clean forgot it in after-life, and had only such a vague remembrance of his early classic course as a man has in the House of Commons, let us say, who still keeps up two or three quotations, or a reviewer who, just for decency's sake, hints at a little Greek.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Russell's pupil was required to plough up the stubborn soil, and the Devonshire tutor allowed him to skim lightly over the surface. A circumstance mentioned by the Vicar of Ottery St. Mary contributed to Thackeray's estimation of Aristophanes. Dr. Cornish lent him Cary's translation of "The Birds," and says it was read by him with intense delight, and returned with three humorous illustrative drawings.<sup>2</sup> It was the translation he read with delight, and, without the aid of the poetical translator, the poetry and the charm of the wicked Aristophanes would have been but darkly visible to him through the veil of the original Greek. He has been blamed for parading these relics of his juvenile schooling. He was high above such paltry affectations, and what honour could he get by citing a word or two of Latin and Greek, which thousands could do as well as he? He introduced the classic allusions because they offered themselves, and were, in the extent to which he used them, his natural language. He neither sought nor rejected them. That he had "clean forgot" all the rest reminds us once more that the bigger portion of his education was drawn from authors nearer home. His friend Procter made the same confession :

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<sup>1</sup> "Pendennis," chap. iii.

<sup>2</sup> "Thackeray, the Humourist and the Man of Letters." By T. T. Taylor,

I have now forgotten all my mathematics and arithmetic, all my Greek, and almost all my Latin; but I cleave to those who were true nurses of my boyhood still; and the nurses were Le Sage, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Inchbald, and Radcliffe.

The classics are famous models, but do not surpass our magnificent literature, which is more various and not less superb, and the wealth of ideas and language, which at this interlude enriched a mind that absorbed whole bookcases with greedy enthusiasm, was a good substitute for a scantier measure of language and ideas, painfully read and imperfectly comprehended.

THE LATE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN.

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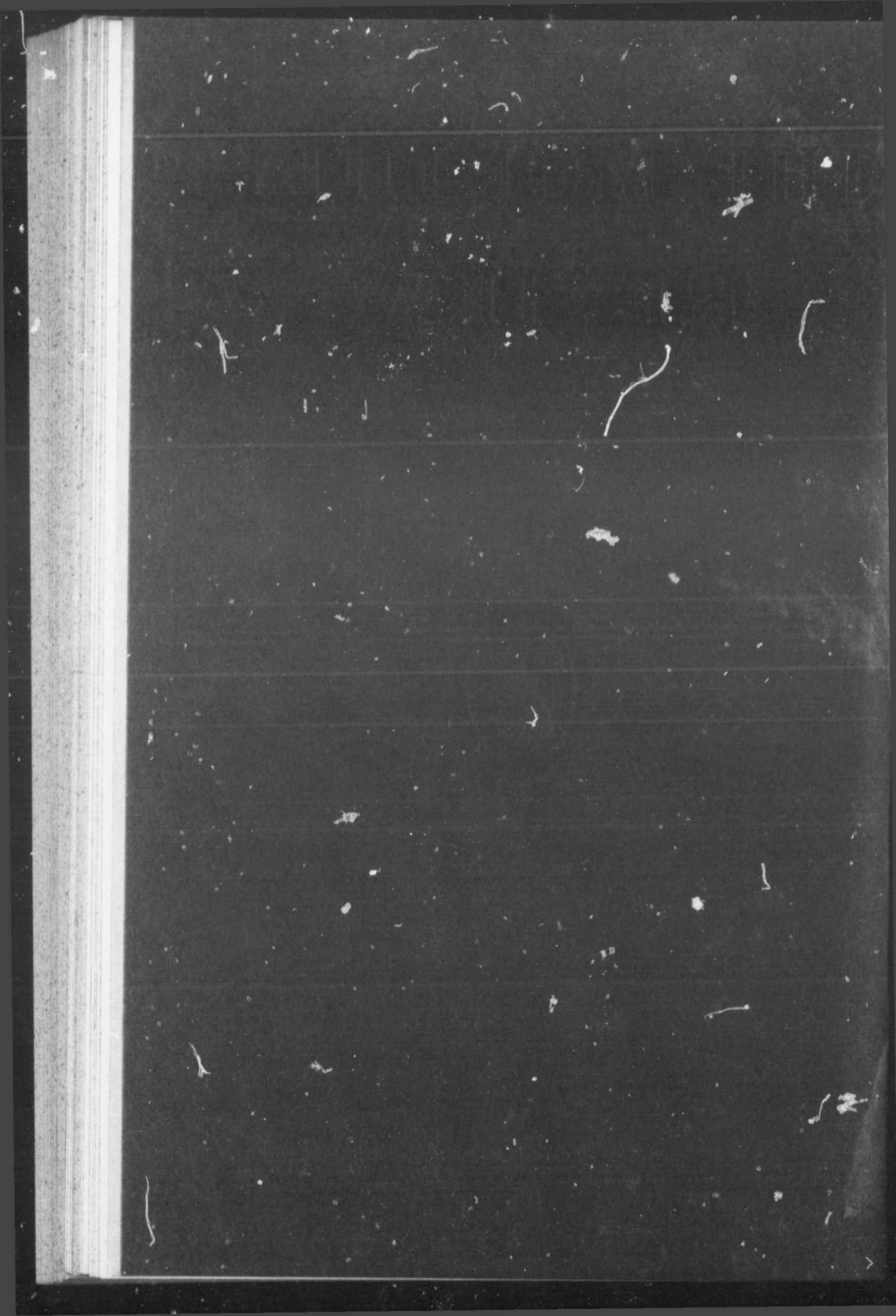
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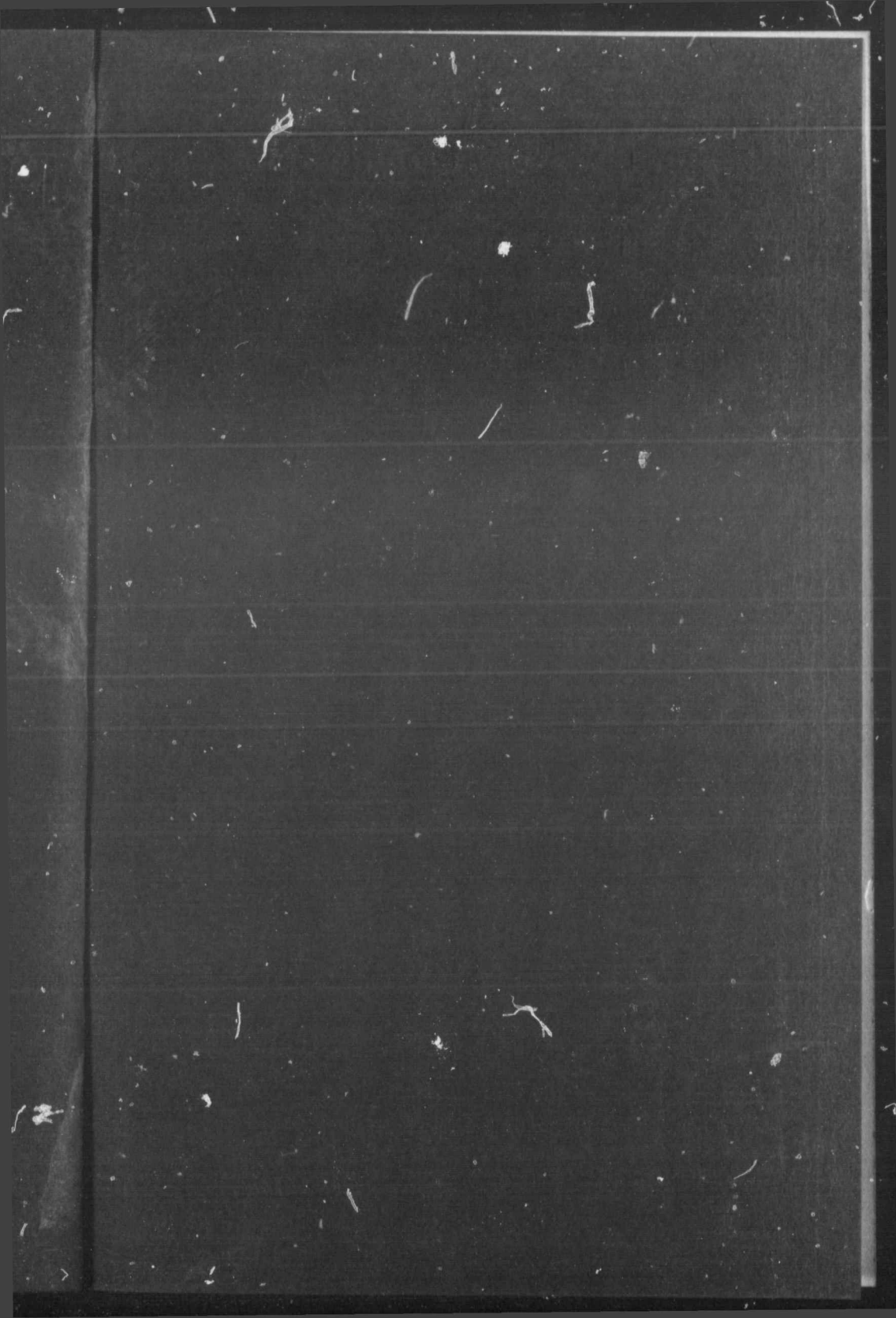


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